

The Bookman



VOLUME XLV.

OCTOBER, 1913—MARCH, 1914.

London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.

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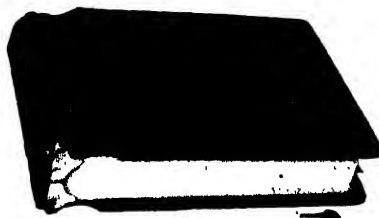
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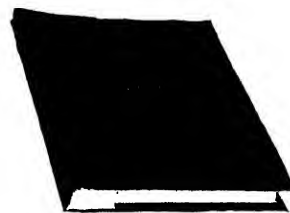
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We record with much regret the death of Mr. W. E. A. Axon, in his sixty-eighth year. Mr. Axon was one of the best of bookmen, a scholarly writer whose knowledge of literature was at once broad and deep. He contributed largely to magazines and newspapers; to the "Encyclopedia Britannica" and the "Dictionary of National Biography"; for over thirty years he was on the literary staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, and for many years past he was a frequent and valued contributor to our own pages.

"From the Crusades to the French Revolution," a history of the La Tremoille family, by Miss Winifred Stephens, has just been published by Messrs. Constable.

"Time and Thomas Waring," a new book by Mr. Morley Roberts, will be published early this month by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. Its sub-title is

"A Study of a Man," and it promises to be of peculiar interest to the medical profession.

Mr. Harold Spender has written a new novel, "The Call of the Siren," which Messrs. Mills & Boon are publishing.

Mr. Wilfred Ward has made another collection of his essays, and the book is to be published this month by Messrs. Longman with the title of "Men and Matters."

The second part of the Report of the Land Inquiry Committee on the question of urban land will be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It deals with the rating system, and the incidence of rates, leaseholds, the position of town tenants, the acquisition of land by public authorities, housing, etc., and contains the results of the researches of a large number of trained investigators who have studied the conditions of life and work in two hundred and sixty-five towns and urban districts in the United Kingdom.

Miss Margaret Peterson, whose first novel, "The Lure of the Little Drum," won one of Mr. Andrew Melrose's £250 prizes, has written a new story, which she is calling "Blind Eyes." It is to be published immediately by Mr. Melrose.

An interesting reproduction of a pastel belonging to Miss B. N. Melladew appears on this page. It was supposed to represent Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, but Miss Melladew is now more inclined to believe it is of Mrs. Sheridan and her father. "It came to me," she writes, "from a late aunt, a niece of the widow of Sir Gerard Noel, who was a member of the Regency set. My aunt told me it was Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, and I have no doubt, it is the latter, but as my aunt died in 1894, aged, eighty-four, and her aunt, Lady Noel, had died in 1867, aged over seventy, probably my aunt's recollections of what she was told about the pastel when, as a girl, she lived at Exton, Sir Gerard Noel's place in Rutlandshire, had got rather confused, for although the lady's portrait bears a great resemblance to Mrs. Sheridan, the man is not in the least like her husband—there is such a family likeness between the two that he is probably her father, especially in view of the violin that is shown on the table. The style of the lady's hairdressing belongs to 1788, or thereabouts, and I believe the Linleys were living in London at this time and often seeing Mrs. Sheridan. Three experts, independently of one another have pronounced it to be the work of John Raphael Smith, one adding that it is a very interesting example of

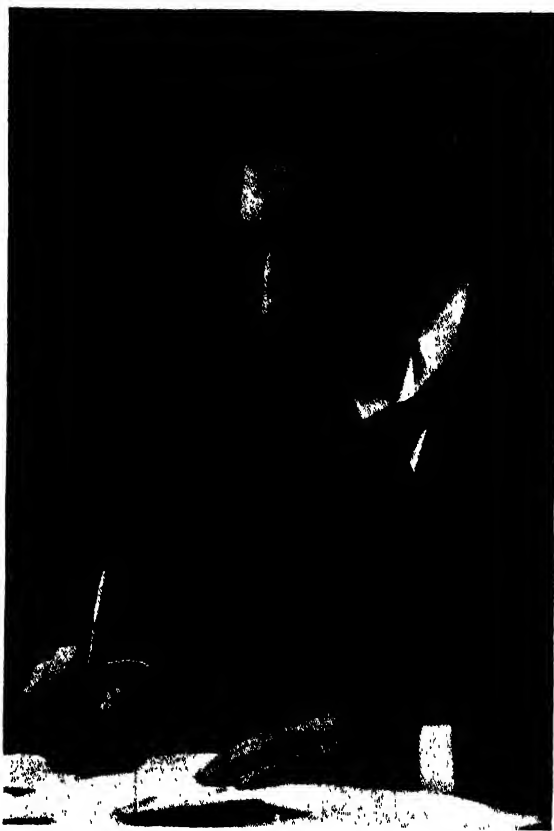


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Sir H. Rider Haggard,

whose new novel "The Wanderer's Necklace," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

his way of making a pastel for reproduction. If you could call the attention of your readers to it, it might be of great service in assisting to identify the man especially."



Mrs. Sheridan and her Father (?)

From a pastel belonging to Miss B. N. Melladew

It is not often that a publisher owns he has made a mistake. That may, of course, not so much prove his obstinacy as that he does not often make one. But if it is rare to find a publisher confessing to an error, it is rarer to meet one who will preface a book bearing his imprint with a statement to the effect that there are things in it of which he and his readers had disapproved. In a publisher's note to "The Heart of the Moor," a new novel by Beatrice Chase, Mr. Herbert Jenkins mentions that after reading the MS. he and his readers praised the book highly, but with one accord said that the author must modify the melodrama of her story. Miss Chase protested, however, that she could not do this, as what they called melodrama was a simple record of actual happenings. Whereupon, in effect, Mr.

Jenkins seems to have asked her not to shoot, for he and his readers were prepared to climb down. He is proceeding to publish the story and do penance in a preface by a frank confession of his fallibility. Until we have seen the book and tasted this melodrama we do not know whether to approve of his modesty or not. Melodrama is as much a part of life as tragedy and comedy, but everything that is true is not art, unless the cunning of the artist succeeds in making it so. Miss Chase's melodramatic incidents may be all hard facts, but the



Photo by F. Wiedholt.

Mr. R. E. Francillon,

whose "Mid-Victorian Memories" (Hodder & Stoughton) was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

question for the critic is does her treatment of them justify Mr. Jenkins' penitence?

"Paul Verlaine," by Willfred Thorley, is the new volume in Messrs. Constable's Modern Biographies series.

As often as not the writer of successful adventure stories is a placid, quiet-living man who resides in a conventional suburb, pays his rates and taxes directly they are due and has never seen anything so dangerous even as a burglar. This is so disillusioning that most good readers prefer to know nothing about him. But Mr. Louis Tracy is not one of that disappointing kind. Which is not to suggest that he does not pay his rates and is the terror of tax collectors; he is as law abiding as the best of us, but in his time he has had real adventures and his career has been as picturesque as the career of such a novelist ought to be. He began it as a journalist, by joining the

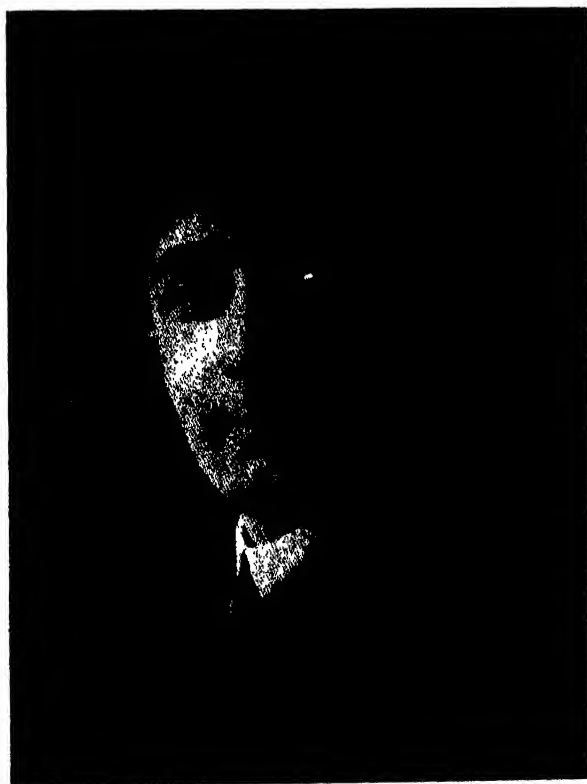


Photo by Lillie Charles.

The Countess of Cromartie,

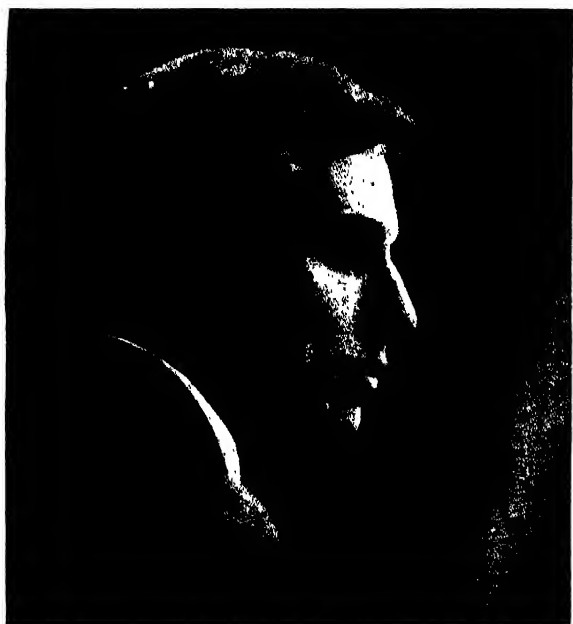
whose new novel, "The Deceit," has just been published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald

staff of the *Northern Echo* when he was a youngster of about twenty-one. He spent his earlier years in Yorkshire, where he formed that love of horses, dogs and guns which asserts itself in most of his writings. His knowledge of military matters is again the fruit of personal experience. At the age of eighteen he obtained his officer's certificate, and later he saw service in India in the Allahabad Light Horse and the Punjab Light Horse. In 1892



Mr. T. Everett Harré.

Author of "The Eternal Maiden" (Duckworth).



Mr. Max Eastman,
whose charming volume on "The Enjoyment of Poetry" was recently published by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

he was editing the *Allahabad Morning Post*, and when ill-health sent him home to London he became Mr. T. P. O'Connor's assistant editor on the *Sun*. In 1895 he was joint-owner with the Harmsworths and Kennedy Jones of the *Evening News*. But the money he made during the South African boom tempted him to go in search of fresh adventure to Colorado, and there, though he gained much useful experience, he lost the bulk of his fortune. The experience equipped him for story-writing, and the phenomenal success of his romance, "The Final War," in *Pearson's Weekly*, fairly started him on the course he has since pursued. After many later wanderings in India, America, and elsewhere, he

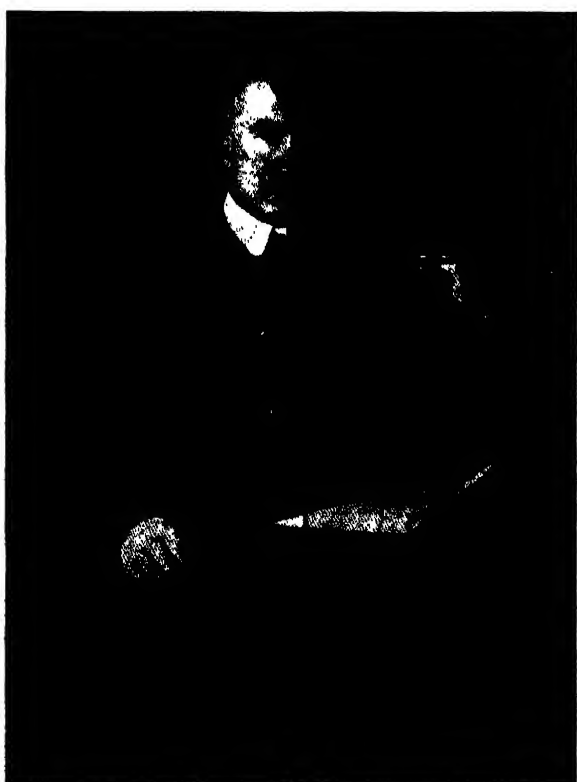


Photo by F. M. Sutcliffe, Whithy.

Mr. Louis Tracy.

is now settled down in the old-world neighbourhood of Whithy. In the eight years of his life as a novelist—for his first novel only appeared in 1906—he has written considerably more than eighteen books—and has lately finished another—"The Terms of Surrender" which has just been published by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. George A. Birmingham has taken an assured place among the foremost of living English humorists. His "General John Regan" was one of the



Miss Edith Howes,
the well-known New Zealand writer whose latest book, "Maoriland Fairy Tales" (Ward, Lock), was reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN.

most brilliantly successful of last year's productions, both on the stage and as a novel. He is engaged on a new book that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish shortly; meanwhile, the same firm have added "Hyacinth" and "Benedict Kavanagh," two of his most charming stories, to their popular two shilling series, and "The Major's Niece" to their sevenpennies.

The announcement that the splendid collection of Thackerayana made by the late Major William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, is to be dispersed by



Photo by Perie Macdonald, New York.

Mr. George A. Birmingham.

auction will be of considerable interest to all who are in any way collectors of books, autographs and manuscripts, for the Lambert Collection has long been known to contain a large number of most desirable rarities. The sale will take place at the rooms of the Metropolitan Art Association in New York, at the end of February, and will probably occupy several days, for Major Lambert had for five-and-thirty years, let few opportunities slip for adding to his Thackeray treasures. The collection includes many of the great novelist's drawings and manuscripts, which are said to have reached it directly from his family including the complete manuscript of "The Rose and the Ring," with about eighty of Thackeray's finished drawings for that delightful tale, and more than a score of sketches which were not included in the book. This is believed in America to be the most valuable modern manuscript in existence. Another MS. of great interest is that of "The Adventures of Philip," while lesser gems for which Thackeray collectors will jealously compete are the "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," "The Age of Wisdom," and other poems in manuscript. Thackeray letters appear to



Photo by Keturah
Collings.
Author of "The Sale

Miss Winifred Boggs.
by Daventry" (Herbert Jenkins).

be among the most valuable in the eyes of collectors of autographs (though the novelist declared at one time that he wrote at the rate of five thousand letters a year!), and in the Lambert Collection are about a hundred such, including a number addressed to Mrs. Brookfield that have never been published, for the originals of the large collection of those to Mrs. Brookfield published some years ago were acquired by the late Mr. Pierpoint Morgan. Major Lambert having been the under-bidder when they were sold in the Augustin Daly sale. Of rare editions, and of books enriched with pages of the author's manuscript or the originals of his drawings the collector will find in the catalogue, when it is issued, a wonderful array worthy of the reputation which the Lambert Collection has long possessed among devout Titmarshians.

For the loan of several of our Anatole France illustrations, and permission to reproduce them, we are greatly indebted to the kindness of Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Mr. John Lane and Miss Winifred Stephens.

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D. H. LAWRENCE.

BY W. L. GEORGE.

IT is not a very long time ago since Professor Osler startled America and England by proclaiming that a man was too old at forty. This is not yet generally held, though, I think, most of us will accept that one is too old to begin at forty. But that is not the end: very soon, in literature at least, it may be too late to begin at thirty, if we are to take into account at all the achievements of the young men, of whom, perhaps, the biggest, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, is, I believe, the youngest. For Mr. Lawrence is certainly one of the young men, not a member of their school, for they have no formal school, and can have none if they are of any value, but a partner in their tendencies and an exponent of their outlook. He has all the unruliness of Mr. Cannan, of Mr. Beresford, of Mr. Onions, and of that small group which is rising up against the threatening State, its rules and its iron conventions, proclaiming the right of the individual to do much more than live—namely, to live splendidly.

It is this link makes Mr. Lawrence so interesting; this fact that, like them, he is so very much of his time, so hot, controversial, uneasy; that, like them, he has

the sudden fury of the bird that beats against the bars of its cage. But while the young men sneer at society, at the family, at every institution, Mr. Lawrence tends to accept these things; he has no plan of reform, no magic wand with which to transmute the world into fairy-land: he claims only as a right to develop his individuality, and to see others develop theirs, within a system which tortures him as another Cardinal La Balue.

This it is differentiates him from so many of his rivals. He has in his mind no organisations; he is mainly passionate aspiration and passionate protest. And that is not wonderful when we consider who he is. Surprising to think, this prominent young novelist is only twenty-eight. Son of a Nottinghamshire coal-miner, a Board-school boy, his early career seems to have been undistinguished: a county council scholarship made of him only a school teacher, imparting knowledge in the midst of old-fashioned chaos in a room containing several classes. Then another scholarship, two years at college, and Mr. Lawrence went to Croydon to teach for less than £2 a week. Then the literary life, though I extract

from his record the delightful fact that at college they gave him a prize for history and chemistry, but placed him very low in the English class. (This is rather embarrassing for those who believe in the public endowment of genius.)

I have said "then the literary life," but I was wrong, for already at twenty-one Mr. Lawrence had begun "The White Peacock," of which, year by year, and he confesses often during lectures, he was laying the foundations. Mr. Lawrence did not, as do so many of us, enter the literary life at a given moment: literature grew in him and with him, was always with him, even in the worst years of his delicate health. If literature was not his passion, it was to his passion what the tongue is to speech: the essential medium of his expression.

Sometimes, when reading one of his works, I wonder whether Mr. Lawrence has not mistaken his medium, and whether it is not a painter he ought to have been, so significant is for him the slaty opalescence of the heron's wing and so rutilant the death of the sun. When he paints the country-side, sometimes in his simplicity he is almost Virgilian, but more often he is a Virgil somehow strayed into Capua and intoxicated with its wines. All through every one of his novels runs this passionate streak, this vision of nature in relation to himself. But it is certainly in "The White Peacock" that this sensation attains its apogee. It is not a story which one can condense. Strictly, it is not a story at all. It presents to us a group of well-to-do people, cultured, and yet high in emotional tone.

Mr. Lawrence himself, who figures in it, is effaced; Lettice, wayward and beautiful, is the fragrance of sex, but not more so than the honeysuckle in the hedges; George, muscles rippling under his skin, insensitive to cruelty, and yet curiously moved by delicacy, is the brother of the bulls he herds; and all the others, the fine gentleman, the laughing girls, farmers, school teachers, making hay, making music, and making jokes, walking in the spangled meadows, and living, and wedding, and dying, all of them come to no resolution. Their lives have no beginning and no end. Mr. Lawrence looks: Pippa passes. It is almost impossible to criticise "The White Peacock," and the great danger in an appreciation is that one should say too much good of it, for the book yields just that quality of illusion that a novel should give us, which, even when given, does not of itself justify the critic in saying that it is a great book. For the novel, equally with the picture, can never reproduce life; it can only suggest it, and when

it does suggest it, however peculiarly or partially, one is inclined to exaggerate the impression one has received and to refrain from considering whether it is a true impression. It is the vividness of Mr. Lawrence's nature-vision carries us away; such phrases as these deceive us: "The earth was red and warm, pricked with the dark, succulent green of bluebell sheaths, and embroidered with grey-green clusters of spears, and many white flowerets. High above, above the light tracery of hazel, the weird oaks tangled in the sunset. Below in the first shadows drooped hosts of little white flowers, so silent and sad, it seemed like a holy communion of pure wild things, numberless, frail and folded meekly in the evening light." They deceive us because

Mr. Lawrence's realisation of man is less assured than his realisation of nature. I doubt the quality of his people's culture, the spontaneity of their attitude towards the fields in which they breathe; their spontaneity seems almost artificial.

That impression Mr. Lawrence always gives; he sees the world through a magnifying-glass, and perhaps more so in "Sons and Lovers" than in "The White Peacock." In that book he gives us unabashed autobiography—the story of his early youth, of his relation to his mother, a creature of fitful, delicate charm. Mrs. Morel is very Northern; she has, with the harshness of her latitude, its fine courage and its ambition; Paul Morel, the hero, delicate, passionate, artistic, is Mr. Lawrence himself,

the little blue flower on the clinker heap. And all those other folk about him, dark Miriam, slowly brooding over him; her rival, that conquering captive of sex; the brothers, the sisters, and the friends; all this intense society is vital and yet undefinably exaggerated. Perhaps not so undefinably, for I am oppressed by unbelief when I find this grouping of agriculturists and colliers responding to the verse of Swinburne and Verlaine, to Italian, to Wagner, to Bach. I cannot believe in the spinet at the pit's mouth. And yet all this, Mr. Lawrence tells us, is true. Well, it is true, but it is not general, and that is what a little impairs the value of Mr. Lawrence's visions. Because a thing is, he believes that it is: when a thing is, it may be only accidental; it may be particular. Now one might discuss at great length whether a novelist should concentrate on the general or on the particular, whether he should use the microscope or the aplanetic lense, and many champions will be found in the field. I will not attempt to decide whether he should wish, as Mr. Wells, to figure all the world, or as Mr. Bennett, to take a section; probably the ideal is the mean. But doubtless the novelist

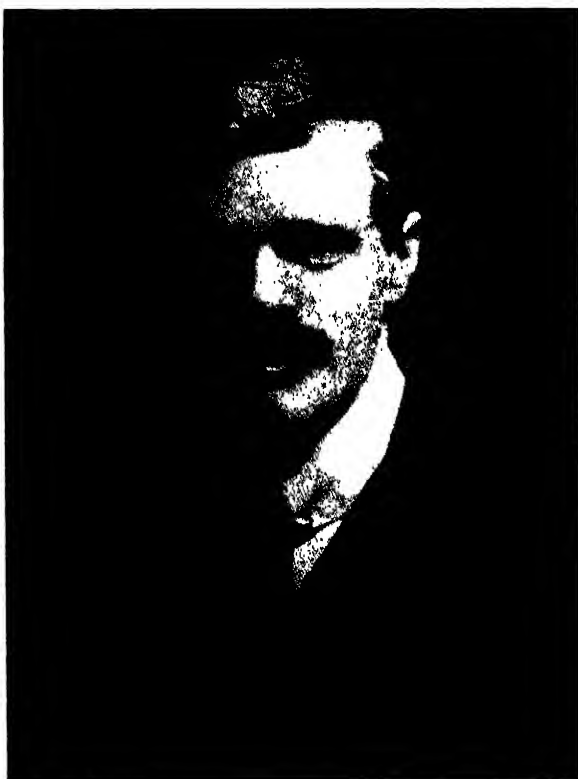


Photo by W. G. Parker.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence.

should select among the particular that which has an application to the general, and it may safely be said that, if Mr. Lawrence errs at all, it is in selecting such particular as has not invariably a universal application.

Mr. Lawrence lays himself open to this criticism in a work such as "Sons and Lovers," because it has a conscious general scope, but in "The Trespasser," his conception has a lesser compass. The book has a more minute psychological intention. That Sigmund should leave his wife for another love and find himself driven to his death by an intolerable conflict between his desire, the love he bears his children, and the consciousness of his outlawry, should have made a great book. But this one of Mr. Lawrence's three novels fails because the author needs a wide sphere within which the particular can evolve; he is clamouring within the narrow limits of his incident; Sigmund appears small and weak, unredeemed by even a flash of heroism; his discontented wife, her self-righteous child, hold their own views, and not enough those of the world which contains them. An amazing charge to make against a novelist, that his persons are too much persons! But persons must partly be types, or else they become monsters.

It would be very surprising if Mr. Lawrence were not a poet in verse as well as in prose, if he did not sing when addressing his love:

"Coiffing up your auburn hair
In a puritan fillet, a chaste white snare
To catch and keep me with you there
So far away."

But a poet he is much more than a rebel, and that distinguishes him finely from the realists who have won fame by seeing the dunghill very well, and not at all the spreading chestnut tree above. Though he select from the world, he is greedy for its beauty, so greedy that from all it has to give, flower, beast, woman, he begs more:

"You, Helen, who see the stars
As mistletoe berries burning in a black tree,
You surely, seeing I am a bowl of kisses,
Should put your mouth to mine and drink of me.

Helen, you let my kisses steam

Wasteful into the night's black nostrils; drink
Me up, I pray; oh, you who are Night's Bacchante,
How can you from my bowl of kisses shrink!"

I cannot, having no faith in my power to judge poetry, proclaim Mr. Lawrence to Parnassus, but I doubt whether such cries as these, where an urgent wistfulness mingles in tender neighbourhood with joy and pain together coupled, can remain unheard.

And so it seems very wonderful to find in Mr. Lawrence activities alien a little to such verses as these, to have to say that he is also an authoritative critic of German literature and the author of a prose drama of colliery life. More gladly would I think of him always as more remote from the stirrings of common men, forging and nursing his dreams. For dreams they are, and they will menace the realities of his future if he cannot "breathe upon his star and detach its wings." It is not only the dragon of autobiography that threatens him. It is true that so far he has written mainly about himself, about the world in intimate relation with himself, for that every writer must do a little; but he has followed his life so very closely, so often photographed his own emotions, that unless life has for him many more adventures, and unless he can retain the power to give minor incident individual quality, he may find himself written out. For Mr. Lawrence has not what is called ideas. He is stimulated by the eternal rather than by the fugitive; the fact of the day has little significance for him; thus, if he does not renew himself he may become monotonous, or he may cede to his more dangerous tendency to emphasise overmuch. He may develop his illusion of culture among the vulgar until it is incredible; he may be seduced by the love he bears nature and its throbbings into allowing his art to dominate him. Already his form is often turgid, amenable to no discipline, tends to lead him astray. He sees too much, feels significances greater than the actual; with arms that are too short, because only human, he strives to embrace the soul of man. But little matters if he perish in the effort; for a servant of literature it is a good death to die of exhaustion near the goal, to die of love because loving too much.

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THE READER.

ANATOLE FRANCE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE AND WINIFRED STEPHENS.

I.—THE MAN.

BY WINIFRED STEPHENS.

"IT is impossible to be commonplace," writes Anatole France, "if you have been brought up on the Paris quays, the most illustrious and the most beautiful place in the world." And he himself, born on the Quai Malaquais, bred on the Quai Voltaire, within sight of the Tuileries and the Louvre, the Pont Neuf, the towers of Notre Dame, the turrets of the Palais de Justice and the spire of the Sainte-Chapelle, is as far from the commonplace as is possible for any human creature to be.

M. France, like Molière, like Voltaire, and unlike almost every other distinguished French writer of to-day, is a Parisian of the Parisians. After seventy years passed in his native city, he has recently decided to leave it for Versailles. But no sooner was the Versailles house bought and the contract signed than he regretted his decision. He hesitates to leave Paris. And we trust he will continue to hesitate. For one could not imagine him in any more suitable dwelling than that beautiful little *hôtel*, with its stained-glass windows looking on to the Bois de Boulogne, with rooms fitted with costly works of art, now Renaissance, now Directoire, now eighteenth-century, continually metamorphosed to harmonise with that phase of human history with which the mind of the *maître du logis* is for the moment occupied.

The house in which, on April 16th, 1844, Anatole France first saw the light no longer exists. It was one of those pulled down to make room for l'Ecole des Beaux Arts. But the house in which Anatole spent most of his childhood—No. 9, Quai Voltaire—still stands. Now it is an upholsterer's shop. "Le docte Champion," the bookseller and publisher, who succeeded the father of Anatole, removed from it to 5, Quai Malaquais some years ago; and the upholsterer, who succeeded him, with his plate-glass windows has sadly metamorphosed the simple façade of the fine old house.

Anatole's father was Noël Thibault. "Père France" he had been nicknamed by his comrades in the army, when he served in the body-guard of Charles X. And

the stuck to him; it stuck also to his son. Père France, through all the vicissitudes of French politics, remained a stalwart royalist and a devout Catholic. How could he help it? Royalism and Catholicism ran in his blood. Did he not hail from La Vendée, last stronghold in France of priests and of kings? Of course Père France loathed the Revolution and all its works. And he knew it well. On its documentary history he was considered an authority; and he had written a kind of bibliographical guide to the period, entitled "*Le Catalogue la Bédoyère*."

In the shop of Père France foregathered many a disappointed royalist, many a sworn adherent of Church and of King. Together those supporters of a lost cause loved to lift up their voices in lamentations over the death of *l'ancien régime*. And these desultory talks in the shop on the Quai Voltaire were not lost on the young Anatole, as, "playing with dumpy duodecimos as other children play with dolls," he lingered in *le côté des livres*. An echo of these talks Anatole's readers may catch in the conversations of M. Bergeret and his friends *chez Paillet Libraire*, and in the discussions of l'Abbé Jérôme Coignard and his cronies in the Bakehouse of Queen Pédaugue. Neither did the cynical irony with which these royalists talked of the Revolutions escape the future author of "*Les Dieux ont Soit*."

Even a more devout Catholic than Anatole's father was his mother, a native of Bruges la Morte. It was at his mother's knee that Anatole delighted to read in a beautifully illustrated edition of the "*Lives of the Saints*."

This book entered so deeply into his child-life that he himself longed to become a saint; and, as he tells in "*Le Livre de Mon Ami*," he made several experiments in sainthood—experiments, however, which were not encouraged by his family. For Julie, the servant, dragged him down from the top of the kitchen pump, where he had established himself, in imitation of St. Simeon Stylites; and his mother sent him to bed, after a sound whipping, when he cut open one of the dining-room chairs in order to manufacture for himself a hair-shirt out of its horsehair cushion. So he was driven to the conclusion that it is impossible to practise sainthood in the bosom of one's family. He sympathised with St. Jerome in his preference for "the desert and lions"

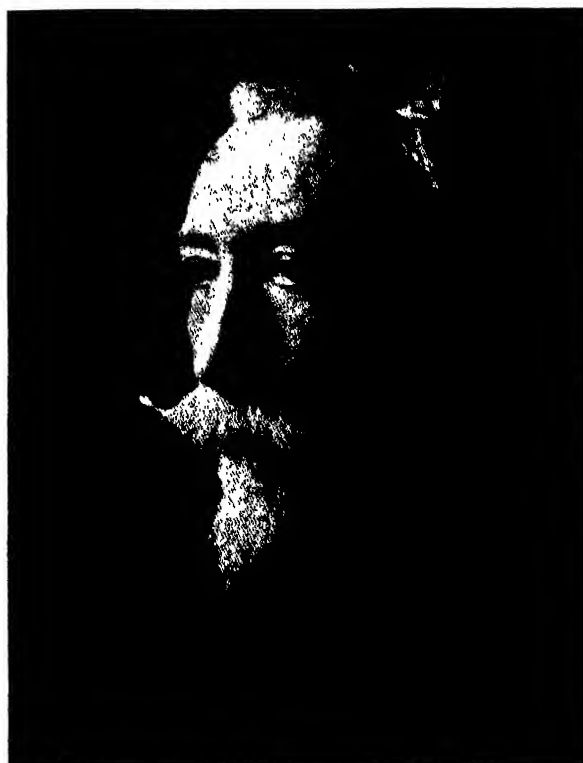


Photo by E. O. Hoff.

Anatole France.

company to the society of his fellow men. Indeed, Anatole had serious thoughts of following the saint's example and betaking himself to the Jardin des Plantes, to live among the wild animals there.

Counteracting his father's royalism and his mother's piety, there was another influence of a very different nature at work on Anatole's mind—the influence of his grandmother, who was neither royalist nor pious, but a disciple of Voltaire. "Elle n'avait par plus de piété qu'un oiseau," her grandson has written of her. ". . . Elle datait du xviii^e siècle, et grand'mère. Et il y paraissait bien." Frivolous and free in morals, she smiled at the seriousness with which Anatole's mother treated everything in this life and the next. She used to say of her grandson: "He will be a very different man from his father." And her prophecy has come true. It is not his father, but his grandmother that Anatole resembles.

Though his parents were by no means bountifully endowed with this world's goods, they determined to give their son what seemed to them the best of educations; and they made considerable sacrifices in order to send Anatole to the expensive and aristocratic institution, le Collège Stanislas, in la Rue Notre Dame des Champs. It was a long walk for the young collegian from the Quai Voltaire up the Rue Bonaparte, or another of those narrow old picturesque thoroughfares leading from the Seine into the Latin quarter, and then through the Luxembourg Gardens to the Collège. This daily walk through the heart of literary and artistic Paris probably played an even greater part in the boy's education than the hours he spent at school.

Like many another man of genius, Anatole never distinguished himself in class. One can imagine him loitering on the way to school, peering into those wine shops and grocers' stores, the delights of which he has described in "Pierre Nozière" and "Le Livre de Mon Ami"; lingering to watch milkmen, coal-heavers and water-carriers on their rounds, and to listen to the music of some military band, finally arriving late at college, with his mind distracted from the lessons of the day by all those wonderful sights and sounds, those complex workings of the social machine which, even in those early years, excited his intelligent curiosity.

From his school-days onward, Anatole France, like the characters in his novels in which he reveals himself—like l'Ablé Jérôme Coignard, Dechartre, Bergeret and Brotteau—has been a practised loafer. And to his loafing habits we owe many a vivid descriptive passage in his work. Immortalised by his pen are the book-boxes on the quays and the bookstalls in the Odéon galleries, the old curiosity shops in the Bastille quarter, and the carts of roast chestnut sellers, beneath whose flaring lamps young Anatole would stand and read "The Antigone." More than the class-rooms of the Collège Stanislas, Paris streets, wherein he unconsciously assimilated *la plus saine philosophie*, have moulded the genius of Anatole France. Yet college, too, had its share. For it was at college that classic beauty first dawned upon him. It was at college that he became initiated into that Greek and Latin tradition compact of reason and of beauty, "outside which," he writes, "there is nothing but error and confusion." Alcestis and Antigone inspired him with the noblest

dreams a child ever dreamed. In his "Discours de Réception à l'Académie" he painted a picture of himself as a schoolboy. He told how, seated at his desk, all ink-bespattered, his head buried in his dictionary, he beheld divine faces, arms of ivory falling over white tunics, and heard voices more beautiful than the most beautiful music lamenting harmoniously. "Poets," he has written elsewhere, "behold within them beautiful visions long before they are able to give them utterance."

In his school-days Anatole was already indulging in that omnivorous reading which has left its mark on all his work. Yet he has never been a bookworm. "Il faut être un homme de bibliothèque et non pas un rat de bibliothèque," he has said. He is never tired of emphasizing the limitations of mere book learning. "Seek not in books," he urged in one of his public utterances, "the secret of happiness. Seek not in books the secret of wisely governing the world, or even one's own household, for it is a secret books do not possess, or rather, which is worse, it is one to which they all lay claim . . . and not two of them agree." "What a multitude of books!" cried Mlle. Préfère, when she entered M. Bonnard's study, "and have you read them all, M. Bonnard?" "Aïas! yes," he replied. "And that is why I know nothing at all; for there is not one of those books which does not contradict another, so that when one knows them all, one does not know what to think. And to that pass I am come, Madame."

Bibliophile almost from the cradle, it was but natural that Anatole should early aspire to be a writer. At the age of fifteen he was evidently looking forward to a literary career, for in dedicating a school exercise, "La Légende de Sainte Radegonde," to his parents he promises that to them he will likewise dedicate all his future writings.

On leaving the Collège Stanislas, Anatole passed several desultory years. He did some teaching. He also engaged in journalism. In his early twenties he was contributing to several bibliographical magazines. One of them he edited for a time. At twenty-four he published his first book, a study of Alfred de Vigny. Two years later the war broke out, and Anatole, with a volume of Virgil in his pocket, went out to fight the Prussians. Throughout those campaigns he and his Virgil were as inseparable as during the Revolution were Citoyen Brotteau and his Lucretius. During the attack on the Fort la Faisanderie, M. France tells how he and a comrade sat reading "The Silenus," to the hissing sound of cannon-balls falling into the Marne.

In 1873 France published his second book, this time a volume of verse, "Les Poèmes Dorés." Verlaine, with whom its author had collaborated in "Le Chasseur Bibliographique," and of whom he was to paint a vivid portrait in the person of Choulette, in "Le Lys Rouge," justly praised these poems. And his high opinion of the poetry of France was confirmed by the appearance three years later of a second volume of verse, "Les Noces Corinthiennes," which revealed the author as "a poet of the exquisite class, a sort of Walter Savage Landor."

The success of his "Alfred de Vigny" procured for

M. France from the publisher Lemerre a commission to edit a series of French classics. This work, which he began with an introduction to the works of Racine in 1874, continued for many years, and closed with an introduction to the works of Molière, which appeared as late as 1906. Of the first of these essays, in a preface to the volume, M. France writes: "La Notice sur Racine, le plus ancien et le plus faible de ces petits ouvrages n'a pas été plus amendée que les autres, à cela près que j'en ai retranché quelques pages d'un insupportable pédantisme. En dépit des romantiques j'ai toujours aimé Racine; mais j'avais des sévérités - Aujourd'hui je ne me retiens plus d'adorer en chacun de ses vers le plus parfait des poètes."

Although the author is still severe so far as his own essay "on the most perfect of poets" is concerned, his readers will find it full of suggestive and poetic thoughts; as, for example, that expressed in the following sentence: "La religion offre aux âmes voluptueuses une volupté de plus: la volupté de se perdre."

In the same manner as these essays were the delightful articles which M. France contributed later to *Le Temps*, and later still to *l'Echo de Paris*. The *Temps* articles have been collected and published in the four volumes of "La Vie Littéraire."

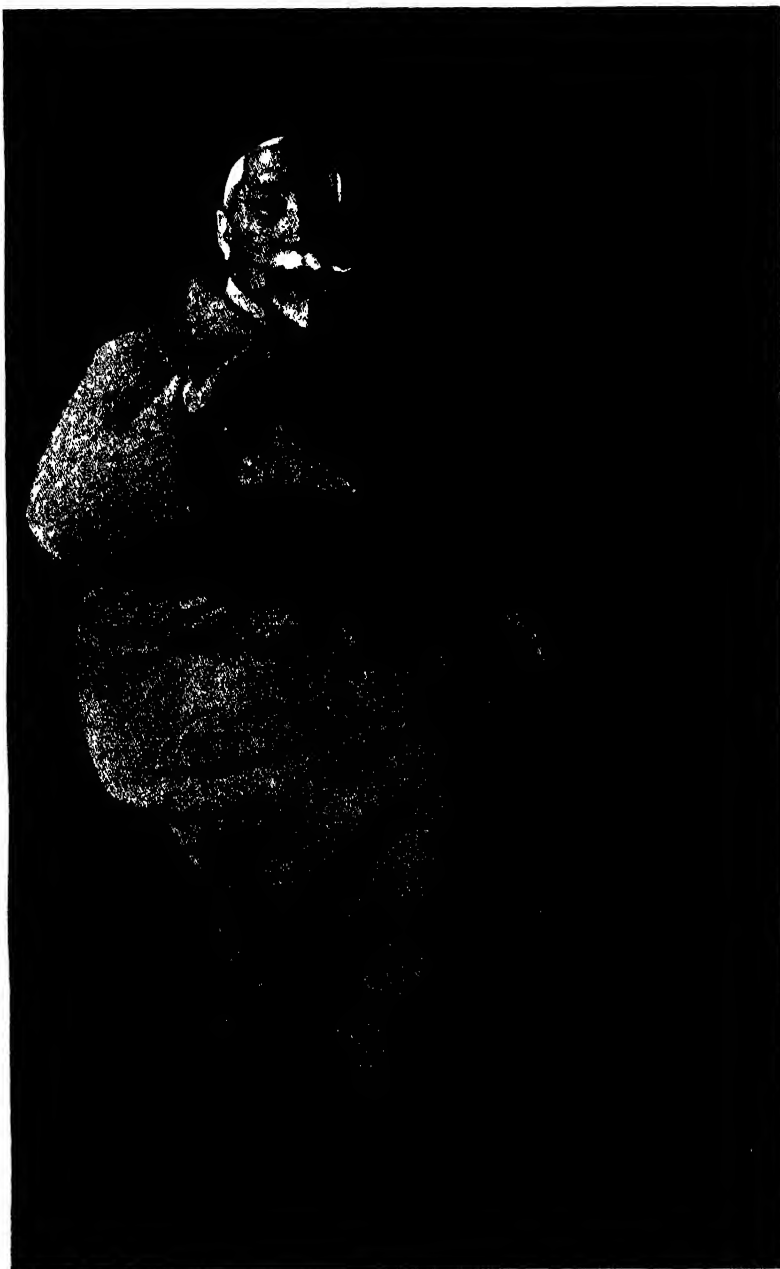
It is not, however, as a critic or as a poet that the fame of Anatole France will go down to posterity. Those literary works of the 'seventies were but the attempts of his prentice years. The decade had well nigh run its course before he found himself in fiction. His two earliest stories, "Jocaste et le Chat Maigre," appeared in 1879. They were followed two years later by his first long novel, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard."

Considering this book with one's knowledge of the writer's subsequent development, one may find in the mental and moral evolution of its hero, Sylvestre

Bonnard, a kind of foreshadowing of the evolution of France himself. As in this novel there are two Bonnards—the Bonnard before and the Bonnard after Jeanne Alexandre's advent—so a study of the mentality of Bonnard's creator reveals two Frances, separated from one another not by the advent of a young school-girl, but by the persecution of an innocent Jew.

The France of before *l'Affaire Dreyfus* is the France of "Le Jardin d'Epicure" and "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque"—the France who from his ivory tower in *le cité des livres* gazes down with an ironical smile on the battlefields of humanity, as the writer saw him not long ago, contemplating the battles of a colony of ants in the Formicarium of Sir John Lubbock. The France of after *l'Affaire Dreyfus* is the France of the two last volumes of "l'Histoire Contemporaine," of "Crainquebille," of "Vers les Temps Meilleurs," of the sixth chapter of "Sur la Pierre Blanche," of those eloquent pages in the Introduction to "Jeanne d'Arc," where he makes his confession of faith in the ultimate victory of the proletariat and the coming of peace and goodwill among the nations. The early France was a Conservative-Aristocrat; the present France is a Radical-Socialist. He no longer remains aloof from humanity. He has descended from his ivory tower to

fight the battles of the poor and the oppressed, as Sylvestre Bonnard rose from his library arm-chair and his study of old Toutemouillé's manuscript to carry off Jeanne Alexandre from her boarding-school, and to wage war on her behalf with schoolmistress and with guardians. Some there are who, like Julien Benda, in "l'Ordination," regard as a fall this contact of the philosopher with reality, and who prefer the earlier France. And they may still find him, with all his aloofness and irony, in certain pages of his later work—in "l'Île des Pingouins," for example, and in "Les Dieux ont Soif."



Anatole France.

From the painting by Guth in the possession of Mr. John Lane.

A series of striking contrasts has resulted from the existence of the two Frances. In 1897, for example, we find the future Radical-Socialist admitted to the French Academy as the candidate of the Conservative party, and in opposition to the defeated anti-clerical candidate, Ferdinand Fabre. The intimate friend of M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Paul Bourget, M. France in the early 'nineties was the enemy of Emile Zola. "I do not believe that more intelligent men than Paul Bourget and Jules Lemaitre ever existed," he wrote in sober earnest; and of Zola: "I do not envy him his disgusting celebrity. Never has a man so exerted himself to abase humanity and to deny everything that is good and right. Never has any one so entirely misunderstood the human ideal." Yet in a few brief years we



Anatole France.

From a caricature by Miss G. Banks,
Lent by Mr. John Lane.

find M. France joining hands with Emile Zola, waging war for the truth—truth at all times and at all costs—against his former friends, Bourget and Lemaitre, who were only for the truth when it happened to be expedient; for such was the real issue in the Dreyfus affair.

Some of the most eloquent words of sincere admiration ever spoken were those uttered by M. France at Zola's funeral. Later, to a meeting of La Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, held to do honour to Zola's memory, M. France wrote: "Je regrette vivement de ne pouvoir assister à la grande fête organisée par la Ligue des Droits de l'Homme. De toutes mes forces j'ai jamais acclamé avec vous le nom d'Emile Zola—ce fut un homme de puissant labeur, l'homme des grandes titres. Romancier, son œuvre est immense. Je puis, sans paraître suspect de complaisance, exprimer l'admiration qu'il m'inspire comme écrivain, car si j'ai combattu d'abord, avec moins de mesure que de sincérité, quelque rudes manifestations de son génie, j'avais reconnu en plus d'un article la force et la bonté

de sa création littéraire, bien avant les jours de combat où je me rangais de son parti."

Since the *Affaire Dreyfus*, M. France has frequently appeared on the public platform, at meetings to protest against the oppression of the Russian people, or the massacres of Armenians and Macedonians by the Turks, at various international congresses and at gatherings of that Radical-Socialist body to which he now belongs. M. France is no orator, for he reads his speeches, perhaps, as has been suggested, because he has too much tenderness for each sentence he has composed to deliver it up to the chance of the moment. But (as we in London, who have lately had the pleasure of listening to him, know) he rivets the attention of his audience. Every word tells. His irony, now and then giving way to earnestness, provokes laughter and carries conviction.

As a conversationalist M. France is best at monologue. Some trifling remark about, perhaps, some very commonplace circumstance will set him evolving a number of general ideas of delightful originality, or painting some brilliant picture in words, or relating some telling story. But M. France appears to greater advantage in more intimate circles. In a certain salon, now closed, which he frequented regularly for twenty years, the society, I am told, always broke up into little groups, one of which naturally gathered round M. France. It is, however, by his own fireside, in that sumptuous apartment which he is pleased to term his *grenier*, that I have heard him talk best. There, clad in grey frieze dressing-gown and red velvet skull-cap, surrounded by a few old friends, on Sunday mornings the "Bénédictin Narquois" will evolve from some trivial circumstance ideas of striking originality, or paint some brilliant word picture or relate some telling story chosen from the rich treasure-house of his erudition. And never will he talk for long without referring in affectionate terms to some dumb friend. For M. France is a passionate lover of animals. We all know the cat, Hamilcar, in "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," and the dog, Riquet, in the Bergeret novels. M. France delights to insist on how much—all our sensations—we have in common with the animals. And what is intelligence, he asks, but systematised sensation? Right or wrong, our interpretation of nature is the same as that made by our inarticulate friends. As he was leaving a London house the other day a poor little stray kitten appeared upon the threshold. M. France took it up and caressed it. The master of the house straightway decreed that the kitten should stray no more, and that it should be called Anatole.

Though in his later years M. France has become a Socialist in politics, in manner he remains the aristocrat of the days when he first sat among "the immortals." He receives his visitors with an old-world courtesy which recalls the dignified grace of *l'ancien régime*; and frequently across his Gallic countenance there mits the smile which, slightly sardonic, half suggests that complete *gentilhomme*, his master, Voltaire.

But M. France, unlike Voltaire, has not lived in the public eye. Fashionable assemblies bore him. It was all the more wonderful, therefore, that he submitted to be lionised during his recent visit to London, and that he seemed to enjoy it. Visiting His Majesty's Theatre, dining at the Savoy Hotel, drinking tea with Mrs.

Asquith, lunching with his Peisistratus-Caxton, as he dubbed his English publishers, through it all M. France was in his gayest mood. And the culmination was reached when in that ardent moment at the Fabian meeting in his confraternal embrace of G. B. S. he renewed an acquaintance made years ago in the Sistine Chapel. On that historic Roman occasion our English philosopher is said to have exclaimed: "Moi aussi je suis un homme de génie."

II.—HIS WORK.

By THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Anatole plainly was born a sensitive and a dilettante, but he was to be liberated from the anæmia which is too apt to arrest the pure artist, by his early appreciation and acceptance of the gospel of work—in his case the work of an artist. He went to Stanislas from his house by the *quais*, and every day he saw the streets, every day he saw the home. He was inquisitive to know the ins and outs of things, and everything he saw helped him to live and understand. To him everything had a soul. "There is nothing like a street to make a boy understand the working of the social machine. Let him see the milk-women, the water-carriers and coal-men on their morning rounds; let him take stock of the grocers, the butchers, and the wine merchants in their shops; and see a regiment passing down the street with its band playing; let him, in a word, sniff the air of the street, and he will feel that the law of labour is a divine law, and that everyone must perform his appointed task in this world of ours."

Born in a bookshop, as an even better known celebrity was born in a library, Anatole exhibits much more unequivocal traces of his origin than does "Dizzy." Fables were his first toys. The driest book on the top shelf of a chapter library has its secret open for him, and, like Washington Irving, he understands the little language of ancient yellow quartos, and can translate their confidences for the multitude to understand.

I can share, at any rate, his first bibliographical

recollection—that of an early eighteenth-century Bible, with the Amsterdam landscapes of a Dutch artist and God in a long white beard. "How sincerely I believed in him, although, between ourselves, I considered him inclined to be whimsical, violent and wrathful; but I did not ask him to render an account of his actions. I was accustomed to see great personages behaving

in an incomprehensible manner."

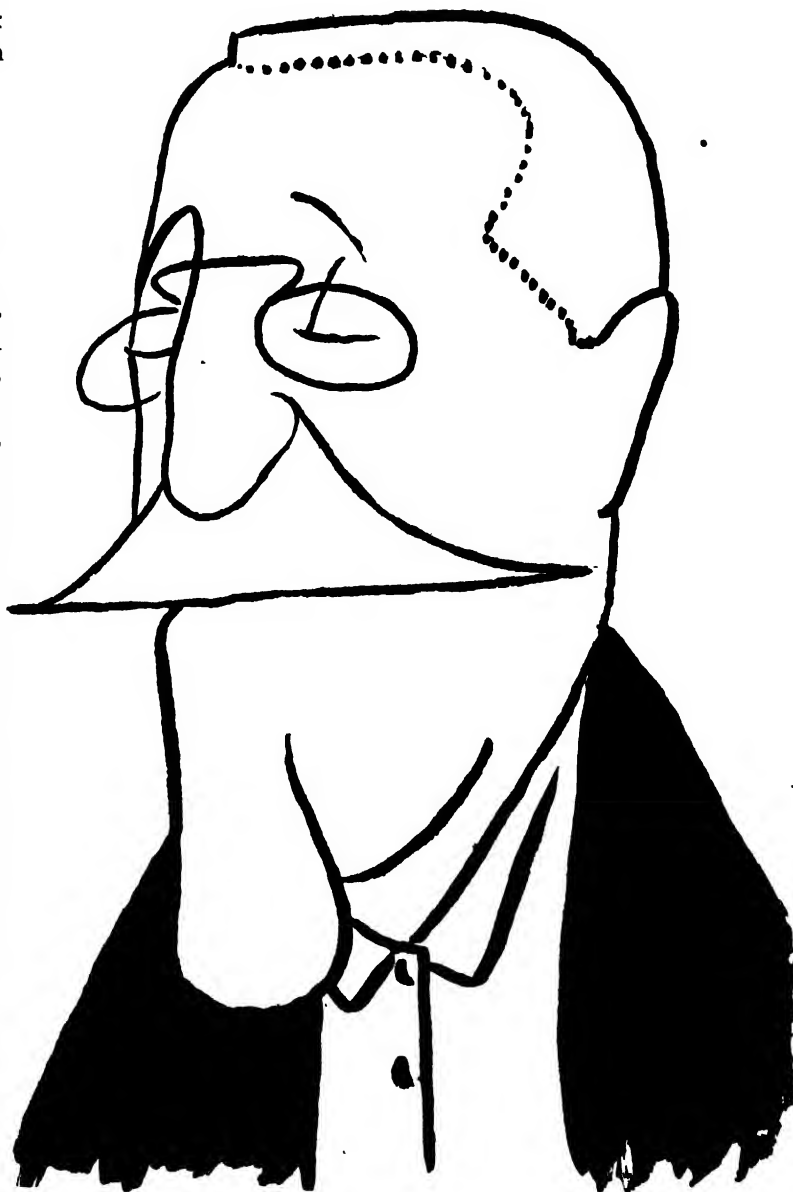
He loves, even while he learns, the vanity of false, fleeting books, transient, remotely rare, lascivious volumes. Yet he is not a catholic reader. Like Gibbon, he has no use for German, and very little, it is to be feared, for English. But he has a deep attachment to Latin; loves phrases of Livy with ardour, and is inundated by the divinity of Homer; at the very first lesson he saw Thetis rising like a white cloud above the waves. Nor (in spite of "La Vie Littéraire") does he care greatly for modern books. You remember Charles Lamb throwing the presentation volumes of new poetry into Westwood's cabbages. So with Anatole. "I have no new books. I do not keep those which are sent me. I send them on to a friend in the country" (charming euphemism!).

He released a good

many original ideas in the course of his reviewing work, achieved mostly in the 'seventies. A more personal reviewer was seldom known. He wanders into a new book as into an unknown forest on the Amazons, and tells you of his adventures, the sights, the sounds, the strange activities of unsuspected animal life. If he does not like a book or the tone of its writer, he condemns it summarily as *Hors la littérature*. His critique on Ohnet's "Volonté" is one of the most withering I know. It begins thus:

"Le titre du nouveau roman de M. Georges Ohnet contient beaucoup de sens en un seul mot.

"Ce titre est toute une philosophie, *Volonté*, voilà qui parle au cœur et à l'esprit! *Volonté* par Georges Ohnet! Comme on sent l'homme de principes qui n'a jamais douté! *Volonté* par Georges Ohnet, soixante-



From a caricature by Guilty
in Le moi.

Anatole France.

MY FRIEND'S BOOK BY ANATOLE FRANCE

A TRANSLATION BY

J. LEWIS MAY



à la radieuse, *Elizabeth Asquith.*
homage du
Anatole France

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY
TORONTO: BELL & COCKBURN: MCMXIII

Autograph inscription to Miss Elizabeth Asquith, written by Anatole France in a copy of "My Friend's Book," on the occasion of his visit to 10, Downing St.

Reproduced by kind permission of Miss Asquith.

treizième édition! Quelle preuve de la puissance de la volonté! Locke ne croyait pas que la volonté fut libre. Mais son *Essai sur l'entendement humain* n'avait pas soixante-treize éditions en une matinée. Voilà Locke victorieusement réfuté! La volonté n'est point une illusion, puisque M. Georges Ohnet a voulu avoir soixante-treize éditions, et qu'il les a eues. En vérité, plus je relis ce titre, plus j'y trouve d'intérêt. C'est sans contredit la plus belle page qui soit sortie de la plume de M. Georges Ohnet. Le style en est sobre et ferme, la pensée heureuse, claire, profonde. *Volonté, par Georges Ohnet, soixante-treizième édition*, que cela est excellentement pensé, que cela est bien écrit!

"J'avoue que le reste du livre m'a paru inférieur."

France was a brilliant collegian, but during the years when most young normaliens are flooding the world with their crudities, he nourished his faculty in solitude and unproductiveness—contemplative years, happy years of not going to press. He was acquiring erudition all this time, and storing the wallet of his memory with the entire contents of a mediæval curiosity shop. His intense love of rarities in this line made him refractory always, a rebel against set themes—as at college, so among the group of Parnassians clustered round Leconte de Lisle. He made his *début* as a writer in the late 'sixties by poems and prefaces, or *études*, on editions mainly of French classics, published by Lemerre. Some of these

have been collected during the past year (1913) and published under the collective title of "Le Génie Latin," with an affable dedication to the publisher, the author's old friend Lemerre. The studies include Daphnis and Chloe, Queen of Navarre, Scarron, La Fontaine, Molière, Racine, Le Sage, Prévost, St. Pierre, X. de Maistre, Constant, Chateaubriand, and Ste. Beuve. One of the chief merits of this book, says Anatole, is that there is a total lack of references.

Charming innocence of heart, subtle penetration of brain—these are the two dominating ideals of Anatole, and he manages to combine them in the ironical *naïveté* which is the distinguishing characteristic of his style, just as uselessness (he tells us) is the distinguishing characteristic of all honours. Reading about these early days in the imperishable pages of the "Livres de Mon Ami," one would almost swear (what is assuredly the thing that is not, namely) that the author thereof was a precocious student of Laurence Sterne. His father's notion had been that he should be instructed in the habits of the animals he most nearly resembled, such as the dog, the elephant, and the monkey. His mother put in a plea for the study of the noble deeds of heroes. Whereupon Thibault senior intervenes in the precise vein of the discourse between "My Father" and "My Uncle Toby."

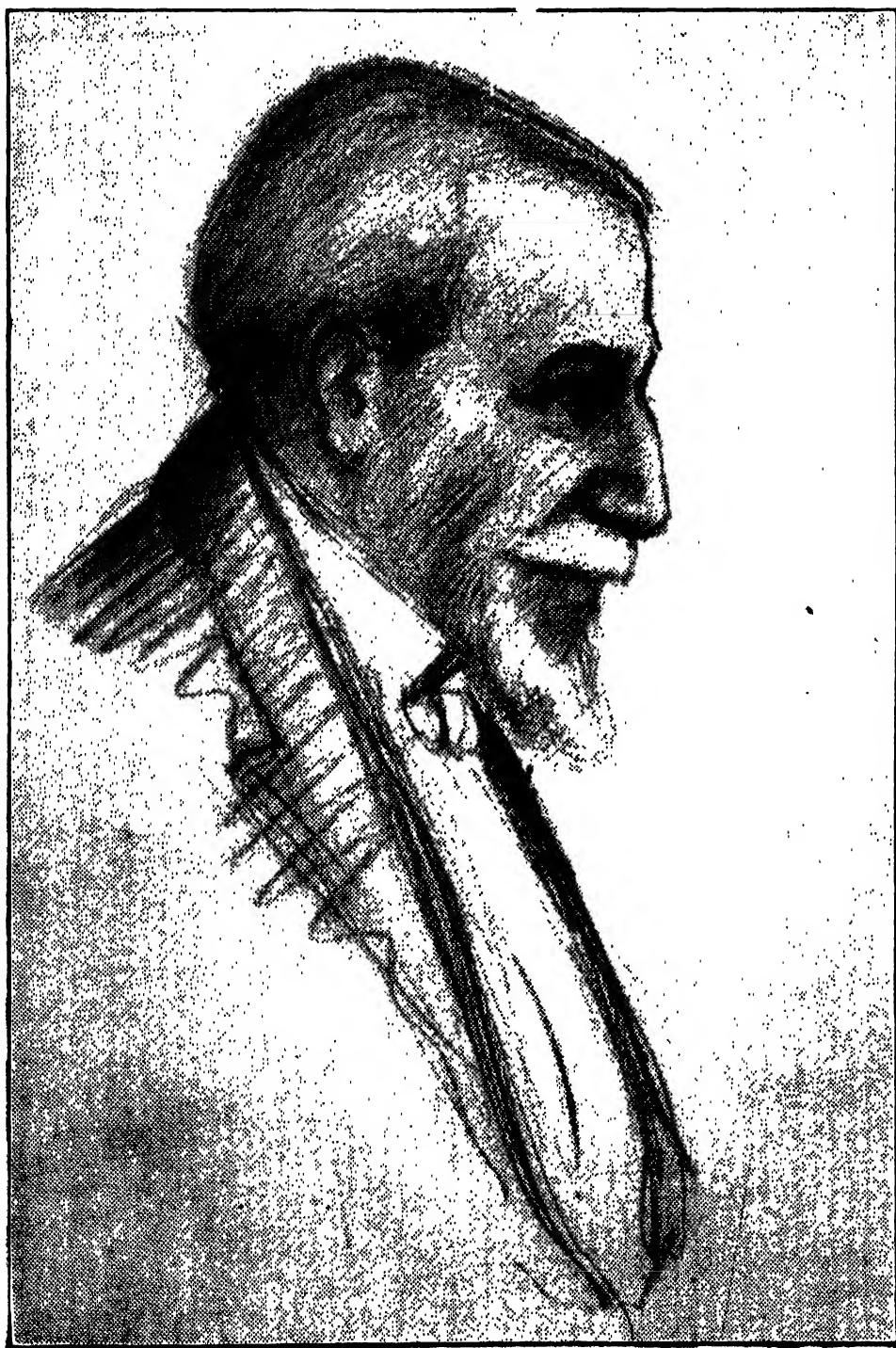
"I conceive," he said with a sigh, "that there are divers and conflicting ideas touching the nature of heroism, and that they vary according to the age, the place and the people. But that is of no importance. What does matter in an act of self-sacrifice is the sacrifice. Though the object for which we sacrifice our lives be an illusion, the sacrifice itself is none the less a reality; and this reality is the most splendid adornment our moral wretchedness can embellish itself withal." And Anatole illustrates this well in his own career. For, though he commonly treats the world with the amused contempt proper to a peripatetic philosopher, observing the mad vagaries of an ant-hill, yet when his deep feeling was aroused (as in the Dreyfus case and the Armenian persecution) he allowed no sense of artistic delicacy to prevent him from rushing into the hurly-burly, and at risk and sacrifice doing what he believed to be his plain duty. He soon found that he could not possibly subsist upon the aerial and poetic salary that so often falls to the lot of the publisher's reader, adviser, and casual editor. Still less could he subsist upon the proceeds of his early philosophical poems. In 1874 he entered the Senate Library as an assistant. But there, again, the accidents of administration brought him into conflict with the chief of the Parnassians (De Lisle). He hated a collar of any kind, and he soon relapsed into the licence of erudition and free-lance reviewing. He was steadily beginning to distil from the Hybla honey of his learning the peculiar kind of satirical embroidery in which he was to be *maître*. "Jocaste et le Chat Maigre," his first two stories, issued in one volume by

Calmann Levy in 1879, and modelled on two of his particular admirations, Dickens and Maupassant, are unlike anything that followed; his later work is absolutely characteristic. Thus in 1881, 1882 and 1885 came respectively the three masterpieces of his early time, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard, Membre de l'Institut"; "Les Desirs de Jean Servein"; "Le Livre de Mon Ami," the product, all of them, of Anatole's favourite amalgam of memories and sighs, mocking auto-souvenirs with the eternal refrain of Irony, Pity, Pity, Irony. The charm of the past is irresistible to him, but he can never guarantee its truth, for what is History but the world's verdict? The weak are always in the wrong; that is the sum alike of History, Morality, Justice. Peace is found in ignorance alone; illusions are blissful—yet he cannot help probing them. Even

in the story of Bonnard, who is a fairy like Mr. Pickwick, there are signs of the inveterate Ironist.

The fable is slight and even slightly conventional. The antiquary has been depicted often and with a fund of sympathy or of knowledge, as the case may be, leaving little to be desired. Dr. Casaubon serves as a counterpoise to the delightful figure of Monkbarns, while, between the two, the port-wine-loving Dr. Middleton symbolises a type of scholar which, in a countryman of the convivial Porson, it were unbecoming to ignore. Yet the portrait of M. Sylvestre Bonnard of the Quai Malaquais, Membre de l'Institut, is quite original and quite new, for it has nothing in common with any of these. The contrast between the solemn pedantry of this modern Dugdale, the self-critical wisdom of his soliloquies and the burden of pathetic lament (recalling once or

twice a stray word of Herbert Spencer's) that forms an undertone to his reverie—the need of a young being to love, or a fresh young face to reflect and concentrate the beauty that he felt around him at each recurrence of springtide,—this supplies the light and shade of a picture abounding in delicacy and charm. The fondness of the complex for what is primitive and simple is vividly asserted in Bonnard. He succeeds at length in adopting the daughter of the woman he had loved years ago, and the fearful joys of manuscript-hunting and archaeology are now overwhelmed by his prospect of becoming an adoptive grandfather. Jeanne is to be married to a rather promising young student of the Ecole des Chartes. "Her dowry," murmurs Sylvestre, "there it is in front of me. It is my library. Henri and Jeanne have not the faintest suspicion of my plan; and the fact is, I am commonly believed to be much richer than I am. I have the face of an old miser. It is certainly a lying face; but its untruthfulness has often won for me a great deal of consideration. There is nobody in the world so respected as a stingy rich man." He keeps to his resolve to sell his library, but he has not the heart to sell quite all of it. He determines to respite just a few of his folios, and the number of the reprieved shows a tendency to grow rapidly and mysteriously. The perpetration of this crime supplies the occasion of a typical auto-phantasy.



Anatole France.

From a drawing made by Miss Olive Snell at the Savoy Banquet, December 10th, 1913.
Lent by Mr. John Lane.

"Each time I come across a volume that has ever afflicted me with false dates, omissions, lies, and other plagues of the archæologist, I say to it with bitter joy: 'Go, impostor, traitor, and false witness—*vade retro*.'"

The ironic inclination of the author contemplating in the futility of scholarship the fragility of all human destiny, is qualified by his growing compassion for human wretchedness, the outcome mainly, he seems to think, of human pride. He enjoys feeling more even than apprehending. Truths discovered by the intelligence remain sterile. The heart alone is capable of fertilising its dreams. So he upholds sentiment against reflections, and he dwells with constant delight upon the vanity of intelligence, the inutility of science, and the incurable conceit of human reason. Ignorance is a necessary condition, not merely of happiness, but of existence. It is a fond delusion to suppose that scientific truth differs essentially from vulgar error. If we knew all truth we could not live our lives for an hour. Desire is another chief source of misery, but if we suffered not we should lack our highest education. Life is precious so long as we can suffer and love—saddened though it is by the fact that youth is placed at the wrong end. In this we are surpassed by the insects. If we moderns have lost charity along with hope and faith, we can at least strive to replace it by tenderness and kindness, and so pass this dream of life in loving. So we may escape it becoming an evil dream. Let us be simple of heart. Let us be men of good will and the divine peace will dwell within us.

Like Montaigne in his tower, but with the mellifluousness of a Renan, he meditates and meditates upon the cruel futilities and inexpugnable pride of men. His imagination seeks continually to paint sentiment, to vivify a reflection; to do this he brings into play his scholar's note-book, full of the most erudite pilferings, and constructs a colourable imitation of one of Voltaire's "Contes Philosophiques." Where it disresembles Voltaire, though, is in the immense amount of personal reflection which he invariably intercalates. He repeats and contradicts himself alike without embarrassment. Thought is troublesome, but it is also man's best friend, and it is in their garrets of to-day that the philosophers of to-morrow are building up a new age. As to history, inexhaustible as it is in delightful paradoxes and patterns, its six million volumes can, under painful necessity, be summed up in three words—Men were born, suffered, died. A *flâneur*, a dilettante, always mock-

ing at the pitiful pomposity of the successful, the powerful, the potentates, and their farcical self-complacency, Anatole is remorseless in his discernment. The ascetics and puritans, too, he treats like dogs and makes faces at in short passages of a shameless familiarity (seldom absent from his books). In reality, however, he lacks passion, his ideas are predominant over his feelings, and his amorousness is generally of the Epicurean order.

Anatole puts himself into everything that he writes, and his confident expectation is that his readers will put themselves into what they read. During the next seven years he worked continuously at self-expression, atmosphere, order, style—above all, lucidity, the sovereign quality of French prose. Much of his energy was expended upon sketches, short ironies, and cynical persiflages. He loves to put his severest cynicisms into ingenuous mouths—dogs, cats, monks, tramps, artists, sophists, charlatans, mountebanks, poets, voluptuaries. The mediocrity and the bourgeois he passes by or uses as foil. But while he laughs he works. Where you are most conscious of ease and amusement, you may be sure that he has been with his compass, his file, his tuning fork, and his eraser. He will tolerate no cheap effects. "A very subtle man, a seeker, a questionist, a sceptick, and, I fear me, an atheist." Anatole's rarest quality among literary men is the progressive fineness of his art. His work has ripened, deepened, purified, concentrated. The "Histoire Contemporaine" (or Bergeret series) in four volumes, is finer than anything before, but it is not so fine as "Les Dieux ont Soif."

In one of his earliest fictions, "Jocaste," the story of a woman's remorse leading to her suicide by hanging herself, Anatole could not resist the pleasure of applying to his heroine the name of the Theban Jocasta, most celebrated of *pendues*. In his most complex "Histoire Contemporaine" (the Bergeret series) he christens the chief figure in his satirical romance, Lucien, after that singular contemporary of Marcus Aurelius and literary ancestor of Petronius and Apuleius, the Greek satirist

Lucian. In his unvarying note of autobiography and casuistry, in his fondness for the dialect form, in his calm abstention from needless explanation, in his admirable blending of comedy and philosophy, and in the waywardness of his narrative, no less than in the finished art of his sophistry, by which the tedious portions of what he has to tell are, as if by magic, evaded, he is continually suggestive of the immortal mocker of the "Vera Historia." To him men of all ages are all very



Photo by Huines.

Anatole France leaving No. 10, Downing Street, on the 11th December, 1913.

Mr. John Lane Anatole France, Lady Barclay, Miss Winifred Stephens.



Anatole France in his Study.

From amateur photographs kindly lent by Miss Winifred Stephens.

much the same, and never what they seem. Truth, Fate, the Future, are, perhaps, the three most terrible bogies that menace the contentment of man. Fourteen years ago I translated M. Bergeret's caustic remarks on Truth, and they still seem to sum up one of the most salient angles of the Anatolean philosophy. "Truth does not prevail; on the contrary, it generally perishes obscurely under public contumely and insult. Reflect that truth has many evident points of inferiority as compared with the lie, which must eventually cause truth to disappear. The lie, for instance, is multiple, and truth has against it numbers. This is not its only defect. Truth is inert. It is not susceptible to modulation. It does not lend itself readily to combinations which might enable it without overmuch difficulty to enter into the intelligence or the emotions and passions of men. The lie, on the other hand, has marvellous resource. It is ductile, it is plastic. More than this, it is natural, and even moral, inasmuch as it corresponds with the habits of man, who has based his ideas of good and evil upon the most holy and the most absurd of lies. The lie, therefore, becomes the principle of virtue and beauty in man . . . and a few simple lies will for ages to come continue to gild millions of existences."

The drift of the parody that follows is too plain to need explanation: it is absolutely Anatolean. The Dog's Prayer: "O Bergeret, my master, god of carnage, I adore thee! Praised be thou when thou art terrible, praised when thou art gracious! I crawl to thy feet, I lick thy hands. Great art thou, and beautiful when seated at thy spread table, thou devourest quantities of food. Great art thou and beautiful when, bringing forth fire from a little chip of wood, thou changest night into day. Keep me, I pray thee, in thy house, and keep out every other dog!"

In "The Gods Athirst" (perhaps the most scathing of his works) Anatole treats the French Revolution in the same bantering and incredulous manner in which he treats Nationalism in the Bergeret books, and early Christianity in the "White Stone," "Thais," "The Procurator of Judæa," and other stories. He loved a period characterised by high ideals, which he can show

by his method to be at best but pathetic illusions. He likes, as do many of us, to transport himself into the thick of a revolutionary epoch, and then to imagine how he would have behaved, and what he would have said. Had he been English he would have introduced himself as a cynic philosopher under strict restraint on board of one of the old Dreadnoughts; for there is nothing he likes undermining more than the heroic fallacy. This makes his work enervating at times, and it is difficult to find in his philosophy a place for heroes such as we imagine to be men like Nelson, Stonewall Jackson, Captain Scott, and Lord Roberts. It was this defect, I suppose, which made Andrew Lang and Mark Twain so angry with his presentation of the Maid of Orleans. His tendency to confuse substances (as where he compares the wife of his bosom with a Lexicon) gave them a handle against him. But he was always inclined to mix up truth and fiction. His incident is borrowed on a large scale, not only from history, memoir, and biography, but also from fable, legend, and mythology such as that of Dickens. His brain contains numberless volumes of the "curiosities of literature," but he never uses them like a pawnbroker. He is always the connoisseur and the interpreter. There are, however, some dangers implicit in this practice. They were not undiscerned by Anatole himself; but they betrayed him in "Jeanne d'Arc," à propos of the first edition of which Andrew pointed out how strangely illusive many of Anatole's references were. Strange destiny which brought two of the cunningest prose-writers of their day, and both chevaliers, too, of their respective philosophies, into active collision! The two writers resemble each other in still one other respect: they repeat themselves largely without scruple.

But, although he will not allow heroism or devoted self-sacrifice much of a show in his philosophy, Anatole was quite ready, at need, to practise the abnegation which he decried. Brandès points out this with admirable decision in his masterly epitome.* Artistically (no less than alphabetically) Anatole had the least possible sympathy with Zola. He called "La Terre"

* G. Brandès' "Anatole France," in Heinemann's Contemporary Lives Series. 1s. 6d. net.

the fifth Georgic—the Georgic of filth. He laughed consumedly at the spectacle of Zola's disciples mocking him as Ham'mocked Noah. "His work is evil," he wrote. "He is one of those unhappy beings of whom it can be said that it would have been better had he never been born." Zola was, perhaps, one of the coarsest men since Luther; but he was also one of the bravest. When Zola, at the imminent risk of the loss of his material possessions, stood up for Dreyfus, Anatole rallied to him. Upon Zola's death, he emerged from the shrinking ranks of the *littérati*, and enunciated a noble panegyric.

He is equally brave in denouncing cruelty, land-hunger, colonial war, religious persecution, and racial animosity the whole world over. While he regards human beings as being very much alike, the same pitiable and incorrigible creatures in every age, climate and condition of culture he objects, most of all, to their ludicrous pomposity, and to that pride which manifests itself in the cruelty with which they persecute and torment each other for imperceptible differences of opinion. His affinity with Montaigne, Spinoza, and Heine on some of these lines is suggestive of a Hebrew strain in Anatole; but he has much in common, too, with Diderot, Sterne, Voltaire, and other eighteenth-century performers on the *conte philosophique*. We have only one satirist at all to match him, our greatest—Dean Swift; but Swift hates men as men. He detests humanity; whereas Anatole emphatically does not. Of the creative power and masculine force of Swift, the Frenchman, I think, has little. His genius has more of a feminine cast. He is less an inventor, an *instaurator*, a creator, than a grafter, an imitator, an adapter, and his pre-eminence, as he himself would probably admit, is first and foremost a question of style.

His form, which some have questioned, seems to me almost immaculate. It is essentially Lucianic, a catholic variation of the dialogue, of which our best modern sophists such as Bernard Shaw, George Moore, and Lowes Dickenson are themselves in turn ingenious adapters. He philosophises, it seems, in the form of the earliest prose fictions, those of the Greeks of Alexandria, managing at the same time to give his narrative as much as possible of a modern *variété*, or topical *révue*. But it is his style, when all is said, which

makes his thought valid. His style is, indeed, a liberal education which makes sceptics of us all, whether we will or no. And it is noteworthy that the two English writers (Stevenson and Hardy) who have given the minutest attention, and the severest labour to the potentiality of phrase, have resembled him most nearly in this respect. The placid beauty of his prose maintains a rare quality of elevation among his books; it is impossible to point to any single one of them or even to any small group, as transcending in merit the rank and file of his production.

Books are a devouring flood. We become librarians, all of us, and that will end everything. So France has told us. Yet he has worked prodigiously at books. Novels: "Sylvestre Bonnard," 1881, and "The Red Lily," 1894 (the two most conventional, but certainly not least delightful of his books); "Thaïs," 1890, in the opinion of many the finest of all his novels.

Satires: "Histoire 'Contemporaine,' 1897-1901, et 'Comique,' 1903; the "Isle of Penguins," 1908.

Sketches, Contes, Dialogues: "The White Stone," 1905; "Etui de Nacre," 1892; "Puits de Sainte Clare," 1897; "Balthazar," 1889; "Crainquebille," 1901; "Les Sept Femmes de Barbe-Bleue," 1909.

Maxims: "Jardin d'Epicure," 1895; "Opinions de J. Coignard," "Rotisserie," 1893; "Tournebroche," 1908.

Notes on Autobiography and Comment: "Désirs de Jean Servien," 1882; "Livre de Mon Ami," 1885; "Pierre Nozière," 1899.

Then there are fairy stories, introductions, speeches. What an output!

A translation of such a very delicate and idiomatic writer as Anatole France into English was a big conception. It has been carried out with an enthusiasm which will be its own reward. The inauguration of the scheme is due to Frederic Chapman, who belongs to the order once adorned by Anatole himself—that of publisher's reader. The performance, which now runs to well-nigh a score of handsome volumes, has certainly attained a high level. So far as I have perused the volumes (and I have to thank Mr. Lane for his generosity in putting the half-dozen I selected promptly at my disposal) I give the palm to Mr. May's translation of "My Friend's Book."

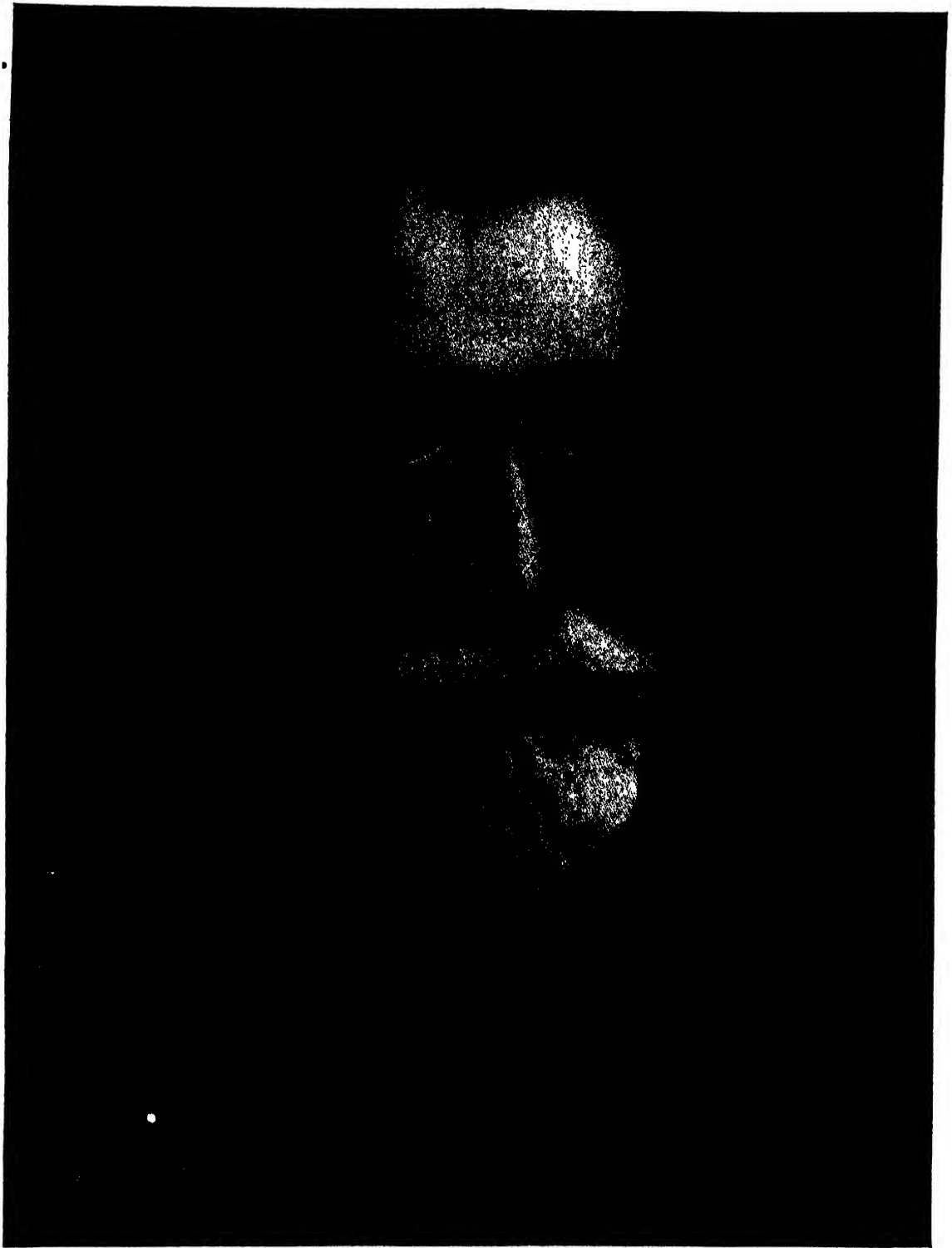
ANATOLE FRANCE—AN ARTIST-PHOTOGRAPHER'S IMPRESSIONS.

BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

LITERARY London was excited beyond its usual habit, there was a thrill of expectation in each greeting of friends. "Have you heard that Anatole France is coming over?" they said one to another; and being of a naturally enthusiastic disposition, possessing an unquenchable desire to photograph the eminent men of art and letters of to-day, and adding to this my appreciation of this great author's work, it took no more than the hint of his arrival to fill me with the desire to portray him. In this frame of mind I hied me to Mr. John Lane, with the result that I was invited to the dinner in France's honour, and given hopes of a sitting.

What a very memorable banquet it was, and what a striking figure the guest of the evening presented as he sat beside Lord Redesdale, the chairman. He did not seem in the least nervous or especially interested as he looked over his menu, or exchanged a word now and then with his neighbour. From where I sat, within a few yards of him, I was able to study him carefully, and this admirably suited my purpose.

I should say that Anatole France is not a man who cares much for banquets, honours, or the appreciation of the general public; that he gets these things showered upon him is the irony of fate which always bestows her favours lavishly where they are least wanted, and is



particularly eager to bestow them upon a person whose reputation is too firmly established to need such things. From his writings I judged him to be rather a student and dreamer than a man to whom the adulation of the world greatly appealed, and when I saw the man himself seated there at the head of the table, at that great gathering, I felt that I had been right.

Let me see if I can describe him to you. I should not say that he was a tall man, and yet his dignity of presence makes him seem of more than average height. When he sits there is, just about the shoulders, the suggestion of the student who has bent for a lifetime over books. He is no longer a young man, for his hair and beard are white, yet one would not call him old; there is something in the penetrating eyes that would make it impossible to do that. His nose is long and straight, and the beard emphasises the length of his face. In a word, France is a man you would not pass in the street without wondering who the distinguished foreigner might be.

So he sat as the guest of honour at that dinner at the Savoy, with its gathering of eminent people, looking out of his quiet eyes as if hardly conscious of his surroundings. But when he rose to speak one knew why, for he had been dreaming, he said. But if it had been a dream it was too flattering for him to wish to awaken, and he modestly went on to say that now he realised why he had been invited to this gathering—it was because he was a symbol, a representative of French literature to England, the home of the novel.

The speech was of just the right length, and in delivering it France became as a man transformed; he hardly seemed the same person; he raised his hand in gestures that only a Frenchman could make, they were at once so expressive and so elegant; and he sat down amid a storm of applause, for it was apparent to all that within this calm exterior there burned a fire of human enthusiasm for the good of the world.

Then came the reception, in which France, with the

courtesy of his nation, kissed the hands of fair ladies, and wrote innumerable autographs on fans and menus. But all the while he seemed to be still dreaming the closing lines of his speech—that great dream of all deep-thinking men: International Peace.

It was due to Mr. Lane that I was able at his home to make the photographic portrait which accompanies this impression. It was a dark day, and my studio was a landing on the staircase which Mrs. Lane very kindly placed at my disposal. But I knew exactly what I wanted, and I think you will agree that I have ensnared something of the man in the sensitive gelatine of my photographic film.

How interesting it is to live in London! someone has said, and the idea has imbedded itself in my memory that, if you wait long enough, all the interesting people in the world will pass through the portals of Charing Cross. Not long ago we had Dr. Georges Brandés, whose charming little volume on Anatole France begins: "The true author is recognisable by the existence on every page of his works of at least one sentence or one phrase which none but he could have written," and ends: "It has shown them that behind the author there dwelt a man—behind the great author a brave man." The book is published by Heinemann, and what a vivacious little book it is, with such a discriminating quotation of passages that you are driven irresistibly to read every word that Anatole France has written.

And how different are these two who have come to us through the magic portals of Charing Cross within such a short time of one another! Brandés, the critic, who lives his life in the world, to whom life in all its diversity constantly appeals, and who will not even have a secretary, because he will therefore lose touch with some of life's directness; and, on the other hand, France, who lives secluded in his own mind, even at a great dinner party in his honour, to whom the world is merely a glorious idea, and mankind a brotherhood.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best twenty-five lines of verse tersely re-telling the story of any recent novel.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best lyric is awarded to Mrs. Stephen Parker, of 12, Fontayne Street, Goole, Yorkshire, for the following:

MARKET NIGHT.

All in the midst of the market noise,
The laughing girls and the jostling boys,
The gray old wives at their apple-stalls,
The poor, wan women under their shawls,
Whilst the flaring naphtha dripped away,
A man with a pipe began to play.

He played the storm and the bitter wind,
He played the flight with the foe behind,
The black disgrace of the eldest son,
The death of the dearest, the littlest one,
The lover lost, the treacherous friend,
The long, dark way to the cruel end.

The boys and the girls stood, half in fright
(Was ever so dreary a market-night?),
The fathers' and mothers' heads hung low
(How came the Piper the tale to know?),
Silent they stood, when the tune was o'er,
Till the man began to play once more.

He played the sunshine after the rain,
The spring returning to earth again.
The water drawn from the hidden spring,
The dawn of love, and the marriage ring,
The baby laid on the mother's breast,
The joy of life, and its end in rest.

Soft, and more softly, the last notes fell,
And the young ones murmured, "How can he tell?"
The fathers and mothers whispered low,
"Who can have told him? How can he know?"
And all the rest of that market-night
Was Paradise—lit by naphtha light!

We also select for printing:

HOPE.

I can climb still, though sometimes lame and slow,
So slow I seem to creep.
I can bear still my burden as I go—
You know the way is steep.

I can hope still, and hoping seek to press
Beyond the narrow bourne
That bounds my little life with loneliness—
You know the loss I mourn.

I can love still, and calmly strive to think
My sorrows into sleep.
We may meet yet upon the bitter brink—
You know my love is deep.

(Edward H. Kenney, Junior, 21, Alleyn Park,
Dulwich.)

BRAMBLECOMBE FAIR.

As I was a-trotting to Bramblecombe fair,
I spied a dark maid what was combing her hair;
"My sweet pretty honey, come down to the door,
And ride on the pillion while I ride before."

I smiled at my bright bird, and she winked at me—
"Sweet Sir, I do thank 'ee, but I be not free;
My mammy is near me, she's girt and she's strong;
I pray 'ee, don't loiter, but gallop along!"

So I went a-trotting to Bramblecombe fair,
Jog-joggety merrily through the sweet air;
Wi' feasting, wi' singing, wi' joy of all kind,
Why, dang 'ee, the maiden slipped out of my mind!

(Dab-Chick, 22, Cavendish Road, Brondesbury,
N.W.)

TRIOLET.

When my little Baby came,
Winter winds were blowing,
But my heart was all a-flame
When my little Baby came,
With a love that put to shame
Sullen skies a-snowing!
When my little Baby came
Winter winds were blowing.

If my little Baby knows
Lovely summer weather,
Song of bird and scent of rose
If my little Baby knows—
Will he feel how my heart glows
When we are together?
If my little Baby knows
Lovely summer weather?

(Irene Wintle, 31, Walton Park, Liverpool.)

We also specially commend the lyrics sent in by Stanley Brook (York), "A. Gabriel St. Fillan" (Edinburgh), Elijah Summers (Dukinfield, Cheshire), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), J. J. Geake (Guildford), John Heys (South Shields), Arthur C. Hay (Keith), Frank

Noble Wood (Hull), Alexander R. C. Eaton (Forest Gate, E.), M. E. Robinson (Fleet), Miss C. Ransom (Torquay), Herbert B. Dawel (Birkdale), Ellen M. Schonberg (Northwood), Miss E. M. Stove (Falmouth), G. W. Turner (Burnley), Harrison Kent (Ludlow), Mrs. D. Sutherland (Wick), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull), Mrs. G. Reece (Cardiff), Violet Thelma Avis (Waltham Abbey), Maud Straker (Epsom), Elsie D. Armour (Liverpool), Rev. F. K. Berry (Barrow-in-Furness), Florence Andrews (Maidenhead), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Margaret Rey (Bournemouth), J. A. Langlon (Leeds), R. W. King (Catford Hill, S.E.), Gladys J. Horne (Northampton), H. S. French (Clapham Common, S.W.), R. Moffat Berry (Hampstead, N.W.), Mrs. St. Leger B. (Rusington, Sussex), Mrs. Nevill Heard (Swanage), Owen H. Carsinal (Sheffield), Ivy L. Carr (Leamington Spa), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Gwladys A. Charles-Jones (Carnarvon), Arthur S. Wilshire (Dalston, N.E.), J. J. Macdonald (Comrie), Dorothy M. Rawcliffe (Haigh, Wigan), Russell Green (Sheffield), Lilian Gillespie (Ventnor), Marguerite E. M. Steen (Grange-over-Sands), W. S. Chesterfield (London, W.), William Johnson (Harrogate), Adelaide Addenbrooke (Gravesend), Robin Ian Jardine (Glasgow, W.), Ethel Talbot (Murrayfield), Mrs. W. J. Macnamara (Dublin), Grace E. Armstrong (Muswell Hill, N.), Arthur Powell (Stratford, Conn., U.S.A.), John Thompson (Bournemouth), Marie C. Lufkin (Parkstone), David Boland (Glasgow, W.), T. E. Sabine-Pasley



ANATOLE
FRANCE.

DEC. 31, 1913

From a drawing by F. T. Dalton,
Lent by Mr. John Lane.

(London, W.C.), Hilda K. Taylor (Great Crosby), D. J. Darlow (Chippenham), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall, Cheshire), Edna Lake (Didsbury), W. T. Brocklebank (Darlington), "John Harriott" (Highgate, N.), A. D. H. Allan (Wimborne), "Dal Cuore" (London, E.), Alice Scott (Sydenham), J. Wesley Honeline (Shenfield), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Helen Hoyt (Chicago), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Crawford Neil (Dublin), Nora E. Cressall (British Guiana), W. V. J. K. (Derby), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Clarence F. Carr (Weymouth), M. F. Watson (Maidstone), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), Edwin Plummer (Swadlincote), R. E. Taylor (Gironcha, India), C. E. Dell (Vancouver), Francis A. Monks (Halifax), E. Dykes (Birmingham), E. Jotham (Port St. Mary), M. D. B. (Ascot), May Cooper (Sevenoaks), John F. X. Cannon (Philadelphia), Mary Wayman (Dorset), Julia Rose Carling (Plymouth), Mabel Malet (Hull), C. G. Howard (Wimbledon), T. W. J. (Woodford), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), Albert H. Candler (Worcester), S. H. Jhabvala (Bombay), J. D. Macbeth (Glasgow), Robert Burnell (Ashford), A. M. Northwood (Harrogate), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), A. Barfield (Parson's Green), Fredk. J. Mathias (Cardiff), Mrs. M. C. Turner (Betchworth), Edith R. Leatham (Durham), D. M. Howard (Brockham Green), Jas. Scobbie (Glasgow), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), James M. McAlpin (Wishaw), Dan Boyes (Enfield), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), H. A. C. Blacker (Cambridge), Dorothy G. Gibbings (Clapton), J. P. Gross

(Kenilly), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), P. J. Frawley (Coventry), Hector Macaulay (Thurso), Winifred J. Grout (Folkestone), H. C. Williamson (Galashiels), Marjorie Winifred Crosbie (Herne Bay), Jessie Cavey (Chiswick), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), A. P. Parker (Chichester), E. J. Martin (Dewsbury), Hylda C. Cole (Glasgow), F. J. Popham (Annan), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Lettie Cole (Pontilas), G. C. Andrews (Charlotte, N.C., U.S.A.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mrs. M. E. George (Lewes), L. H. Stuckey (Taunton), Olivia Turpin (Birkdale), F. C. Witney (Wimbledon), Margaret Dunn (Hammersmith), Jas. C. Peterson (Fife), Lizzie Sinfield (Ashbourne), Harold Horton (Manchester), Chas. Courny (Sheffield), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), J. Isaacs (Hackney), Alonzo J. Freeland (Kilworth), J. D. I. Waugh (Toddington), Sec. (Glasgow), S. Simpson (Birkenhead), E. A. Kerston (Thornton Heath), Barbara B. Friend (Sheffield), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), M. A. P. Price (Aston), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Pontypridd), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), S. T. McCabe (Patricroft), M. S. (Chesterfield), Andrew J. Caird (Edinburgh), Archibald Jackson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. Holmden (Ilfracombe), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Adele S. Flinn (Didsbury), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Robert Veitch (Penicuik), A. H. Hughes (Glasgow), Frances Helen Jackson (Lincoln), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Birmingham), E. M. Ayre (Cardiff), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), A. R. C. Westlake (Hampstead), T. M. Tweedale (Birkdale), Eveline E. Ife (Plumstead Common), A. Ellerton (Forest Hill), O. H. R. Layton (Westgate), W. C. Wilson (Luton), Mary M. Wilshire (London, S.E.), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Frances Corley (Fulham), Mrs. A. E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Frank Brebner (Edinburgh), T. Law (Holytown), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Dorothy Plimpton (London, S.W.), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), Margot Balfour (London, W.), G. A. MacKinlay (Perth), A. C. Clarke (High Wycombe), S. E. Fenter (Birmingham), Doris Dean (Bromley), A. R. O'Connor (Birmingham), B. G. Brooks (Ilford), H. R. Smith (Newcastle), and Robert White, Jun., (Edinburgh).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. W. Arthur Cooper, of Tettenhall College, Staffs., for the following:

LOVE AND A TITLE.

BY HERBERT FLOWERDEW. (Greening.)
"I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more."
LOVELACE, "To I.ucasta, on going to the Wars."

We also select for printing:

THE DEVIL IN LONDON,
BY GEORGE R. SIMS. (Stanley Paul.)
"There's no place like home."
J. HOWARD PAYNE, *Home, Sweet Home*.
(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

A GREAT MYSTERY SOLVED.
BY GILLAN VASE. (Sampson Low.)
"Poor old Buffer! he's certainly dead!"
HOOD, *Ingoldsby Legends*.
(Miss H. M. Winter, Casa Esperanza, Babbacombe Road, Torquay.)

LOVE AND A TITLE.
BY HERBERT FLOWERDEW. (Greening.)
"The delicate question, Which . . . ?"
W. S. GILBERT, *Wreck of the "Nancy Bell"*.
(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge.)

ces choses sont pacifiques, elles sont en totalité 1/4
pacifiques. Pour les ouvriers de la grande
industrie, tout le prolétariat — il importe
grandement de la savoir — est entièrement
hostile à l'idée d'agression, de conquête,
d'impérialisme. Elle est pénétrée de la
même socialiste. L'union des travailleurs
sera la paix du monde. Il serait
dangereux de la réveiller trop brusquement
de son rêve de concorde universelle.
Je le dis parce que je le sais, parce que
je le vois j'ai maintes fois adjuré nos
maîtres de s'en apercevoir mais ils n'ont
ni yeux ni oreilles
La vague nationaliste que les apporta
la guerre ne la réveillera pas, probablement
se retirera comme elle est venue, et la
France restera comme des Rudyard Kipling,
l'âme de l'humanité

Last page of manuscript of Anatole
France's article on Peace.

The MS. of this article, which was published in *The English Review*, belongs to Miss Winifred Stephens with whose permission the above reduced facsimile is produced.

AN OLD MAID'S
LOVE. BY
MAARTEN MAARTENS.
(Constable.)

"I love little Pussy."
Old Nursery Rhyme.
(Mrs. Hannah
Cooper, 5, Lorton
Street, Cocker-
mouth.)

LADY DOROTHY'S
INDISCRETION.
BY ARTHUR APPLIN.
(Ward, Lock.)

"I blush to say I've
winked at him."
W. S. GILBERT,
Gentle Alice Brown.
(Rev. Edwin C.
Lansdown, 159,
Holly Lane, West
Smethwick,
Birmingham.)

THE VISION
SPLENDID. BY
D. K. BROSTER and
G. W. TAYLOR.
(Murray.)

"'Er petticoat was
yaller an' 'er little
cap was green."
KIPLING (*Ma daktar*).
(E. D. Ward, The
Crossways, South
Croydon.)



Photo by Fradelli & Young.

The Banquet to Anatole France at the
Savoy Hotel, 10th December, 1913.

III.—The PRIZE for the best letter of advice in not more than a hundred-and-fifty words to a Would-be Novelist from the General Reader would have been divided, but the letter from Mr. Eric Leadbetter (Brondesbury) running to over four hundred words, the PRIZE OF THREE NEW

BOOKS is awarded to Mrs. J. O. Arnold, of Beech Hill Road, Sheffield, for the following :

LETTER OF ADVICE.

FROM THE GENERAL READER TO A WOULD-BE NOVELIST.

Just "these few precepts in thy memory": Keep some of the old ideals, don't consign them all to the scrap-heap! Be careful not to mistake slang for humour, and do be sparing with the sugar! As to style, try to hit a happy medium between Dr. Johnson and a penny dreadful. Avoid both Propaganda and a Purpose; remember, too, that the sex-problem novel has grown stale, and the theological one tiresome. Don't be too lengthy, and don't pad—both lead to boredom. But the Great Essential is a Happy Ending—split infinitives may be forgiven, superfluous adjectives overlooked, even the long arm of coincidence ignored, but the Sad Finish is the one unpardonable sin. Lastly, there is, of course, a royal road to phenomenal sales by way of the Censor—but it has its risks!

We accept no responsibility for Mrs. Arnold's advice, though we are prepared to endorse some of it. Nearly all the competitors say they are tired of sex problems, and want, above all, an interesting story with a happy ending. The best of the other letters received are from Rev. R. E. Mansfield (Radcliffe), Alexander R. C. Eaton (Forest Gate), D. J. Darton (Chippenham), John Carlton (Finsbury Park), S. A. Thorp (Eltham), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Miss M. M. Westcott (Richmond), Winifred Marsden (Westlock), C. R. L. Hall (Newport), Miss S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), Miss Lydia Dean (Alwyne), Miss C. E. Treehurst (Cheltenham), E. S. Heron (Chester), G. M. Northcott (Birkenhead), Winifred N. Rich (Battersea Park), W. S. Chesterfield (London, W.), Marie Russell Brown (Glasgow), Miss E. J. M. Kirton (Kings-town), George Whitfield (Liverpool), J. D. I. Waugh (Toddington), W. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), S. Hunter (Chesterfield), B. M. Glantoff (Clapham), A. H. Glantoff (Clapham), G. M. Fife (Edinburgh).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Percy J. Harris of 48, St. Nicholas Street, Coventry, for the following :

CONTINUITY. BY SIR OLIVER LODGE.

This book contains the complete presidential address delivered to the British Association in September last, together with a supplement containing explanations in popular terms of the



Anatole France.

Bust by Lavergne.

From "Anatole France" by George Brandés. *Contemporary Men of Letters series.* (Heinemann).

various scientific and philosophical questions referred to in the speech. The author discusses the problem of the Ether of Space, and concludes that, though it eludes the laboratory grasp of the scientist, it must be a concretely real, physical agent, the supreme engine of continuity. He believes that the methods of scientific research are applicable to the study of the psychical region, and hopes to attain gradually to some understanding of the nature of the existence "across the chasm."

We also select for printing :

CUPID GOES NORTH. BY MARTIN SWAYNE.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Cupid goes North" is pure fooling—utterly impossible, but none the less delightfully funny. One may read it to oneself and laugh aloud. The characters are real enough, flesh and blood individuality in a fantastic world. The attraction of the *ingénue* for one type, and her power of irritation for another, contrasted with the fascination of the woman with her wits about her, is admirable. The men are absurd men, but it is all absurd and charming—especially the love-making.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

THE MILKY WAY. BY F. TENNYSON JESSE. (Heinemann.)

The sub-title of "The Milky Way" should be "A New Arabian Night," for it tells of such adventures as are not met with ever in real life. The heroine, apparently penniless, manages to career through the story, meeting the most extraordinary people, doing the most unlikely things, at the most improbable places, and, on the whole, having a most enjoyable time. Coincidence, of course, plays a large part in the tale, whose chief merit lies in its originality and its excellent descriptions of people, places and scenery; apart from these, the book will serve but to amuse.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE SPLENDID WAYFARING. BY HALDANE MACFALL.
(Simpkin Marshall.)

This beautiful book by a splendid wayfarer is the fruit of twenty years' hard thinking on the vital question that confronts artist, critic, and man in the street,—what is Art? Some of these chapters appeared in "The Academy" and "The English Review." In their final form, enriched by illustrations from the author, Gordon Craig and others, they will be re-read by all who

think and feel deeply. The false gods of yesterday and to-day—"Art is Beauty," "Art for Art's Sake," "Isms"—are here dethroned. The book is admirable in concept, lucid in structure, convincing in its truth.

(H. Lonsdale, Dawna, The Ridgway, Sutton, Surrey.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Percy J. Harris (Coventry), Miss F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), M. Blacklee (Barrow-in-Furness), Miss C. Ransom (Torquay), J. Harold Muir (Glasgow, W.), A. B. Longbottom (Derby), Mary Kingdom (Montreal), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), Edward C. Luin (Stoke Newington), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Mary J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), Rev. R. E. Mansfield (Radcliffe, Lancs.), A. E. H. Tucker (Campden Hill, W.), Mlle. M. Biousse (Nottingham), Ethel Talbot (Murrayfield, Edinburgh), Rose Jessop (Nottingham), Mrs. W. L. Saunt (Kensington, W.), Marguerite E. M. Steen (Grange-over-Sands), Marie Russell Brown (Glasgow), John F. Leeming (Buxton), Miss I. Swinson (Wadhurst), S. Hunter (Chesterfield), W. Graham (Ilkley), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Miss E. Webster (Bristol), Mrs. S. K. Vesey (Glenfarg), Miss H. M. Barrow (Hastings), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), E. W. Priest (Norwich), Pamela Mary Hinkson (Shankhill, Co. Dublin), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), G. B. Mountford (Eastbourne), Norman Birkett (Birmingham), Frances J. Byrne (Dunedin), William F. Robinson (Hinton, Cambridge), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), Miss S. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), L. Welby, (Shanklin), and Miss D. E. Robinson, (Wilmslow).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. John F. X. Cannons of 1246, N. Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

New Books.

ARTHUR SYMONS' POEMS.*

These hundred and sixty pages contain a very remarkable variety of poems, half of them original, the other half translated from Paul Verlaine and Catullus, with a few from André Chénier and Villon. The same tranquil, patient, and loyal art has been spent on both. In the translations, for example, Mr. Symons has sacrificed himself, as many lesser men have not done, to producing, not a kindred effect in his own language, but something that shall suggest the original. The "Attis" of Catullus, its metre and all the words of it, are rendered into English, which gives the same foreign, imperfectly intelligible effect as the Latin. It is the "Athis," still as foreign as in Latin, though in English words, that I meet as I read :

"Corybantes, all together, up, on to the woods of Cybele;
All together, on, ye wandering herds of Dindymus' shepherdess,
Ye that seeking foreign shores, and, in an exile voluntary,
Following me and guided by me, on my ways my companions,
Having overcome the rapid main, and the floods' savagery,
And in passing hate of Venus having overcome the man in you,
Now your mistress' heart gladden ye with the speed of courses
precipitate.

Slow delay be cast behind you, follow all together, follow me,
To the Phrygian home of Cybele, Phrygian woods, the goddess's,
Where the cymbals utter their voices to the tambourines'
echoing,

Where the curved reed makes grave music for the Phrygian
flute-player,

Where the Mænads toss together wild heads ivy-filleted,
Where with piercing ululations the sacred signs are agitated,
Where in wonted wake the wandering cohort follows the deity,
Thither meet it is we hasten, thither with dances swift-footed."

It does not turn the English reader into a Roman, but it puts him into the position of one who has spent ten years at Latin, though only one who has done so can fully admire it.

French and Verlaine being nearer to us than Latin

* "Knave of Hearts—1894-1908." By Arthur Symons.
5s. net. (Heinemann.)

and Catullus, this rendering of "L'Allée" from "Fêtes Galantes" is more like an English poem :

"As in the age of shepherd king and queen,
Painted and frail amid her nodding bows,
Under the sombre branches and between
The green and mossy garden-ways she goes,
With little mincing airs one keeps to pet
A darling and provoking perroquet.
Her long-trained robe is blue, the fan she holds
With fluent fingers girt with heavy rings,
So vaguely hints of vague erotic things
That her eye smiles, musing among its folds.
—Blonde, too, a tiny nose, a rosy mouth,
Artful as that sly patch that makes more sly,
In her divine unconscious pride of youth,
The slightly simpering sparkle of the eye."

No one who is not a master of French can get so near Verlaine as by reading this.

The original poems include some belonging to Mr. Symons' earlier erotic period, several impressions of things seen in Italy and London, an exclamation "On Reading of Women Rioting for their Rights," love poems, songs, lyrics, dialogues, and emotional reflections. Very far apart are the erotic poems from the reflections, for they are separated by that fine and impressive confession, "The Fool of the World." They show us, these reflections, Mr. Symons' advance from a cloistered æstheticism to a simplicity like that of Mr. W. H. Davies, as in this :

"Where I hear
Crying of oxen, that, in deadly fear,
Rough men, with cruel dogs about them, drive
Into the torture-house of death alive,
How can I sit under a tree and read
A happy idle book and take no heed."

The descriptions of things seen and the personal lyrics are very sensitive reflections of a spirit suffering from the dethronement of æstheticism, and the imperfect acceptance of a successor. "The Windmill," within its three verses,

depicts the desire to enjoy what Keats in one way, and Mr. W. H. Davies in another, could enjoy, and the failure :

"The day is enough for delight ;
Why, as I lie on the grass,
And watch the clouds as they
pass,
Do I reason of wrong and right ?

Only to be, and the breath
I take is all that I need,
Were I but as the flower and
weed
That live without thought of
death.

But death, and right and wrong,
As the windmill turns on the
hill
Turn like a burden still
That I cannot cast out of my
song."

It is the central song of one whose days could not be "bound each to each by natural piety." And the poem on the opposite page is the melancholy submission to Wordsworth's alternative: "Or let me die," a mood far beyond that of Coleridge's "Dejection":

"Why is it that my heart is
asleep, and no dreams awake,
And my thoughts like smoke in
the wind are scattered and
shake,
And there is no pain in my heart
where it ought to ache ?

I have forgotten what it was to weep and carouse ;
The lamp was lighted, the curtains drawn, in the house ;
I have forgotten the crying of birds, the shaking of boughs.

Be content, my heart ; forget these things ; they are vain,
What dream once dreamed can ever be dreamed again ?
What is better for a heart than to sleep and be out of pain ? "

This is not the end. The last of the poems in this book were written in 1908. It contains, says a poem on a fly-leaf, what the poet thought of things before he had "begun to live."

EDWARD THOMAS.

CHANCE.*

This strange and thrilling story of disaster and passion has the reserve and elusive subtlety one expects in Conrad's later work. The air of romance is secret, but in the twilight of these brooding pages one feels the author's immense creative realism. The obscurity of "Chance" is merely the superabundance of atmosphere. In Conrad's earlier books it is the extraordinary power of his physical atmosphere that strikes one, but in his more recent books his aim is to produce a spiritual atmosphere. In the ordinary meaning of the word "Chance" is much less mysterious than, say, "Heart of Darkness," but, in reality, it is more mysterious. For the tension in these modern books of his is a finer thing altogether and the touch more delicate.

"Chance" is a profoundly psychological novel. As its name implies, the irony of chance is the leading link of the whole structure. The story lacks the conventional idea of plot, and though full of events and characters, concerns, in chief, two people—Flora de Barral, the daughter of a famous (and fraudulent) financier, and Captain Roderick Anthony, son of a poet and master of the *Ferndale*. These two people, the young and unhappy girl and the silent captain, are drawn for us with all Conrad's minute and imaginative insight. The story of Flora de Barral's youth, of her meeting with Anthony, and of their life on board ship has a tragic quality of rare beauty.

* "Chance." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Methuen.)

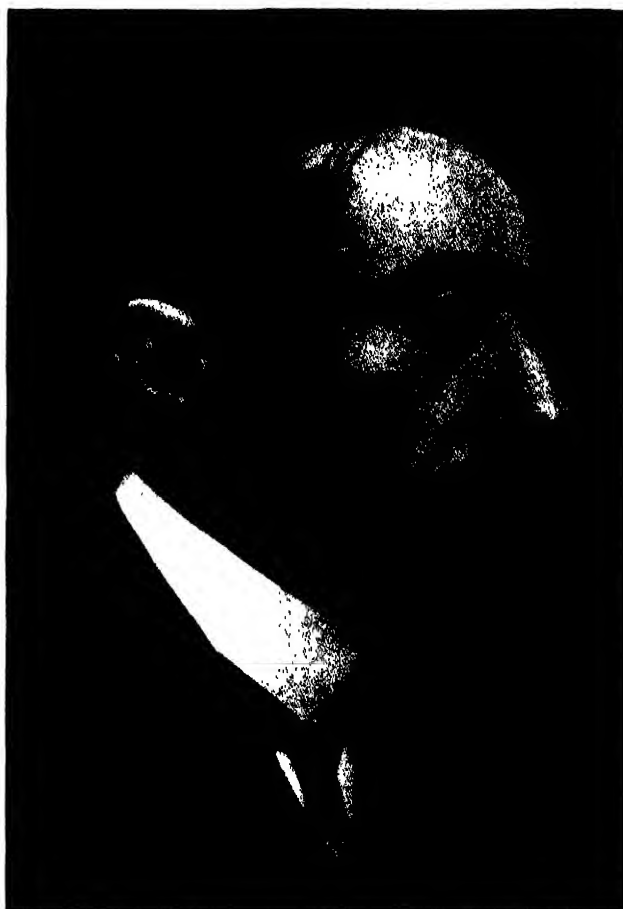


Photo by G. C. Heresford.

Joseph Conrad.

And in Captain Anthony Conrad has made a really noble and affecting figure. He is the male counterpart of Mrs. Gould in "Nostromo." His love and compassion for the despairing girl are untinged by the least sign of alloy.

"Chance" is too full of incident and detail to be reviewed closely in so short a space, but one may mention that it is divided into two parts, named "The Damsel" and "The Knight." The first concerns Flora de Barral's childhood and her miserable youth, and the second concerns Captain Anthony and his life with Flora aboard the *Ferndale*. After the crash which sent her father to penal servitude and herself to the horrors of poverty, Miss de Barral's best friends proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Fyne. It was at their house that she met Mrs. Fyne's brother, home from sea, Captain Anthony. And it was in a sudden and overwhelming flash of intuition that Anthony realised her forlorn and despairing soul. He carried her off with him in the sheer violence of his boundless pity springing into love, thus offending bitterly the correct and

decorous Mrs. Fyne. And it was on board the *Ferndale* that Flora, now Mrs. Anthony, brought the ex-convict (and more than ever monomaniac) de Barral. His insane hatred of the Captain, who had come between his daughter and the brilliant marriage of his dreams, gives a background to the sombre and pathetic misunderstanding that sunders Anthony and his wife. The end of this episode is intensely dramatic.

Besides Flora de Barral and Captain Anthony, "Chance" contains, in the financier de Barral, in Mr. and Mrs. Fyne, in Powell, in Franklin, in Flora's governess, and in her cousin the manufacturer, a marvellous gallery of portraits. The breath of life is in these creations. Marlow, whom Conrad introduces into several of his tales, appears here once again in the character of narrator—not so much of his own adventures as of other people's.

"Chance" is written in distinguished and exquisite language—it is, in fact, a work of art as well as being a work of genius.

RICHARD CURLE.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

Dr. James Moffatt has entered, not for the first time, the ranks of those who have striven to interpret the New Testament in a modern tongue. They are a noble army, the contemplation of which may well arrest the attention of those who imagine the little book outworn. It speaks to the world already in ten languages for every one claimed by other masterpieces of literature, and the number and the disproportion may be seen growing every year. One book, indeed, does pass that ten per cent., though it does not reach the twenty; but "The Pilgrim's Progress" will not disturb any inferences we may draw from the primacy of the Gospels among the books that exercise a universal sway over the mind of the world, primitive and civilised alike. The massive four volumes of bibliography in which Messrs. Darlow and Moule have described, for the Bible

* "The New Testament: a New Translation." By James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Society, the whole history of Bible translation, form a more impressive plea for Christianity than all the apologetics from Justin Martyr to the present day. The first of these great volumes is devoted entirely to the English Bible; and the story is profoundly significant for any appreciation of the part the English-speaking peoples have taken in the history of the world.

Almost before this paper can be read, Dr. Moffatt's venture justifies itself by reappearance in a second edition; and I need not, therefore, devise any excuse for a new attempt where so many have tried before, attaining between them many varying forms of success. The new version belongs to the class of which Dr. Weymouth's and the "Twentieth Century New Testament" are the best-known examples, apart from excellent essays in a part of the field. They render the Greek into the English of to-day, avoiding all archaism, and discarding the phraseology which comes down to us from standard versions. The researches of the present generation of Biblical scholars have proved abundantly that this is the only method which can adequately represent the original. The Greek of the New Testament is singularly unlike that of all literary works written in or near its own day. Thanks largely to the study of the immense mass of non-literary papyri from the tombs and rubbish-heaps of ancient Egypt, we know that the Greek Bible was written in the language of daily life, previously regarded as beneath the dignity of literature. A translation, therefore, which uses archaism, as the Revisers of 1881 were compelled by their instructions to do, presents us with English which deliberately avoids the most striking feature of its original, and risks not seldom the misunderstandings which the artless Greek set itself to escape for its own day. There was a Greek, used by contemporary writers like Plutarch and Josephus, which would exactly represent Pilate's question in its Authorised Version form—"Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you?" But Matthew's Greek discards the obsolete words, and answers exactly to Dr. Moffatt's "Which of the two do you want me to release for you?" The example I have chosen may not perhaps involve much danger of misinterpretation, but there is no doubt that a great many of these old-time phrases do puzzle simple people more than we or they know. Whether, for purposes of public worship, the sonorous dignity of the Authorised Version, as purged from its wrong readings and faulty renderings by the Revisers, can ever be exchanged for the homeliness and lucidity of a version like this is a point I cannot discuss here. But there can be no doubt that for private reading a version made on these principles has an immense advantage, for it produces on our minds as nearly as possible the same impressions as the original made on its first readers.

In estimating the value of Dr. Moffatt's work there are some things obvious before we open his book. In knowledge and scholarship he is far ahead of any individual predecessor, and we know he will be up-to-date beyond all cavil. His judgment, perhaps, in accepting novelties will not be regarded as equally infallible. Readers will be careful to remember that the words, "in my opinion," excluded naturally by the conditions of the work, must be freely sprinkled about these pages, where conjectures are set down as facts. There is always an excellent case for them: Dr. Moffatt will never be caught tripping from ignorance or imperfect appreciation of the case of his conservative critics. But we have an individual scholar's opinion throughout, and we must always allow for the fact. One conspicuous example is found in the re-arrangements of the text, which appear so frequently in the Gospel of John. They are eminently tempting, and sometimes, I think, fairly proved; but "restored to their true position" is a phrase which needs to be taken with a pinch of salt. The same is the case with the numerous emendations of the text. In translation, too, the unlearned reader must keep at the back of his mind the fact that startling novelties may represent a consensus of modern scholarship, and sometimes may not. Personally, I agree far more often than I differ, but I should like to keep my more cautious comrades in mind. Incidentally, may I express, as an

illustration, my profound disbelief in Luke's having imagined any considerable degree of darkness due to an "eclipse" capable of lasting three hours (xxiii. 45)? Even those whose imagination is hardy enough to credit him with ignorance of the connection between Passover and full moon might hesitate to believe in the other blunder.

A few notes on the English employed will need all the space I have left. (Ought I rather to say Scottish, in view of the regular Northern use of "will," and a detail like "factor," in Luke xvi. 1?) If anything, Dr. Moffatt is in some slight danger of overdoing the homeliness so properly sought for a true representation of his original. "We must strip off every handicap" (Heb. xii. 1) is very modern, but a mixed metaphor. I suppose we have really arrived at "Surely it is not me?" (Matt. xxvi. 25—"it is I," in xiv. 27); but must we say, "We object to him having" (Luke xix. 14)? It is undeniably colloquial, more's the pity!—and that must reconcile us, though I might plead that it would suit Mark better than the cultured Luke. I should try to find an alternative for "make fun of" (Matt. xxvii. 41, and elsewhere), and "scream" (ver. 50). That there are many places where I do not agree with Dr. Moffatt is naturally to be expected, though he wins my assent very easily in most places. For instance, I feel Luke xii. 15 inadequate: "for a man's life is not part of his possessions because he has ample wealth." I would read, "for even when a man has enough and to spare he does not get his life from his possessions." In ver. 25 of the same chapter, I feel quite sure, from contemporary Greek and from the consideration of the sense, that "add an ell to his height" is wrong: read "Which of you, by worrying, can add a span to his life?" (Part of the point is that worry constantly shortens life, but cannot lengthen it.) Then "the realm of God" or the "reign of God" cannot be regarded as an improvement on "kingdom," even if that is not perfect. I wholly agree with Dr. Moffatt's freedom in using various English words for the same Greek in different contexts; but why make the Scribes "impious" in Matt. xxiii. 23, etc., and "irreligious" in ver. 25? The extremely difficult word we have borrowed as "scandalise" is generally well represented by various equivalents, but I do not care for "disconcerted" in Matt. xxvi. 31. I suspect misprints in Matt. xvi. 12 ("the *leaven* of the Pharisees"), Luke xii. 47 (footnote—surely "conflate"?), xix. 37, (footnote—the relative dropped from the Greek) and xxiii. 12 (an unwanted comma). The usually complete modernising is overlooked in "gird himself" (Luke xii. 37). I abstain, for want of space, from detailed criticism outside the Gospels. Speaking generally, the epistles are the most successfully interpreted in a paraphrase which all can understand; they, of course, need the treatment most of all. I cannot better sum up my estimate of this most excellent book than by expressing the hope that its price may descend from 6s. to 6d., so that multitudes may read it for whom time-honoured diction and dignified obscurity have been, to a large extent, seven seals upon the Book of the People.

JAMES HOPE MOULTON, D.D., D.C.L.

IN THE OLD PATHS.*

The art of literary reminiscence and allusion requires above all a highly sensitised perception of adjustment and proportion. So far as a delicate discrimination of values is concerned, it is an art that demands not only a taste and knowledge out of the common possession, but a power of applying these qualities with an exactness of emphasis and suggestion as subtle as it is rare. Such a canon is necessary, for the reason that this peculiar and individual art appears susceptible of a very different interpretation. It is the leisurely method of the quietist, the writer with the retrospective vision, the harvester of gentle memories. Surely he, if any, might have rope to wander where he may and pluck where he will, oblivious

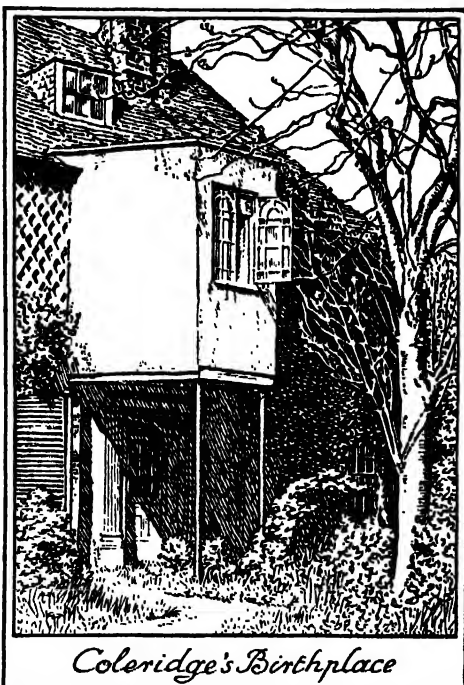
* "In the Old Paths." *Memories of Literary Pilgrimages* By Arthur Grant. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

of the tiresome claims of rules and order and of all that may obstruct the choice and felicity of his fancy. Now that is all very well, but he will find, when he comes to give unity and expression to his browsings in literary meads, that, unless he know how to assert and arrange, he will be compiling a mere memorandum diary or a dictionary of quotations. For this most guileless of the arts is at the

same time the most measured and composed. It depends not upon inspiration and imagination, but upon selection. It does not invent, but disposes the inventions of others in a harmonious and coherent interdependence.

It is not so superfluous as it sounds to indulge in this introduction, because Mr. Grant, in spite of the potential charm of his essays upon dead poets and their old retreats, has disregarded this essential need. For a pilgrim in Arcady, he is a little too modern and a little too uniform. He visualises the country of the poet, not in the light of the poet's, but of his own impressions. He records what he sees; but he fails to reconstruct for us what he might have seen had he been in the company of his poet. He takes us among the little hills of Buckinghamshire, with minute beech-woods perched daintily on their summits, to Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, or again to the haunts of the scholar-gypsy, within the call of the Oxford chimes, but in spite of quotation, in spite, indeed, of deliberate reverie upon them *ad hoc* musings—Milton and Arnold remain in the background, the fragments of the author's meditations. The main thing is what the country looks like to the writer. The rest is incidental. The result is that these studies, sentimental gleanings from the past as they are, are actually inconsequent as they ought not to be, not apparently inconsequent as they should seem. Their contents are not neat or properly dovetailed. There are plenty of quotations, of references and allusions, but they don't fit; they don't illustrate the feeling of the poet to his locality or the spirit of the locality itself. When, on the other hand, the poet holds his ground, as in the description of Somervile, the friend of Shenstone, and the sportsman-poet of Wilmcote, in Warwickshire, he is not drawn into relation with his country. It may be Mr. Grant's style, or it may be his method, but his treatment never quite rids itself of a certain untidiness and unscrupulousness, which does not do the best justice either to himself or his poets.

However that may be, his subject is full of delights. Whether his wanderings be through Wheathamstead (with Lamb's "Mackery End" hard by), or through Olney by the "slow, winding Ouse," through Shenstone's Halesowen, near Birmingham, or John Keble's Fairford, Mr. Grant's appreciation does not falter. He is particularly devoted to the beauties and memories of the Home Counties. If he raised the pennon of Hertfordshire in "Rambles in Arcadia," in the present book the miniature delicacy of Buckinghamshire is emblazoned on his coat. He reminds us of Burke, at Beaconsfield; of Disraeli, at Bradenham



From "In the Old Paths" by Arthur Grant (Constable).

and Hughenden; of Gray, at Stoke Poges; of William Penn, at Jordans; of Milton, Ellwood, who suggested the scheme of "Paradise Regained," and the Penningtons, at Chalfont. He mentions Hampden immortalised by John Hampden, but he might, with advantage, have bestowed more than a cursory glance upon one of the most picturesque and historical of Buckinghamshire's villages. At Hampden, on the estate of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, is one of the most spacious and dignified avenues in England, the unique avenue of Queen Elizabeth. Nor does Mr. Grant recall the Verneys, at Claydon; Stevenson, at Wendover; or Shelley, at Marlow. And while he was in Lichfield, surely that illustrious blue-stocking, Anna Seward, "The Swan of Lichfield," might have been remembered, even only as an attendant at the planetary glories of Johnson, Boswell and the Thrales.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

HANS HOLBEIN.*

How poor would be the picture of the age that brought forth the world-compelling movement of the Reformation—the freedom of the conscience of man—were the art of Hans Holbein withdrawn from the vista! Dürer painted "the last of the knights"—the Emperor Maximilian; Holbein interprets the new order. The king and warrior no longer *ride* forth to great adventure; they are become the diplomats of the closeted room; princes are become middle-class; merchants usurp the seat of princes; both are folk of the towns, the old watch-fires and open-air splendours have passed out of vogue. Affairs of State are frankly intrigues of the privy council-room. The death-sentence is pronounced on the back-stairs; great men fence for their lives over the wine—in secret dread of the privy chamber. Romance has left the fields. Holbein has not an ounce of romance in all his high achievement.

Holbein, with plain blunt vision, steps into a time of change. On either hand the religious factions were at merciless war between the old faith and the new. Like his friend Erasmus, like many of the best men in the old Church, he could lash the vilenesses of the age and of the Church to which they belonged; but would not go the length of destroying the Church itself.

The critic is wont to pit Dürer against Holbein. They have little in common. Dürer, as painter, is infinitely beneath Holbein; in his engravings and woodcuts, as immeasurably above him. Dürer has a wide-ranging imagination; Holbein has none. Dürer was no colourist; Holbein was a good colourist, a mighty draughtsman. Above all, Holbein is amongst the supreme geniuses in his grip of character. Dürer has one foot in the Middle Ages; Holbein stands free in the New Age. Dürer was born in 1471 Holbein in 1497—but twenty-six years divided them—yet a whole age divides them, a world of change lies in those twenty-six years.

We become the slaves of a map; the labels and tags of the schoolmaster docket our comprehension. What we mean by Germany to-day had no such meaning when bluff King Hal ruled over us. The Renaissance came peeping into the German cities, as well as the Flemish, as it flitted along the Rhine; indeed, it is but an arbitrary business that separates German from Flemish. The Renaissance was a wide and deep respiration of Europe that had its vital essence in the northern blood even more than in the classic academism that was its chief incentive in Italy. And Dürer and Holbein were an essential part of its genius. For this very reason, whilst, like a great deal of the Renaissance, much of its decoration and quality were vile and bastard stuff—and some of Holbein's decorative design is wretched enough—the northern genius had its virile roots in *character*, and Holbein's sense of character makes his art immortal. Thus, whilst his groups are

* "Hans Holbein the Younger." By Arthur B. Chamberlain. With 252 Illustrations, 24 in Colour. 2 Vols. £3 3s. net. (George Allen.)

generally of his lesser achievement, it is in his single portraits that we come to a mastery, and the utterance of a searching vision, that have made him an example to all time. . . .

In Augsburg city the arts seemed like enough to be destined to be practised by mediocre hands, when, in the whim of Fate, there arose, towards the end of the fourteenth-hundreds, two painters—Thomas Burgkmair and Hans Holbein, to be known as *The Elder*—who showed promising gifts out of the ordinary, and who were to beget sons—Hans Burgkmair and Hans Holbein, to be called *The Younger*—destined to bring wondrous fame to the old Swabian town. Of this Hans Holbein the Younger, who, in his greatness, the world now knows as Holbein alone, born to old Hans, who had learnt the mysteries through Flemish Rogier van der Weyden, and wedded the Flemish utterance thereafter to the Italian vision, we have here the elaborate history in two huge and sumptuous volumes, richly embellished with reproductions of his life's work, from the hands of that careful student of his achievement, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, wherein he gives us a full record of the lives and works of the Holbeins, so far as these are known to the latest research. Mr. Chamberlain has done his service of love with a thoroughness and a painstaking care worthy of his subject; and his subject must ever remain of high importance in the history of English art, for Holbein achieved his finest work in England, came to his highest honour and recognition in England, set the fashion and form and directed the endeavour of the craftsmanship of painting in England, and to him, and his congenial genius, English art was subject for a century and more—even if, in some measure, his vision has not passed into the fibre of much artistic intention in our own day.

How old Hans was passed over by fashion and, falling ever deeper into debt for rent and at the butcher's, was sold up by his own brother; how he and his youthful sons shook the dust of the city from their feet, and made for Basel and other places; how young Hans made sketches in the margin of Erasmus' "Praise of Folly," and thereby came into the friendship of the man who was to lead his steps to England; and of the brilliant career that was to await him out of such grey beginnings, so that wilful Henry of England should make him his friend—bluff Hal, who paid the tribute: "I could make seven earls out of as many hinds any day; but out of seven earls I could not make one Holbein"—we may gather some story in these handsome volumes, if in somewhat austere fashion, amidst the dry details of his wondrous wayfaring. And if the telling be freed of all romance, at least Mr. Chamberlain has gathered together everything of value known to the latest research. It is frank book-making; the matter is on the dry side of the cake; and Mr. Chamberlain writes with the heavy hand—indeed, his use of the hideous "the former" and "the latter" is excruciating—but a catalogue of a man's works requires brilliant artistic gifts to make it fascinating reading, and the writers of artistic gifts are chary of the dogged and elaborate research necessary to such a heavy task as this to which Mr. Chamberlain has devotedly set himself. Of a truth, the book is written from the "Burlington" point of view, which is the antique-dealer's and museum habit, and it will appeal little to artists. Yet it is precisely in the degree to which a master utters his age and its significance that his achievement reaches to genius; and the Burlington mind knows little of such things. A man shall not worship God and Mammon; nor can art achieve its significance in the traffic of the antique-monger.

The most valuable service that the scholar can render the achievement of the great dead is to give to the world as full volume of the reproductions of his work as can be brought together. The author gives generously, the volumes are rich in illustrations; but in a large and sumptuous book, which must become the authoritative record of Holbein's career, it is a thousand pities that, instead of giving long and tedious descriptions of pictures, which fatigue the brain and utterly fail to create the illusion of the picture, the author did not give reproductions of every single work by Holbein which it is possible to repro-

duce, even if in small. Many of the line drawings could have been printed amidst the text that treats of them; and the publishers make the ugly blunder of placing two or more illustrations on a page, and these often across the page instead of down it—an exasperating and cheap economy in a heavy volume, and a disfigurement to all book-making, and particularly disastrous in such cases as the two sketches for the "Meyer" portraits, which would have gained enormously by being placed on separate pages facing each other, whilst such illustrations as the "Adam and Eve," could have been placed right side up quite as well as athwart the page. The exasperating "tissue-title" is also increasing in vogue, and should be rigorously stopped.

But one must not leave the survey of these valuable volumes on a carping note, due largely to the fault of the publishers, for Mr. Chamberlain weighs the evidences concerning the disputed incidents of Holbein's career with rare judgment and skill, and his devotion to his heavy task wins its reward in giving to the world a work which must be the supreme authority upon Holbein for many years to come.

HALDANE MACFALL.

LES NELSONS.*

We have recently seen, in the visit of M. Anatole France to this country, how literature, especially when represented by a great living writer, can act as a potent ingredient of the *Entente Cordiale*; though it has to be added, in this particular instance, that certain enthusiasms here were noticeably damped and Press accounts rigorously curtailed when public discovery was presently made of the fact

that Anatole France is just a common Socialist, who addresses the Fabian Society, kisses Mr. Bernard Shaw, and demands a reduction of armaments.

Fuller knowledge does not always prevent quarrels, either among nations or individuals, but at least it produces the atmosphere of tolerance and understanding, in which disputes can be more easily healed. From this point of view the future historian of our times will have to credit Messrs. Nelson with a large share in the maintenance of international amity, for it is indubitable that since the birth



Cover design of one of the Collection Nelson Volumes.

of the "Collection Nelson" more English people are reading French (and therefore understanding France) than ever before in our rough island story.

These recurrent Nelsons catch us coming and going. If we read French easily, well, here are delightful inducements to read more still—inducements that, considered in their gross physical aspect, have the advantage of costing no more than a shilling a volume, and of being sufficiently bound, and thus staying whole in the process of being read, instead of hastening, as did our dear old yellow Balzacs, into a lamentable condition of Sibylline leaves. On the other hand, those whose French is not what it was, or not what they hope to make it, have reason in their turn to bless the name of Nelson; for the mere monthly incidence of two new volumes is a steady check on the human tendency to backslide. Down the slippery slope of slackness go our good resolutions, and then out comes a new volume to push us up to virtue again.

And there is something for everybody—pastoral, comical, historical, tragical, and all the rest of the Polonian categories. We have already called attention to the complete sets of Molière and Hugo; it is meet that we now insist on the

* "Noris." Par Jules Claretie de l'Académie française; "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires." Par Alfred de Vigny; and many others. 1s. net each. (Nelson.)

variety of the rest—and there are more than six dozen of them, excluding the special sets. Here, for instance, are the dear old Musketeers of our boyhood, with all their *panache*, and near them Perrichon, the bold *carrossier*, whose feats on the Mer de Glace we can never cease to laugh at. Here, at one end of the list, we have the exquisite "Lettres de mon Moulin" of Daudet, and at the other Balzac's "Chouans" and the "Noris" of Jules Claretie.

The Continental circulation of the "Collection Nelson" explains, we suppose, the appearance of some familiar friends in strange guise "Les Aventures de Pickwick," which looks more picaresque than ever, and "Simples Contes des Collines," which does not in the least look like "Plain Tales from the Hills." And as for "Le Mouron Rouge," we instantly think of "Louise" and the vendor's cry, "Mouron pour les p'tits oiseaux," and find ourselves in a world with which "The Scarlet Pimpernel" has little to do. The mere Englishman would gladly see these replaced by some whose appearance he has long looked for. What about some tales of Voltaire—"Candide," "Zadig," and their fellows? this is the very age in which such satire will be appreciated. And what about "Le Récit d'une Secour," which has only to be reprinted to be loved and wept over as of old? And what about Stendhal? Perhaps, too, since we are asking for new favours, the publishers may consider the advisability of changing the present dainty binding of cream and gold into something more fitted to endure the stress of daily travel; for it is in the tram and at the lunch-table, we fancy, that many Nelson readers will be found. This clamour for new blessings must not be taken as complaint. It is merely the measure of our gratitude to the enterprising firm who have made the name of Nelson a symbol of victory higher even than Trafalgar. Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war; and they are much harder to come by.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE IRISH THEATRE.*

Lady Gregory indulges in frank and sometimes lively gossip about Dublin Castle, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and the United States of America. These stand out distinctly in the memory when one has finished her genial and discursive book. The story of the struggle with the Castle over the production of "The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet" in 1909 is distinctly diverting, whether we are following Lady Gregory's own story of her encounter with officialism or witnessing the procedure of Mr. Shaw, in all his zest of suggestion, criticism, and thorough personal satisfaction at the developments, behind the scenes. This part of the work contains several points that will be new to the general reader, and the whole chapter may well take a piquant place in the annals of dramatic curiosities and ironies. Incidentally there is a sly little picture of Lord Aberdeen, who is represented as friendly to the Abbey Theatre, but loth to visit it as he disliked the colour of the carpets.

The American chapter, descriptive of the first tour of the Abbey Company in the States, with the war over

"The Playboy," etc., has other orders of interest. It abounds with life, sometimes stormy, sometimes absurd, on the surface at all events, yet often gracious and kindly. Mr. Roosevelt, strenuous as the champion of reality and raciness on the stage, is only one of the scores of individualities that play distinctive parts. Some of Lady Gregory's experiences amongst Irish folk in Boston were quite delightful. Many were emigrants, or the children or grandchildren of emigrants, from her own Irish region. In one sense very far off, in another sense it was still appealingly near to them, and their pride in the playwright from the old place, the interviews, the comments, the exchange of memories, the chat and gossip which would be aptly described by the Irish word *seanchus*--all revealed a refreshing humanity and charm.

"I had known of the nearness of America before I came," says Lady Gregory, "for I remember asking an old woman at Kiltartan why her daughter who had been home on a visit had left her again, and she had said, 'Ah, her teeth were troubling her, and her dentist lives at Boston.'"

Quite a world of social truth and psychology is embodied in that little tale.

Though Lady Gregory sketches in a broad way the story of the beginning of the Abbey Theatre, how it fared, fought, and began to flourish, and affords a general idea of what it has come to mean as an institution, it is all done by gossip and suggestion; she attempts no deep history, no elaborate appreciation of the Anglo-Irish dramatic movement; and its leading figures, like Yeats and Synge, we see only in glimpses and flashes. Sometimes the pages are simply like chat, enlivening but disconnected, about the Theatre and its ideals and fortunes. But the author's pride in the work, her sincerity of spirit, and the flavour in the points and memories give the whole an underlying coherence and an agreeable interest.

Tribute is paid to the Gaelic revival, and grateful admission is made of all the Abbey owes to the current it brought into being. It is unfortunate, however, that the Irish National Theatre Society, to give it its full name, has been able to do comparatively little for plays in the Irish language. Most of them have been produced in centres apart from the Abbey. In this book, by the way, the names of Irish plays referred to are given incorrectly; thus "Casad an Sugan" is wrong spelling and bad grammar. Such blots may not be Lady Gregory's fault; the volume was printed in America and possibly she did not see the

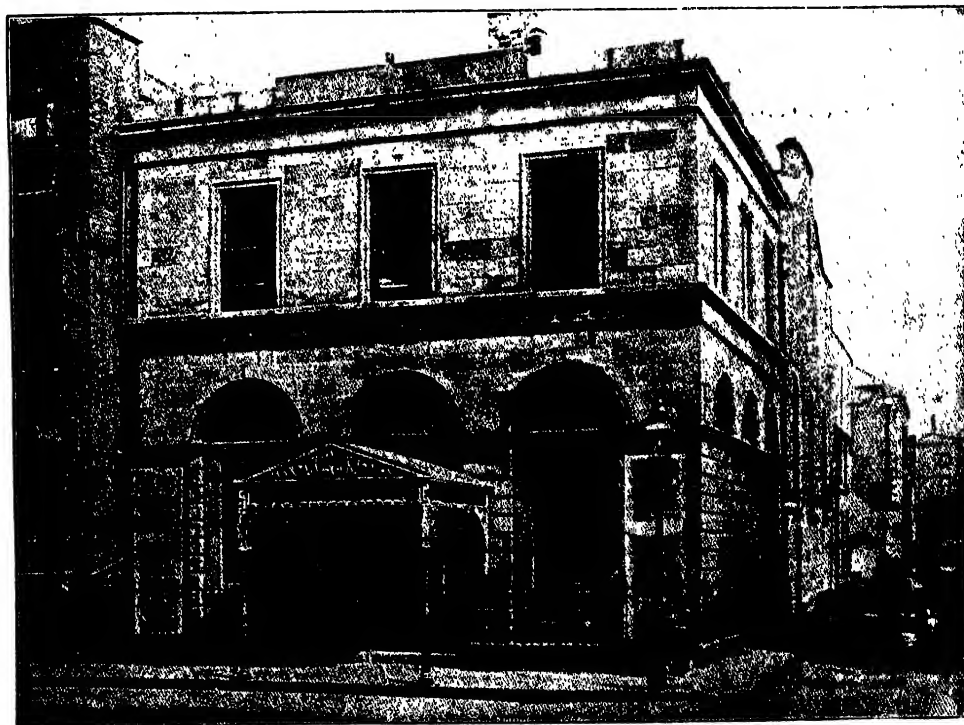


Photo by Keogh Bros., Ireland.

The Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

From "Our Irish Theatre," by Lady Gregory (Putnams).

* "Our Irish Theatre." A Chapter of Autobiography. By Lady Gregory. Illustrated. (Putnams.)

proofs. There are one or two other slips. We are told in the interesting memories of Sir Frederick Burton :

"He cared very much for Mr. Yeats's work, but I never could persuade him to come and meet him."

and on the next page:

"But I did bring them together in the end, and he thanked me later and confessed my faith had been justified."

It is curious to note that at first Lady Gregory herself had little or no interest in theatres, nor did she realise when the new venture was planned that she had any dramatic talent whatever. She assisted Mr. Yeats with dialogues in a modest and obliging fashion, and gradually found her own way in the realm of art and comedy. And she is of course but one of several whom the Abbey Theatre has helped to find themselves and to bring into their own.

W. P. R.

CLOUGH'S POEMS.*

*"There's a very poor poet called Clough
Whom his friends all endeavour to puff" —*

sneered Swinburne and yet here is that same "poor poet" being canonised. For it does amount to canonisation to be included in Macmillan's familiar green seven-and-sixpenny series of solid classics (the series which already includes our best complete Tennyson, the complete Wordsworth, the Coleridge, Shelley, and Arnold) and to be "introduced," in words admirably ringing with respect, by that severe and stringent penman Mr. Whibley. Is it possible that Swinburne was wrong? May Lowell perhaps have been right? "We have a foreboding" wrote the latter "that Clough, imperfect as he was in many respects, will be thought a hundred years hence to have been the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt and struggle towards settled convictions, of the period in which he lived." What have we, who are so nearly the subjects of that prophecy, got to say about the likelihood of its fulfilment? Will Clough, will the author of "The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich," ever again be actively and eagerly read?

It may be said at once that he won't—as a poet; nor yet as a social historian. Readers are not going to struggle along his creaking hexameters—

"Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones! oh, could they see, could

But for a moment discern, how the blood of true gallantry kindles,

How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-quixotic
Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate woman
Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world; some tenderest
girl now!" —

—simply for the sake of discovering what young Oxford, in the solemn nineteenth century, thought of Socialism and Puseyism and Woman. And no reader who judges poets (as Swinburne did, always) first and foremost as professional musicians, will ever be able to read him without being contemptuously exasperated by his fumbling and disconsolate lingering. Clough had absolutely no virtuosity. The tradition that he had—the suggestion that his literary importance is that of an audacious experimenter and innovator in metres (a suggestion reiterated so often by literary primers that it has at length become the stereotyped formula)—owes its origin to nothing more in reality than the eccentric appearance of "The Bothie." Whereas the truth is that "The Bothie," instead of being evidence of technical audacity, is proof of precisely the opposite—of poor Clough's docile indifference to metre. For he simply picked up the lilt from Longfellow (symptom alone, surely, of mildness!) and then drove ahead with it mechanically, quite oblivious to all the expostulatory squealings and groanings with which the poor thing did its utmost to call his attention to the fact that its application was a ludicrous misfit. No; Clough was no craftsman. He had a gentle disdain for form. And it is the idea of him being primarily a daring

* "Poetical Works of Arthur Hugh Clough." With an Introduction by Charles Whibley. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

experimenter in rhythms that has kept many readers from tackling him, and has prevented the courageous few who have not been dismayed, from perceiving his true virtue and charm.

For charm and virtue he has—high, clear, pure and lasting—if only you take him simply as an entirely honest gentleman. He used verse as his friend Emerson used it—because it seemed the fittest medium for expressing certain intimate doubts and apprehensions and scruples—apprehensions and ponderings so dimly delicate that prose would either have coarsened them into rhetoric in an endeavour to be lofty, or else abashed them by its everyday heartiness. The emotional tradition of poetry, too, formed a kind of shield for his candour, deflecting attention from its personal note—and Clough was one of the shyest of men. He was as shy as he was shamelessly egoistical—each quality indeed was the very shadow of the other. It often happens so. Sensitive, shrinking, susceptible, brooding incessantly—every moment to him was momentous, every act the result of agonies of dubitation;—and he thus passed his days in a state of insistent sincerity, but at the same time longed to hide his naked nerves. He felt all things so pitilessly that he had to write of them or perish. His poems were all self-probings, self-dissections, self-disdains. But the very sensitiveness which drove him to this made the idea of open egotism appalling. And so he sought the sympathetic coverts of verse.

It is as a faun in a thicket, therefore, not as a gardener among his groves, that we ought always to think of the author of these pages; a poor, timid faun, a bit daunted by the lusty day, and intensely troubled by the strange possession of a soul:

"O kind protecting Darkness! as a child
Flies back to bury in its mother's lap
His shame and his confusion, so to thee,
O Mother Night, come I! within the folds
Of thy dark robe hide thou me close; for I
So long, so heedless, with external things
Have played the liar, that whate'er I see,
E'en those white glimmering curtains, you bright stars
Which to the rest rain comfort down, for me
Smiling those smiles, which I may not return,
Or frowning frowns of fierce triumphant malice,
As angry claimants or expectants sure
Of that I promised and may not perform,
Look me in the face! O hide me, Mother Night!"

So he wrote in his early twenties, incapable even then of assurance, terrified, above everything, of straying from sincerity, clutching it with a kind of quaking courage—a figure not unlike Shaw's timorous, obstinate Androcles:

"So be it: yet O Good and Great
In whom in this bedarkened state
I fain am struggling to believe,
Let me not ever cease to grieve,
Nor lose the consciousness of ill
Within me; and refusing still
To recognise in things around
What cannot truly there be found,
Let me not feel, and be it true,
That, while each daily task I do,
I still am giving day by day
My precious things within away."

It is this firm refusal to be merely firm, this determination to remain indeterminate until some supreme revelation will satisfy his least reluctance and convince him that there is no illusion in his confidence, that gives his work, simultaneously, its metrical shakiness and its queer spiritual power:

"To spend uncounted years of pain,
Again, again, and yet again,
In working out in heart and brain
The problem of our being here;
To gather facts from far and near,
Upon the mind to hold them clear,
And, knowing more may yet appear,
Unto one's latest breath to fear
The premature result to draw—
Is this the object, end and law
And purpose of our being here?"

It was his "object," certainly. His life, his external life, was tentative, groping, hesitant, feebly changeable. He had begun a brilliant career at Oxford—and suddenly resigned.



London Bridge.

From "In Thackeray's London." Pictures and Text by F. Hopkinson Smith (Smith, Elder).

LONDON IN FACT AND IN FANCY.

I have read very many books about London, and never one that, has not had something in it that has interested me more or less. This is partly to the credit of the authors, but largely to the credit of London itself, which is such an interesting place that to write a completely uninteresting book about it is beyond the capacity of any but a man of almost impossible dullness. The three newest books on this inexhaustible subject differ widely from each other in scope and style, and each

his Fellowship. He travelled irresolutely about Europe, and returned home as indecisively. He was appointed head of University Hall, and relinquished it to go to America. He thought of establishing a school there, and renounced the project as soon as it was formed. But all these outer waverings were but the symptoms of his unwavering resolve to commit himself to no sort of insincerity; he kept his circumstances irresolute because he was doggedly resolved never to allow himself to be caked over and twisted awry by the crystallisation of a ready-made career. And just as he refused to allow his life to be helped and harmonised by some regular policy with its pre-arranged rhythms and systematised successiveness, so, too, he refused to permit the guiding beat of verbal melody to interfere with the strict expression of his thought. His verses are outwardly careless just because they were so scrupulous; they are enabled to bear the thought with perfect accuracy, just because they limp; the feet of his verse might stumble, but never those of his honesty. The result is that his writings (now for the first time published with any completeness) form a spiritual autobiography of the rarest kind. Careless alike of fame or of effectiveness, —using the muses but never serving them— he sets down nothing beyond the measure of his mood; it is impossible for us to feel doubtful of these doubts. And for those who want something more tangibly stimulating than the sight of such sad triumphs, of these proofs of a soul's power to live sincerely at all costs, there is always the comfort of discovering that the record ends on a new note of desire:

"Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!"

It would be cruel to suggest that these lines, by which Clough is now best known to a sanguine world, are almost his least characteristic. For his life did end with an outer confidence. He married, he accepted a Government post, he displayed the usual trophies of content. And what right have we to imagine that this may not have meant a victory, or to see it as an ultimate surrender?

DIXON SCOTT.

one of them is distinctly readable.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith writes of "Thackeray's London."¹ He interested me in the first line of his Introduction by mentioning that, when he was seventeen, he once saw Thackeray in Baltimore, and he remembers him as

"A tall, rather ungraceful figure, topped by a massive head framed about by a fringe of whitish hair, short, fuzzy whiskers, crumpled collar and black stock. Out of a pink face peered two sharp inquiring eyes, these framed again by the dark rims of a pair of heavy spectacles, which, from my point of sight, became two distinct dots in the round of the same pink face."

The Introduction satisfies you, as you go on, that Mr. Hopkinson Smith is a genuine Thackeray enthusiast, and the right man to undertake a pleasant, gossipy volume of this sort. He relates how he hit upon a quaintly amusing driver of a taxi-cab, and selected this chauffeur for the task of conveying him about London to places associated with Thackeray and his work. It is a fault in me, perhaps, that I would sooner have had less of this chauffeur and more of Thackeray; but when I have said that I have nothing to say that is not appreciative. Under Mr. Hopkinson Smith's guidance you visit scenes that Thackeray has peopled with the characters of his stories—the Charterhouse and its environs, Jermyn Street, Berkeley Square, the Reform Club, St. George's, Hanover Square, Covent Garden, Fleet Street and two of its taverns, London Bridge, and, of course, the Temple. He takes you to one of Thackeray's houses, and to Staple Inn, which is not really associated with Thackeray, but the excuse for diverging into it is that it is nearly opposite what is left of Furnival's Inn, into which Thackeray went on the memorable occasion when he applied to become Dickens' illustrator. A particularly attractive feature is the series of beautifully-finished charcoal drawings in which Mr. Smith, who is author and artist too, has pictured the Thackerayan haunts he writes of with so much knowledge and so much charm.

The famous Nonconformist Burial Ground in the City Road finds an admirable historian in Mr. Alfred W. Light.² Apart from the City Corporation's "Official Guide," no adequate work on this subject is available. A great multitude of Nonconformist divines and prominent Dissenters lie buried in this place, these including Bunyan, Defoe, Samuel Wesley's wife, Susanna, certain of the

¹ "In Thackeray's London." Pictures and Text by F. Hopkinson Smith. With an Appreciation by Sir Algernon West, G.C.B. 15s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

² "Bunhill Fields." By Alfred W. Light. With a chart of the ground and many illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (C. J. Farncombe.)

Cromwell family, Cromwell's son-in-law, General Flectwood, Isaac Watts, John Conder, and Joseph Hart. Mr. Light gives concise and well-written biographies that are alive with vivid little glimpses of certain phases of bygone English life. It is a pity that, whilst regretting the insufficiencies of the "Official Guide" and the absence of any complete handbook to Bunhill Fields, Mr. Light did not enlarge the scheme of his book so that it should supply the deficiency. He does not plainly say so, but he has evidently set himself to deal only with the dead in Bunhill who were distinctly Dissenters; therefore he has said nothing of Godwin's friend, Horace Tooke; of Richard Price; and, above all, of the poet, William Blake, whose grave in this ground was only located a few years ago. These omissions make imperfect, as a guide, a book that might so easily have been complete. Otherwise, it is a useful work ably done. It is conveniently arranged, and excellently illustrated with numerous photographs and reproductions of old prints.

Mr. Kenneth H. Vickers has written a useful and altogether admirable "Short History of London,"³ from its remote beginnings to the opening years of the nineteenth century. He does not pretend to have dealt with it exhaustively—that, within the limits of a single small volume, were impossible—but he has condensed an enormous mass of information into his two hundred pages; his unique record of the growth and development of the city is unfolded with an easy narrative skill that makes very attractive reading. It is a capital brief book on a big theme—one that should be popular both with students and the general reader.

J. S.

A SUCCESSFUL SEQUEL.*

It is not often that a sequel is a success, that it comes up to the level of the first volume, and it is an extraordinarily rare occurrence for the second book to be the better, yet such is the case with Mr. Scully's work. "Further Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer" is a long way ahead of "Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer," which was published earlier in the year.

The new book is far more interesting, far more readable in every way, a book which it is difficult to lay down once it has been started. Yet it is not easy to say wherein the difference lies. True, the style in the new book is better—an excellent example of simple, vivid writing there is more continuity in the narrative, and the reader gets a far clearer insight into the author's character; but, on the other hand, the subject-matter is not nearly so important from a historical point of view. In the first volume Mr. Scully had splendid material. He really was a pioneer, in the fullest sense of the word; he had had a hand in the making of South Africa, and had acquitted himself well; moreover, unlike most pioneers, he has lived on to see the results of the labours of himself and his kind, even if he has not shared in the financial rewards. So far as one can gather from his writings, he has watched others reap the harvest which he had helped to sow.

When I read that first book, I was a little disappointed. The colour seemed lacking. It was a record such as a home-staying son might have compiled from his adventurous father's diaries; but the new book lives, despite the fact that it does not contain one quarter of the exciting matter to be found in its predecessor. If you analyse it, you will, perhaps, decide that it is merely the narrative of the experiences of an official in the service of the Cape Government, of a man who having, quite by chance, received an appointment as junior clerk in a magistrate's office, rose to be Resident Magistrate in an important native district, practically ruler over forty or fifty thousand savages.

Perhaps, to the man who does not know Cape Colony,

* "A Short History of London." By Kenneth H. Vickers, M.A. 2s. 6d. (Macdonald & Evans.)

* "Further Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer." By W. C. Scully. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

this may not seem a great achievement; yet it must be remembered that, in the Cape service, the Colonial usually gets all the plums, and that Mr. Scully was Home-born. One of the charms of his book is his modesty concerning his own work. Nowhere does he boast, yet it is impossible for him to conceal the fact that, time after time, he did the State most excellent service, and that, although he had at least one bitter enemy in high quarters, the State was unable to ignore his worth. True, on several occasions, recognition took the form of sending him on dangerous and unpleasant service, but the recognition was there, for only an exceptionally good man could have been chosen for such tasks.

Whatever criticisms may have been levied against the first volume, it is difficult to find any fault with this one. I have read every word in it, and now I can only praise it. I know no other book which gives such an admirable picture of the life of a Colonial civil servant, the man who is continually being moved from one district to another, from the drowsy, comfortable life of a little farming township to the unending anxieties and dangers of a native district, from the beautiful scenery of the south-east coast to the utter desolation of Namaqualand.

Quite unintentionally, I believe, Mr. Scully tells us a great deal about his own character. A fierce fighter, an uncompromising enemy of abuses of every kind, a man who having decided in his own mind that certain things were right or wrong could never be induced to alter his opinion, essentially an Irishman in his love of conflict—that is how he reveals himself. It all comes out so naturally, as, for instance, when he relates the story of the horrible state of affairs which he found existing in the gaol at Springbokfontein, in Namaqualand. Single-handed, a new-comer, he put an end to a most abominable system, in spite of the very strongest local opposition. Again, when the Rinderpest swept through another district, he broke down the native objection to inoculation, and succeeded in saving a large proportion of the cattle; whereas, in the adjoining territories, not one bullock in twenty survived. But perhaps his most admirable, and certainly his most courageous work was done in connection with the native liquor traffic. In fighting that, he was fighting enormously powerful forces, the great German wholesale houses in Port Elizabeth, as well as the most influential group of politicians in Cape Town. That he should have been successful, even though his triumph lasted only as long as he was on the spot, is a splendid tribute to his strength and tenacity of purpose.

As a rule, he writes discreetly, with what seems like an official restraint. This is a pity, because, when he does let himself go, he can produce delightful descriptions of his foes. I cannot forbear quoting what he has to say about the former superintendent of the Cape Copper Company's mines:

"He was as pompous as a grocer-alderman, and as touchy as a cuttle-fish . . . he expected you to approach him with abject homage—to crawl on the ground before his hobnailed feet. If one could imagine a baron of the Middle Ages with tyrannical tendencies, a navvy, and a beadle, all rolled into one, one might begin to realize 'the Super,' as he was termed."

If space allowed, I would say a good deal more about this most excellent book, and quote a good deal more from its pages; as it is, I can only add that it is the best book South Africa has inspired—remember, it is the work of a Home-born man—for many years past. One can only hope that Mr. Scully's promised third volume will be as much better than this, as this is better than the first.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN LIFE AND LITERATURE.*

The freshness and charm of Miss Stoddart's book are due to her wide reading and felicitous power of selection. This is the first reflection which occurs to one, upon finishing this anthology. She has illustrated the Old Testament

* "The Old Testament in Life and Literature." By Jane T. Stoddart. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

from ancient and modern sources with a skill which makes her pages a constant pleasure to read, and skill in such work means a high power of discrimination, as well as industry. Her first-hand knowledge of the Reformation period has been particularly useful in the collection of new material, but her range is catholic, and the evidences of the Old Testament's use are gathered from all fields and over many centuries. On the story of Abraham she quotes Oliver Wendell Holmes: "The Hebrew patriarchs had small libraries, I think, if any, yet they represent to our imaginations a very complete idea of manhood, and, I think, if we could ask in Abraham to dine with us men of letters next Saturday, we should feel honoured by his company." As this seems the only quotation from Holmes, I am tempted to add, from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," another, especially since it echoes the book of Esther, which is not one of the most popular Old Testament books. It is the passage in which the Autocrat presses the schoolmistress to fix an early day for their wedding. "The hand I held trembled in mine, and the eyes fell meekly, as Esther bowed herself before the feet of Ahasuerus. She had been reading that chapter, for she looked up—if there was a film of moisture over her eyes, there was also the faintest shadow of a distant smile skirting her lips, but not enough to accent the dimples—and said, in her pretty, still way: 'If it please the king, and if I have found favour in his sight, and the thing seem right before the king, and I be pleasing in his eyes——' I don't remember what King Ahasuerus did or said when Esther got just to that point of her soft humble words, —but I know what I did. That quotation from Scripture was cut short, anyhow." It was the book of Esther, too, which Huxley had in mind when he said that, "however complete may be the indifference to public opinion, in a cool, intellectual view, of the traditional sage, it has not yet been my fortune to meet with any actual sage who took its hostile manifestations with entire equanimity. Indeed, I doubt if the philosopher lives, or ever has lived, who could know himself to be heartily despised by a street-boy without some irritation. And, though one cannot justify Haman for wishing to hang Mordecai on such a very high gibbet, yet, really, the consciousness of the Vizier of Ahasuerus, as he went in and out of the gate, that this obscure Jew had no respect for him, must have been very annoying." It is one of the many merits of Miss Stoddart's anthology that she omits none of the Old Testament books, not even Leviticus.

As Leviticus only gets three pages, a reference to the thirteenth chapter may be added from "Ivanhoe," where the Grand Master says, "Beaumanoir, they say, thou slumberest—awake! There is a stain in the fabric of the Temple, deep and foul as that left by the streaks of leprosy on the walls of the infected houses of old." But Miss Stoddart has amply drawn upon Sir Walter, elsewhere. It is a special feature of her work that she not has confined herself to so-called "religious" literature or biography. Many of the most striking citations in her pages come from writers who are outside the temple, or who, at any rate, would not be technically described as "saints."

When it comes to life instead of literature, the illustrations naturally rise more frequently from the experience of those to whom the Old Testament is a cherished devotional authority. It would be interesting, by the way, to have some authentic collection of instances in which the *Sortes Biblica* can be proved. But on a more normal and healthy line the Old Testament has affected the practical decisions and enterprises of human life, as Miss Stoddart's pages show, and this not only among Christians. She quotes from the Talmud more than once; it might have been well to quote, in illustration of Deut. vi. 5, the rabbinic legend about Avila's martyrdom. But possibly Miss Stoddart is reserving this for her New Testament volume, which, we are glad to learn, is to be published before long. As it is, she has written a volume of rare and constant interest for all who love the Bible. It will help many to understand more fully the commonplace that no other book has entered so deeply and widely into the civilisation of Western Europe.

JAMES MORFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

THE DUAL MONARCHY.*

The general features of the "Countries and Peoples" series of books are so well known now that it should be unnecessary to refer to the contents of this volume in any detail. The two portions do not cover quite the same ground, but the type of information given is, in general, similar, and in combination they present the reader with an informative, picturesque and pleasantly-written account of the Dual Monarchy. But for those who know Austria-Hungary this book will be interesting, not so much on account of the information it contains as for its descriptions of the people and of the country. And here one

can endorse wholeheartedly the eulogies upon Vienna. Despite the slovenly spirit which hangs over the city in many ways, one agrees with the writer's judgment—that Vienna is the most beautiful town in Europe, with its wonderful natural surroundings, its magnificent architecture, its art treasures, and its musical, literary and theatrical life. And as Vienna is the most beautiful of European cities so is the *Ringstrasse* the finest street in the world, "with its succession of palaces, splendid public buildings, and monuments, most of them placed, to their best advantage, in parks or garden plots." With regard to Schönbrunn, however, one cannot accept the verdict that it is "far prettier than Versailles," and one is inclined to question the accuracy of the remark that Vienna is the only European town which has succeeded in breeding baby elephants for its "Zoo." Another pronouncement



Photo by Mr. Nador Szabo.

The Houses of Parliament from the Fisher Bastion.

From "Austria of the Austrians and Hungary of the Hungarians" (Pitman)

* "Austria of the Austrians and Hungary of the Hungarians." By L. Kellner, Paula Arnold and Arthur L. Delisle. 6s. net. (Pitman.)

the authenticity of which one is inclined to question is that made on pp. 169 and 170, as to the visionary schemes of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. If such schemes are entertained in fancy by the Archduke, they can hardly be regarded as "within the range of practical politics," and the writer's adjuration to Hungary—to beware of participating in such an enterprise—appears to us to be altogether redundant. A word should be said in conclusion as to the excellent and tasteful illustrations.

THE WAY OF THE CARDINES.*

Here is a novel of action, with a vigorous plot boldly planned and cleverly executed. It provides strong meat for the adventure-lover and some fine bones of contention for twentieth-century politicians. Its hero, Gerald Cardine, belongs to an illustrious family boasting a long line of autocratic soldiers and statesmen; accustomed to considering itself of the governing class; always supremely indifferent to the voice of the people; ready to ride roughshod over any opposition to its will, or die in the last ditch rather than yield or modify one clause in its own particular code of honour. An able, forceful family, these Cardines of Cardine Place, with spacious ideas of Empire, a proper Public School pride, and an indignant horror of State Education, Labour Members, and the like. It was love of Empire that induced Gerald Cardine to plan his splendidly audacious raid on the island of Katu, but the love that actually led him into action and finally carried him to victory was the love of woman! Katu is a small island peopled by Malays and a sprinkling of Europeans and Chinese, and ruled over by a villainous Raja, and Mr. Hyatt gives a vivid picture of the conflicting interests which beset it. Recognising the value of Katu, which with its wonderful natural harbour could be used to control the trade-route to the East, and realising that German influence is at work with the Raja, Gerald Cardine determines to rouse the British Government to a sense of its duty. Failing this, he resolves to act independently, seize Katu, proclaim himself Raja, and hold the island until public opinion forces the British Government to take it over. Such, in brief, is the exhilarating Cardine programme, and thanks to the unlooked-for assistance of the beautiful Lady Cardine, his cousin's widow, Gerald wins through. But—and here is the reader's opportunity for recording his vote for or against the Government—Great Britain respectfully declines to take over the island. Altogether, it makes a swift, dramatic story, and the fascination of Lady Cardine is very real, as also is the wonderfully realistic description of Gerald's desperate fight with the morphia habit. When occasion arises Mr. Hyatt does not hesitate to express his opinions and antipathies quite frankly and forcibly. For example, apropos of the Cardine spirit: "You cannot put the value of the Cardines and their kind down on a balance sheet. A Cecil John Rhodes is merely a crude financial proposition, a quotation on the Stock Exchange, and it pays to boom him; but that John Mackenzie, who made Rhodes' work possible, whose thunder Rhodes stole, the greatest, noblest statesman who ever set foot in South Africa, is practically forgotten. . . . He never floated a company." These outspoken digressions are always interesting and "The Way of the Cardines" is told in a terse, strong workmanlike manner, and is never for a moment lacking in vitality.

ACHIEVEMENTS.

In reviewing a batch of poets nowadays, one who remembers the *Summer of Song* of the 'nineties stands amazed at the general high level of merit in the volumes that pass through her hands. In the 'nineties the present reviewer was reviewing all the poetry for a London weekly. She remembers the frightful accumulation of absolutely

* "The Way of the Cardines." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

worthless volumes of verse, produced beautifully often at the expense of their infatuated authors. Even in that *Summer of Song* the true song was hard to come by; and she remembers when an accommodating neighbour in a London suburb, who was willing to furnish her bookshelves with gorgeous bindings irrespective of the inside, used to send her mail-cart at intervals to remove the painted shams and leave the decks clear for another mixed lot.

Have the poets profited by the ten years in which none wanted the Minor Muse and very few the Major? It would seem so, for here is a pile of volumes in which not one is without its striking beauty of one kind or another. Ladies first, and Irish ladies, if you please. Mrs. Shorter's slender new volume¹ contains the best poetry she has yet given us. There are no hesitations, no coldnesses. The narrative poem which gives the book its title runs swiftly and passionately to its tender close. Mrs. Shorter has found herself, and, oddly enough, it is in the assimilation of the atmosphere of the English country that she has reached her most certain expression. She has been hitherto halting between the Ireland of her youth and the England of her mature experience. Poetry must be concerned with the things of daily life to be living. One cannot always be drawing up one's inspiration in a bucket from the well of old memories. "Madge Linsey" has as English an atmosphere as Mr. Masfield's poetry, but a clearer atmosphere. One has not to wait for the murky sky to reveal its stars. The stars are there all the time. The short poems that follow are very beautiful and tender, and not one without its deep meaning. Such poignant things as "The Nameless One" and "The West Wind" go straight to the heart, and stay there.

Here is another Irish poet,² and indeed the Irish poets were singing when winter was on the English woods. Miss Mitchell's is a plaintive voice, and it is also rich and soft. She has memorable things to say, and she says them; and she has a curious felicity which can make a perfect thing of four round lines. There is a personal touch, as in "The Music of the Silence," which reveals to us the very woman behind the poem; and there are enchanting and very human poems, like "Carrick" and "The Greenlands." This is a very daughter of Erin. Makers of anthologies ought not to pass by this perfect, complete poem, which has wizardry in it:

"Great angels very stately
Pass by me to and fro.
And all the ronds of Heaven
To my beloved go.

My feet take hold on darkness,
My heart is shadowed so.
The lightsome ronds of Heaven
To my beloved go.

Wait for me, mighty angels,
With painful steps and slow;
I, by the roud of Heaven
To my beloved go.

Wait for me, my beloved,
I see the home-fires glow
Beyond the ronds of Heaven.
And to my own I go."

The poet-father of a poet-daughter, Dr. Sigerson's fires have not dimmed with the years, and his latest volume of poetry is, as pure poetry, his best.³ The ancient Saga is told in flashing and many-coloured blank verse, which has true poetic vision and is carried along on a wind of inspiration which neither fails nor slackens. The beauty of this Saga is gentle, though it is also heroic, and it is sufficiently near the manner of Tennyson, while being entirely original, to make one wish that Dr. Sigerson would do for the Irish heroic stories something of what Tennyson did for the Arthurian legend.

¹ "Madge Linsey, and Other Poems." By Dora Sigerson Shorter. 1s. (Maunsell.)

² "The Living Chalice." By Susan Mitchell. 2s. 6d. (Maunsell.)

³ "The Saga of King Lir." By George Sigerson. 1s. (Maunsell.)

Here are two Irish voices which will be listened for again.⁴ "The Secret Hill" has true vision; it has a wild music, as befits its birth-place, and it has the touch of enchantment without which poetry is not. The songs are a little rugged, as befits the youth of the writers, but the ruggedness is not without its artistry. Ireland has many lovers nowadays, and England is not, perhaps, aware of how the narrow line that made Nationalism stand for patriotism has disappeared in our days, when the Dark Rosaleen is worshipped equally by her children of the north and the south, however they may range or under what banners. "The Secret Hill" has nothing without its reality, its significance, its delight, and one realises already that the poetry of these two young daughters of Ulster has come to stay.

Miss Emily Hickey has a long assured reputation. She was one of the fortunate ones in past days to have her poetry acclaimed by the Masters. One remembers the delight of those early poems in reading the slender new volume,⁵ which is more and more concerned with heavenly things. Here is the pure and easy flow, the simple choice of words that are yet inevitable, the music and the charm of old. She has her Irish heroic tale—what Irish singer can do without it?—but beyond that beautiful tapestry there comes the fresh lyrical singing which brings back an old delight. This is a very limpid Muse, and almost quite shadowless—a Muse that goes in white.

Miss Fox-Smith's "Songs in Sail"⁶ would have made a sensation in pre-Kipling days, and a big reputation for the writer. It belongs to the robust school of "Oh, sweet it was in Avis!" which is an immortal thing just because the author knew the moment to produce it: it was the memorable first drop in the shower. The poets have learned the ballad way now, and the fresh vital touch. For the rest, there is nothing imitative about Miss Fox-Smith's work. The present reviewer had the good luck to review an earlier book of hers—"Wings of the Morning"—and the sense to acclaim it as true poetry. Perhaps even the Masters in this kind of work have not excelled some of the swinging and headlong things in this little paper-bound volume, which smells of the sea. "Ship-mates," "Deep-water Jack," "Cape Stiff," should make their niche in the English poetry. Nothing in the little book is without its rush, its energy, the wind in the rigging and the stars at night.

And here, lest Dr. Sigerson should be lost among so many ladies, comes Mr. R. V. Heckscher, with "Rose Windows."⁷ Mr. Heckscher reveals himself as a poet to be considered. It is an ardent book, laden with thought and imagery. There is something unusual about it—strange, exotic. And there is always a strain of music, never lost, wandering through this rose-garden. Something of an exquisite felicity of music is in this:

"In my sleep I hear a fountain playing
Playing of olden things—
Of my first love and me a-maying,
Stealing to hidden springs:
The stars are mirrored in its tears
And shaken into light.
They bring my olden golden years
Back to my lonely night.

In sleep I hear a fountain playing,
Stealing from hidden streams.
Playing of love and of me a-maying—
The fountain, the fountain of dreams.
Singing of far-off, sunny hills
Where the birds are winging,
Sighing of deep, dear winding rills—
But singing—always singing."

This is poetry made for music, and music which is the voice of poetry.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

⁴ "The Secret Hill." By Ruth and Celia Duffin. 1s. (Maunsel.)

⁵ "Later Poems." By Emily Hickey. (Grant Richards.)

⁶ "Songs in Sail, and Other Chantys." By C. Fox-Smith 1s. net. (Elkin Matthews.)

⁷ "Rose Windows." By E. V. Heckscher. 3s. 6d. net. George Allen.)

YONE NOGUCHI'S ESSAYS.*

In an age of sentimentalism and false values, the broken English of the foreigner is sometimes hailed as though it were a positive and admirable literary quality; and it is not improbable that capital has been made out of this foolishness. To praise the work of Mr. Yone Noguchi on such grounds would be not only stupid but insulting, for his achievement is in spite of the limitations of his command of the language in which he writes. Sometimes, indeed, he is unable quite to convey his meaning to us—apart, that is, from the unfamiliarity of his point of view—and occasionally we owe a memorable phrase—such as, "a mysterious world with laughter and tears arm in arm"—to his freedom from the traditional conventions of English. But for the most part we are glad to forget the imperfections of the medium in the beauty of the idea or mood which it expresses.



Yone Noguchi.

I do not know whether the essay is a Japanese literary form, but if it is not Mr. Noguchi has perfectly realised its possibilities, and has used it in a manner which makes our most delicate masters seem rather heavy-handed. For Mr. Noguchi, though he has lived much in England and America, and knows English literature well, has accepted nothing from the West which might spoil his native virtues. He gives himself in epitome when he writes:

"It has become my habit on way to college once a week, where my weakness betrays itself under the quite respectable name of interpreter of English poets ancient or modern, to invite my own soul even for awhile where the shadows of pine-trees thicken along the path of breezes in Shiba Park."

Whatever his calling, he is the Oriental to whom contemplation is a necessary part of life. He loves the Japan of his forefathers, and has little taste for the innovations of "progress."

"I think that 'New Japan' (what a skeptic shallow sound it has!) has little to do with the real Japan of human beauty, because it was created largely by the advertisement, for which we paid the most exorbitant price to get the mere name of that; in short, we bought it with ready cash. . . . We discovered probably Shakespeare and even Ibsen lately; and it seems to me that a copy, doubtless, of the American edition of 'How to Build a City' fell one day in the hands of the Mayor of Tokyo, who proclaimed in the voice of a prophet that the city should be rebuilt in the very fashion nobody, at least in the Orient, ever dreamed."

Mr. Noguchi blames the Japanese themselves, and not the foreigner, for the spoiling of his country's genius. "Truth is that we Japanese lack in curiosity," he says; "therefore we are not inventive, creative, but merely imitative." For his own part, however, he refuses to compromise.

"The incense, an old vibration of the Japanese heart, quite peculiar, naturally fastidious, gesticulated, while stealing up from a two-horned dragon's mouth, for my friend (who returned home from America by the last steamer) to stop his talk on automobiles and sky-scrapers."

Mr. Noguchi is himself "naturally fastidious." He shudders at the "single eyeglass straight from London," and the "sack-coat perhaps made in Chicago." "I am sure that real Japan would do very well without Chamberlain's single eyeglass and Turkish cigarette." At a dinner of Tokyo professors he refuses asparagus, "simply from the reason of their being of foreign origin," and feasts his mind on memories of the fourteenth of December, a great day in Japanese annals. He travels a hundred miles to see the earliest plum-blossom.

Beauty is an essential part in the life of the true Japanese as it never has been and never will be in that of the

* "Through the Torii." By Yone Noguchi. 5s. net. (Elkin Matthews.)

European. Therefore it is natural that the English artists of whom Mr. Noguchi writes are those who have all, in different ways, sought the absolute in beauty: Rossetti, Whistler, Wilde, Yeats. The essay on Rossetti is one of those in which he has not made his meaning quite clear to us, but the other three are most interesting. On Wilde especially he is both sympathetic and just, and his conclusion is probably the right explanation of that writer's recent popularity. He writes also of Japanese poetry, of which he says:

"Our song is a potted tree of a thousand years' growth; our song is a Japanese tea-house—four mats and a half in all—where we burn the rarest incense which rises to the sky; our song is an opal with six colours that shine within."

The affinity which Mr. Noguchi has discovered between the Japanese and the Celt is illustrated by his own essays; but whatever suggestion there may be in them of the vague is corrected by a love of carefully wrought perfection. No doubt he was thinking of Yeats, rather than of Ossian, when he made the comparison. Himself we may describe—not necessarily exhaustively—as a mystical dandy.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.*

This is essentially a book of the time, although the history of newspapers is sketched from the beginnings in a manner that shows wide reading and judicious selection; and the progress of the daily Press in this country during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries is examined in some detail. The violent and scurrilous journalism which burst into being after Cromwell's death, for instance, and the pioneer work of Defoe as a topical writer are ably touched upon. By the way, a negative seems to have intruded into the author's criticism on those who accuse Cromwell of being more severe to the Press than the Star Chamber.

"To urge this," the book says, "as a reproach against Cromwell is to reproach him for not being true to his own superb and despotic arrogance."

Journalism, whatever its difficulties, was an easier matter for the writers of articles in the days of Addison and Steele than it is now, in that, as Mr. Scott-James justly remarks:

"All available problems were soluble, for the simple reason that none but half-problems were ever stated."

So far as the appetite for "hot" news is concerned, an appetite which is responsible for half the inaccuracies in newspapers, there is not much to choose between the public of to-day and its forerunners in the eighteenth century, however immense may be the difference in the means of gratifying the hunger. "In order to make myself useful," says an imaginary writer to *The Spectator* of about a hundred years ago, "I am early in the ante-chamber, where I thrust my head into the thick of the press, and catch the news, at the opening of the door, while it is warm. . . . A piece of news loses its flavour when it hath been an hour in the air." To-day, so quick are the ears and fleet the feet of the news-gatherers that at half-past ten in the morning we can read the midday issue of an "evening" paper!

The rise and character of American journalism, from the early times of the dignified *Boston Gazette*, and the more fiery *Massachusetts Spy*, before the discontent of the American colonies turned into war, is described and commented on with considerable fulness in this book, and there can be few English readers who will not learn many fresh facts from the pages which deal with this remarkable subject.

It is rarely that Mr. Scott-James invites correction for his statements of fact. He generalises much too freely when he says that:

"Europeans, in spite of a well-organised news service, only read the news when they happen to be financially interested."

* "The Influence of the Press." By R. A. Scott-James. 3s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

And he seems to forget the oldest London morning newspaper when he writes:

"To-day the *Daily Telegraph* is the only penny London paper that appears to retain the undiminished support of its readers and advertisers."

In his probing examination of the "commercialism" which has done such woeful injury to many papers, the author says:

"There is no need to cringe to the advertiser; vendors of goods will advertise in that paper which is respected by its readers, and therefore brings them the best returns. The journalist who will act upon the conviction that the public, even the great public, is not wholly stupid or despicable, has an unequalled opportunity."

Is it so certain that the paper which is "respected by its readers" brings "the best returns?" It would be a glorious truth. On another point where the author sees a bright light it is possible to agree with him more fully.

"It seems to me," he says, "to be a fact of extraordinary significance that the most popular organ in England should be adopting a policy of decency from which some of its rivals are receding."

Occasionally Mr. Scott-James has had something to say of the influence of advertisers on the Press; and its commercialism in general, and it may come as a surprise to many of his readers to learn that, in his view:

"The gravest aspect of modern daily journalism, and of popular journalism, especially, is . . . that it fails to present continuous news; that any person specially interested in a given subject cannot keep himself informed about it through the daily Press; that so far as that Press is concerned, he is not allowed to attend to any one subject with the consistency necessary to the formation of opinion."

This criticism on the popular newspapers is not, however, quite so entirely divorced from the "commercial" question as it may seem at first sight. The public which reads "news" as it eats bread, cannot, or will not, trouble to remember on Tuesday what it heard on Monday, so that it has very little use for "consistency" and "continuity."

"The knowing ones of the world have learnt that the Press is a manifold engine for moulding, controlling, reforming, degrading, cajoling, or coercing the public, whilst the great public reads its paper as it eats bread, without a thought of the mighty trick that is being played upon it."

In no sentence of his book has Mr. Scott-James more accurately summed up his general opinion of modern journalism, nor is there any statement less likely to evoke contradiction from any one who does not swallow "news" as he swallows eggs and bacon. It is, however, an incomplete statement, the part wanting being the recognition, amply shown by the author in other passages, that the Press, especially that vastly powerful section of it which was born and grew into strength and wealth as a consequence of Free and Compulsory Education, not only "controls" the mass of newspaper-readers for better or worse, but is, in its turn, controlled by them. Frankenstein made the monster, but the monster forced Frankenstein to go in directions to which he would never have gone of his own free will.

The glaring defect of this comprehensive and generally well-informed book is that it has no index. There is not even a "Contents-bill" above each chapter, merely a "Full-heading."

W. H. HELM.

TAGORE.*

These three books by the celebrated Rabindranath Tagore, author of "Gitanjali," and winner of the 1913 Nobel Prize for literature, are sure of an eager welcome from a large number of people; but whether that welcome will not end in a certain sense of disappointment is another matter. For, though all three books have a charm of their own, the charm of delicate fancy and wisdom, they have by no means the poetic depth and ecstasy of the

* "The Crescent Moon." With 8 Illustrations in Colour. 4s. 6d. net.—"The Gardener." 4s. 6d. net.—"Sādhana." 5s. net. By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan.)

rhymeless lyrics of "Gitanjali." Indeed, they belong to a different order altogether, and are hardly likely to add to their author's reputation. I say "hardly" because I know that a reputation once made in England is like a bomb-proof shelter; but even bomb-proof shelters will not last for ever. Mr. Tagore must give us of his best if he is to retain the title of inspired prophet.

"The Crescent Moon" is a little volume of poems (translated into prose) about children—a delightful book of its kind, overflowing with sympathy and tender humour. It does not strike me as a very remarkable book, but it has a gentle charm and finish which make a good whole of its rather "thin" material. I will quote one of the sadder and more moving of these lyrics:

THE RECALL.

"The night was dark when she went away, and they slept.
"The night is dark now, and I call for her, 'Come back, my darling; the world is asleep; and no one would know, if you came for a moment while stars are gazing at stars.'

"She went away when the trees were in bud and the spring was young.

"Now the flowers are in high bloom and I call, 'Come back, my darling. The children gather and scatter flowers in reckless sport. And if you come and take one little blossom no one will miss it.'

"Those that used to play are playing still, so spendthrift is life.

"I listen to their chatter and call, 'Come back, my darling, for mother's heart is full to the brim with love, and if you come to snatch only one little kiss from her no one will grudge it.'"

The poems in "The Crescent Moon" are too subtle in their simplicity to appeal to many children, but they will appeal, instead, to their parents. There is a yearning softness in them which will touch the hearts of mothers.

"The Gardener" is another volume of rhymeless poems—"lyrics of love and life." They are of unequal merit, some of them being rather commonplace and others approaching to the grave and mystical beauty of the poems in "Gitanjali." But their whole effect is not particularly impressive. "The Gardener" has the Tagore "touch" in every line, but in the majority of them the inspiration seems to be lacking. Of course, like all Mr. Tagore's work, the finish is singularly perfect, but finish without genius is a barren achievement. Mr. Tagore's whole method and outlook are such that monotony is sure to supervene when imagination slumbers. We are either thrilled by him or slightly bored—at any rate, that is what is apt to happen. But let me give an example from "The Gardener" of Mr. Tagore's finer powers. Poem number 22 is the one I choose:

"When she passed by me with quick steps, the end of her skirt touched me.

"From the unknown island of a heart came a sudden warm breath of spring.

"A flutter of a flitting touch brushed me and vanished in a moment, like a torn flower petal blown in the breeze.

"It fell upon my heart like a sigh of her body and whisper of her heart."

Here is the breath of authentic passion. The asceticism of the East is mingled in Mr. Tagore's work with a very real joy in material existence.

The last of the three books before me is a volume of eight lectures on "the realisation of life." "Sādhana" is really a sort of imaginative commentary on the *Upanishads*. Mr. Tagore's views on life and God are developed for us in these chapters with a wealth of expression and an ease of manner which are a literary feat. They will appeal to mystics and to all those who are constantly worrying themselves about life; but to others they may seem vague and unsubstantial. Mr. Tagore's religion is founded, apparently, upon a sort of general acceptance of all the great truths inculcated for centuries by both East and West. It is a religion based on love, but it is one that may give little satisfaction to seekers less philosophic than Mr. Tagore himself. For it requires an unusual type of mind to clasp these bloodless doctrines to the heart. They are the doctrines of a saint to whom meditation and busy action are alike the mirror of a

higher existence. But there are many truly wise sayings in these pages; here is one, for instance:

"This discovery of a truth is pure joy to man—it is a liberation of his mind. For, a more fact is like a blind lane, it leads only to itself—it has no beyond. But a truth opens up a whole horizon, it leads us to the infinite. That is the reason why, when a man like Darwin discovers some simple general truth about Biology, it does not stop there, but like a lamp shedding its light far beyond the object for which it was lighted, it illumines the whole region of human life and thought, transcending its original purpose."

These are words of rare significance. Would that "Sādhana" was full of such, instead of losing itself in a quagmire of speculation and explanatory assertions.

The chief interest in all Mr. Tagore's work (apart from its poetic quality—which is spasmodic) is its humanity and balance, and at the same time its air of mystic and visionary brooding. It is a strange and arresting combination—the West and the East meeting, as it were, and coalescing in his mind. Perhaps that is why he has aroused so much attention in England. For it is impossible to gauge his poetry with any justness, but it is easy to realise the nobility of his teaching.

RICHARD CURLE.

THE EVERLASTING "WHY?"*

We are for ever asking questions and for ever finding no answer to them—"Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing, Nor *whence*, like water, willy-nilly flowing." And to every artist, as to everyone else, comes the moment when he lays down his pen, his brush, his chisel, his implement of any sort (for I suppose a crossing-sweeper can be an artist with his brush as a painter with his), and cries to the unanswering silence, "What am I here for? What am I doing and why am I doing it?" Then, if he is a wise man, he takes up his work again and *does* instead of *talks about doing*. By which I mean to say that I am rather tired of hearing people talk about Art. For the older I grow the more I am convinced that the thing is not to preach, but to get our "darrack" done. Remember what Carlyle said: "He that cannot keep his mind to himself cannot practice any considerable thing whatsoever." And Lord Shaftesbury, "All wise men are of the same religion, and keep it to themselves." Thomas à Kempis and a hundred others, said the same, but, of course, did not practise what they preached. So that, in feebly protesting against having to listen to Mr. Macfall in the pulpit, when I would much rather be reading one of his clever novels or looking at his clever drawings, I go far to justify him by putting him into so excellent a company. With which, the cork being out of the bottle, let me to my task.

And let me say at once that the reader of Mr. Macfall's book, "The Splendid Wayfaring," will find much pleasant reading, much refreshing enthusiasm, much that is old and true, put in a new light, and some things that may be new.

Having decided to be a Protestant (accent on penultimate, please!) he does right in protesting against any narrow definition of Art, such as "Art is Beauty" and the like—not that the Greeks were wrong, I think, so much as misleading. Art is, as he says, "the power of being able to transfer to others our sensations by a skilful playing upon their senses," or, to put it the other way about, "Any act whatsoever, whereby a man communicates an impression into our senses that he himself has felt, is a work of Art." This is one of the true things said newly, for Delsarte said long ago, "The object of Art is to crystallise emotion into thought, and then fix it into form." And in saying that I do not think the Greeks were so much wrong as misleading, I mean this: That they seemed to infer that the *aim* of Art should be Beauty, when the aim of Art should be Truth. Beauty will come, for all Truth is beautiful. This puts me at issue with Mr. Macfall, for he says in another place: "It has been solemnly written

*"The Splendid Wayfaring." By Haldane Macfall. Decorated by Lovat Fraser, Gaudier-Brzeska, the Author and Gordon Craig. 10s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

by one dictating public taste, that Millet's 'Killing the Hog' is beautiful! It is wholly unbeautiful." That I deny. "Pretty" I admit it is not. But wholly unbeautiful—No! No! It is beautiful in treatment, in directness of vision, in reality and significance. At which point we run up against the definition of the Beautiful. And who shall dare to formulate it?

So I go some way again to justify Mr. Macfall, for, if ever a preacher is justified, it is when he stimulates his unwilling hearers to contradiction and reconsideration of values. And nobody can deny that this book is stimulating, both because of its enthusiasm and learning, and the lively way in which it is expressed. He is up against the Dry-as-Dust critics. Art is a living thing, necessary to all men. And that is a good thing to remember.

In his own words:

"Art is absolutely necessary to all civilised life, to all intelligent living—that is to say, all life outside a madhouse. It is with us from the cradle to the grave. We cannot escape it. Without Art we are back again on all fours."

And he goes on to prove it, so that all may understand and realise that the artist, in the full meaning of the word, is the supreme man.

It is difficult, in a book so brimming over with good things, to pick out what is best for all. One can only choose samples of what is best for oneself, hoping that others, who like sermons, will attend this handsome cathedral and get a message which suits them, if it only be "that blessed word, Mesopotamia."

Take, for example, the chapter on "Craftsmanship":

"Art is not craftsmanship. A work may be a superb piece of craftsmanship without being a work of art at all. . . . Art must create. . . . Craftsmanship is that wondrous skill whereby we shape words or colour or sound or other illusive or rigid material into the rhythmic essence of that make-believe that brings Art to life—"

which is another way of saying that talent is that which earns, genius that which knows.

Take, again, a passage from the chapter on "The Great Dead." Boldly Mr. Macfall says:

"Let the owners of pictures by the old masters sell their possessions to whom they will. It is of far more vital necessity for the good of art that the finest living artists should be employed by the nation and by municipal bodies to create living art, to beautify the public streets and squares and buildings. . . . The nation would do better to spend ten times the amount of every penny given to antique art upon the encouragement of living masters."

Which is another way of saying that a live dog is better than a dead lion, and who shall gainsay the truth of this? The Egyptians knew it and acted upon it, the Greeks and Italians of the Renaissance did the same. So they produced vital art, the direct vision, not the sterile stuff which is produced by those who, in their student days, have been taught to see through old men's spectacles.

Oh, yes, there's good stuff in Mr. Macfall's book, and worth the reading. And I'm glad to have been dragged to Church once more and heard so good a sermon.

G. S. LAYARD.

THE POPULAR WAY.*

No wonder there are signs of literary indigestion in these over-written times. It cannot be called strange that some good books must waste their sweetness on the publishers' shelves, unborrowed and unbought, for the supply is even greater than the demand, as vast as indiscriminating though that be. The popular palate is too much stimulated with literary courses. Every phase of excitement and emotion, every sort of character and incident, is worked to a rag. Here are five books calculated to appeal to the public sentiment.

The best of the bundle is "Atlantis." Hauptmann has justified his recent winning of the Nobel prize with a novel which in parts is worthy of his genius. It tells the story of a strong man, temporarily the slave and puppet of passion following his inclination until he comes full-tilt against the realities. Being wise, Frederick von Kammacher thereupon mended his ways, married the right woman, and so arrived at the happy ending. He is a fine fellow, a

man of grit and brains, who had been treated very scurvily by fortune. His home was broken up through the madness of his wife; his scientific investigations had seemed to go awry; he was troubled and in a morbid frame of mind when he decided to plunge in chase of the pretty dancer, whose portrait

* "Atlantis."

By Gerhart Hauptmann. 6s. (Laurie.)—"The Rocks of Valpré." By Ethel M. Dell. 6s. (Unwin.)—"Lady Sylvia's Imposter." By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"The Breath of the Karoo." By L. H. Brinkman. 6s. (Jenkins.)—"Faith and Unfaith." By James Blyth. 6s. (Long.)



Drawn by Haldane Macfall.

The Splendid Wayfarer.

From "The Splendid Wayfaring," by Haldane Macfall (Simpkin Marshall).

on the coloured wrapper has a striking and curious inaccuracy. She and her father were sailing in the "Roland," a trans-Atlantic liner. Von Kammacher went aboard, and was more than ever the victim of love-folly when crash came catastrophe. The liner had run into a derelict, and foundered. Hauptmann has effectively realised the blind forces, the cruelties and panic, which accompany such a disaster. This chapter of accident, as most of the book, is written with subtlety and realism. "Atlantis" is an excellent piece of work, which, it is to be hoped, will be widely read, for it is better worth than most of the fare offered to novel-readers?

Miss Edith Dell is rapidly becoming a best-seller, and we know the reason why. She gives the public just what the public wants—healthy fare, plentiful incident, highly-coloured sentiment, and heroes, a heroine, a villain, who are thorough. This is her best work so far, and with all its faults, is far better than "The Knave of Diamonds," so that the multitude which throngs the libraries will have "The Rocks of Valpré" much in their mouths. Of the heroes—there are two—Bertrand de Mortville, the Frenchman, as born to unhappiness as the sparks fly upwards; Trevor Mordaunt, the Englishman, calm, strong and patient, as truthful as Washington, and as self-giving as he was wealthy. He loved Chris, the heroine, and, poor fellow, married her. She was, indeed, a minx, a beautiful feather-brain, who deserved slapping. Owing to her airy, fairy, light-minded ways, she all-unconsciously caused Bertrand, who was incidentally a genius in gunnery, to fight a duel, to rouse the enmity of the iniquitous Captain Rodolphe; and, through the machinations of that complete scoundrel, to suffer imprisonment and exile for treason. The end is, as may be expected, a careful combination of tears, kisses and prettiness; sentimental, yet not insincere, as most of the books of its *genre* are. It will surely give enjoyment to multitudes for months to come.

We all know Mr. Thomas Cobb, and his light, slight romances written round this or that elegant heroine. In "Lady Sylvia's Imposter" he has improved on himself. He has built for us a plot which is almost intricate. Jerry Firbank is a moneyed man, who falls in love with a lady of station higher than his own. He declares the object of his affections to be Carlotta Brasted; and to bring himself nearer to the beautiful cause of his raptures, take steps which would sound improbable if it were not that fiction is said to be less strange than truth and love does now and then accomplish even the impossible. With Lady Sylvia, whose "imposter" he is, Jerry devises a plan; and then other people butt in and spoil it. Amongst these are two of the writing tribe, a popular woman-novelist, who sells in tens of thousands and is crude in her literary ways, and a man-writer whose fiction is finished and unsuccessful. They collaborate; but that is another story, and we may as well leave them, with Carlotta, Lady Sylvia and Jeremiah himself, to the tender mercies of Mr. Cobb's faithful followers.

It is like old times to be back in South Africa, among Boers, Bushmen, rooinecks, and all the persons and paraphernalia that made romance and history by the room-full ten short years ago. It will be interesting to see how "The Breath of the Karoo" succeeds at the present day. This novel, written unquestionably by one who knows, is as good as it well can be. Now and then Mr. Brinkman stops the action to explain, sometimes quite unnecessarily, this local practice or that. But, all the same, he has written a fine story. The persons of the tale are almost entirely Boers. Gijsbert Uigs and Wijnand Brandt are sworn friends, as close to each other as were David and Jonathan. Both, rather in a usual way, love Nettie du Plessis; and the questions come: Who shall wed her? Whom will she accept? How can one bear to be the successful rival of the other? Fate, again, in the usual manner, settles that question, and, meanwhile, trouble has fallen on the community. There are affairs with the Bushmen, murders are done, trials and anxieties result generally, to the interest of the reader. Mr. Brinkman, while he has evidently a great admiration for the Boers, is not blind



Photo by Geo. L. Wheaton, London

Mr. William Blane.

A new portrait.

to their deficiencies, and laughs not a little, sometimes somewhat harshly, at their laborious religiousness and narrow self-satisfaction. If a South African story is tolerable to the spoilt and pampered public of to-day, then this book should do, for "The Breath of the Karoo" is the real thing.

If Mr. James Blyth followed in his work some ideal, he might write a good novel; but he will not follow any ideal or take any trouble, with the result of the repeated realisation of fustian. In "Faith and Unfaith" he takes a stock couple, and stupid they are, although he tells us Jack Beverly is inordinately clever. With some swollen medical expressions, frequent splashes of easy Latin, unctuous religious phrases, stagey attitudes and well-worn circumstances, he builds the crude story of a clergyman's daughter married to an agnostic, who, of course, in the end, thanks to a baby's narrow escape from dying and other wonderful developments, comes to the light. The book is thin and rather dull. The characters are such stupid persons that we wish the hero had married the naughty Louise, that the heroine had wedded the ascetic clergyman who wanted her, and that her father had not died, but had been united to the housekeeper; it would have served them all jolly well right.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

TWO SOUTH AFRICAN POETS.*

In a foreword to a little anthology of South African poetry, "Veldsinger's Verse," that was published by Messrs. Dent four years ago, Olive Schreiner rebuked those who wrote scornfully of how little South Africa has produced yet in art or literature, and urged them to remember that "the whole white population of the Cape, Transvaal, Free State, and Natal is not larger than that of some North-country towns in England." Moreover, one should take into account that the literature of South Africa has had but a single century of development, and can be more fairly compared with that of Australasia, or of Canada, than with the homeland's golden harvest

* "The Ballad of Men, and other Verses." By William Blane. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Ballads of the Veld-Land." By Lynn Lyster. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

of a thousand years. And in no part of the Empire has the progress of the people been so hampered by the unsettled condition of their environment; when you recall how, in its comparatively brief career, the Colony has been distracted with racial strife, grimly preoccupied with wars, sordidly preoccupied all the time with diamond fields, gold mines, and the jugglings of finance, the wonder is, at first blush, that it has given its heart and mind so largely to those graces of existence that have little or no financial value. But only at first blush. We are spoiling our poets here a little nowadays by encouraging them to conceive of themselves as delicate creatures that can only mature in nice drawing-rooms where they drink tea daintily and eat very thin bread-and-butter, and of their poetry as a much-studied, artificial rarity that is more a matter of precious and exquisite words than of natural thought, and spontaneous emotion; but culture is not the mother of poetry, it is only its nursery-governess. Poetry is so very a child of nature that the early, unschooled world not only had poets before it had any writers of prose or rules of rhyme—it had them before books began to be written, or writing was invented. Before the academies had formulated any, Homer obeyed the rules of poetry without knowing it.

So, after all, it is nothing strange that so much verse should come from the younger lands of the Empire, nor that the less pampered, less leisured poets of those lands should seem more intently interested in the spirit of poetry than in its collars and cuffs and general outward habit. This sensitiveness to the spirit of poetry is the essential quality of the two newest volumes of poems that have come to us by two South African poets. Mr. William Blane is known out there and in this country as a very able journalist and a poet of distinction. He has two other volumes to his name, and "A Ballad of Men, and Other Verses" will add appreciably to his reputation. His style has an almost Wordsworthian directness and simplicity; in thought and expression his verses have no pose or touch of affectation; you feel they are always a natural, spontaneous utterance of the writer's sentiment, feeling, emotion, and their charm and effectiveness lie in that. There is real narrative power in "A Ballad of Men." Its quiet pathos and sense of the tragedy that simple love and death may bring into the common lives of ordinary men are truth and poetry and lose nothing by the unadorned simplicity of the language that reveals them. He finds his themes in the everyday experience of average life, the hopes and joys and sorrows that every heart must know, the changing seasons, the magic and mystery of sea and sky, the beauties of town and country scenery. Scorn is softened to pity in the sombrely forceful elegy on "The Soul of a Millionaire" there are vivid touches of picturesque description, as in the sonnet on "Yarrow," with its:

"Here do the gods eternal vigil keep!
Nature, enchanted, like a child asleep,
Smiles at her great heart's fantasies."

and passages in which description and reflection blend, as in the sonnet of "Taj Mahal," of which this is the octave:

"New ways, new lands, have, for the fancy-free,
A fascination stronger than the will;
Strange women and strange men, for good or ill,
Hold the inconstant heart in constant fee:
The thing that is, not that which is to be
Nor that which has been, is the truest still—
A smile, a tear, a rose, a daffodil.
Is time and tide and all eternity. . ."

but the most breezily descriptive thing in the book is "The Belated Gust," which opens with a vision of a typical South African storm:

"The storm blew hard for a night and a day—
Blew as a black South-Easter can!
Blow till every ship in the bay
Strained at its anchor or steamed away.
Blew on the mountain and blew in the town,
Raising the dust clouds, red and brown.
Blew till the arm of boy or man

Cramped with holding his hat in place;
Blew on his back and blew in his face;
Whirled about in a maddening chase;
Blew and blustered and battered and beat
Till the very gravel from the street
Was lifted and shifted and driven away;
Fiercely blew from the hour it began—
Blew for a night and blew for a day—
Blew as a black South-Easter can."

It must be read in its entirety for the strength and character of its blustery realism to be justly appreciated; it is perhaps the most distinctive and one of the most memorable poems in the book, and, with the lines on Cecil Rhodes, and the grim ballad of "The Bloody Beacon," should be sure of a place in all future Anthologies of South African poetry.

Mr. Lynn Lyster has these same qualities of strength and simplicity of diction; he has proved himself already in some half-dozen volumes of ballads and lyrics—his "Lyrics of Child-Land" have music and tenderness and fancifulness enough—but in his newest volume, "Ballads of the Veld-Land," he sings brave sagas of South African heroism in peace and in war—of the grim battles fought between the Dutch and the natives, between the English and the natives, and between Briton and Boer in the fierce struggle of thirteen years ago. Beginning with the stirring tale of "De Held Woltemade," a gallant record of a Dutch settler in 1773, he comes down the brilliant roll of daring deeds in wars with the Zulus—there are stirring ballads of Isandhlwana and of Rorke's Drift—to the immortal narratives of that fight for the guns at Colenso, and the ghastly tragedy of Magersfontein. There is no space to quote one of these ballads in full and extracts would not adequately represent them, but the finely patriotic spirit of them all is expressed in the opening ballad of the Days to Come, in which is foreshadowed how:

"When our children's children gather
On the stoep at dusky eve"—

and the tired house-mother, resting, tells these stories of the past:

"When they ask her of our heroes
Will their lineage she trace,
Naming this one Boer, or Briton?
Will she speak of blood and race?
Nay! for she will whisper softly
In those quiet evening hours,
Looking down the years' dim vista,
'Tis enough to call them Ours."

They are vigorous, spirited ballads, full of fire and colour and the right love and admiration of rough and ready manliness, embodying in virile, swinging, taking verse some of the most memorable incidents and events in the blended history of the Afrikaner race. South Africa is richer in such stories as these than in all her diamonds; they were worth telling again, and Mr. Lynn Lyster has told them well.

C. W.

Novel Notes.

SARAH EDEN. By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

"Sarah Eden" marks a very decided advance upon Miss Stevens's earlier work—excellent though that was. It is, as it were, a blend of her two styles of writing, the English and the Oriental; but it is no cleverly unsatisfactory experiment, but a very sound and painstaking piece of work. Sarah Eden sprang from a Devonshire yeoman family, and had the ordinary education of a farmer's daughter. Religion always interested her, but she soon grew beyond the rather narrow tenets of the old Evangelical school. From the first there was a "way" with her. She was intensely practical and efficient, but she saw visions in which she believed. Her imagination made her keenly

sympathetic, but she never understood the psychological aspects of love. It was this that made her marriage a failure—for a failure it was—and her husband had cause for his jealousy of Charters, the curate associated with Sarah in her social work in a Hampshire town. Between her and Charters there was indeed an affinity of spirit—an understanding to which the unhappy John Eden could never attain. It was soon afterwards that he met with the fatal accident that left Sarah free. And then came her grand vision, translated by Charters and herself into a divine command that they should await the Second Advent at Jerusalem. There follows—and this is the greater part of the book—a description of the foundation of Sarah Eden's community in the sacred city and of its daily life, the climax coming in the love affair between Sarah's daughter and a pleasant young English artist. As will be seen it is a novel on the grand scale; it presents the life and opinions and outlook of its heroine from all points of view except the frankly sceptical, and, among minor points, it gives the reader a wonderfully vivid picture of Jerusalem with its quarrelling Christians and its stolid Mohammedans. Most certainly it is a book to read. Its publishers call it "a novel of great distinction," and they are right.

WESTWAYS. By S. Weir Mitchell. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

This romance of the American Civil War, by the distinguished doctor and writer who has recently died, gives us a vivid picture of family life in the United States in the eventful early sixties. Captain James Penhallow, the owner of certain iron mills and mines "on the further side of the Pennsylvania Alleghenies," is married to a lady from Maryland. Being childless, the couple, who correspond to what we should call "county people" in

England, adopt a niece, Leila Grey, and a nephew, John Penhallow. Brought up together, the young couple form a friendship which develops into love, but their affairs merely form, as the author says, "the background of a story which also deals with the influence of politics and war on all classes." Mrs. Penhallow has sympathies with the Southerners, but when confronted by the problem of a runaway slave human nature asserts itself and she



The late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

helps him to escape. When war breaks out Captain Penhallow is nearly ruined, but he and his nephew, now a West Point cadet, serve under General Grant. An order from the Government for field-guns recoups the family fortunes, but the captain returns home a physical and mental wreck, owing to a bullet wound in the head. A successful operation, however, is performed, and his recovery completes the happiness of John and Leila. The story at times seems somewhat drawn out, and there is something of an anti-climax in the quarrel between the lovers towards the end. The diction, especially the conversations between John and Leila, is a trifle stilted. But the interest lies chiefly in the description of the life of the period, and the book, with its realistic accounts of the fighting between the North and the South, can confidently be recommended to all lovers of adventure.

IT HAPPENED IN EGYPT. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 6s. (Methuen.)

Egypt is a new background for a Williamson plot, but a successful one as it turns out, for in the desert, on the Nile, and in Cairo and other towns there is a wealth of material to be woven into the warp and woof of their story. Beginning as a mystery connected with the buried mausoleum of an ancient queen, the secret of which has come into the hands of Lord Ernest Borrow, otherwise "The Duffer," a young diplomatist, and his friend Captain Fenton, an up-to-date Richard Burton, it is switched off to the fortunes of a party of American tourists, including Rosamond Gilder, the Cannon Princess, the Bertha Krupp of America. This party amalgamates with another being shown Egypt by a millionaire who is determined to outdo Cook, and in an amusing fashion Lord Ernest Borrow is forced to assume the rôle of personal conductor. Captain Fenton, engaged on a Government investigation disguised as a native, is secured as guide, and numerous complications follow. The party meets with plenty of adventures, but in the end the cause of these many mysterious happenings is satisfactorily explained, and three sets of people made happy for life. No treasure is found, but something which is of more importance—Love. Without being pedantic or without a too glaring dragging in of facts Mr. and Mrs. Williamson impart much pleasant knowledge. One need hardly add that the descriptive work is excellent and the story absorbing.

SPARKS THAT BROOD. By Noel Fleming. 6s. (Lynwood.)

Everything conspired to make Jimmy's life easy. He was very wealthy, had an excellent education, and—above all—a devoted mother, who lived a life of comparative retirement in order that she might watch over every development of her son's character. He is a very decent young fellow: a keen and accomplished sportsman and—in spite of a few derogatory remarks for which the author is responsible—of rather more than the average intelligence. In fact, he is an example of that best type turned out by our Public Schools and Universities, of which, to be frank, we hear of more often than we meet. He has always wanted to marry Peggie, but he pays for going against his mother's advice—that he shall not get engaged to her before she has had a chance of meeting other men. The consequence is that Peggie throws him over and has an affair of the heart with the sinister Sir Francis Wyndham. She returns to Jimmy under suspicious circumstances, and although she marries him, everything is not plain sailing thenceforward. However, the end of the book is as blissful as possible. Mr. Fleming displays much ability in the handling of the character of his hero, and he invests that gentleman's relations with his mother with particular charm. In fact, "Sparks that Brood" is a very pleasant first novel, and it gives promise of even better work to come.

MODERN LOVERS. By Viola Meynell. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

How is it that Miss Meynell, who can so skilfully construct a story, tell it in good English, and draw such excellent portraits of women, is not so convincing with her men? In "Modern Lovers," her latest novel, Millie and Effie Rutherglen are as human and delightfully feminine as anything in fiction. Returning home from situations as teachers to live with a rather vulgar mother and an incredibly ill-natured father, they both fall in love with Clive Maxwell, a young man whose characteristics are so entirely effeminate that we find ourselves at a loss to account for his popularity or attraction. He is vain beyond the dreams of vanity, his inordinate, insatiable desire for praise simply appals one. "You always know what is best," says Effie to him. "Do you think that of me? . . . Oh, how you please me!" replies Clive, in all seriousness. When he makes love to a girl, "in his glowing pride he considered her love very little from her point of view, but as something to add to all those things with which he impressed his friends," whilst the girl herself gets the exact

impression of him that a man often has of a woman, for she felt "he was like a bird flying away from her, and that, as with a bird, any clutching grasp would be a cruelty and a failure." Telling himself that he must "love universally," he first, in the writer's words, "secures" Millie, and then immediately "added on Effie to his life, but made a most charming and genuine display of not being willing to lose Millie." However, in self-defence, Millie becomes engaged to a brainless young man of the neighbourhood, leaving Effie to deal with a lover who on one occasion asks her: "Can't you explain the state of your mind, or justify it?" and who has to be asked "very kindly" to press her hand! It is a tribute to the real excellence of the book that we should feel so disappointed at finding in it such a character as Clive Maxwell, and we must justify our indignation at his presence by the fact that Miss Meynell has interested us so deeply in Millie and Effie. For the rest, Miss Meynell, as usual, displays finished workmanship and sound technique, and the direct simplicity of her style is altogether admirable. "Modern Lovers" is a novel of rare distinction; its story is alive with interest, and though Clive Maxwell, cleverly as he is drawn, may displease us, for Miss Meynell's women—their beautifully natural personal qualities and the ability and insight with which they are realised—we have nothing but praise.

THE WATERS OF LETHE. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The great thing about Viktor Vogler is that he is not a prig. This is where he differs from the heroes of many other novels which in other respects are at least as good as "The Waters of Lethe," and this constitutes Madame Longard de Longgarde's success in a book which, to be frank, is not otherwise remarkable. When little more than a boy Viktor has taken on his own shoulders the crime (that of stealing a fur overcoat) committed by his brother Max, and he has suffered a month's imprisonment for it. The brothers leave Vienna and come to London as waiters,

and here **AN.** comes under the favourable notice of a successful banker, with the result that within a few years he has become that gentleman's private secretary and right-hand man. Max is a fashionable teacher of German, and is about to make a very good marriage. It is at this point that the old story is revived by an enemy of Viktor's, and the theft of the overcoat has far more serious effects on the lives of both brothers than either could have imagined. The story is pleasantly written and well told, and it should increase the circle of the author's admirers.

AN UNFINISHED SONG. By Mrs. Ghosal (Srimati Svarna Kumari Devi). 6s. (Laurie.)

Mrs. Ghosal is the sister of Rabindranath Tagore, the distinguished Indian poet to whom the Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded recently, and one understands from Miss E. M. Lang's introduction to this book that in her native country she attracts almost as much attention as her more famous brother. "An Unfinished Song" is a quiet little story, written in an excellent English style, of the love affair of an Indian maiden. From an English point of view the experiences of Mrinaline, the heroine, are not at all remarkable, but in India the affair is invested with far more significance. In the first place, Mrinaline is nineteen before she marries. "This may be a source of surprise to one who understands this land of ours. . . . And if a surprise it be, I have a still greater in store for my readers. I, a Hindu maiden, knew love before I entered wedlock. I loved a man without even expecting him to become my husband." Mrinaline's is a pretty little romance, and it is described with a delicate and attractive sentiment. But the chief value of the book lies in the excellent picture that it gives of the life of the wealthy natives of Bengal, of their European manners and their very un-European outlook upon life.

RICHARD FURLONG. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Although there is generally supposed to be something of a popular feeling against "sequels," many writers of the present day appear inclined to indulge in fiction trilogies, or sequel upon sequel. Thus Mr. Temple Thurston describes "Richard Furlong" as the "second of three books of which 'The Antagonists' was the first," and therefore it may perhaps be advisable to say at once that by itself it tells a complete and consistent story, that it may be read by itself as well as any one of Zola's long series of connected novels, or as any separate part of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine." Any novel has to take a before and an after for granted, and all that the trilogists of to-day do is to take us a little further back or a little further forward, or to deal in more elaborate fashion with periods more summarily covered by other writers. In "Richard Furlong" Mr. Temple Thurston gives us a story that is really complete in itself, in that it follows a definite stage in the career of his hero—a stage that begins with his running away from home at the age of eighteen to seek fame and fortune and the art training which shall make such possible to him, in that Mecca of so many hopes—London. Richard Furlong is an instinctive artist, a genius, and we follow the story of his career for a few years, and the close study of his character, with peculiar interest as these are unfolded by his creator. Despite a boyish engagement before leaving home, it is in the seemingly unpromising atmosphere of a Drury Lane oil-shop that he happens upon love—the sweet self-sacrificing love which expends itself that he may go forward on the path of success. In the delineation of the girl, the common Cockney girl, who embodies that love, Mr. Temple Thurston has been especially successful, but the whole book is, as it were, true to life, though the girl in her devotion, is as rare as is the genius which inspires Richard to do that which he feels impelled to do in despite of circumstances that would have broken the spirit of anything less sustaining than his self-confidence. The various persons who help or would hinder the artist in his advance are admirably individualised, and



Mrs. Ghosal.

Author of "An Unfinished Song" (Werner Laurie).

the whole book is notable as a careful and sincere rendering of the formative period in the career of a modern self-made artist-genius, a rendering set forth with humour and sympathy, and, the understanding which those twinned qualities connote.

THE RACE OF CASTLEBAR. By Emily Lawless and Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (Murray.)

Such merit—and it is not inconsiderable—as this story of the French invasion of Ireland in 1798 possesses, must, for the most part, be ascribed to Mr. Shan Bullock. Miss Lawless, it appears, wrote the opening and, again, the concluding chapters, but she realised that inspiration was not on her as she worked, and she handed over the story to Mr. Bullock to make what he could of it. The introductory chapters, indeed, halt somewhat, and even the occasional bright passages do not compensate for the prolix story of Mr. John Bunbury's courtship of the proud and wilful Lady Lavinia. But as soon as Mr. Bullock picks up the threads and describes the happenings at Castle Byrne and in the surrounding Irish countryside, fresh vigour is imparted to the story. Mr. Bullock jettisons the love-affair of Mr. Bunbury, and applies himself to showing the extraordinary situation—no doubt paralleled in other cases—of the Byrne household with the two hostile branches of the family, the one Protestant and the other Roman Catholic, living under the same roof; to giving an account of Humbert's invasion, with its transitory success; and, in general, to reconstructing upon realistic lines the life of Western Ireland in those unhappy days. All this is done with great animation and vigour, and Mr. Bullock avails himself to good purpose of the dramatic opportunities presented to him by the interaction of the French and Irish, of the Protestants and Roman Catholics, of the conflicting claims of family, religion, and politics. Miss Lawless was more happy in her concluding chapters, and the parting words which she puts into the mouth of Colonel O'Byrne are full of insight. But, we repeat once more, her share of the tale will not do full credit to the memory of the author of "Hurrish," and for this reason the eminently successful intervention of Mr. Bullock is the more remarkable.

THE VALLEY OF THE MOON. By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The idyllic title of Mr. London's latest novel—and his best—will neither delude nor deter those who know its predecessors. They will know there are grim forces stirring somewhere in the region of this nook of shelter and starlight, and that the people who populate it are very fierce realities. As a matter of fact, the lunar paradise does not arrive until the real action of the book has ceased. It is reserved as a kind of reward or escape after many strenuous chapters, in which the struggle is not merely one of them and sinew, but a moral war with principalities and powers. We get in the opening chapters the hinterland of San Francisco at its worst; and Oakland seems to engage itself chiefly with the clatter of steam laundries, the strains of the dancing saloon, and the faction fights of public holidays. This abrupt plunge into a Western world of slang and steam and strife is made palatable to English readers by the pride with which the hero and heroine contemplate their Saxon origin; but the author must not be accused merely of making an effort to conciliate his critics over here. He brings out certain qualities in those two figures which we are glad to recognise as admirable—the more so that the woman is the deeper and more consistent character, and has none of "Billy's" weaknesses. Billy Roberts, like the book, is mixed in his composition. Brought up as a prize-fighter, he qualifies as a teamster, and handles horses with the same mercy and discretion wherewith he handled men. He is certainly a "hunky" gladiator, this six-foot giant of the blue eyes and fair complexion; but when poverty and hardships arrive he loses self-control, and shows once more that the physical training of the ring, however thorough, is no discipline for the finer issues of life. "Saxon," his wife, on the other hand, keeps true to her simple ideals,

and brings him through. Her emotions are always fresh and womanly. She succeeds in everything her modesty allows her to undertake, but she cannot help the author to interest us in certain chapters which are only agricultural pamphlets in disguise. This is the real defect of his book from the literary point of view; the moral one is that in Billy's excesses the ethical balance is not sufficiently preserved. Otherwise we have nothing but admiration for this powerful and human story.

The Bookman's Table.

GLAMIS: A PARISH HISTORY. By the Rev. John Stirton, B.D., F.S.A. (Scot.) 6s. (Shepherd, Forfar.)

The minister of Glamis (pronounced Glams) in Forfarshire, has followed in the wake of many of his brethren by writing the history of his parish. No men have better opportunities for doing that work than the parish ministers of Scotland and England, and it would be well if more of them would follow suit. There is much fallow ground to be broken up, much original research to be undertaken, important discoveries to be expiscated, and therefore a great deal to be added to the nation's knowledge of the past. The rural parish is admittedly a rich mine for investigation. Of that there is fresh and ample evidence in Mr. Stirton's noble contribution to local literature. The very name Glamis enthralled one. The author says it is synonymous with antiquity. And when the tradition of Macbeth is recalled, we know what far-off mists enshroud us. It is, however, with the murder, in 1034, of Malcolm II, that Glamis first comes into notice. How that tragedy of the forgotten years had its effect on Walter Scott is well known to readers of Lockhart. At twenty-two, Scott was a guest at Glamis, where he spent the uneasiest, "eeriest" night of his life, though it is on record that he once slept in a room in the second bed of which lay an uncoffined corpse. But at Glamis it was the memory of Malcolm which haunted that otherwise fearless man. The legend of Glamis is to this effect: "Some centuries ago the Lord of Glamis and his guest, the Earl of Crawford, were playing cards in what is now the secret room of the Castle. The evening was Saturday, and host and guest had become so engrossed in their play that they did not realise the flight of time, and that Sunday was approaching, until they were reminded of the hour by an attendant. They swore a terrible oath together, agreeing that they would not cease their play until the game was finished, although they should have to play until the 'crack of doom.' The oath had hardly been uttered when the hour of twelve struck and a stranger appeared. In even, dispassionate tones he informed them that he would keep the compact and take them at their word. The tradition is that those noblemen meet every year in the secret room on the anniversary of that night, and play cards, and that they will continue to do so until the Judgment Day."

Mr. Stirton has much to tell about the Church of Glamis, and quotes copiously from the Session Records. There have been some eminent ministers of the parish, and the wife of one of them, Agnes Lyon, wrote the words to Neil Gow's "Farewell to Whisky." Able accounts of the district, past and present, of the farms and families, of customs and habits long in desuetude, and of the prosperity of to-day, combine to make a volume of parochial history as pleasing and as well done as any that we know of. The illustrations call for special praise. Out of all sight, they are the best we have seen in any similar production.

THE CONQUEST OF NEW GRANADA. By Sir Clements E. Markham. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Who knows of the Chibchas? Everyone knows of the Aztecs and the Incas, their civilisation and splendour and their woes and how they fell before the invading people of the East. But the civilization of the Chibchas and the

tale of the conquest of New Granada by Quesada is unknown to English literature—"carebant quia vate sacro."

Yet this people deserved a better fate than to be destroyed and almost obliterated by the ruthless adventurers who swarmed over to South America from Spain seeking gold and power, and finding it through bloody cruelties. They were a valiant, hardy agricultural race, with well defined customs, religion and polity, with an elaborate calendar that has been preserved and displays no little knowledge of the mysteries of astronomy. They had a civilisation that was in many ways crude and unformed, but which was advancing on its own lines and developing in accordance with the needs of the people. But the Spaniards came, and thenceforward the story of the Chibchas is one of distress and despair. Sir Clements Markham's brief sketch of the Chibchas and their history is of the greatest interest. But we should welcome a complete history of the people and their civilization; perhaps an enlightened Colombian will give it to the world. In the meantime we are grateful for the present outline of a story heretofore known only to one or two students, and only imperfectly.

SONGS OF APHRODITE. By Lady Margaret Sackville. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The chief individual quality of Lady Margaret Sackville's work is her command of rhythm. At her best, she never lets a line stand by itself, but makes it a part of a long roll of subtly modulated harmony, in which rhyme, when used, is only a secondary element. Here and there are traces of the influence of Swinburne, not so much in diction as in the slow large melody of some of the blank verse, but Lady Margaret Sackville has experimented in rhythms in her own way, and arrived at a delicate originality and a peculiar beauty which are far removed from Swinburne's trampling measures. The three little dramas in the present volume all contain fine work. "The Coming of Hippolytus," is a brilliant study in tragic irony. "Orpheus Among the Shades" is a strange and tender thing of music, that needs but the collaboration of a composer of genius to make it the great scene in a music drama of the Greek kind, in which the words are of as much importance as the melodies to which they are chanted. "The Wind" is a piece that could be played to any modern audience that cares for beauty, romance and poetry. It needs only two actors—a man and a woman—and it rises quietly and swiftly to an extraordinarily tragic situation. Among the shorter pieces is one, "The Lion-Goddess," whose inspiration we seem to be able to trace. As Stevenson built his story of a trapped man out of a curious old door he found in a French town, so Lady Margaret Sackville appears to have been struck by the tragic air of a great temple of Ancient Egypt, with its hot stones shining in silence and mystery in the white, burning sunlight. It gave her the impression of some secret rite of horror, as she passed down the hushed, empty colonnade towards the shrine. So she pictures a man ending his long pilgrimage in death, rent to pieces by the lions kept in the centre of the temple. It is a curious, impressive study.

THE GROWTH OF A SOUL. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. 3s. 6d. net. (William Rider.)

During the last two years over twenty volumes of translations of Strindberg have appeared, so that we have now, at any rate, an opportunity of knowing something of the substance of his work and art. To us in England the most interesting and significant part of this work is contained in the various autobiographical volumes, in which he has ruthlessly exposed his soul; he idealises nothing; he fearlessly pictures his life as a sign, not an example, and lets us know as far as he can each spiritual and material experience. This volume recounts his University life; it is filled with the usual complaints of an ardent young man against his teachers and their academic outlook on life, an impatient desire for actual experience, and a readiness to try everything; he is remarkably fair in his self-criticism, though he never loses the conviction that he has great powers if he can only find his true rôle. His wanderings

between Upsala, the University, and Stockholm are a little difficult to follow, but his experiences were obviously very varied, and he is able to interest us in the different people he met. We understand something of his home life, his commonplace brothers and sisters, and the strong personality of his father. There is nothing very new in the talk and discussions of the various young men; there is the usual exaggeration, illuminated at times by brilliant insight. Strindberg states more than once in this volume that he was often in love, but it is evident that, during this period, woman played no real part in his life. Strindberg's character is always interesting, but it has none of the charm which is inseparable from true genius, however wayward that genius may be. In reading certain passages, one is tempted to say "things do not happen so."

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. W. COLLINS & SONS.

The comparatively small size of "The Nation's Library" series forbids anything like an exhaustive treatment of the subjects with which the different volumes deal, but within the limited space at his disposal Mr. H. H. Bassett has produced an excellent sketch of **British Commerce** (1s. net). His words are always to the point, and he has found room to make numerous suggestions for the development of our national trade, which, it can hardly be doubted, will be accepted by all his readers. One of the suggestions upon which he lays much stress is the formation of a Ministry of Commerce. This proposal, of course, is not new, but Mr. Bassett puts the case with exceptional clearness, and his exposition of the argument that British manufacturers should not have to depend for their information upon the conditions in foreign countries upon the Consular Reports, "edited at the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade," is in every way excellent. Another subject to which Mr. Bassett, in common with many other people, pays great attention is the reform of our educational system. He is, perhaps, inclined to favour an unduly "bread-and-butter" type of education, but he does not fall into the error, which so many business men make, of supposing that no education is any good which is not strictly confined to the imparting of commercial and trade knowledge, and he pays a very high tribute to the advantages possessed by the university-trained man who applies himself to a commercial career. Finally, Mr. Bassett sums up his remedies as falling under two main headings—national organisation and national education, and ends with the warning that we must give up the idea that "our commerce is a sort of national milch cow, to be taxed and turned about at the pleasure of any Party that happens to be in power, and, as it were, divinely immune from the evils that arise from unskilled guidance."

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There is a certain class of reader which has an amiable weakness for novels written in the epistolary manner. To our mind it is a curious taste, but it is only fair to admit that it is seldom gratified, when one takes into consideration the vast quantity of novels written in the orthodox style. **Joan's Green Year**, by E. L. Doon (6s.), is a very favourable specimen of its type, and no doubt quite a number of people will pardon its lack of construction and its frequent long-windedness for the sake of its insight into character and its admirable descriptions of life in a quiet English farmhouse. The story told in this series of letters presents the eternal triangle situation in its simplest guise, but it has the supreme merits of simplicity and naturalness, and the letters also abound in pleasant anecdotes and in happy turns of phrase. We congratulate Miss Doon upon a very likeable piece of work.

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*All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the
Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before
any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*

News Notes.

The April BOOKMAN will be a Spring Double Number and a H. G. Wells Number in one, and will contain a fully-illustrated article on "H. G. Wells: The Man and His Work," by Thomas Seccombe. In addition to the usual features, and to special articles and reviews, it will include a large illustrated Supplement dealing with the new books of this Season.

Mr. H. G. Wells has collected a new volume of his miscellaneous essays under the title of "An Englishman Looks at the World," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Everybody who cares for what is finest in modern literature will welcome "Poetry and the Renaissance of Wonder," by Theodore Watts-Dunton, which Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing this month. Critics and students of his work have for long past been appealing to Mr. Watts-Dunton to reissue these

two masterly studies in book form, and we are glad that he has at length acceded to their request.

Mr. Lindsay Bashford, whose new novel, "Splendrum," was published last month by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, has been literary editor of the *Daily Mail* since 1906. He was for some time Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Bordeaux, and his last year's book, "Everybody's Boy," was a deeply interesting and suggestive study of public school education. In "Splendrum" he tells a powerful dramatic story of a strife between the differing ideals of a father and son. It is essentially a story of to-day, touching on the labour problem and other of the most prominent social and political movements of the hour; its shrewd characterisation, the tragic doom of the father, the mighty man of business, and the subtle atmosphere of romance that envelops it all, make "Splendrum" one of the most brilliant and attractive novels the new year has brought us.

We would direct the attention of those who are interested in our Prize Competitions to an announcement in our advertisement columns of Prizes offered for Temperance Songs and Hymns. The existing songs and hymns of this kind are, on the

whole, a deplorable lot, and we sympathise with the Temperance Association that is making this laudable attempt to obtain something better.

Mr. John Murray is publishing "The Historical Record of the Imperial Visit to India in 1911-12." It has been compiled from official sources, and is illustrated with numerous photogravure plates and coloured and other pictures.

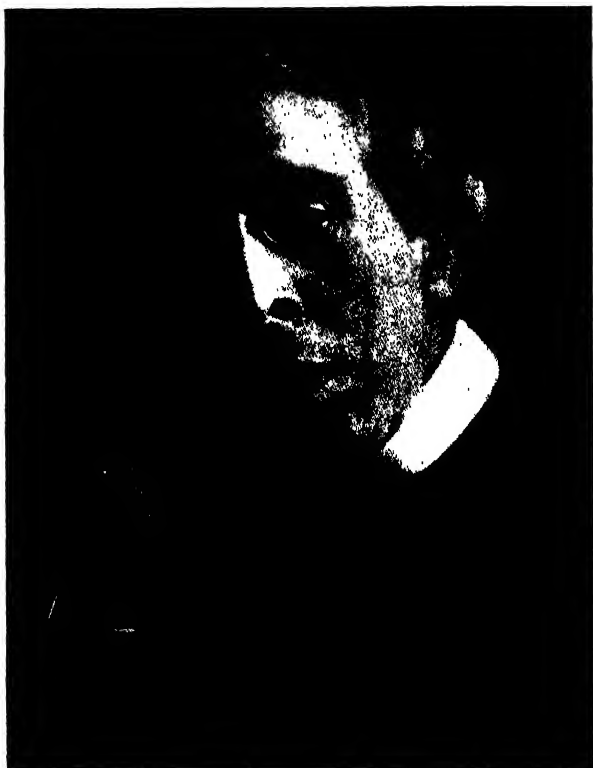


Photo by Florence Vandamme. **Mr. I. Zangwill,**
whose new book, "The Melting Pot" (Helmemann) is reviewed on page 315.

In "The Pursuit of Spring," which Messrs. Nelson & Sons are publishing, Mr. Edward Thomas has written the record of a March and April pilgrimage from London to the Quantocks. The book will be illustrated with six drawings by Mr. Ernest Hazlehurst.

Miss Laurence Morton is engaged on a book about the south of Cornwall, her purpose being to reveal the odd nooks and corners of that delightful district and take the reader into picturesque and interesting byways that the guide-book invariably ignores. Miss Morton's first book, "Sanctuary," was published by Messrs. Jarrold last year and met with a very favourable reception.

A second series of "The Lord Advocates of Scotland," by Mr. George W. T. Ormond, will be published this month by Mr. Andrew Melrose. It is over twenty years since the first series made its appearance.

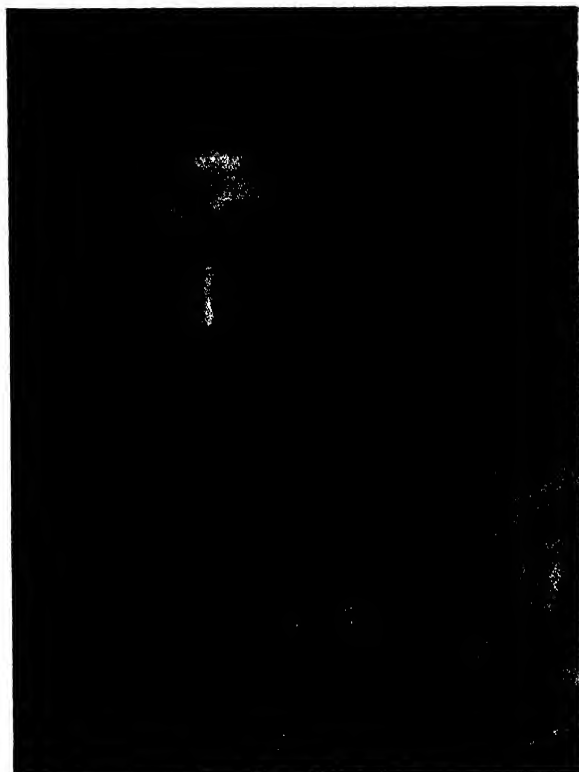


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Dixon Scott,

the brilliant young critic, whose book of essays, "The Innocence of Bernard Shaw," will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Under the able editorship of Mr. B. W. Matz, "The Dickensian," the organ of the Dickens Fellowship, continues to maintain its freshness and interest. The ninth volume is before us, and when one remembers how much has been written about Dickens, and that this magazine has been making him its exclusive subject for the last nine years, it is



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. H. E. Morgan,

whose striking book on "The Dignity of Business" has just been published by Messrs. Ewart, Seymour. Mr. Morgan is the leading spirit of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, and is President of the Sphinx Club.

**Mr. Jack London,**

whose new novel, "The Valley of the Moon" (Mills & Boon), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

surprising how much new and interesting material has remained to be gathered up into this latest volume. There is a monthly list of new editions of Dickens, and of new books published about him, and a diary of meetings held each month of which he is the subject. The editor's notes and criticisms are another admirable feature, and, dipping in at random, one finds articles on "Dickens and Ainsworth," "Alfred Austin and Dickens," "Edgar Allen Poe on Barnaby Rudge," "Dickens Relics

**Mr. W. L. George,**

whose new book, "The Making of an Englishman" (Constable), is reviewed elsewhere in this Number.

in New York," "In France with Dickens," "Where was Little Bethel?"—articles and letters on various aspects of Dickens's work and life, and on the new discoveries of fact concerning him or his characters that are still being made. The magazine is a perfect mine of quaint, out-of-the-way, helpful information, and a continuous criticism of, and enquiry into, Dickensian lore that no lover of the Master can afford to be without.

*Photo by U.S.A. Studios.***Mrs. Alice Perrin,**

whose brilliant novel of Indian life, "The Happy Hunting Ground," is reviewed on page 328.

Mr. Henry Baerlein, whose life of Abu'l Ala, the Syrian, has just been added to Mr. Murray's "Wisdom of the East" series, has written a novel in the ironical vein, "London Circus," and Mr. Fifield is publishing it immediately.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish this month a new and important biography by Clare Jerrold, entitled "The Story of Dorothy Jordan." From her birth to her death mystery surrounded the life of this renowned actress, who was for twenty years the mistress of the Duke of Clarence (William IV.). Mrs. Jerrold has had access to interesting letters and private papers, and shows Mrs. Jordan as the centre of a large family group, both paternal and maternal; solves the doubts concerning her parents' marriage, also the time and place of her birth; details the terms upon which she lived with Clarence, and shows the reason for their separation, the true

story of the calamities which fell upon her one after the other, and why she was so tragically exiled to France ; gives documentary evidence as to her death, a point of dispute with her previous biographers, and includes some hitherto unpublished illustrations.

We congratulate Mr. Dent on his new venture, "The Wayfarers' Library." The first twelve volumes—a varied and excellent selection—reach us too late for detailed notice in this issue, but we hope to give them adequate attention next month.

London Survivals," a new book by Mr. P. H.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds,

whose delightful volume of short stories, "The Relations," was published last month by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

Ditchfield, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen, illustrated with over a hundred drawings by Mr. Wratten, the artist and architect who, with his partner, Mr. Godfrey, removed Crosby Hall from Bishopsgate Street and re-erected it at Chelsea. This book completes the hundredth volume written or edited by Mr. Ditchfield, who has himself contributed several volumes to the admirable "Memorials of the Counties of England" series, of which he is the general editor.

In his new novel, "When Ghost Meets Ghost" (Heinemann), Mr. William De Morgan reverts to his fier, happier manner. The story is largely of idon life, and in length exceeds any other book

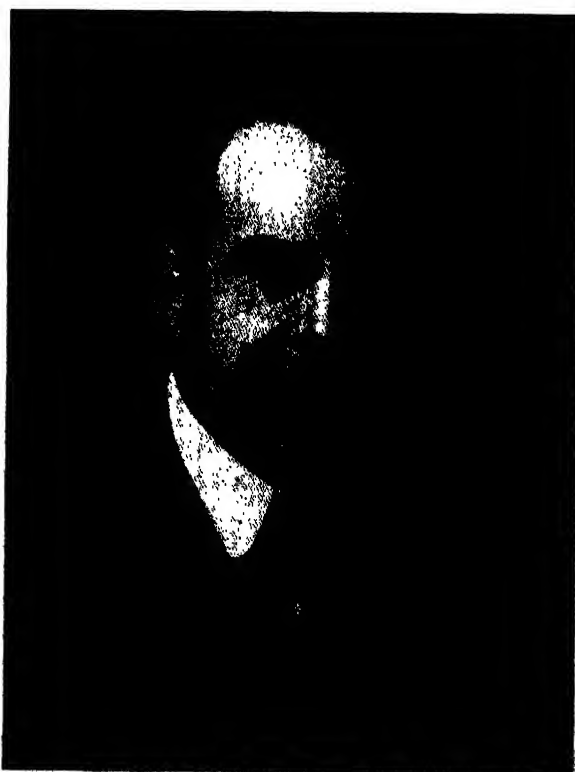


Mr. T. R. Evans,

the Welsh poet, whose prose play, "Barn y Brodyr" (The Voice of the Brethren), presented by Mr. Rathmell Wilson for The Drama Society, was acted in Welsh at the Rehearsal Theatre last month.

another month, so that he may have time to get through with his reading conscientiously.

"An Absent Hero," a new novel by Mrs. Fred Reynolds, will be published shortly by Messrs. Mills and Boon. The hero, as the title suggests, makes no appearance in the story, but the reader becomes intimately acquainted with him through the side-lights cast on his personality by the doings and conversations of the other characters.



Mr. Munson Havens,

whose new novel, "Old Valentines," Messrs. Constable are publishing shortly.

he has written. It makes well over 400,000 words, and we hear tragic things of reviewers who have attempted to deal with it as an average novel and read it at a sitting. Mr. De Morgan is not amenable to such treatment, and our own reviewer has had to suspend his judgment for

We published last month, illustrating our review of Mr. Arthur Grant's "In the Old Paths" (Constable), a drawing by Mr. E. H. New of Coleridge's Birthplace. It might well have illustrated that volume, which deals with the homes and haunts of our English poets and men of letters, but as a fact it is the frontispiece from Professor Knight's "Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country," published by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Both books were printed by Mr. Brendon, of Plymouth, and, in response to our application, Mr. Brendon, who is now very penitent, sent us this block in error as one out of "In the Old Paths." It is a unique drawing that Mr. Elkin Mathews secured by a rather happy



Photo by Stuart.

Miss Ella MacMahon,

whose new novel, "The Job," Messrs. Nisbet are publishing.

accident. Whilst "Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country" was being written for him he discovered by chance that a neighbour of his at Chorley Wood, Mrs. H. Goldie Wilson, was born in the room that had been Coleridge's birthplace. Her father had been the chaplain-priest of Ottery St. Mary, and she happened to have a rough sketch that he had made of the vicarage, and it was from this that Mr. New produced a finished drawing in his own characteristic manner. The end of the vicarage shown in this drawing was pulled down some time ago, and the rough sketch of it by Mrs. Wilson's father was the only existing record of the house as it as it used to be when Coleridge knew it.

"The Way of the Strong," a new novel by Mr. Ridgwell Cullum will be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall early this month.

Miss C. Fox-Smith, whose striking volume of Chanties, "Songs in Sail," (Elkin Mathews), were reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN, is the daughter of the late Richard Smith, a well-known barrister, of Manchester. She has published four other volumes, including "Songs of Britain," "The Foremost Trail," and "Lancashire Hunting Songs," and has completed a new novel, "The City of Hope," which Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson have just published.



*Photo by D. R. Jones,
Manchester.*

**Miss Cicely
Fox-Smith.**

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are publishing "The Life of Matthew Prior," by Mr. Francis Bickley. Prior was a brilliant and attractive personality, as well as a charming writer of light verse, and a study of him and his work at the hands of Mr. Bickley is a book we look forward to with interest.



Miss L. M. Montgomery,

whose new novel, "The Golden Road," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Lord Redesdale has translated Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain's brilliant study "Immanuel Kant," and the book is to be published this month by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing a new collection of essays, "The Highways to Happiness," by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne.

"The Crimson Mascot," a romance by Mr. Charles E. Pearce, will be published next week by Mr. Stanley Paul.

The portrait of Mr. Masfield on our cover is from a drawing by Ginsbury, which belongs to Mr. N. de Grey, who has kindly given us permission to reproduce it.

Our thanks are due also to Mr. William Strang for permitting us to reproduce his painting of "John



Mr. Sax Rhomer,
author of "The Sin" and "Séverac Bablon" (Cassell).

Masfield: *Thé Discoverer*"; and to Mr. Elkin Mathews and Messrs. Nelson, Mr. Heinemann, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Messrs. Mills & Boon, Messrs. Constable, Messrs. Nisbet, and Messrs. Cassell for assistance with the other illustrations in this number. Except for the "Salt Water Ballads," published by Mr. Grant Richards in 1902, Mr. Elkin Mathews was Mr. Masfield's earliest publisher. He has issued his "Ballads," and "A Mainsail Haul" in various editions, and "The Fancy," by Keats's friend John Hamilton Reynolds, for which Mr. Masfield wrote a long prefatory Memoir. In 1902-3 he published a series of now rare broadsheets, to

which Mr. Masfield contributed several ballads, illustrated by Mr. Jack B. Yeats, three of whose illustrations we reproduce with Mr. Mathews' permission.

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THE emoluments of letters are notoriously few. The national purse is made of a tough, unstretchable material, and is, strange to say, depleted not so much in recognition of genuine merit as of public poverty. Still, there are one or two pleasant sinecures left like the laureateship, with its tierce of canary, now converted *O tempora! O mores!* into shining coin of the realm; and the censorship of plays, with, at least, an honorarium in proportion to the dignity. After all, it is rather irksome for a man who has breathed the ease and freedom of Mayfair to sit down for a certain number of hours a day, even in an office in St. James's Palace, and read other people's plays (which are generally trash), ever ready with a blue pencil poised as if to stab to the heart any offending passage that may shock or unnerve the insular prejudice. It is an intellectual helotage that not many men would have the courage to face, for he who sits there must necessarily wear the shirt of office, which, we know, continually frets. It must be painful sometimes for the censor to reflect in his off moments when business is not so brisk, that he too was once a playwright, and never

can be one again, though he live to rival Shakespeare and Molière by virtue of his office or otherwise; for it is part of the programme of the official pantomime that the censor may not write plays any more than he may divulge the secrets of the inquisitorial chamber. We hope that Mr. Street will be kinder and more forbearing to his forsaken brethren of the quill and buskin than that notorious censor of a generation ago—the odious and contemptible Colman—who, though he wrote "profane and indecent" plays and verses, became so pious when he was appointed to the censorship, that words like "angel," "providence"—not "Provvy"—remember—and "heaven," brought a blush to his cheek, and were condemned as indelicate.

One need have no such fears with Mr. Street. He will wield the rod of censorship as lightly and as gracefully as he wields the pen. It is significant to reflect that when the appointment was announced in the newspapers there was hardly a dissentient voice. It gave Fleet Street an opportunity to pay a sincere, if somewhat belated, compliment to one of our most distinguished critics and essayists, who is not only a

lineal literary descendant of "Elia" in his gentler and more intimate moods, but a modern "Elia," with a dash of "Max" and the traditions of Oxford and Piccadilly. Mr. Street is a much younger man than his photographs would lead one to suppose, but then the photographic libel—we know it well! It is responsible for our ideas of the poets who smile angelically from the frontispieces of bijou editions, without a wrinkle, without one lock the less, although we know that they too grow grey and wrinkled, if not old, like other mortals, but the photographs of celebrities, like their portraits, are among those comfortable illusions which we would rather cherish than face the cold reality! It may sound barbarous, but one grows weary of the beautiful Byron and the seraphic Shelley; of the bookish Keats and the Burns of Nasmyth. It is certainly pretty and poetic, but is it real? Would you not like to see Byron, by way of a change, when he had grown stout, and had shed the glory of his hair; the world-worn Shelley as we know him in his poems; the Keats of reality, instead of the Keats of romance; Burns driving the plough through the stubborn glebe, half-hidden in the Ayrshire mists? Vain regrets! We shall never know but one side of the picture.

Mr. Street—to come back to the subject—is not a poet, but that is surely no reason why the photographer should make him look ten years older than he really is. I expected to find a sage: I shook hands with Youth. It is difficult to realise that the author of "Ghosts of Piccadilly" was born in 1867, and was one of the literary gems that found a setting by that arch-discoverer of talent, W. E. Henley, in the pages of *The National Observer*. I have compared the censor to "Elia." It is a large compliment in these days, when the new school has set the fashion of artificiality; when writers of charm and distinction are afraid to be frank and intimate, lest they may be accused of revealing too much emotion. Wear the mask of indifference by all means, and you will be praised for a gentlemanly reserve; but if you drag your soul into the limelight you will be shouted down, politely, of course, in the comedy of manners. Lamb was not ashamed of his emotions; he spoke to us quite frankly about himself; he took us into the inner sanctuary which we know was a fountain of tears, and yet we doff our hats to the memory of "Elia." *Autres temps, autres mœurs!*

I am more interested in Mr. Street as a critic and a commentator than as a novelist. Frankly, his novels do not appeal to me as novels. As satires they are excellent.

"The Trials of the Bantocks" is a mild chronicle of mild people who are too correct to be vitally interesting. Mrs. Bantock is one of those heavy comedians who are too busy preserving their dignity to afford either comment or amusement. "The Wise and the Wayward" left me wondering at the self-complacency and ineptitude of people who live in country houses at the rate of £10,000 a year. Perhaps I am tainted with a hopeless democracy, but, personally, I prefer a peck of real life to a bushelf of artificial comedy. But Mr. Street is merely an amused spectator. He does not take these people seriously. He is elsewhere in some dim Bohemia, where the mummers cannot pursue, conversing with the shades of Congreve and the older dramatists, looking from the wings at a more eager drama. Listen to this intimate confession; it is from one of his essays called "Backstairs":

"On me the stage door, up some narrow alley for choice, the dim porter's lair, and the cramped staircase, never pall. I trust sincerely that, even if I am ever rich and famous, no actor will ever suggest coming to see *me*, or appoint his club or private house for a rendezvous. I can go to clubs or private houses any day; for me the stage door! You go up the narrow alley, curiously eyed—and *that's* a pleasure!—by sympathetic loafers; you push open the stage door—it opens to the palm like the doors of a stage!—the porter, or whatever the attendant there is called, sends up your card grudgingly, as one who guards the privacy of a great man; another man beckons mysteriously from above; you go up the narrow staircase, and follow him along a passage, where—who knows?—

some charming lady in her "make-up" may frou-frou past you; a gentle tap—you are admitted to the sacred room. And let that room, I beg, always be a dressing-room. I love the grease-pots and the paint-pots. I love the looking-glasses and the litter. I love to see the actor change before my eyes, as we talk, and I shall never forget the pleasure I had, when one, gentlest and most amiable of mortals, turned suddenly and confronted me in a fierce Syrian beard, and eyebrows to match. Ah, the stage door, and behind the scenes! The mystery, the intimacy, the infinite suggestion! Gently, gently, my muse, we are men of letters."

The "gently, gently," does it. It is in essays like "Backstairs," "My Spectacles," and "The House of Commons," that he has caught to a marvel the spirit and atmosphere of Lamb, without the reproach either of imitation. Let him sit a little longer conversing with the spirit of "Elia." He is one of the few moderns who can respond to the slippered ease of Lamb, an art than cannot be acquired. The critical work of Mr. Street is informed with the same personal charm of his more intimate essays. He has prejudices, it is true,

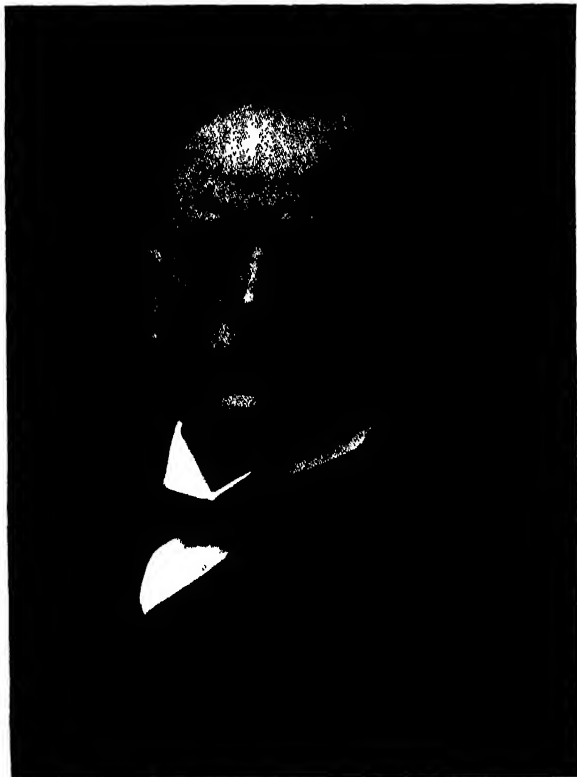


Photo by K. O. Hopff.

Mr. G. S. Street.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

but we are happily spared them in favour of his predilections. He calls us back from the narrow stage of dwarfs and pygmies to the spacious world of giants. Mr. Street, I fancy, is only externally a modern: at least, so I gather from his books. He has his heroes in Congreve, Fielding, Sterne, Trollope, Horace Walpole, Selwyn and Fox; Lady Sarah Lennox, and the "Great Duchess" are among the notables who pirouette about his pages. The satire of Creevy, who sucked scandal even from lilies, has a rich flavour; and there is Byron, the greatest of them all, whom he has visualised not only in "Ghosts of Piccadilly" in the most tender and sympathetic light; but the subject is a fruitful one, and he returns to it in other books. Indeed, his enthusiasm for Byron and the Byron tradition is only equalled by that of the most scholarly champion of the poet, Mr. R. E. Prothero. One recalls the famous passage in "Ghosts of Piccadilly," where he depicts the poet limping into his carriage, his beautiful, pale face, without

the light which, as Walter Scott said, was a thing to dream of, when London had closed its doors on him, and Italy, that "Paradise of exiles," received him. Mr. Street has a picturesque eye for such episodes.

I had almost forgotten one of the most characteristic of Mr. Street's books. I mean "The Autobiography of a Boy," a satirical chronicle of the vagaries of a young man about town, just down from Oxford. It is very amusing, but I do not care for it so much as I care for some other things of Mr. Street's. It is ultra cynical—the sort of cynicism that was worn as a pose—but then again, that was the spirit of the "nineties," when Oscar Wilde led the fashion, and Whistler followed in his train. I prefer "Episodes." The wit is more sparkling; there is a note of experience in it that is lacking in the earlier book. There are other essayists, of course, with charm and individuality, but—will you forgive the pun?—they are not in the same Street!

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

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THE READER.

JOHN MASEFIELD: A TENTATIVE ANALYSIS.

BY FRANCIS BICKLEY.

ALTHOUGH all poetry is ultimately the expression of a personality, the literalness of the expression varies according to the poet's moral attitude towards his own temperament. A pagan and a puritan, for instance, may be equal sensualists by nature, but they will write of love in very different strains. The self-expression of one will be direct, while that of the other will be complicated by remorse. And while similar motives will drive dissimilar men in different directions, dissimilar motives will drive them in identical directions; thus, one man is urged to the praise of physical pleasure by the joy of life, another by disgust. Art, therefore, has more than one relation to the artist. It may be an ecstasy, an expiation, or an escape.

Accurately to appreciate the art of Mr. John Masefield, to realise what it implies as well as what, so far, it actually is, one must understand the poet's inner adjustment. For here, obviously, is a case in which the superficial characteristics of the work are no sufficient index to the nature of the man. Whatever has moved him to treat of situations not usually dealt with by poets, and to employ words and phrases hitherto in recent years, at all events—excluded from the vocabulary of their art, it is clearly no innate coarseness. The impression left by his work as a whole is that it emanates from a mind of almost morbid refinement. One does not for a moment believe that Mr. Masefield loves his oaths and adulteries; that he rejoices, as Mr. Kipling might rejoice, in his foul-mouthed ruffians. He loathes them with a loathing which comes near fanaticism. Perhaps no poet since Shelley has had a stronger instinct for what is beautiful and fine, a more uncompromising hatred of the base. "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow in the Bye-Street" are the cries of a sensitive nature tortured by the world's ugliness.

Many men, who find life ugly and are also artists, turn from life altogether and shut themselves in the palaces of their own imaginations; but their art pays for their comfort by a loss of reality. It is Mr. Masefield's distinction to have the temperament which longs for escape, and to have resisted its promptings. John Davidson, in his finest poem, wrote of the poet as "A martyr for all mundane moods to tear."

To such a temperament as

Mr. Masefield's, Davidson's phrase is specially applicable. The greatest poets, though aware of the uttermost evil, have a mastery of life and mood which gives them confidence, a divine assurance that they can build the world anew. Then there are those who accept defeat. Verlaine, for instance, has sung the ecstasy of surrender. He reacted from fleshiness to piety, and back again, but the mood whose turn had come for celebration was accepted with a whole heart; he revelled in remorse. Mr. Masefield has not the strength of the greatest, but he will neither turn from life nor let it master him. A moral quality, not any intellectual pride, urges him to the struggle. There is a good deal of the puritan in him; and more of that characteristic element of modern literature—the social conscience. Desiring spiritual beauty for mankind as well as for himself, he will not solace himself with sensuous beauty (which he also loves) in a world where he finds spiritual ugliness paramount; and although he cannot rise triumphant and give the world a new spiritual beauty untainted and untroubled by the vile, he does not relax the struggle even in the moment of creation.

This duality, this equal, swaying conflict between two instincts, makes his work extraordinarily interesting, beautiful and unsatisfactory. He is at once the loftiest and most imperfect of living poets. His early writings, though his least significant, are his most accomplished. In them he limited himself, in the main, to those things which appealed to his instinct for actual beauty.

Verse and prose, lyric and yarn, are full of vivid hues and jewels and precious metals; while his own experience lends them actuality, so that they have the smell of salt and tar in them as well as the "colours and haunted mists of romance," and a pervasive desire for a less tangible beauty gives them something more than sensuous significance. Then that desire increased, and those lesser aims ceased to content him. "I will not apologise for having been young," he says in the preface to the new edition of "Ballads." The assertion is itself an apology. And writing of "A Mainsail Haul" in a letter to William Sharp (which, since it has been published, there can be no indiscretion in quoting) he says: "The mood in which I wrote the tales you like has gone from me and I am afraid I shall be unable to write others of the

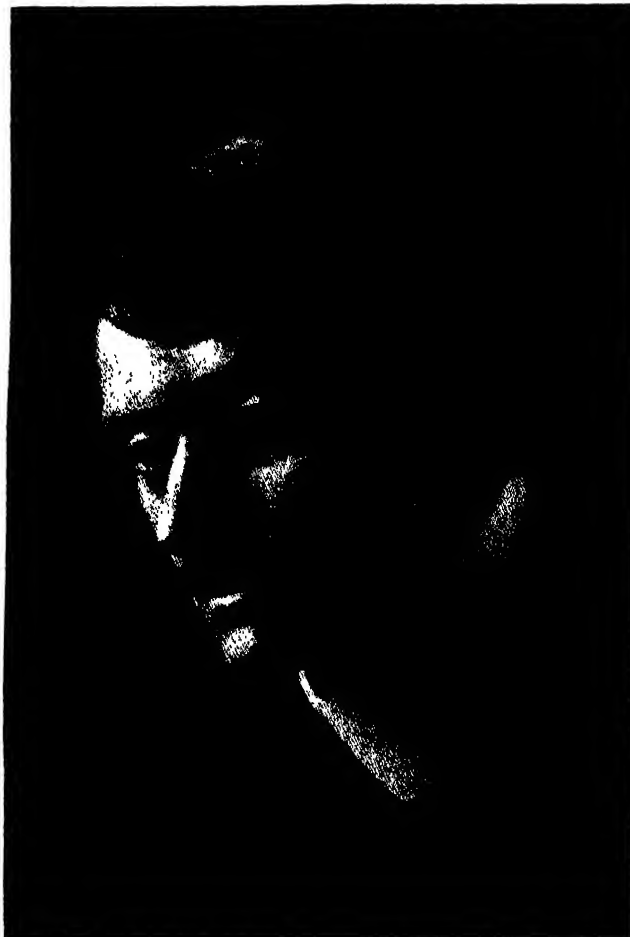


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

John Masefield.

same kind." In "Multitude and Solitude" he has told the story of a man who tires of art and seeks poignant reality among the victims of sleeping sickness. So the author, convinced of the futility of cultivating a little plot of loveliness when a whole world needs beautifying, has turned to the destruction of ugliness.

If beauty is to reign in the world, ugliness must first be destroyed; but it is a question whether the artist should have anything to do with the work of destruction. Should he not, rather, by creating pure beauty, inspire others to the task? An answer to this question would involve a discussion of the essentials of art, and of the relations of art to life and to the problems of its own time. Here it can only be empirically pointed out that the most cogent literature of the present day does contain an element of criticism. At a time when our ideas about life are in a state of reconstruction, it is absurd to seek a hard and fast definition of one of its functions. We cannot, with the help of a dogma, rule the work of Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw out of existence. If we premise that that work is not art, we shall have to admit that, whatever we call it, it is, for good or evil, more significant than any art which is at present being produced. Moreover, such books as those of Mr. Wells—one of the most creative imaginations of our day—or of Mr. Galsworthy—who is more than a little of a mystic—are far from being mere transcripts of contemporary fact. They are as truly informed by the ideal as any romantic poem.

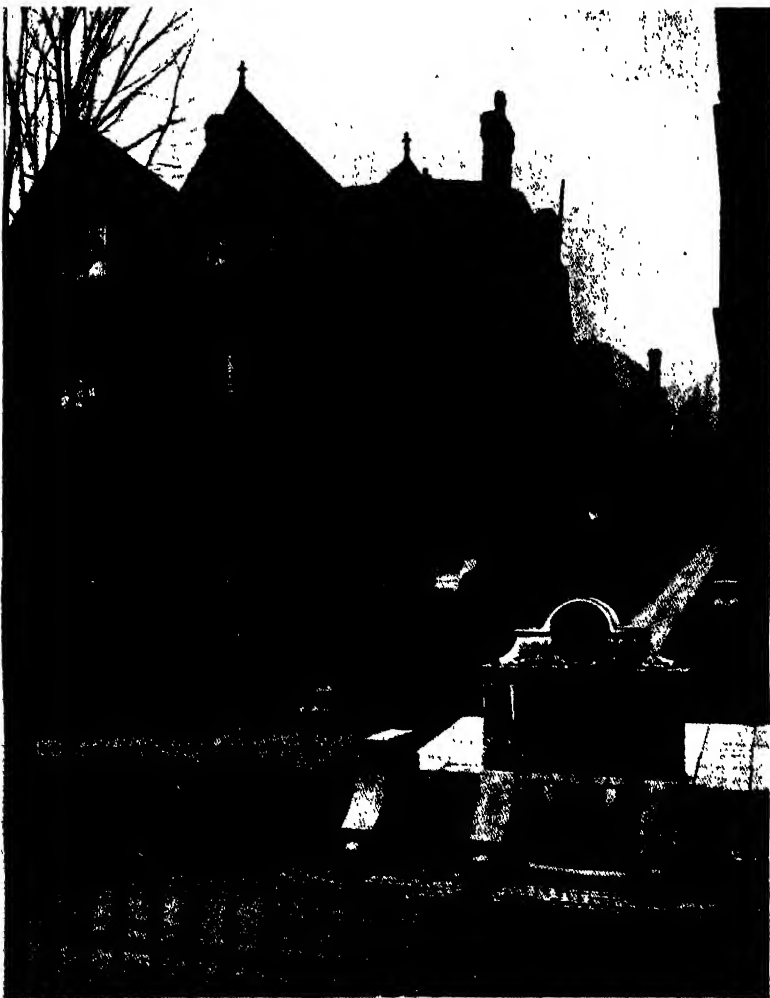
The difference between these men and Mr. Masfield is that while they are working in their natural and

perhaps their only possible media, he never seems, in his realistic work, to be quite at home. Almost everything he has yet done, except his early poems and stories, is tentative. That he has used most literary forms is in itself an indication of restlessness and dissatisfaction. The struggle between his instinct to shun ugliness and seek beauty, and his conviction that ugliness must be fought and not fled, has a distracting and disintegrating effect on all his work. Neither of these elements in his character will be ignored, but so long as they are at war with one another, his art can never have that power which only comes of confidence and certainty of direction. Mr. Masfield's recent work is the effect of his endeavour to reconcile his contending factions; to fuse them so that they become parts of one whole, as earth-laden root and sun-kissed blossom are parts of one whole.

No man living has a finer idealism than Mr. Masfield. However imperfect his achievement, he commands our reverence to a greater degree than many more powerful writers. Compare, for instance, "The Street of To-Day" with "The New Machiavelli"—a possible comparison, for both are passionately concerned with one of the most momentous of modern issues: the conflict, in men of the "social conscience" and feminist sympathies, between their ideals and things as they socially and sexually are. "The New Machiavelli" is magnificent; one of the two English works of this century, the other being "The Dynasts," which has that bigness of conception and design which belongs to the great epics of the world. "The Street of To-Day" is a

failure. Yet Mr. Wells, in spite of his breadth of vision and constructive idealism, falls short, in some indescribable way, of the quality of uncompromising, unutilitarian fineness which compels respect for Mr. Masfield's faulty and sometimes irritating story.

But a work of art must compel more than respect. We may respect a religion in the teaching of which we do not believe, but it will nevertheless have failed for us as a religion. And a work of art will have failed if it has not convinced us of its truth. Most of Masfield's works—his more ambitious works—do not carry full conviction; neither "The Street of To-Day" nor "The Tragedy of Nan" nor "The Everlasting Mercy." "The Widow in the Bye-Street" is more successful. "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great" is different. In the first three of these, the effort, the struggle, is too obvious. Even their style is significant. That Mr. Masfield is still capable of the fresh and brilliant, if somewhat staccato, art of his earlier years is proven by many a passage; but he has grown careless of language: so that he will often use slipshod or cacophonous phrases, mean, inept or outworn words, redundancies for the sake of rhyme, and superfluous, insignificant similes; forgetting that literature, whether it be the "Nativity Ode" or the "Wraggle Taggle Gipsies," is as dependent on good writing as a picture on good painting. The short sentences, sometimes reduced to phrases and



13, Well Walk. Mr. Masfield's house at Hampstead.

even single words, undeniably create, especially in dialogue, an effect of actuality; but they seem to reflect a mind uncertain of its way, advancing step by step. We miss the sweep of broad and sure conception. The narrative poems, moreover, unrestrained by the necessary economies of drama, are weakened by their prolixity.

The quickening idea of all these books is Mr. Masfield's fierce desire for a finer, more spiritual, world. He tries, by fusing his love of beauty with his sense of ugly reality, to give a direction to life. But the fusion is imperfect. We feel ourselves violently jerked backwards and forwards between a life which has even less relation to beauty than that we know, and a lyrical beauty which has very little relation to life. "The Street of To-Day,"

after rising in the first part to a point of romantic loveliness, descends in the second to crude melodrama which does violence not only to art but to psychology. "The Everlasting Mercy" displays similar sharp antitheses. Even in "The Tragedy of Nan," though it is one of the most exquisite of modern plays and a powerful piece of characterisation, there is something external and artificial in Gaffer Pearce's talk of his "vlower," which is the more to be regretted in that the innate beauty of the play renders such accentuation unnecessary. This lack of unity gives the works in question an appearance of *pastiche*, which wrongs the sincerity underlying them.

It is as though Mr. Masfield were attempting a task beyond his strength. These writings, especially "The Street of To-Day" and "The Everlasting Mercy," seem to show the strain of overtaxed powers. There is something fretful, almost hysterical, in them, and a hint of hopelessness. They have none of the calm of mastery. "Work so calm as his," writes Mr. Masfield of Shakespeare, "can only have come from a happy nature, happily fated." Remembering his own works, one finds a wistfulness in this statement. His is not "a happy nature, happily fated." He is an idealist with imperfect confidence in his ideals. He has known the beauty of dreamland, but cannot return thither; nor, if he could, would its pleasant pastures content him. He desires too passionately, for himself and the world, that more spiritual beauty. He has seen, as in a vision, the house of to-morrow. But the squalor of the street of to-day encompasses him, its stench fills his nostrils, its discords his ears. He pities the dwellers in the street; but his



Photo by Elliot & Fry.

John Masfield.

loathing sometimes masters his pity.

Therefore his handling of life is uncertain. Now he grasps it violently; now shrinks from it with abhorrence. Hence his unconvincing transitions, his misplaced lyricism and mechanical crudities. In his criticisms of Defoe and the Restoration lyrists he has written of what is base in them with a sort of brooding intolerance. In his study of Shakespeare, he has found an obsession to be the theme of many of the plays. He is himself obsessed by the evil of the world of men. Sometimes he seems to make no difference between what is wrong with civilisation and what is essential to nature, as in his morbid treatment of sex in "The Street of To-Day." Henley used to talk about the "farce of sex." Mr. Masfield seems to consider it a tragedy. There is truth in both

these points of view but neither is anything like comprehensive.

The deliberate brutality of both the story and the language of "The Everlasting Mercy" is symptomatic of Mr. Masfield's attitude. But here, perhaps, a literary influence is also at work. "It may almost be said," wrote Synge, in a famous preface, "that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal." The passage contains a dangerous half-truth, and one is liable to forget the qualifying "almost." It is true that, as he says a few lines earlier, "the strong things of life are needed in poetry," and that they had gone from it during the nineteenth century. But only a weak man confuses strength and brutality. There is nothing brutal, though there is strength and hardness, in Synge's own great plays, nor in the best of his poetry, only in one or two not very successful epigrams. He was a dying man when he wrote that preface. There is no reason why brutality, any more than any other quality, should not find artistic expression; but the brute, no less than the poet, is born and not made. You cannot learn his nature, though you may imitate his swagger.

Without asserting that Mr. Masfield has deliberately accepted Synge's suggestion, one may perhaps see its effect in "The Everlasting Mercy." Mr. Masfield was a friend of Synge's; and the Irish dramatist had just that concentration and certainty of his end which is lacking to Mr. Masfield and would be likely to impose itself on a more fluid nature. The English writer is manifestly susceptible to such influences. His earlier



Drawn by Jack B. Yeats.

Port of Holy Peter.

"The blue lagoon rots and quivers,
Dull, gurgling eddies twist and spin."

Illustration to a ballad by John Masefield, contributed to "A Broad Sheet," published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, 1902-3.



Frontispiece by
Jack B. Yeats.

From "A Mainsail Haul," by John Masefield (Elkin Mathews).



Drawn by Jack B. Yeats.

Treasure.

"The morn came white and ghostly as we laid the treasure down,
All the spoil of scuttled carricks, all the loot of Lima town."

Illustration to a ballad by John Masefield, contributed to "A Broad Sheet," published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, 1902-3.

poetry, though sufficiently individual, shows how well he had learned the melodies of the nineties. Synge's influence again might be found in "The Tragedy of Nan," though the imaginative enrichment of simple life is a characteristic as native to Mr. Masefield as to him who wrote "The Playboy"; and it may be recalled that the author of "Salt-Water Ballads" was an unfeigned disciple of Mr. Kipling.

Anyway, these questions of influence may well be left to the literary historians of the future. For us, the interesting point is to note that Mr. Masefield has indeed "learned to be brutal," or rather learned the manners of the brute, and to consider whether he has profited by the knowledge. For reasons already stated, "The Everlasting Mercy" is not an unqualified success. Its brutality fails because the beauty which should underlie it shines beside it and exaggerates it by contrast. The poem has passages of vigorous action, lyric loveliness and noble purpose. The fault is that its components can be so separated and labelled.

In "The Widow in the Bye-Street," on the other hand, Mr. Masefield has found his synthesis, reconciled his conflicting elements. He has steadied himself, as it were; written from his heart instead of from his nerves, in pity and not in disgust. The details of the story are as violent and unlovely as ever, but they do not stand apart in tracts of unilluminated sensationalism. The lyric note on which the poem ends is not forced, as in "The Everlasting Mercy," but is the inevitable culmination of the poet's purpose. As the story proceeds, the tragedy gradually intensifies, until it reaches a breaking-point and bursts into sheer beauty. Mr. Mase-

field has for once succeeded in yoking his restive sense of beauty to the creaking wain of life, to draw it towards the heights.

Neither of the later poems, "Dauber" and "The Daffodil Fields," is equal in this respect to "The Widow in the Bye-Street"; nor, being to some extent repetitions of a formula, are they so significant. They are of very different quality from one another. "Dauber"

is an individual and close study of character, and has the reality of atmosphere which Mr. Masefield always achieves when he writes of the sea. The descriptive passages are of the poet's finest. There is some good description also in "The Daffodil Fields," but, as a whole, it is inferior to its predecessors. Lacking interest as a story, it is far too long, and is spoilt by a spurious picturesqueness and the unreal holocaust of its climax. It will never be ranked among its author's best works, though it, too, illustrates the contrast between the eternal beauty and the transient violence which mars it.

If "The Tragedy of Nan," "The Street of To-Day" and the narrative poems are the expressions, more or less reconciled, of two elements of a complex nature, "The Tragedy of Pompey the Great" is the expression of the clash between those elements. It is, as it were, a prelude to, or an apology for, the others. The play, taken as nothing else, is a notable piece of work. Like all Mr. Masefield's plays, it has a combined richness and simplicity of which the aptest parallel is to be found in the best ballad literature. But it has also a psychological significance. The character of Pompey is of a type to

be found elsewhere in his creator's work; in Lionel Heseltine and, most notably, in Captain Margaret. He is the dreamer who is driven into action by the urgency of his ideal and is broken by contact with coarser natures and the brute facts of life. His conflicts and vacillations, his disasters and his unconquerable idealism are surely no obscure symbol of the temperament which produced "The Everlasting Mercy."

Out of Pompey's mouth, moreover, come certain sayings wherein what is most significant in Mr. Masefield's attitude is crystallised. A good deal is written nowadays about "art for life's sake," "art as the expression of life." The questions prompted by these phrases are, of course, what precisely is meant by life? and is all life, whatever its quality, of equal value? Mr. Masefield makes a distinction. No one has broken more definitely with the drawing-room manners of the Victorians than he, or proclaimed by bolder example that

life in all its varieties may be the subject-matter of poetry. But the sentiments of his Pompey may be taken as his own. "Life is nothing. It is the way of life which is so much." And again: "Life requires a dignity."

These statements scarcely constitute a theory of life, but a poet has little use for the precision of philosophy. We apprehend his idealism rather as a mental atmosphere than as a definite outlook, and we judge it, therefore, by feeling more than by reason. The general impression left by Mr. Masefield's work is that it emanates from a mind of great austerity and sincerity; inclined (we may think) to take life a little too seriously; deficient, perhaps, in humanity—or at least too consistently negligent of the jollier peccadilloes and more venial sins; mystical, in the less technical sense; infinitely sensitive; impatient of everything but perfection.

There are a few great poets, the limits of whose powers seem co-extensive with the universe. Of the others, those who have recognised their limitations, and kept rigidly within them—provided, of course, that those limitations are not too narrow—give the most abiding satisfaction. For only with a perfect mastery of his



John Masefield.

From a drawing by Ginsbury, kindly lent by Mr. N. de Grey.

material can an artist achieve the strength and finish, the persuasiveness, which will make his work seem, within its own conventions, absolutely real. But there is something in the spectacle of the passionate idealist—aiming at the highest he can imagine, regardless of his own weakness—which can never miss its meed of admiration. The artist of this temper is bound to produce much which is faulty and unconvincing. His concrete work will live in fragments rather than as a whole. But it will have a fragrance, an emanation, which will pass into our spiritual composition, and become one of its finer elements, influencing, at length, even those who are ignorant of the written word. Such is the work of John Masefield. Full of faults as literature, it more than justifies itself as the adumbration of an ideal. His books are indeed good to read; but that which remains when details have grown vague in the memory—the soul of them—is their highest quality.

THE SEA PICTURES OF JOHN MASEFIELD.

BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

ON the twenty-fifth of May in the year nineteen hundred and ten my friend Mr. Allan Wade gave me a copy of "A Tarpaulin Muster." I wish particularly to designate this day because it is memorable to me as the date of my first introduction to the writings of John Masefield. I read this volume from cover to cover with the keenest delight, and thought then, and the impression has intensified with closer acquaintance, that these are the most charming and subtle stories of the sea that have ever been written. There are five of them that especially appeal to me and I have read them over many times, marking favourite passages on the margin of the page. There is "Edward Herries" which comes first in the book. It is not exactly a sea story but serves to attune one's mind to the pitch of appreciation for the essays that follow. Herries is a poet who has lived his life in books, surrounded by silver candlesticks and blue silk curtains. He is in love with a beautiful woman, and fancies "she wants a man with more devil in him," so he goes away for five years and leads a wild roving life to make himself more attractive to her; but on his return he finds that she has changed as well as he, that while he has become more of the world, more masterful, alas, a bit coarsened, she now lives "only in an inner temple builded of intellectual beauty." The thought of "the Spanish women he had kissed" comes between him and his love of her, and he realises when it is too late that he might have won her after all if he had stayed at home. It is a beautiful picture with just a touch of sadness. The delicate description, rather like a dry-point, of Herries altering a word in his beautifully-written sonnet from "that" to "the," and then back again to the original word, is filled with a gentle irony seldom met with; and there is real and impassioned poetry in his thought of his love: "Oh burning beauty of the world. Would I were a violet in the grass, hidden among the dead thorn leaves, that your passing foot might crush me." Does that not bring to you the fragrance of youth?

The second essay in "A Tarpaulin Muster" is called "A White Night," and would have delighted the Whistler of the Nocturnes. It begins: "Sometimes when I am idle, my mind fills with a vivid memory. Some old night at sea, or in a tavern, or on the roads, or some adventure half forgotten, rises up in sharp detail alive with meaning." Then Masefield goes on to give us a picture in grey and silver, of a haunting vagueness. I am almost afraid to try and give you in few words an outline of this gossamer-like essay, for fear my touch might destroy it. I should like just to quote its entire eight octavo pages and say no more myself, but that would be shirking a responsibility! If I can induce you to read of the mysterious red-haired stranger who is rowed ashore from a ship on a misty night, I shall have accomplished my purpose. "I thought at the time," wrote Masefield, in this delicate picture, "that the casual things in life were life's greatest mysteries." The stranger says good-night and passes out of the lives of the rowers of the boat. It is the mystery of meeting and parting in life that is brought home to us so vividly in this misty setting. Perhaps it is because the mist

has freed the mind from trivialities, that the essential things of life shape themselves with greater clearness, as one sometimes shuts the eyes to remember. And Masefield closes with a mysterious doubt: "Why such a thing should haunt me I cannot tell." Lovers of beauty do not question too closely, they accept and are grateful.

Best of all the stories in "A Tarpaulin Muster" is the one called "A Memory," and there is a paragraph in it which I would like to see printed in red:

"One has but to fill the mind, and to meditate upon a lovely thing, to pass out of this world, where the best is but a shadow, to that other world, the world of beauty."

There is in this essay a description of a sunrise on a full-rigged ship at sea, and I shall never be able to forget all the colour and sparkle of it. If "A White Night" would have delighted Whistler, "A Memory" would as surely appeal to Frank Brangwyn. I can imagine exactly how he would revel in painting "the red lead below her water line." Masefield is a man of fine enthusiasms which he is not afraid of sharing with others. "There was no man aboard of us but was filled with the beauty of that ship. I think they would have cheered her had she been a little nearer to us."

Of an entirely different sort of beauty, you get glimpses in "The Cape Horn Calm," the fourth essay which particularly appeals to me. You get the quiet of the night watch, when it is pleasant to sit by the friendly bogey stove "in the darkness among the sleepers hearing the coals click," and to make cocoa. No stay-at-home has any idea of the delicious taste of such a beverage under such circumstances!

The last essay of my five from "A Tarpaulin Muster" is by no means the least interesting. It is entitled "Being Ashore," and is told in the first person by a sailorman. You can picture him quite clearly although there is no description of him except that which comes out in his narrative, as he chuckles about not being at sea when the wind howls on a stormy night; but on a fine day it is different, and it is here that there occurs one of the most dramatic descriptions in the book, one of the grandest pictures of the ocean that I know of in literature:

"We were tearing along across a splendour of sea that made you sing. Far as one could see there was water shining and shaking. Blue it was, and green it was, and of dazzling brilliance in the sun. It rose up in hills and in ridges. It smashed into a foam and roared. It towered up again and toppled. It mounted and shook in a rhythm, in a tune, in a music."

Yes, it is to Debussy in music that one must turn for a comparison, for a kindred spirit to the Masefield of this passage, or perhaps in the artists of Japan to Hokusai's fearless wave-print.

You will gather from the foregoing that I was interested in the first book of Masefield's to come into my hands, and being a thorough sort of person with the collector's instinct fully developed, I started to get first editions of all of his books. This I was able, with some considerable difficulty, to do. I then started again on volumes to which he had contributed an introduction or a poem.



These last, with American editions, brings my collection up to sixty-five volumes, occupying about six feet of bookshelf. If I treated each of these volumes as exhaustively as I have the first, it would occupy about three complete numbers of *THE BOOKMAN*, so I must content myself with some of my especial favourites.

Of the four novels, "Captain Margaret," "Multitude and Solitude," "Lost Endeavour," and "The Street of To-day," I think I like the last one the best, but that is merely a matter of personal taste. "Multitude and Solitude" I have read more than once and found it full of interest. Then there are the plays, "Pompey the Great" and "Nan" in the latter of which Miss Lillah McCarthy made such a signal success of the title-rôle.

Masefield is nothing if not versatile, for there are the three boys' books; "A Book of Discoveries," "Martin Hyde" and "Jim Davis," which no boy between fifteen and fifty should fail to read, and of course there are the six volumes of poetry: "Salt Water Ballads," "Ballads," "The Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye-Street," "Dauber," and "The Daffodil Fields," on which his present reputation most firmly rests.

It is unnecessary for me to give you a list of all Masefield's books; moreover, I want to tell you of my first meeting with the man himself. I had been for two years in California, and while I was there I read almost all of his books, so on my return to London you can imagine that I was eager to make his acquaintance, and also his photograph; for in case you have never heard of me, I might mention in passing that I am an artist-photographer by profession, and only by the merest chance a writer of random jottings. Knowing that my friend Mr. Granville Barker was the "H.G.B." of the dedication of "A Tarpaulin Muster," I at once demanded a letter of introduction. Barker was, however, inclined to parley with me and to make terms, and I only succeeded in getting the letter from him by promising to give him one of the resulting portraits!

On a misty day in January I went with my camera to Hampstead. It was really a wonderful day, houses were like vague walls, trees like strange creatures. I found my way with difficulty, and was a few minutes late in consequence.

It was almost too dark to photograph so I sat down for a chat with Mr. Masefield hoping that it might get brighter. I had brought him a copy of my book, "New York," and he remarked how greatly the city had changed since he was over there some years ago. I have a theory that if you admire a man's work, you are almost certain to like him personally. This has never yet failed me, and John Masefield was no exception. Almost at once we began planning a book of "Ships," to which he was to write an introduction, and for which I was to make a series of photographs. This I am now at work on, and hope to complete shortly. Also I reminded Mr. Masefield of a joint contribution we had made to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, called "Liverpool: a City of Ships," consisting of an essay from his pen and nine of my pictures, and he told me an amusing fact which I had never known—that but for him one of the plates, a ship and its reflection, would have been reproduced upside down!

Then it became lighter, and I was able to make a number of negatives, one of the most successful of which is reproduced herewith.

Just one word in conclusion about a very delightful book of Masefield's, now out of print and difficult to obtain: "On the Spanish Main." Perhaps it is as well to confess and be done with it, that I have never "grown up" sufficiently to lose interest in stories of Pirates and Buccaneers, and this book simply bristles with them! Here we have the exploits of Drake, John Oxenham, Morgan, and Dampier, told with all the fidelity of a history, and all the charm of a romance; which goes to prove that there is nothing so interesting as reality, and nothing so real as an interesting book; when it is written by such an artist as John Masefield.

IN DEFENCE OF HENRY JAMES

By DIXON SCOTT.

MR. HUEFFER'S "Henry James" is a disappointing book—garrulous, slap-dash, untidy—worthy of neither of the eminent names its cover bears. But we are bound to take it seriously, partly because of the eminence of those names—because it does represent, whether bad or good, absolutely the first full-length official effort that has yet been made by English criticism to pay adequate homage to our greatest living man of letters—and partly, too, because in the course of its praises, by way of climax and crown, it claims its subject's support for a certain point of view, a certain sinister conception of humanity, which is so unutterably desolating and disquieting that one wants to denounce instantly and noisily, even although the denunciation logically necessitated (as apparently it ought to do) a melancholy revision and a gloomy damping-down of the reverence with which we have hitherto regarded Mr. James' powers of judgment and perception.

* "Henry James: A Critical Study." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

For "*cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats, all human life is there.*" Those words, says Mr. Hueffer, uttered by one of his characters, "voice Henry James' final message to humanity." "His final note is despair—that is the net result." All those beautiful books of his, from "Roderick Hudson" to "The Golden Bowl," are but a sequence of confessions of a descending series of disgusts. He ends sardonic and contemptuous, surrounded by *illusions perdues*, so well acquainted, at long last, with "the essential dirtiness of human nature" that his conception of life is now greyer and dismaller than even his early master, Turgenev's. He began (says Mr. Hueffer) by reproaching Turgenev for sadness, a rapt believer in honour and romance; he came to Europe excitedly, fondly expecting to find a Paris according to Balzac. Instead, he saw a city of stark Zola. Staggered and distressed, he sought refuge in London, among our mellow forms and high traditions—began a series of adoring studies of our literary life ("The Death of the Lion," "The Lesson of the Master," "The Next

Time"), only to discover that this life, too, had "no real existence," was but a figment of his own ingenious mind. Desperately then he turned to "the task of portraying the lives of English people who were—just people—good people, comfortably off, as a rule," and "found them just singularly nasty."

"For he gave us 'The Spoils of Poynton,' a romance of English grab; 'What Maisie Knew,' a romance of the English habit of trying to shift responsibility; 'The Turn of the Screw,' a romance of the English habit of leaving young children to the care of improper maids and salacious ostlers . . ."

And finally rebounding, "in utter desperation he essayed another pilgrimage among his own people," merely to be foiled again, merely to find that there was nothing whatever in either of the hemispheres "to shake his conviction that most people have not souls." "Half a century of pilgrimages have left him with no further message than that—that 'the soul's immortal, certainly, if you have one—but most people haven't.'" That (says Mr. Hueffer) is the trebly-tested, last opinion of the man who is the justest of our historians, and most accurate of observers, "the greatest of all living writers, and the greatest of living men," the man "who has observed human society as it now is more than anybody, and, more than anybody, faithfully rendered his observations." "His work is the exact mirror of the world we all know," and the motto engraved on it is *homo homini lupus*. . . .

Desolating? It is intolerable! And we are not going to stand it. One of two things, we insist, must be wrong. Maybe both. Either (a) Mr. Henry James is *not* the perfect observer that Mr. Hueffer claims him to be, or else, if he is, then (b) Mr. James does *not* hold

these damnatory views. Prove either or both of these and our self-respect is saved; prove either or both of them, therefore, we will. Each apparently will necessitate, as a sort of little by-product, the demolition of Mr. Hueffer as a critic. That seems a pity, but it cannot be helped. It is either Mr. Hueffer or Human Nature; and as a confirmed adorer of the latter, as a member indeed of the little circle it includes, I now advance to the absolute annihilation of the former with all the enthusiasm and alacrity in life.

I.

Let us begin with our (b), and examine, first of all, the evidence which Mr. Hueffer offers. He files two pieces of verbal testimony (and, mark you, only two). The first of these is that maddening phrase about "cats and monkeys"; the other is the peevish epigram, "the soul's immortal, if you've got one—only, most people haven't." Now, who are the actual utterers of these precious phrases? Let us be confronted by these witnesses. What are their credentials, their characters—and what is their right to be regarded as the chosen spokesmen and representatives of the man who has made, not only them, but a thousand other characters besides?

Frankly, none whatever. I find, on examination, that the no-soul *misérable* is merely that poor waster Clement Searle—the worn-out traveller, penniless and pinched, who droops and stumbles wistfully through the very earliest of all Mr. James' stories ("The Passionate Pilgrim"); his purpose there being precisely that of providing his author with an opportunity of expressing (he has himself confessed it), not any bitterness or dismay, but his private joy in England, his delight in our landscape, his deep, desirous sense of our still powers! It was to gain a sufficient accent of envy that Mr. James made poor Clement woebegone; and the no-soul stuff was just part of his make-up. And it is this feeble, feckless windlestraw—a failure from birth, and dying at last of delirium in an Oxford inn (as the result of a spectral visitation)—that Mr. Hueffer has to subpoena, out of a forty-year-old book of tales, in order to acquaint us with Mr. James' "final message to humanity"—and even then he has to make him twist his master's words.

The cat-and-monkey man is even shadier. He, too, is dug up from one of the very remotest of Mr. James' efforts—that charming experiment of his literary youth, the little fable of "The Madonna of the Future"—and he is such a mere minor there, thought of so contemptuously by his author, that he isn't even given the privilege of a name: he is just a negligible wriggle of the pen. Not only that, but he is openly discredited. "He struck me as being himself little more than an exceptionally intelligent ape," so remarks the narrator. He is used simply as a scurvy foil, a contemptible contrast to the leading figures; that very phrase of his is called "cynical and impertinent." And his evidence, like Searle's, is the completest perversion of the actual spirit and assurance of the tale.

"Look at that picture," says the true hero of the story, "and cease your irreverent mockery! Idealism is *that*! There's no explaining it; one must feel the flame. It says nothing to Nature, or to any beautiful girl, that they won't both forgive. It says to the fair woman: 'Accept me as



"Mrs. Stukeley, it's my duty to tell you that your husband is guilty."
From "Captain Margaret," by John Massfield (Nelson).



Drawn by Jack B. Yeats.

Blind Man's Vigil.

"Mumblin' under the gallows, hearing the clank o' the chain,
Hearin' the suck o' the sea as the tide goes by the stair."

From a ballad by John Masefield, contributed to "A Broad Sheet," published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, 1902-3.

your artist-friend, lend me your beautiful face, trust me, help me, and your eyes shall be half my masterpiece.' No one so loves and respects the realities of nature as the artist whose imagination intensifies them. He knows what a fact may hold—whether Raphael knew, you may judge by his inimitable portrait there—but his fancy hovers above it as Ariel in the play hovers above the sleeping prince . . ."

There, if you like, is the moral of "The Madonna," urged with all the author's eagerness and trust. That, nothing else, is what any honest mind is compelled to receive from it as the writer's deepest message. And here is Mr. Hueffer, for some dark reason of his own, falling back on the bitter jabber of the ape!

Singular, don't you think? Singular, very, that in order to give some credence to his case, Mr. Hueffer had to seek the services of this brace of wretched perjurers. And what an inexplicable thing, anyhow, it would really have been if Mr. James had entrusted his "final message" to such deputies—and entrusted it nearly half a century before he knew what it would be.

And as for the rest of the reasoning, it is shakier still. Take his summary of the English books. "He gave us 'The Spoils of Poynton,' a romance of English grab; 'What Maisie Knew,' a romance of the English habit of trying to shift responsibility; 'The Turn of the Screw,' a romance of the English habit of leaving young children in the care of improper maids and salacious ostlers." These are the sole statements upon which he bases his assertion that Mr. James found English people "people who were just singularly nasty." And each of them is fantastically false.

False, not merely in the sense of a mild detour from accuracy; but false as it would be to declare that white was black; each is an absolute inversion of the facts. "The Spoils of Poynton" was not a romance of English grab; its subject, on the contrary, as every candid reader knows, and as its author himself has actually remarked, was "not the crude love of possession; it was the need to be faithful to a trust and loyal to an ideal." Mr. Hueffer "puts it to us" that Mr. James sees Mrs.

Gereth as "a brigand." Mr. James' expressed opinion happens to be this: "Vulgar avidity," he writes, "touched her little; her *idea* was surely noble—it was that of the beauty she had so patiently and consummately wrought . . . to give up her ship was to flinch from her duty." Further, the whole motive of the tale is the slow relinquishment of this ideal in order to embrace an even finer: instead of being a history of grab, it is a history of surrender—and of surrender's finer gains. For the material "spoils" are but exchanged for a spiritual booty that shines out on us like the spoils themselves ethericalised; and the great conflagration that wipes out the visible collection is, not only the natural human conclusion, the due result of the neglect of the Brigstock's ownership, it also amounts to a serene dismissal, now that

they have served their human purpose, now that their beauty has been sublimated into the honour and fineness and integrity acquired through their instrumentality and aid, of the mere material apparatus by which we worldlings win our immaterial possessions. Mr. Hueffer calls "The Spoils of Poynton" Mr. James' most perfect piece—and, indeed, in many ways it is. And the great pyre with which it ends—Poynton going up into the sky in flame—is not only, dramatically, the supremely perfect close, it is also a blazing declaration of Mr. James' rich belief in the ultimate supremacy of the spirit: it is really a great offering of burnt sacrifices to the powers that have guided the characters to their difficult triumph of unstained honour. The Spoils are not longer needed; and so the Spoils are consumed. Fleda loses the Maltese Cross—"that marvellous crucifix of ivory, a masterpiece of delicacy, of expression"—but she enters into possession of a spiritual crucifix which will yield her finer aid and deeper joys.

And as for "What Maisie Knew" and "The Turn of the Screw,"—well, it was perhaps very cunning of Mr. Hueffer to quote the latter, for it has a tremendous reputation for inhuman grisliness, but it certainly wasn't exactly cricket. For one thing, it is quite exceptional, the only tale of its kind in the whole of James, and therefore the most unrepresentative. For another, it was explicitly an experiment in sheer fantasy—an attempt, as its author tells us, to write a good, old-fashioned thriller, an utterly irresponsible fairy-tale. "It is an excursion into chaos," says Mr. James, "while remaining, like Bluebeard and Cinderella, but an anecdote . . . it is a piece of ingenuity pure and simple, an *amusette* to catch those not easily caught." And it is *this* that Mr. Hueffer has the effrontery to assure us is "a romance of the English habit of leaving children in the care of improper maids and salacious ostlers," and a convincing proof that Mr. James found England "nasty." The other "proof"—"What Maisie Knew"—proves actually, once more, precisely the opposite proposition. Its accomplished purpose is to

show the secret beauty in apparent ugliness, and the irrepressible supremacy of "niceness." It was a deliberate purpose; it is perfectly fulfilled. Mr. James began the tale (he tells us) because he felt that in a certain group of banal facts there lay, dimly seen, "the chance of happiness and an improved state," Maisie's innocence, working by ways too fine for moral categories, "really keeping the torch of virtue alive in an air tending infinitely to smother it," and casting, by its freshness, upon the tangled, puzzled world about, those rays of truth and clear consciousness which are all that are required to reveal poetry anywhere, in anything, no matter how "singularly nasty" it may seem to pessimists or numskulls. Here is Mr. James's own remark on just this point:

"Truly, I reflect, if the theme had had no other beauty it would still have had this rare and distinguished one of its so expressing the variety of the child's values. She had the wonderful importance of shedding a light far beyond any reach of her comprehension; of lending to poorer persons and things, by the mere fact of their being involved with her and by the special scale she creates for them, a precious element of dignity. They become, as she deals with them, the stuff of poetry and tragedy and art; she has simply to wonder, as I say, about them, and they begin to have meanings, aspects, solidities, connections—connections with the 'universal'—that they could scarce have hoped for."

Maisie, in brief, reveals to us the brave "spectacle of the world, embalmed in her wonder," and the presentation, for our stimulus, of precisely that spectacle is the supreme purpose of the tale.

II.

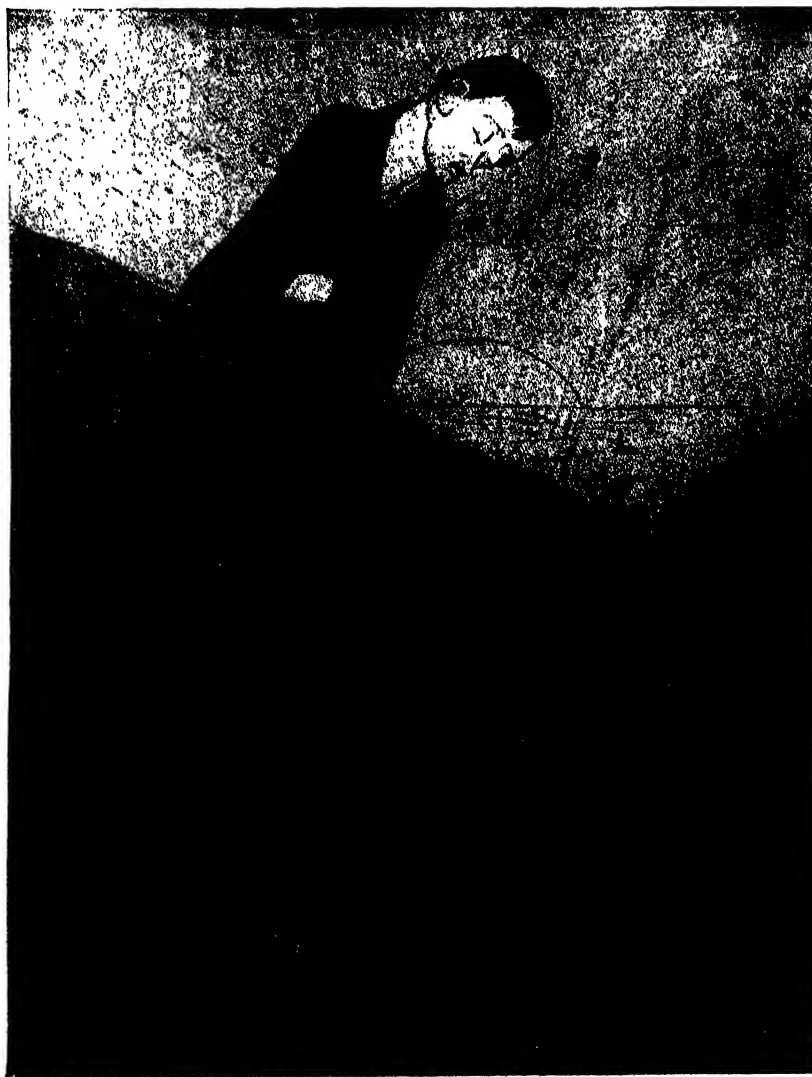
And of *all* Mr. James' tales! For I turn back now, (b) demolished, to a swift consideration of Hueffer on (a). Is Mr. James' work "the exact mirror of the world we all know"? *Has* he "observed human society as it now is more than anybody, and more than anybody faithfully rendered his observations"?

Questions, these, that might seem to hang together—but which, in point of fact, do not; and it is the difference between them that has baffled Mr. Hueffer. The

answer to the second of them is "Yes," but to the first is "No." Mr. Hueffer is half-wrong and half-right. And it was this fundamental ambiguity, I am compelled to believe, that originally sent the whole book awry.

It is an extraordinarily interesting misunderstanding: its roots are deep in race and creed; and perhaps an explanation of the discrepancy can best be introduced by mentioning that Mr. Hueffer, in this book, keeps assuring us excitedly (with the air of a man doing something inconceivably brazen) that he is now a Roman Catholic. There was perhaps no particular need to drag the information in; it seems just a little ostentatious; but since he flaunts it so insistently we may use it now without impertinence to illustrate the special point we have in mind. For the difference between the "realism" for which Mr. Hueffer praises Mr. James, and the "realism" which Mr. James actually practises, is exactly the difference between the realism of a religious and the realism of a magnificent materialist. And this difference (it may sound a little odd at first, but a moment's thought will show the simple truth of it) is mainly that the realism of the mystic will be always the more materialistic—the realism of the materialist always the more mystical. Both men, when they sit down to paint "the human scene," will be thrillingly aware of something surpassing mere appearances; but

whilst the materialist, the Henry James, will strive to put into his actual portrait some visible equivalent for this invisible power and presence, the mystic, the Madox Hueffer, will reserve his appreciation of this glory for another method of expression altogether—he will attribute it to sources exterior to human nature—render his homage to it in special forms and ways, and in the meantime keep his portrait strictly photographic. That has always been Mr. Hueffer's way in his own realistic stories: he paints ruthlessly (the pre-Raphaelite blood in him doubtless helping) and keeps his jewels for explicit altars and halos. But Mr. James (scion of Emerson) gives Life the credit for the glory, and is not satisfied till his



John Masefield.

A swear-word in a rustic slum.
A simple swear-word is to some,
To Masefield something more!

From "Fifty Caricatures," by Max Beerbohm (Heinemann).

portrait reproduces it. He magnifies, he exalts, he intensifies, he enhances—all with the aim of achieving perfect truth; and at length produces something which bears no more resemblance to his model than Raphael's picture did to his, but which puts on record for us, with all the accuracy of his amazing hand, all the forces, graces, bounties, possibilities and deep powers which are revealed to his naïve and trustful eye, and with which he elatedly identifies his sitter. Precisely like Maisie, he shows us the world "embalmed in his wonder." Precisely like the artist who first spoke for him in "The Madonna," he has held all his life that "no one so loves and respects the rich realities of nature as the artist whose imagination intensifies them." And to this belief he holds still:

"I can't tell you who it is I 'aimed at' in the story of Henry St. George; and it wouldn't do for me to name his exemplar publicly, even were I able. But I none the less maintain his situation to have been in *essence* an observed reality—though I should be utterly ashamed, I equally declare, if I hadn't done quite my best for it. It was the fault of this notable truth, and not my own, that it too obscurely lurked—dim and disengaged; but where is the work of the intelligent painter of life if not precisely in some such aid given to true meanings to be born? He must bear up as he can, if it be in consequence laid to him that the flat grows salient and the tangled clear, the common—worst of all!—even amusingly rare, by passing through his hand."

These are his own words, written but yesterday: so infallible has he found his early faith.

It would be interesting to dwell on this further, to give examples of this heightening, measuring the difference (his new Prefaces provide us with all the material) between the first meek scrap of actuality, the germ of the tale, and the magnificence with which he ultimately dowered it—or, rather, the magnificence into which, under his care, beneath his love, it ultimately, simply and inevitably flowered—the beautiful reward and justification of his confidence. But we have other points to make. The first is simply this: that these enhancements are obviously the measure, not of Mr. James' disdain for reality, but of his belief in its profound essential fineness. The next is to note that this method of magnification, whether deserved by life or no, does certainly produce upon the mind of the reader an overpowering effect of reality. And the third is to indicate how it was that these two qualities—this expression by extravagance and this impression of veracity—chivvied Mr. Hueffer into committing, in this book, his amazing howlers about Mr. James' pessimism.

He wrote the whole book, you see, in a wild, scrambling hurry (he hadn't even time to read his proofs), and as a result, it had to be mainly a succession of sometimes pretty desperate improvisations. That wouldn't have been so bad if Mr. Hueffer hadn't happened as well to have been a constant reader of Mr. James (as he tells us) "for the last twenty-five years" (longer than some of us have been reading at all); for this familiarity filled him with a kind of false courage—he felt he *ought* to be able to rattle off pronouncements impromptu, and that he was right in attempting it. Well, one of the first of these impromptus would inevitably be the announcement that James was our supreme historian, his work "an exact mirror of the world as we all know

it"—for that sense of physical veracity is, as we have seen, the big impression we all bear away from these books. Down, accordingly, went the dogma: James is the perfect realist. But a little later (and by now the first pages were probably in the post or at the printer's) there came the necessity for closer comparison and analysis—and then there suddenly flamed on the consciousness of this P.R.B. Catholic the immensity of the post-Raphaelite's extravagances. Here was a pretty quandary. How bridge the contradiction? How explain why Mr. James should be our perfect realist and also the most unblushing of romantics? It held Mr. Hueffer for a moment—no more. Instantly, ingeniously, he devised that theory of a gradual disillusionment, of a Henry James slowly descending from the heights of romantic hallucination, down the dismal steps of his *illusions perdues*, until he reached good, dingy, pedestrian P.R.B. reality at last; and Mr. Hueffer sighed with relief. The rest followed naturally: the unconscious quivering of evidence, the fakings and suppressions. Until at length the munificent genius who has spent all his days adoring life—humbly recounting its treasures, displaying its spoils, dwelling especially on the power and beauty of quite little things—is represented to us as a kind of savage Swift or soured Voltaire, sardonically contemplating, from an eminence, "the essential dirtiness of human nature," setting all kinds of crushed characters "crawling round his foot-stool" so that he may watch them with a pitiless pleasure, sneering, as he watches: "*Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats—all human life is there!*"

There is just one other element that it might be wise to mention—for I have no doubt it helped to confirm Mr. Hueffer in his fantasy, and its real significance ought, for the sake of the general reader, to be made, as often as possible, quite clear. That phrase about "crushed characters" may serve to introduce it. Much capital has always been made, by suspicious or resentful minds, of the absence from Mr. James' world of all the phenomena of labour—there are no business-men in his books, no workers or producers—the *milieu* in which his characters are set is eminently one of salons and studios and leisure. Now, little though it may look like it, this gap is the direct result of the quality of noble *naïveté* we have been remarking. For one thing, it is the consequence of his cloistered early life—a life of wise innocence in which his eagerness developed and matured, free from the premature resolutions, the prejudices and perhaps the coarsenesses, which are the inevitable results of the specialisations of "business." He himself, in his Prefaces, openly laments his ignorance of "down-town" elements. "To ride the *nouvelle* down-town, to prance and curve and caracole with it there—that would have been the true ecstasy. But a single spill—such as I so easily might have had in Wall Street or wherever—would have forbidden me, for very shame, in the eyes of the expert and the knowing, ever to mount again; so that, in short, it wasn't to be risked on any terms." It was humility, in short, that made him deal solely with fine-fingered folk—with people of "the better sort," "the finer grain"—and if they suffer (as they mostly do) crushed and broken by the world beyond, that is simply because he wishes them to serve the larger world more perfectly: he keeps them fine and

famished and susceptible (like poor Clement Searle, like Strether, like the Princess), simply so that their impressions may be quick and clear, their descriptions of the world and of experience exciting. Their task is to hold up the mirror to the greater world, and if their attitude is cramped—the world is worth it. He makes them abnormal out of loyalty to normality. He permits them to suffer, in their quivering self-consciousness, in order that you and I and the rest of the magnificent unconscious mob may be guided and gladdened by their assurance of our powers and of their descriptions of the high pageant in which we share.

That is the central thing to remember in reading Mr. James: if he sometimes seems inhuman it is from his reverence for humanity; and his fastidiousness is the very measure of his modesty. But do you think Mr. Hueffer will let us realise that? Not he! He sees too well that by twisting it, by distorting and perverting it, he can

turn it into a prop for his improvised theory—and in a succession of the most misleading passages in even this misguided book that is what he proceeds craftily to do. For instance, he takes that apology of Mr. James' about his "down-town" ignorance, and simply denies that it has any truth. "I cannot believe," he says, "however much Mr. James might wish to hoodwink us into believing it, that he ever had any yearning to penetrate practically into the secrets of the business life," and proceeds:

"Let us take upon ourselves to throw down the glove that Mr. James, not being militant in any sense here on earth, has been unwilling to throw down. Let us say boldly that business and whatever takes place down town

or in the City is simply not worth the attention of any intelligent being. It is a matter of dirty little affairs incompetently handled by men of the lowest class of intelligence. It can teach nobody anything, and, if an immense cataclysm overwhelmed at once the whole of down-town New York and the whole of the financial quarters of the City of London, in ten days the whole system would be running again, conducted by men of similarly mediocre intelligences. Of them the world contains millions and millions."

I am not going to say a word in defence of the City—the City can look after itself; but I do say that for a critic to impute that insolent sentiment to Mr. James is simply to practise a monstrous mendacity. Indeed, it is so bad that it gives the whole show away. It reveals the whole effort as a piece of special pleading. Mr. Hueffer has apparently some dark grudge against humanity, and—half-unconsciously—he has tried to enrol Mr. James among his supporters. But readers must not be deluded. Mr.

James' books are books not of lamentations but of revelations, and his belief in life has never faltered. His last book—"A Small Boy"—displays the same kingly faith and credulity as his first—"The Passionate Pilgrim"—if anything his confidence in humanity has grown. Mr. Hueffer writes as a Catholic: Mr. James is merely catholic. And the clearness of his vision, the subtlety of his perceptions, the overpowering realism of his writings, are simply the result of the height of his hopes, the simplicity of his trust, and the unspoiled enchantment of his eyes.

And now, Mr. Hueffer—your hand!



Photo by Paul Laib.

"John Masefield:
The Discoverer."

From a painting by William Strang, A.R.A. By permission of the artist.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best letter of condolence (in not more than a hundred and fifty words) from one friend to another when both have secured an honourable mention in Competition No. 1.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is awarded to Mr. A. R. C. Westlake, of Brasenose College, Oxford, for the following:

TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

Say not she has forgotten, O my heart!
The white sea-horses fret and chafe amain;
The north wind shrills; the grey sky seems a part
Of the grey sea- and all my watch is vain.

From out the window of this chamber high
I look upon the deep—methinks I see
Beyond the strait with visionary eye
That land of Cornwall, where I fain would be.

Tell me, my heart, tell me that she will come!
My wound is grievous—I draw near my fate,
And day by day my soul becometh numb—
O God! O God! If she should come too late!

Is that a gull, white-winged, upon the waves?
A sail!—A ship!—A crown upon the mast!
My message reached her then. . . . See how it braves
The storm! O heart upbear me to the last!

For at her beauty am I like to swoon,
As one that passing out from prison bars
Faints at the sudden beauty of the moon
And all the myriad wonder of the stars.
A. R. C. WESTLAKE.

We also select for printing:

SPRING PASSES.

Cowslips on the hill-side,
Blue-bells showing blue now.
All the trees are glad with leaves,
Ash,—he has a few now.
Spring is lost in all the green;
'Tis difficult to find him.
Never mind, we'll let him go.
Summer's close behind him!

Cuckoo's calling—calling
"Good-bye! Good-bye, Spring now!"
Tiny chirpings from the nests—
All the woods will ring now!
Spring is lost in all the sounds,
'Tis difficult to find him.
Never mind, we'll let him go.
Summer's close behind him!

(Ethel Talbot, of 7, Upper Coltbridge Terrace, Murrayfield, Edinburgh.)

THE HALF-OPEN DOOR.

Spirit of All, whom no man can define,
Groping, I seek Thy peace to make it mine.
Only in moments rare can I draw near,
Lifting a face of wonder—almost fear.

Maybe a glint of sun on mountain crest
Sets free a prayer in throbbing heart and breast;
Or scent of lilac flowers a-hum with bees
Whispers Thy name beneath the rustling trees.

The murmurous sea perchance, or summer skies,
Or depths of trust and love in someone's eyes—
Then for awhile the shadow veil of grey
From Heaven's wide gateway seems to fall away.
(N. Lois Healey, Barton Grange, near Preston.)

TO MARJORIE.

If I could learn the fairy lore
That people knew in days of yore,
When seven-leagued boots as swift as wings,
And wishing caps, were common things—
Or if I were a wandering elf
I'd grant you love and friendship true,
I'd wish you all you wish yourself
And all I wish for you.

If I had all those magic powers,
I'd love to strew your path with flowers,
And on your life's way, dearest one,
Should be no shadow, only sun.
But since to higher powers we bow,
And gifts like these are from above,
I'll cast upon your pathway now
The flower of my love.

(Lettie Cole, Doyer House, Pontrilas.)

A CONFESSION.

Lord, I have wandered far where roses blow,
Long has the dew of plenty bathed my feet,
Yet in this hour of solitude I know,
Though all the joys of earth be passing sweet,
I need Thy love to make my life complete.

Teach me to walk the way that Thou hast been—
Do good to those around me, who have kept
Their humble faith so strong, their hearts so clean;
My share of thorns in silence to accept,
Remembering how even Thou hast wept!
(Irene Wintle, 31, Walton Park, Liverpool.)

SPRING'S DREAMS.

Gold lies the gorse 'neath a red, warm sun,
Buds from the trees are peeping,
Celandines open one by one,
But Spring is sleeping, sleeping.

The keen fresh breeze bears a scent from the fields
Where the gorse in its gold is gleaming,
The good brown earth waits trustingly,
But Spring is dreaming, dreaming.

She dreams of a wood where hyacinths grow
Like a patch from purple skies,
Where a soft light wind shakes rain-washed leaves
On which the sunshine lies.

She dreams of a copse on a heathery moor
Where peace may brood unending,
Where the drowsy twitter of nesting birds
With the wimpling burn is blending.

Dreaming, she sighs; her gentle breath
New force to the earth is bringing.
Dreaming, she smiles; a glad content
Sets all young life a-singing.

The earth is donning her robe of green
And golden the gorse is gleaming.
But Spring must pass, and Spring grows old
When she awakes from dreaming.

(Hylda C. Cole, Annfield, Kilmacolm, near Glasgow.)

Some of our competitors have sent sonnets; two have sent blank verse monologues. Of the many lyrics received we honourably mention those by Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Eleanor Gray (Whitby), Florence M. Wilson (Bangor), Irene A. Mackie (Weston-super-Mare), Owen H. Carsinne (Sheffield), Elizabeth E. Maddox Roberts (Lexington, U.S.A.), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Anna Howarth (Boscombe), Aldis Dunbar (Pennsylvania), James Omerod (Farnworth), Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (Birmingham), C. A. Bright Donovan (Wexford), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), Helen Hoyt (Chicago), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesburgh), J. S. Martin (Motherwell), Yorkshireman (Swinton), Janet Agnes Bell (Newmains), Charles Taylor (West Hampstead), N.M.M., Miss E. S. Clarke (Brooklyn, U.S.A.), F. N. Wood (Hull), Goldusa (Streatham Common), A. J. G. (Herne Hill), E. Gundersen (Shanklin), Harrie Selway (Belfast), M. Monks (Derby), Lizzie Sinfield (Ashbourne), Martin Stainforth (Evesham), F. H. Barraclough (Southport), F. H. Hellawell (Newbiggin), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Florence E. Gilder (Tunbridge Wells), L. Macnamara (Dublin), E. R. L. (Durham), D. Cragie (Edinburgh), W. L. Dickie (Aberdeen), Emily Kingston (Blairgowrie), Eric Leadbetter (London, N.W.), Bessie M. Morris (Bath), Chas. Forbes (Aberdeen), A. R. Horne (Petershead), W. A. (Birmingham), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Mrs. S. J. Cole (Nottingham), Mrs. Beatrice Silley (Ewell), Kathleen M. Balfe (Carmarthen), Glenorchy (New Milton), T. Fleming (Manchester), W. W. Kershaw (Birkdale), E. L. Turner (Malton), Mabel Malet (Hull), A. S. Wilshere (Dalston), G. H. Rook (Portsmouth), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), M. F. Watson (Maidstone), Ina S. Dabbs (Manchester), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Frances A. Marks (Halifax), Susie E. Fenter (Birmingham), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Harold Horton (Manchester), Lettie Rathbone (Sutton Coldfield), V. W. Ware (Gloucester), J. Clark (Pontypridd), M. A. P. Price (Birmingham), C. M. Walkerdine (Thornton Heath), Paul Carford (Nottingham), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Ada M. Hudson (London, W.), E. E. Moore (Weston-super-Mare), Eric A. Knox (Victoria Park), Mrs. Lucie C. Temple (Southsea), John Thomas (Aberystwyth), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), D. A. Worgan (Cardiff), Nora Bowman (Durham), F. C. Pain (Church Stretton), Miss A. Clark (High Wycombe), Grace E. Armstrong (Muswell Hill), Horace Gibson (Hull), G. W. T. McGown (Corstorphine), Marguerite E. M. Steen (Grange-over-Sands), G. Bolam (Alston), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), A. Glen (Manchester), Dan Boyes (Enfield), W. T. Woodfield (Northampton), Constance Kew (Ashton-on-Mersey), M. R. Gardiner (Kilburn), Miss M. Humphrey (Pitlochry), Dorothy W. Bunn (Hull), Percy Mellor (Newcastle-under-Lyme), Miss M. V. Garland (West Kensington), Hylda C. Cole (Glasgow), G. D. J. Waugh (Dunstable), Mrs. Hooper (Wanstead), M. J. H. Warwick (Edinburgh), A. M. Shepherd (Forest Hill), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), F. R. Price (Wellington), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead Common), John Heys (South Shields), Alonzo J. Freeland (Kilworth, Lester), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Florence Kerley (Belfast), Miss M. Peart (Downe, Kent), D. R. Carr (London, S.W.), Miss D. M. Haward (Brockham Green), Miss M. C. Turner (Betchworth), D. J. Darlow (Chippenham), Ethel Freson (East Grinstead), Frances Bexfield (Audley), Philip A.

Hall (Beaconsfield), Maud McDonald (Enfield), Anthony Dobbing (Lightcliffe), B. Courtenay Gidley (Topsham), Ewart Richardson (Middlesbrough), Janet Agnes Bell (Newmains), Miss M. Houghton (Cape, S. Africa), R. E. D. Donaldson (Calne), F. J. Popham (Annan), W. W. S. Escott (Lyme Regis), Major J. Berkley (Andover), J. M. Greer (Bournemouth), N. Laughton (Edinburgh), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), H. Gregory (Dulwich, S.E.), Mary Wayman (Parkstone), Miss A. M. Warren (Moffat), Norman Birkett (Edgbaston), William Johnson (Harrogate), F. Reynolds (Walmer), Helen Hoyt (Chicago), L. Cookes (Leamington), Thomas Curtis Clarke (Chicago), Miss M. W. Crosbie (Herne Bay), Rev. W. F. Clarke (Moirs), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), and Edward J. Hewitt (Farnborough).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Muriel M. Careless, of Westward, Walton-on-Thames, for the following:

OUR IRISH THEATRE. BY LADY GREGORY. (Putnam's.)

"And de Gompany lighted mit table leeks,
And de ghonstable made them shlop."

Breitmann Ballads.

We also select for printing:

THE OIL CONQUESTS OF THE WORLD. BY F. A. TALBOT. (Heinemann.)

"Very rough and thick his hair was."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Hawthth's Photographing.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

WHY SHE LEFT HIM. BY FLORENCE WARDEN. (Long.)

"She loved a Lord."

W. S. GILBERT, *Ycoman of the Guard.*

(Adelaide Holmes, Glen Caren, Alexandra Road, Malvern.)

THE WAY OF THESE WOMEN. BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Methuen.)

"I will not sit or lie, or eat or drink I vow."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads: The Troubadour.*

(W. McC. Miller, Straidarran, Londonderry.)

ANGELS IN WALES. BY J. MARGAM. (Long.)

"The novelty would striking be
And must attract remark."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

SPARKS THAT BROOD. BY NOEL FLEMING. (Lynwood.)

"When the young folks go by, and the girls look so cuddlesome
What makes the young men so moody and muddlesome?"

From "Stonecracker John," song by ERIC COATES.

(W. E. Roberts, 164, Boundaries Road, Balham, S.W.)

ALL MEN ARE LIARS. BY JOSEPH HOCKING. (Ward, Lock.)

"Why don't you speak for yourself?"

LONGFELLOW, *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

(Marie Stewart, Wythburn, Four Oaks, Warwickshire.)

ANGELS IN WALES. BY J. MARGAM. (Long.)

"All this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial."

SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.*

(Trevor Rogers, 40, Robert Street, Ynysybwl, Glam.)

STILL HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED.

BY REV. E. J. HARDY. (Fisher Unwin.)

"See the conquering hero comes."

N. LEE, *The Rival Queens.*

(Miss H. M. Barrow, 30, Felsberg Road, Streatham Hill.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best twenty-five lines of verse re-telling the story of any recent novel is awarded to Mr. F. M. Mountford, of 2, Milnthorpe Road, Eastbourne, for the following:

THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE. BY A. E. W. MASON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Henry Thresk is a barrister, full of ambition,

And eager to rise to a lofty position.

When he first meets fair Stella, he scorns her poor love,

Lest marriage a bar to his greatness should prove.

Eight years pass. When in India, on business, with pain

Henry Thresk, K.C., M.P., meets Stella again.

She is wed—Captain Ballantyne, wealthy and great,
Is both drunken and brutal. How wretched her fate!
Thresk sees her one evening, and hastens away.
To his horror he hears, when he reaches Bombay,
"Captain Ballantyne's murdered!" Alas! For his wife,
Poor Stella's suspected of taking his life.
The trial commences, cross-questions proceed,
All the evidence shows that she did the foul deed,
When Thresk as a witness for Stella appears,
And his evidence quickly her character clears.
She writes him her thanks—and next day disappears.
But his witness was false. "She will now be my wife,
For I perjured my honour in saving her life,"
Thought Thresk. But she quite disappeared from his sight.
So he goes back to England alone the next night.
The mysterious crime is confessed in the end.
And Thresk takes a back-seat as merely a friend.
For she finds in Dick Hazlewood true love at last,
And her future is happy, her sorrows are past.

We also honourably mention D. J. Darlow (Chippenham), Winifred N. Rich (Battersca Park), F. E. Gilder (Tunbridge Wells), G. M. Northcott (Birkenhead), G. D. Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle), Miss G. M. Ransom (Torquay), Kitty Gallagher (Newport), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss B. M. Grautoff (Clapham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Alan C. Fraser, of 74, Haven Lane, Ealing, for the following:

THE FLYING INN. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen.)

Mr. Chesterton's latest fantasy, though its literary quality be contestable, far surpasses in hilarious satire anything he has yet attempted. He draws a laughable picture of England under Moslem sway: her inns abolished, her last innkeeper, accompanied by an Irish captain, roaming the country with a rum cask, a large cheese, and portable sign. The narrative is interspersed with ballads, sung by the two itinerants; the plot is wild, whirling, inconsequent, a mere thread stringing together the author's ethical opinions; yet behind this farcical medley lurks a hint of seriousness, and the book, for all its fooling, points a moral.



The wise men choosing who are to inherit the earth.

From 'Multitude and Solitude,' by John Maschfield (Nelson).

We also select for printing:

GEORGE BORROW AND HIS CIRCLE. By CLEMENT KING SHORTER. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

All true Borrowians will welcome Mr. Shorter's biography of Borrow and his friends. It is a pleasantly-written though discursive account, and contains many interesting letters and descriptions of the famous "Word-master." The book is, however, primarily intended for "the wider public which knows not Borrow." The author of "Lavengro" is at last being recognized as one of the "kings of literature," and this biography, written by one who understands and admires his complex character and wonderful personality, will impel many readers to become students of his incomparable works.

(F. M. Mountford, 2, Milnthorpe Road, Eastbourne.)

THE WORLD AND MR. FREYNE. By MRS. ALFRED WINGATE. (Melrose.)

If science raise a man from the dead, will not the new creature, bereft of all human heritage, lack those ancestral instincts, those unconscious memories, which make up the soul? Mrs. Wingate's powerful opening raises this arresting problem. Unhappily, it proves too massive for her grasp, and, though she gallantly spins a modern novel around it, the main motive is never convincingly developed. The grip of the story relaxes; and when Freyne's soul—bestowed at tragic cost—proves only that of a self-adoring Narcissus, we wish that Fate had given this fine theme to a scientist and psychologist like Wells.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge.)

THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan.)

A rare power dominates this book—that of painting a character in its two aspects. First, as the chaotic mixture of passions, impulses and struggles which it appears to its owner; second, in the broad lines of nobility or weakness in which the onlooker sees it. The Stephen Stratton who emerges is a vivid and unusual personality—the man of action linked to the dreamer. Mr. Wells is a realist. Here he touches the high level where realism takes count of the subtle emotions of life which come under the head of "ideals."

(Frances A. S. Holbrow, Harrietsham, near Maidstone, Kent.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Mrs. W. L. Gaunt (Kensington, W.), Rachel P. Webb (Quebec), H. L. Pridham (Buckland, Portsmouth), M. J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), Robert B. Boswell (Barsett, Southampton), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Mrs. S. K. Vesey (Glenfarg), Reginald Sizen (Canterbury), Rev. F. C. Hoggarth (Girvan), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), E. C. E. L. (Brondesbury, N.W.), Norman Birkett (Edgbaston), Miss E. Webster (Kingsdown, Bristol), Marcella Whitaker (Earlsheaton, Dewsbury), Sybil Waller (Boscombe), J. G. Stanton (South Wigston), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), Olive I. Turney (Beccles), Thomas Moore (Birkdale), Mrs. Olive Gillespie (Canterbury), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton, East Lothian), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill, S.E.), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), C. Roy Price (Wellington, Somerset), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford, Notts.), Douglas A. Worgan (Cardiff), S. Reginald Price (Cambridge), I. Swinscon (Wadhurst), F. R. Tindal (Chelsea, S.W.), R. Duncan (Northampton), J. D. I. Waugh (Toddingdon, Dunstable), M. Blacklee (Barrow-in-Furness), M. M. Barron (Hampstead, N.W.), Ethel Talbot (Murrayfield, Edinburgh), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Miss E. M. Bell (London, W.C.), J. Harold Muir (Glasgow, W.), Margaret Trie (Hampstead, N.W.), Mrs. M. A. Pulbrook (Cricklewood, N.W.), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), M. A. Newman (Brighton), A. Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Ranelagh, Dublin), Maud Straker (Epsom), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Mary Kingdom (Montreal), Annie L. Beal (Barnes, S.W.), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham), Zillah K. Macdonald (New York City), Marie Russell (Glasgow), James A. Richards (Tenby), and B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. Russell Green, of Queen's College, Oxford.

THE JEWISH BOOK OF SPLENDOUR.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

BY long experience I am aware that studies in Jewish literature, when the general reader does not pass them by altogether but deigns a glance into them, are apt to provoke and disgust him. Outside the Bible, which he is losing from his memory, he knows nothing of Hebraism—neither its early stages after the Fall of Jerusalem, nor its mediæval glories, nor its revival as a race and a religion, much traversed by schisms, yet vigorous in spite of them, since the French Revolution. Hebrew names, like Heine and Moses Mendelssohn, in the great world-dictionary of modern genius, he cannot escape knowing by repute. Of the movements to which they contributed or from which they came he is ignorant, and contentedly so. That he should have heard of the "Book of Splendour" is most unlikely. It is, indeed, the Bible of Kabbalism; and occult sciences are in favour. But again it condemns magic, looks down on astrology, holds within it no forms of incantation, and is put together in a style so confusing and confused that only a "golden dustman" would have the patience requisite to sift out its jewels from the mountains of dross. Such an explorer, Mr. A. E. Waite, the learned mystic with a fascinating gift of research and narration, proves himself to be. His antecedent journeys in the dim forest of the Kabbala warrant us in following now upon the trail which he has blazed. Seldom, however, did any European, happy in the confidence of logic and method, undertake so wide-weltering a chaos, to subdue it into reasonable order. It is a veritable "tohu bohu," without form and apparently void. Yet may some diviner spirit brood on the face of these dark waters.

"The 'Zohar,' that book of lies, which impudently set itself above the Holy Scriptures and the Talmud." Thus Professor Graetz defines our "Book of Splendour," in his standard work, "The History of the Jews" (Eng. Tr. V. 294). Whence it originated as a distinct composition has been hotly disputed. The taking name—but mystics are continually inspired in giving names to their fantasies—was borrowed from the twelfth chapter of the Prophet Daniel, which runs in the English version thus, "They that be wise (or the teachers) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament." Written in a peculiar kind of Aramaic, it was until the other day hidden from all but scholars, though its influence has gone far beyond them in East and West, from Seville to Smyrna, and from Italy to Poland. At last we have it, well edited with a French translation (1906-1911) by Jean de Pauly, revised after his death by M. Lafuma Giraud. The six volumes, now available to every one that can read French, have given Mr. Waite his opportunity. With rare skill he throws into a refined English compendium the chief doctrines, collected under illuminating principles, which he discovers in the "Zohar." He brings them to a centre, furnishes a key to their meaning, and expounds the philosophy of this "higher

Kabbalism" with a benevolent leaning towards its drift and purpose. "The Kabbalistic Jew," he says finely, "dreaming of liberation and of union under the grievous yoke of his law, giving it the wings of interpretation and rising himself thereon, is of my own lineage in the spirit, of my kinship in the heart of quest." And so he does not shrink from calling that the "secret doctrine of Israel," which to the legal church authorities, the Rabbis and the synagogue, has ever been a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, precisely because it transcended legalism.

A very ancient aberration in Jewry is the Kabbala—"the oral tradition." When learning revived among Israelites in our nineteenth century, they had to consider this problem once more. They could not away with a system of puerile and disconcerting symbols, running into sheer insanities, and they condemned it outright. This, pretty much, was the attitude, says the "Jewish Encyclopædia," of Zunz, Graetz, Luzzatto, Jost, Steinschneider, and Munk towards a kind of mystical lore with which, as rationalizing Jews, they felt in profound disagreement. Above all, perhaps, they detested the "Zohar." It claimed to be, what it certainly was not, the work of a most mighty seer in Israel, Simeon bar Jochai, dating from the first Christian century. It handled the words and sentences of Holy Scripture, *i.e.* the Hebrew Testament, with a freedom so daring and even so blasphemous that it transmuted the strong Theism taught by Moses and the Prophets to a Pantheism of the most extravagant type. It offended good sense and decency by resolving the austere conceptions of which Hebraism has been the apostle, where Deity was concerned, into a sensuous physical language, with manifest perils for the unwary whom it caught in its toils. Whenever the Kabbala had gained the upper hand over Talmud and Rabbinism, there disorder, amounting to anarchy, had followed. For something like a hundred years, from the middle of the seventeenth century till within speaking distance of the French Revolution, this disturbing influence had rent Israel asunder. The names of Sabbatai Zevi of Eibeschütz, of Frank and the Frankists, denote a period when the Jewish people seemed to lie helpless at the mercy of false Messiahs, pretended Christian converts, and the vilest charlatans. Then, above all, did the Kabbala flourish; then the "Zohar" blinded with its dazzling wreckers' lights thousands who could not distinguish between revelation and delusion. Europeans know little of the story, but Jews never can forget it.

On the other hand, it was from the Renaissance onwards equally natural that Christian scholars, like Pico della Mirandola, Reuchlin, and others, should be drawn to circulate with approval Jewish writings assigned to the primitive ages, wherein they found a doctrine of the Trinity, the Divine Man who should be Messiah and Redeemer, the Second Eve, and the indwelling Spirit. To quote these things and to drive them home was an *argumentum ad hominem* which no controversial writer would or could resist. Oral Hebrew

* "The Secret Doctrine in Israel. A Study of the Zohar and its Connections." By Arthur Edward Waite. 10s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

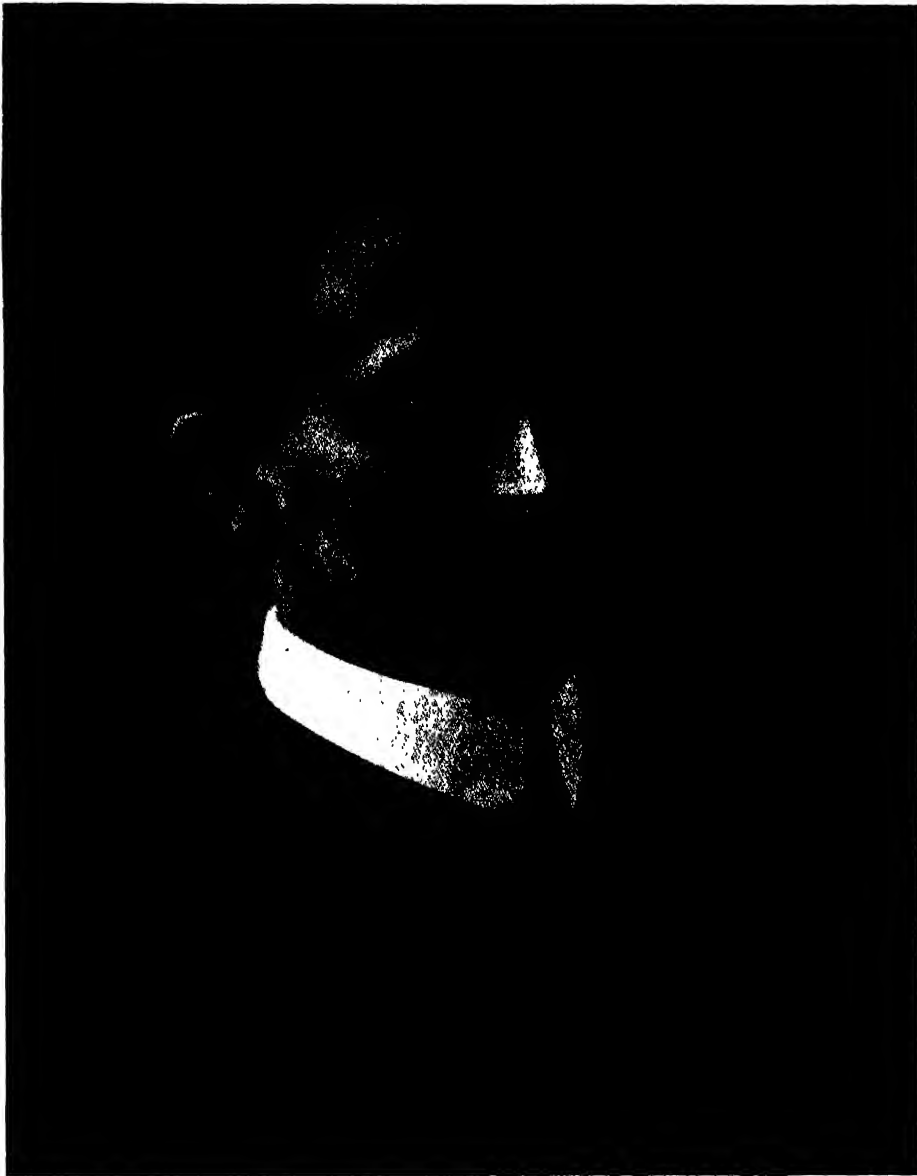
tradition, secret but never-failing, thus furnished a Christian commentary on the Old Testament, at once Messianic and apparently orthodox. To some extent this view is even now taken by the French editors of the "Zohar." To them the Shekinah is Christ; the Queen of Heaven is Mary; and "the Kabbalistic Community of Israel is regarded as the Church of God, in the sense of the Christian Church." All this would be very wonderful if true. By the side of acknowledged historical Christendom a hidden Church would have persisted along the centuries, united with it in belief and holding that belief from Enoch, Abraham, Simeon bar Jochai, as the divinely inspired meaning of Pentateuch, Prophets, and Psalms. How gladly such an interpretation of the text would be received by Christian mystics our present author signifies, and it is not open to doubt. The question remains, is it true? And that, I fear, we must answer with him, as with most of our qualified critics, in the negative.

Taking Christian dogma, practice, ritual, in the great historical communities of East and West, it is not possible for us to grant the parallel, much less the identity, alleged. A parallel indeed there is, with correspondences far-extending, but it carries us back to Alexandria, to the neo-Platonists, to Gnostics of the school of Valentinus, to the strange groups of Marcosians and Elkesaites, and thence to the Persian doctrines of angels and demons, if not beyond. The whole literature of which in the "Zohar" we read a classic, however confused an expression, comes down to our days upon this line of descent. In that sense it is really a tradition from of old. Moses de Leon, the reputed author, a Spanish Jew of the thirteenth century, did not invent, as he would have been incapable of fabricating, the immense, minute, and endlessly ingenious play upon Scripture that proves by its richness yet incoherence how many minds have been exercised in the game. Joseph's coat, with all its colours, was nothing to the variegated garment of exegesis wrapped round the Massoretic Bible during this wild adventure in quest of a philosophy outside the words themselves. Mr. Waite calls the "Zohar" a "medley." It is something worse, for it abounds in contradictions on his own showing; "the Zohar as exegesis was conceived and born in a house of distraction." But Moses de Leon probably flung into it as a treasury all that he found of his old-world lore, good and bad alike. He was, we will say, an editor, not an impostor, who has rescued from destruction the secret doctrine taught with variations innumerable by sect after sect, yet still to be made out if we possessed a clue to it. Such a clue Mr. Waite believes that he has got hold of; and I will not entirely refuse the argument. Nevertheless, what I read in the pages of St. Irenæus and St. Hippolytus, Christian Fathers who lived and taught during the chief Gnostic period or soon after it, warns me that the clue will take us into the labyrinth where no Christ dwells, but a strange man-devouring Minotaur.

In a thorny subject one may be permitted to use the

method of analogies. If, then, we resolve the central teaching given in the "Zohar" by means of Platonism into a creed of mystic choice and fore-ordained heavenly love, which is realized in the "holy estate" of marriage, we must bear in mind that Plato was unacquainted with Hebrew religion, and these are similitudes rather than affinities between schools so widely separated. The mystic elements which abound in discourses attributed by Plato to his Master would seem to recall a tradition. However that may be, from the Tenth Book of the "Republic" we gain a pregnant myth of reincarnations determined by the soul's choice before it enters the body. And from the "Symposium" we learn that marriages are made in heaven, while there is a law of ascent from the mere earthly semblances of Divine ideas to their perfect attainment. Adding with St. Paul to the Ephesians, where he lays down the law of marriage for his converts, "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and His Church," we are brought on to a height from which the spiritual significance and inward grace of humanity become visible, when it is considered as a "Holy Family." Such in principle is the "benign" interpretation that floats before Mr. Waite's eyes when he contemplates the "Shekinah" unveiled in these too often distracted pages. He will even grant that something in them betrays a reminiscence of the Catholic teaching on the Sacrament of Matrimony.

So far, perhaps, it is well. But recalling the Gnostic pedigree which cannot be denied, and without giving credence to charges brought against secret assemblies age after age, we must feel how undesirable is a theosophy which tends to absorb the spirit in sense by force of its chosen symbolism. Another warning comes to us from the Persian Sufi school, where extravagance and impiety on the surface are said to be vehicles of a divine lore, bearing the soul upwards until it recognizes its oneness with Deity. When the New Testament declares that "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth," it opens a world of light, pure as the heavens, from which no danger falls on heated imaginations or passion-struck enthusiasts. The Oriental does not need to encourage a sensuous fancy, thanks to which he has long lain captive under delusions in faith and tyrannies in government. The Western had better keep at a distance from Krishna; neither will he advance towards perfection along the pathways of the "Zohar." It has fine things, no doubt, gleams of dawn, brilliant vapours, strokes that tell by their very perversity and strangeness. But if all the Hebrew Scriptures had been nothing else than "Solomon's Song" writ large, they would never have changed the world's course to an upward, spiritual plane. Too frequently the mystic soars on wings of Icarus, wax melting in the sun. Let any man, after wearying himself with all these vagaries of Kabbalism, turn to the Fourth Gospel; then he will realize how happy it has been for Europe that it learned religion from St. John the Divine, rather than from Moses de Leon.



New Books.

THE MELTING POT.*

Mr. A. B. Walkley says that this drama of American assimilation is "romantic claptrap . . . rhapsodising over music and crucibles and statues of Liberty." Mr. Archer says that as a work of art for art's sake it simply does not exist, but adds that "Mr. Zangwill would not dream of appealing to such a standard." Mr. Nevinson has declared that to him the play is "one of the greatest dramatic productions of our age," and is angry with the many critics who have "sneered and carped, or patronised disdainfully." Finally, Mr. Zangwill himself appends to this volume a long "Afterword" of answer and exposition.

Clearly the only thing to do is to take the chances of the scrimmage. The scrimmage itself is proof that Mr. Zangwill's play is a work of definite value and power: he may take to himself the consolation which Vera Revendal gives to his hero, when his great American symphony has been heard: "Failure! Because the critics are all divided? That is the surest proof of success." Vera's heart was in her words; had only her head been engaged she might have said that critical loggerheads are as often as not—perhaps more often—a proof of interesting failure.

I do not think that "The Melting Pot" is a great play. It deals with a great idea, and it turns our eyes again to a great vision of the modern world. And the demand for the "drama of ideas" is quickly satisfied if the idea is there, easily recognised, and as easily available for conversation. But meanwhile drama remains drama, and any adjectival qualification or classification may be justly suspected of obscuring the eternal fact. For there never was a great drama that was not a drama of ideas. What our modern gadabouts and enthusiasts mean by their "drama of ideas" is a drama which exploits modern questions, living issues, and what not. They wish to see drama harnessed in the traffic of progress. Accordingly they imagine that Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" is a great play, and that Brieux's "Damaged Goods" is another great play, because in each case the need of a social reform is poignantly illustrated. But such purposes and achievements are not never have been, and never can be, the essential stuff of drama. All these plays fail to be great plays because they do not answer to the one test which addresses itself to the heart of the matter. The supreme function of Drama is to embody the actions and sufferings of human nature in individual characters of memorable interest. In a word, the spell of a drama is the spell of its *dramatis personæ*. The dint, the explosion, call it what you will, which announces a great drama is the usurpation of our minds by a great character, or group of characters. Tendencies, reforms, visions—all may be adumbrated, but they must be known to us as parts or moods of the character depicted, and must present themselves to us in the very breathing of that character. It is the weakness of modern drama, as it is the weakness of modern fiction, that it makes small additions to our stock of enduring creations.

Mr. Walkley was harsh, but not fundamentally wrong. David Quixano is a rhapsodist. We do not feel him as America, or as Europe becoming America, but as an impassioned spectator of the phenomenon, rendering to the great crucible the homage of his music and his passion; and we remain curiously external to the dream and the dreamer. In a word, the play is felt somewhat as a poem, or allegory, and I believe that a non-dramatic poem would have been Mr. Zangwill's better medium.

I hope it is clear that this drastic suggestion carries with it, by its very nature, a real admiration of many elements in the play as it stands. But, given the play, it was a mistake, I feel sure, to make the hero a composer

who, from the outset, is engaged on writing a great symphony on the very theme—the immense assimilative mission of America among the nations—which is the play's central idea. It is a device highly suitable in a poem, but it throws over the play a kind of veil of rhetoric and allegory. We are introduced to an artistic temperament at boiling point, and are apt to be a little fatigued by the intensity and precocity of David's expression of his idea, while we are conscious of a need to see it evolved in the normal emigrant mind. In a word, David rhapsodises before we are ready. And the fact that in this passionate singer of the Crucible we behold, not merely a European who says of Europe that "her palaces and peerages are outworn toys of the human spirit," but a Jew who says as much of the ideals and traditions of his own wonderful race, must intensify for many readers a sense of the inadequacy of David's personality to embrace and co-ordinate for us these assumptions. He is not, as he should be, the theme in flesh and blood, but a quivering accent on a great but familiar fact to which Mr. Zangwill has applied a happy phrase.

Mr. Zangwill tells us of the long success of his play in America. I can well understand this: its appeal to American sentiment, and to America's lapping curiosity about herself, is obvious. Here we must wait and see. I am convinced, by the way, that "The Melting Pot" ought to be played in a small theatre. Possibly I shall be classed among the carpers. It is one of the paradoxes of criticism that where a work rises above a certain level it enters an atmosphere of appreciation which is chillier than the earthier stratum beneath. There are those who think that praise and enthusiasm should be rushed to the assistance of such achievement. Alas, it is already cheapened! It is Mr. Zangwill's distinction that he always compels our reference to high and exacting standards.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

AS THEY WEREN'T.*

The defect of most alleged light reading is that it demands the partial asphyxiation of one's taste and intelligence as a preliminary to any possibility of enjoyment. We could illustrate this contention with current examples, but we refrain. The special merit of Mr. Baring's present volume is that its lightness and humour are addressed to, and not against, the reader's better judgment. We shall not for a moment assert that the volume is a masterpiece of brilliance, or that it is innocent of dull moments; but we do say that its easy pages are a pleasant provision for the times and seasons when the relaxed mind needs amusement without the usual accompaniment of intellectual insult. Would-be humorists are more often vulgar without being funny, than funny without being vulgar.

Mr. Baring's method is simple. He supposes private diaries in which famous people utter sentiments that contradict traditional expectations—a vilely obscure generality that we hasten to make clear by examples. Does, for instance, this private diary of Tiberius reveal any vices unexposed by Suetonius? Not at all. It represents the Emperor as a kindly person, feeding tame tortoises with lettuces, and rejoicing in the thought that, whatever his intellectual failings, he will leave to posterity the memory of a pure and exemplary life in the purple. Ivan the Terrible, in pages that are perhaps the best characterised, and certainly the best written, in the book, foresees the Russian mothers of the future rocking their babies with lullabies about his gentleness. Sherlock Holmes reveals himself a monument of blundering stupidity, and William the potential Conqueror resolves to introduce, when he

* "The Melting Pot: A Drama in Four Acts." By Israel Zangwill. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

* "Lost Diaries." By Maurice Baring. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

seizes England, a wholesome system whereby leeches shall be enrolled to give medical service to the serfs, the serfs being docked part of their emoluments to pay the leeches.

And what sidelights on the Revolution would you not expect to find in the diary of an English governess, resident in Paris from 1789 to 1794? What you actually find is sublime British unconsciousness that anything unusual is going on—the lady's only comment, for instance, on the date of the King's execution, being a complaint that the shops were all shut and the streets inconveniently crowded. Her crowning triumph, however, is the entry under the date in November, 1793, when the Goddess of Reason was installed at Notre-Dame:

"November 10th, 1793.—Sunday. —Started to walk along the river in spite of the damp weather. Streets very muddy. A great crowd of people near the Cathedral. Caught in the crowd and obliged to follow with the stream. Borne by the force of the crowd into the church. Deeply shocked and disgusted at the display of Romish superstition. A live woman, resembling a play-actress throned near the altar, representing, no doubt, the Virgin Mary. Most reprehensible. Was obliged to assist at the mummery until the crowd departed. Think I have taken cold."

This diary is quite a gem. Like all good comedy, it is also good criticism—for comedy, no less than tragedy, is, in its own way, cathartic. We hope that Mr. Baring will give us more, and all at this level.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

OUR ONLY BONIFACE.*

"All Roads lead to Rum," as its leading character remarks, is no bad maxim for a heady kind of story which makes a social revolution turn on alcohol. Mr. Chesterton in this narrative extravaganza has given the rein to his inventiveness in character; he has also let the action take care of itself. The result is a novel not only without a hero or heroine, but equally without the semblance of a plot. It has not even the frank inconsequence of his short-story series, like "The Club of Queer Trades" or "The Innocence of Father Brown." It is simply the frolic of a fertile mind letting itself play upon modern conditions and exercise itself in the exhilarating pastime of humour and surprise.

Philip, Lord Ivywood, is a kind of Sir Willoughby Patterne, and comes to grief, as Meredith's hero did, in a protracted love-affair. But he unites a certain measure of diplomatic experience with a foible for sociology, and when he returns from the Near East, he undertakes to de-alcoholise his countrymen by an enactment which proves unworkable. Out of a complexity of characters and issues, crossed in a fitful way by his half-Orientalised ideas and his temperance gospel, there emerges a very definite public hostility towards him. With a logic, therefore, which must be hateful to the author, the story finishes in a kind of revolution, in which Trafalgar Square empties itself along the high road that leads to the Ivywood estate, and attacks his lordship's house, to the universal relief. Shall we be accused of ingratitude in that last phrase for a book which reeks with characteristic cleverness and levity? In extenuation, we may plead that the book is not only amusing, but bewildering. We are given a kind of film-panorama of contrasted eccentricities and unexpected episodes. We get a stalwart Irish diplomat-adventurer, who uproots a tree or a sign-post by way of souvenir wherever he goes, a rabid edition of the Eatanswill type of scribe, who is christened, through one of his argumentative peculiarities, "Hibbs However." And this "however" pervades the book, for there is a set-off against every merit and every fault that it possesses.

If we were not already familiar with Mr. Chesterton's champagne vein of fun, we should suspect him of settling down, of malice aforethought, to parody many of his contemporaries, chapter by chapter. For instance, there is a brilliant skit upon the *Hibbert Journal*, and another on the House of Commons manner. A third intersperses

* "The Flying Inn." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Methuen.)

high-spirited dialogue with convivial poems, in the manner of Mr. Belloc; and yet another seems to take Mr. Jeffery Farnol for its model, which is all the more frolicsome and unnecessary, considering that Mr. Farnol, in the main, is himself an echo. But these extremes of the ridiculous fall away when Mr. Chesterton enters, more or less consciously, into competition with the famous dawn chapters in "Emilia" and "Prince Otto," and gives space and focus to another scene with a bit of landscape like this, in which the only false touch is the concluding figure:

"They were ascending a sloping road, walled in on both sides by solemn woods, which somehow seemed as watchful as owls awake. Though daybreak was going over them with banners, scrolls of scarlet and gold, and with a wind like trumpets of triumph, the dark woods screened their secret like dark cool cellars; nor was the strong sunlight seen in them, save in one or two brilliant scars, that looked like splintored emeralds."

We are at a loss occasionally to see the need or purpose for the touches of stereotyped profanity, especially in a writer so fertile in effects as Mr. Chesterton, and we confess ourselves rather bored with the Mohammedan missionary who sets himself to prove, in all times and places, that everything in the West has had its origin in the East, even our tavern signs. We would also ask, why "strengthening" and "swashbucklery," when the redundant syllable in the one might easily supply the shivering deficiency in the other. But everyone will enjoy the author's many improvised poems, like the Roundabout ditty and the Ivywood song, in the following rattling vein:

"King Charles he fled from Worcester fight
And hid him in an oak;
In convent schools no man of tact
Would trace and praise his every act,
Or argue that he was in fact
A strict and sainted bloke," etc.

Again, we can all admire the ingenious idea which suggests the title—or vice versa—of a stolen tavern-sign which, when set up over chemist's shop or baronial hall, induces a mad rush from the thirsty populace, and its travels are so rapid and so various as to justify the fancy of "The Flying Inn." Nor does the author fail to act up to the promise implied, for he regales us with the heartiest laughter right through the book. It almost tempts us to call him the modern English Boniface.

SPECULATIVE DIALOGUES.*

There are eight dialogues in Mr. Abercrombie's book. Famine talks with Pestilence, Minos with the Ghost of a musical critic, a beggar in the next world with the dog that was formerly his, Earth with a Crowd, Lust with Love, Science with the World, Philosophy with the Angel of Life, Time with Eternity. At times they are dramatic, as in the opening of the first:

FAMINE: "Well met, my sister! It was a long way off that I saw through the heat-shimmer the black waving of thy skirts upon the lowmost air."

PESTILENCE: "Greeting, dear sister. This, then, is the place we were to meet at?"

FAMINE: "Yes; thou and I, with our kindly besoms, are to sweep this cumbered floor of India a little."

Lust and Love, arguing in the brain of a sleeper, break off as the man begins to wake, and are gone as he mutters: "Only three and a half per cent? No, no: that's not good enough." The World and Science begin to talk as if they were sage and sophist, and when the World hints that Science is concerned not with the World as it is, but as it seems to him, Science exclaims: "Fiddle! I can do better than that, I hope," and the World retorts: "Idealist!" and Science demurs: "Idealist! But it is to Science you are speaking."

But, on the whole, Mr. Abercrombie is not for long together very careful of what his characters might think of him. It is he that made them and not they themselves. For example, Minos talks to the musical critic like a barrister rather than a judge. When the fellow has said that his

* "Speculative Dialogues." By Lascelles Abercrombie. 5s. net. (Secker.)

sister used to play "The Maiden's Prayer" and he had read "Music and Morals" by Mr. Haweis, Minos says:

"I suggest that you approached the criticism of music without any clear idea of the particular excellence at which Music aims."

At the head of the dialogue is quoted the passage from the "Inferno" which says that Minos

"With his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend."

His Minos, like Mr. Abercrombie himself, sees that this is funny. Therefore, when the critic has given himself away four times, and the tail rustles, Minos cries:

"Hullo, my tail has four coils in it now,"

just as if he were a child acting Minos.

The dialogues, in fact, are pervaded by a spirit of gamesomeness as well as of joy, neither of which is a common companion of metaphysicians. Thus Pestilence is as deeply interested as Mr. Abercrombie in social conditions, and takes very seriously the part itself has to play, though well aware that it is not immortal. It—or rather she—asks:

"Do men seem to be living joyfully or nobly in an English town? By 'joyfully' I do not mean 'not being mopish and glum'; I mean a very positive thing, a feeling that it is admirable delight to have senses and emotions. Are men much aware of beauty in an English town? Look inside their factories, inside their homes. True, there is one form of beauty still left to them—'beer'; but it is a perilous form for men who have no other, and even that seems likely to be taken from them."

Then, again, Love and Lust agree at least upon one thing:

"That the forces of eternity have not come together in man merely in order that he may juggle with pieces of cash. We both think that he may be more splendidly concerned with life than in that fashion. Indeed, we think that to be alive does no great good to man unless he can achieve moments of astonishing and rousing perception of the fact that he is alive."

Mr. Abercrombie's perception of the fact is proved everywhere by the burly energy of his metaphysics, by the heavy-laden onrush of his style, by his many admirable images, as when Pestilence says:

"And, suddenly, like a lanced dropsy, or like an over-weighted floor full of dry rot, the power of the white race will give; for there was no joy in it."

or when Earth says:

"In a Crowd, many human molecules have been wrought into a being notably different from them, and singly presiding over all their originating multitude; just as a bar of iron is an existence quite different from the sum of its many component existences, and is, in fact, strictly, a crowd of iron molecules."

* This joy sustains the book from beneath and kindles it above. The book has those "heady virtues" which poetry commends. And therefore I admire it, as Keats admired the attitudes of men fighting in the street, though the fight seemed to him hateful, as the dialogue form, imperfectly dramatic, abounding in long speeches, and these, whether Minos, or the Angel of Life, or the beggar's dog, be speaking, stuffed with metaphysics, seem to me hateful, and, but for the gallant and ingenious gifts squandered on them by Mr. Abercrombie, intolerable.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE ANCIEN RÉGIME.*

The great Trémouille family stands in the same relation to the history of France that the Seymours or the Cavendishes do to English history. "They have stamped their personalities on those great movements which have built up modern France: on the Crusades, on the Hundred Years War, on the Italian campaigns, on the religious strife which followed the Reformation, on the Fronde," and on the Revolution. One Trémouille was

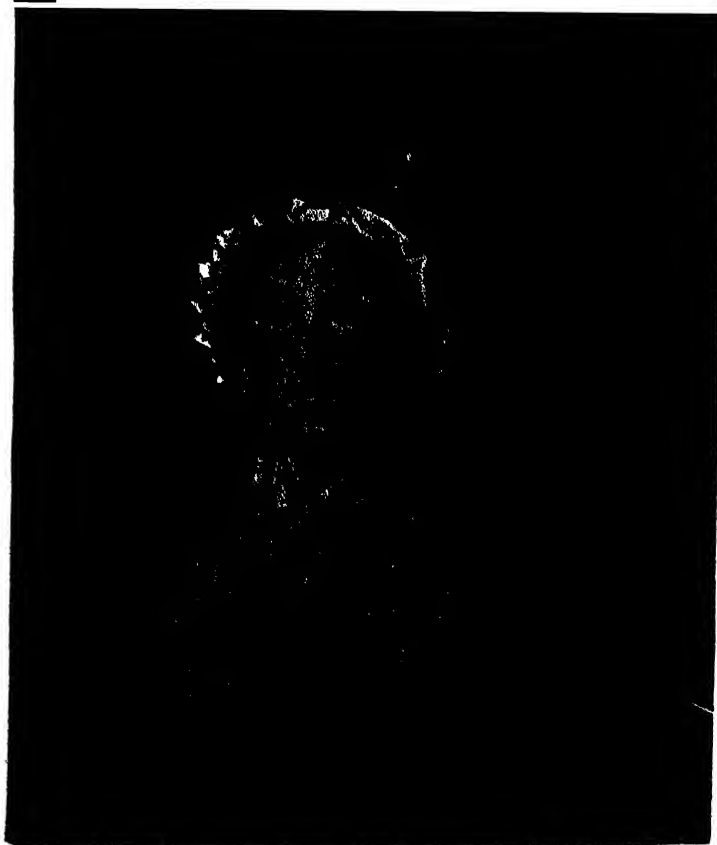
* "From the Crusades to the French Revolution, A History of the La Trémouille Family." By Winifred Stephens. 20s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

basely captured at Agincourt, and more basely still intrigued against Joan of Arc; another, to his eternal honour, wrung the Edict of Nantes from a reluctant king. One outdid all other nobles in exacting feudal dues to the uttermost farthing from a groaning countryside; another paid for these ancestral sins by coming more than once within a terrifyingly short distance of the guillotine, while a third made partial atonement by fighting gallantly on behalf of the national religion by the side of the peasants of La Vendée.

Good and bad, gluttonous and ascetic, blood-sucking leeches on the body of their poor country, and saviours of that country at the cost of their own lives, so the character of the heads of the family varied from age to age, but on the whole and according to their lights they "played the man." The manliest of them all was a woman, and a woman who became an adopted daughter of England. This by itself would be sufficient justification for the appearance of this volume, that it gives in full the life history of that Charlotte de la Trémouille, who as Countess of Derby conducted that ever memorable defence of Lathom House against the attacks of Fairfax and the Parliament's troops, and in other ways laboured valiantly to steer the family barque safe through the rocks and shoals of those stormy times.

In other respects, too, her life is full of interest. Her martial ardour may be considered an inheritance, for she was the granddaughter of William the Silent, and an aunt of hers, when a mere girl of seventeen, refused to surrender to a Catholic army a castle that was poorly provisioned, difficult to defend, and possessed of only two small culverins. The education of the "Lady of Lathom" is another interesting circumstance. This high-born little lady had to undergo a long series of floggings at the hands of her mother, her governess, and even her grandmother, a daughter of the great Coligny. They tried to break her spirit, but the siege of Lathom House shows how egregiously they failed.

Meanwhile her life-long friend, her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Trémouille, did her best to break the spirit of her feudal tenants by forcing them to build the truly



Marie Antoinette, after the King's Death.

From a portrait drawn in the Temple and presented to the Princess de Tarente. From "From the Crusades to the French Revolution," by Winifred Stephens (Constable).

magnificent Castle of Thouars. She seems to have had much the same passion for building as "Bess of Hardwick," of Chatsworth fame. Over this castle the author makes an unhappy slip. In one place she says that the people of Thouars had been "content" to slave on the building of it; in another that they "were so oppressed that for long afterwards they cursed her name and her memory." The fact that her picture alone of all the family portraits was smashed to pieces by the Revolutionary mob shows that the second statement is the more correct.

We must also take some exception to the excessive amount of praise showered upon the Prince de Talmont, "the hero of the Vendée." Relying only on these pages, one would gather that he was the heart and soul of the war; the fact being that he was not to be compared with La Rochejaquelein either in courage or ability. In disobeying his orders to let the fugitives have a clear road, he prevented the capture of Nantes, and altered the whole course of the war.

W. A. F.

PANTOMIME.*

It is often thought praise enough for a first book to say that it shows promise—a judgment hardly satisfying in the present, and subject to reversal on appeal by the future. For what seems to be promise may be in fact the top of achievement, like blossom which never quickens into fruit. A first novel may be that one book which, they say, it is in every man to write—the book in which he sums up his experience, his memories and ideas, and succeeds after all in making a tracing, rather than an imaginative rendering, of life. It is for the critic, then, to distinguish, if he can, the accomplishment from the promise, to discover and express what has actually been done, to trace any signs there may be of vitality and creative force.

"Pantomime" is a book that will not be labelled outright. It is neither stark realism, nor airy romanticism; nor indeed a just blending of the two, but perhaps, in the terminology of the chemist, a mixture rather than a compound. Where the author writes from knowledge, the characters live, the situations impose themselves; where she depends on imagination (and it is easy to mark the border-line), scenes and persons pass before us with the vividness of a cinematograph indeed, but are not "bodied forth." Structurally the story is simple. It is the history of a girlhood. The heroine, a Jewess, spends her childhood years in a society well-to-do, materialistic, starched with convention. Financial misfortune leads to endless, aimless wanderings with her mother and uncle, from hotel to hotel, *pension to pension*, eking out a small income with the petty economies of the homeless. As she grows older her soul is vexed with discontent, vague longings, gropings after a happiness in which, with the remembered excitements of an imaginative child, she sees herself playing Principal Girl to a Principal Boy in a life as light and coloured and irresponsible as a pantomime. She wants a lover, and finds a philanderer. Sickened by the inanities and disappointments of continual perambulation, she seeks a career, and joins an Academy of Histrionic Art, only to find that her acting makes no impression on the director, and to be thrown back once more upon herself. But she gains a lover, a fellow-student to whom she becomes engaged, and whom the practical uncle persuades to seek fortune in a city office. Fortune, however, is long in coming, and in a mood of desperation with her surroundings, Nan agrees to elope with her Boy. They are storm-bound at Dover on the way to Paris; Nan, resting in her room, is overwhelmed by a rush of the old conventions, the old ideals of "respectability," of orderly domesticity; she feels a shuddering fear that the Boy may fail her, and in a fever of fright slips away and takes train for London, whither her lover, himself recoiling from the idea of permanence, has already fled in a motor-car.

* "Pantomime." By G. B. Stern. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The plot, it will be seen, is no great matter, but in the treatment of it the author shows uncommon talent. Nan is a real, a charming person, portrayed with a sure and skilful hand. The descriptions of her peregrinations, of the dramatic school, of her family and friends and the people she meets, are instinct with acute and humorous observation. Her sensations and imaginings are related with insight and delicacy; one scene in particular, that in which, having sold her old clothing, she stands forth for the first time in all the consciousness of silken underwear, a new woman, is a remarkable exposition of feminine psychology. The dull, tidy-minded mother; the girl companions, with their *calineries* and curiosities; Sadie, the young married woman who seeks relief from dulness in a dangerous flirtation, and turns upon her lover when he becomes exigent, as a cat scratches the hand that strokes it: all these live and move. If the male characters are not all so successful, they are nevertheless closely observed, touched off with light strokes of humorous mockery that is never malicious; but drawn from the outside, rather than revealed from within. The Vicomte, with his airs and affectations, his epigrams and posturings, is like a figure out of the artificial comedy of the Restoration.

Technically the author's work reaches a high level of excellence. The style is easy, flexible, shot with colour and the sparkle of a pretty wit. In the difficult art of dialogue she shows a maturity remarkable in a first novel. Whatever the future may prove, "Pantomime" is itself an achievement—a work of exceptional ability and interest.

HERBERT STRANG.

A SURVEY OF SOME RECENT HISTORICAL LITERATURE.

Among the historical productions of 1913 we must revert once more with special admiration to Mr. Gooch's "Historians of the Nineteenth Century," a book invaluable as distinguishing the main currents of investigation and historical theory from the days of Grote to the present day; and we perceive that in the *Révue des Deux Mondes* Monsieur Hanotaux, former foreign minister and biographer of Richelieu, has commenced a series of articles on history and historians upon somewhat analogous lines. Another important event has been the production by Messrs Macmillan of an illustrated edition of Macaulay's history, under the editorship of Professor Firth, a work of unique interest to which we hope to be able to revert later.

A book of exceptional value and interest, especially to Oxford students, is the set of Ford lectures delivered at Oxford some eight years ago by Mr. A. L. Smith, of Balliol, now published by the Clarendon Press, under the title of "Church and State in the Middle Ages." The institution is put under the microscope, and its actual working exhibited during the pontificate of Innocent IV. (Sinibaldo Fiesco)—that is to say, from 1243 to 1254. The author tries to disentangle the good and evil bound up with the connection between England and Rome, more particularly in the middle of the thirteenth century. The objects of clerical rule had been lofty, and, in spite of the abuse of centralisation, its first effects had probably been good. Even at the period of its acme the system of making Rome a Court of Cassation for the whole of Europe was severely criticised, though Mr. Smith shows conclusively that Matthew Paris's portrait of Grosseteste as a *protégé* Protestant was enormously overdrawn. It is impossible after reading Mr. Smith's pages not to feel a good deal of sympathy with the great mediæval idea of a Church-State. Up to the middle of the thirteenth century it is difficult to exaggerate the vast hold that the Papacy had upon Christendom, and especially upon England. The Papalists included the best minds of the day, whose intense conviction it was that on the connection with Rome depended the security of the National Church as against the secular power, also the discipline and purity of the Church itself, if not the whole prospect of future reform. The united

action of the civilised world in pursuit of the highest aims which it could conceive was the dominant thought of superior minds such as Grosseteste. The idea was a grand one even in its failure. The way in which the failure came about is demonstrated in these luminous pages as due primarily to the deflection of the Papacy from its higher aims to those of successful war, the building up of a secular dominion, and the organisation of a treasury sufficient to bear the brunt of such expensive schemes. The Curia became more and more a court and board of exchequer levying the highest toll it could imaginably extort from the faithful in all lands on behalf of a policy which sacrificed spiritual to material aggrandisement. The ideal thus brought to earth takes on something of the earth, earthly; it is subdued to the element it works in. The Papacy, by means of an almost preternatural patience and persistency, overcame its twin power, the empire. But it was a worse than Pyrrhic victory. Innocent IV. had taken the Church at its highest in the climax of the thirteenth century—that glorious flowering time of the middle ages—and in eleven years had destroyed half her power for good and had launched her irretrievably upon a downward course. He had crushed the greatest ruling dynasty since the Cæsars, and ruined the greatest attempt at government since the fall of Rome. In ruining the empire he had ruined also the future of the Papacy.

A book of like power and originality is that of Mr. Henry Wickham Steed (Constable, 7s. 6d.) on the Hapsburg Monarchy. This is a pleasant variety from the *crambè repetita* about the harlequin character of the Austrian dominions—a bundle of races, creeds, traditions and tongues tied together by an august family—and fatuous speculation as to what may or may not happen when Francis Joseph dies. It is an original survey of the Hapsburg States, their conditions, character and problems from the point of view of a close, accurate and entirely modern observer. The two most powerful factors in the show, according to Mr. Steed, are the monarchy and the Jews. The Hapsburg Family Mission on one side, the Jewish journalists at the other extreme, and between the ubiquitous bureaucracy and "Vienna." Vienna, it should be noted, represents both a capital city and an *état d'ame*. The reputation of Vienna for gaiety dates from 1811, when the Congress danced, but failed to progress. If men could live on gaiety and rolls Vienna would be sublime. What "Vienna" lacks is soul. In this it is characteristic of the state of which it is the centre. Men of Vienna do not lack talent, but talent lacks men. What Vienna lacks is moral consciousness. Faith and idealism vanish under its blighting breath. To trace the genesis of Vienna would be to write the psychological history of the Austrian Empire. Mr. Steed does this to a great extent. He exhibits the dirty, corrupt, chaffering, "cow-dealing" side of modern parliamentarism. He seems to have a first-hand knowledge of Austrian finance. Backward as Austria is in some respects, in others it seems to be prefiguring the future. The strong tendency of capital to agglomeration, the decay of individualism, not only in trade and industry, but also in finance, before monopolistic organisation are seen in Vienna with startling clearness.

The Jewish question the author deems to be second to none in importance for anyone who would understand the Dual Monarchy. The Jews may be the salt of the earth; but you cannot dine off salt. Wherever they coexist in bulk there is pretty sure to be trouble. Prosperity invariably leads the Jew into two apparently irresistible mistakes: first the immoderate display of material egotism, secondly forgetfulness of the fact that he is in the last analysis an Asiatic, and failure to recognise the profound difference between the Jewish and non-Jewish mentality. With this failure goes the failure to realise how strongly the tide of anti-Jewish feeling is running in highly-civilised countries—especially, it seems, in Germany and German Austria. The author concludes that monarchy holds its own in the Hapsburg States, and that by a paramount use of the skill in trafficking between rival policies and jarring national aspirations, which centuries of experience

has developed, it may retain a unique place among the potential forces of Europe. Each constituent part of the empire in turn, as circumstances tend to strengthen or weaken their "pull," encounters successfully the severity, indifference or benignant favour of the Hapsburg in office. The Magyars have mainly had the pull since 1867, but their tenure of the imperial smile seems to be coming to an end. Vienna seems inclined at the moment to coquet with the Ruthenian element in its polyglot empire largely because of the fear of their relapsing into the orthodoxy of a Pan-Slavic Russia. All in turn hate and try to bite the hand of the charioteer, but more than any Hapsburg alienation they dread the possibility of being left outside the parcel which by sheer fact of continuance has engendered a certain obscure sense of belonging together. Altogether this is a most remarkable book, indispensable to publicists, and worthy of anything of the kind from the pen of Sir Charles Dilke at his best. The writer for ten years has studied Austria and Austrian problems from the point of vantage offered by the position of *Times* correspondent. His splendid work and Sombart's will lead to a better understanding of problems which at the time are calling for serious treatment more persistently than any other problems of old Europe.

Dr. Pollard's "Reign of Henry VII., from Contemporary Sources" (Longman) is the first volume of a source-book for this reign to be completed in three volumes—I., narrative; II., economic and social; III., diplomacy, religion, Ireland—and is dictated by considerations of scholastic utility. Whether it is desirable to spoon-feed pupils of special periods by the preparation of specialised hand-books seems to me very open to question. Difficulties have always to be surmounted in the quest of contemporary evidence, and it seems rather unwise to spare the pupil who aspires to get up a special period or subject from documents a foretaste of these difficulties while he is still an undergraduate. But the collection has a distinct historic-literary, apart from a scholastic, value, and it furnishes a pretext for a very pretty and illuminating essay on the reign by way of introduction from the pen of the professor. From the student point of view the Introduction is a dangerous bit of suggestion. The author's style—rich in analogy and metaphor—makes it fatally persuasive, if not, indeed, seductive, to the young historian. But Dr. Pollard at least points out with great candour the existence of the danger. One contemporary authority tells us that Henry VII. spent all his leisure poring over his accounts, another that he only cared for amusements; against assertions that he spent nothing we have to set the sums we know he lavished on jewels and entertainments, and against Morton's Fork and Empson's fines we must set the release (on evidence at least as irrefragable) of all prisoners in London for debts of less than forty shillings. His haggling with Ferdinand of Aragon over the distressful Catherine's dower conflicts with the charm of his correspondence with his mother; and his harshness to Warwick and Suffolk with his fidelity to his ministers, only one of whom encountered the fate so common to Tudor statesmen. "The simple facts of history prove on examination to be as fictitious and fallacious as the 'elements' of geometry or of chemistry." Of all our kings, Henry VII. is perhaps the foxiest. There was nothing divine about his descent, and though, says Mr. Pollard, "something was made of the *verum Dei judicium* at the Battle of Bosworth, the God of Battles was a fickle and dangerous deity to invoke. Hymen might be more steadfast, and Henry's marriage with Elizabeth of York was as essential to his position as was William III.'s with Mary to his." Henry's prescription (says our guide, in conclusion, and very characteristically), Henry's prescription for England's disorders was a sedative toned with iron and administered with unflinching resolution. For the general student this is a book of useful design and of exceptional value. Some of the documents have not hitherto been printed. We hope to revert to it when the collection is nearer completion. The second volume ought to be particularly interesting.

The second volume arrives as I am correcting this, and fully corroborates the anticipation. There is, perhaps, rather more Latinity in the Social section than the English student may appreciate. But the selections are skilfully made. The entries of expenditure from the King's Privy Purse are distinctly amusing. For instance, for a barometer (called a "pronosticacon"), 6s. 8d.; for taking crown jewels out of pawn, £350; for a "lyon," £2 13s. 4d.; for a leopard, £13 6s. 8d.; for King Richard's Tombe, £10; for a mountebanke eating coals, 6s. 8d.; for a wrestling priest at "Cecetr," 6s. 8d.; to a Spaniard that played the fool, £2; to the young damoyzell that daunceth, £30. Puzzling, this last entry; evidently a Salome dance!

Mr. Heatley's "Studies in British History and Politics" (Smith, Elder) arouses an interest in the receptive power of the author's Edinburgh students. Mr. Heatley generalises with some sagacity, though no great originality; but he conveys his conclusions and reflections through the medium of sentences of such portentous length, complexity and conditionality that we have found it quite impossible, owing to preoccupation with the syntactical turn of the sentence, to keep any consecutive touch with the curve of the lecturer's ideas. How do his classes manage if he habitually talks like this? From whom did he derive this eccentric and exorbitant fashion of postponing the fall of his sentence? One doubts whether Mr. Henry James himself could surpass sentences of such tantalising quality as the following:

"If again, we view Britain, with her equipment and responsibilities, as she has been adjudged by the comprehensive intellect of a Montesquieu or the political and expedient sense of a Friedrich von Gentz, or even, in spite of prejudice and perversion, by the average, well-informed, continental mind of Europe during times of crises for Britain, as in 1800 and in 1900, we reach by a more circuitous and less sure path a somewhat similar result—that England and Britain have prospered through regard for law and for liberty, for burden as well as privilege, for duties accepted and enforced and not merely for rights easily proclaimed, and that to the British genius and type of mind, undoubtedly composite but with constituents that prevail, we must ascribe distrust of mere theory, incapacity to follow theory through, and disinclination to submit or to be subjected to it; that to it belong sagacity and balance, as of the Roman, not the alertness of the Athenian, a certain narrowness of vision when more than the immediate issue is in question, but a sureness of foot for the day, a liking for precedent and attachment to the real and the feasible, readiness to make surrenders by way of compromise for convenience, for peace of mind and the satisfying, unideal conduct of everyday vocations."

Here is another characteristic passage:

"Thus, also, the second Pitt in his constructive statesmanship before the French Revolution seeks at once to organise and make harmonious the machinery of the State, and to work upon and to expand the basis of the nation and of a new society, entitled to political recognition in Britain; and, while in his later schemes of State he departed in outward effort from the spirit of his earlier reforms and positive endeavours, this and not more can be charged historically against him, that he misconceived, though less obliquely than Burke, the immediate and impending evils for his own country from a political cataclysm in France: he shrank, but over-cautiously shrank, from applying and persisting in a policy which, in happier days, had been held by him to be safe and statesmanlike, and had been made by him his own, but which amid the new conditions was dreaded by him as expedient, as possibly subversive, and an encouragement to those who would imperil the State and rights established."

The author seems happier when he is describing and expounding the work of individual historians like Maitland and documenting the same with references and notes. Maitland, however, never let an idea go until he had overcome it in single combat and made its meaning as clear as it was possible for our language to render it. Mr. Heatley could not possibly find a better exemplar.

It is interesting to be able to record the completion of Professor Oman's "History of England," in seven volumes (Methuen). Almost simultaneously we have to note the completion of Sir James Ramsay's eight volumes beginning with the "Foundations" and concluding with "1485." These two series and Longman's political history (in twelve volumes) have been in progress for about a decade or more. Both the complete histories are very uneven. But the volumes in the "Political" deal with the Tudor period, while the merit of the Methuen series is chiefly concentrated in

Volumes I. and II., covering the period from the creation down to 1300. The two new volumes respectively are "England in the Later Middle Ages" (1272-1485), by Kenneth Vickers, and "England since Waterloo," by J. A. R. Marriott, and between them they fill up the two remaining gaps. The two volumes are of very even merit; they take nothing for granted; they give numerous references, especially the volume by Mr. Vickers; they are compendious, they seek to omit nothing of any possible importance. But really successful history can only be written by dint of imagination; and these two authors don't trust theirs nearly enough. Mr. Marriott speaks expressly of the gradual saturation he has undergone in the materials; but saturation is comparatively ineffective unless it leads to a little more vigorous reaction upon materials than we see here. This is the more desirable inasmuch as the pre-existence of the political history points the way here to specialisation on social questions rather than on the minute chronological registry of political events.

Mr. Vickers is best where he is most happy—that is in traversing a jungle of detail and making no effort at all to see over the tops of the trees. Thus his volume appears to most advantage in the reign of Henry V. In the early portions his book seems to have been ruthlessly cut down, but here it is left relatively full; and the fuller the better. Mr. Marriott is good in just the opposite way. He is best where he is sketching quite rapidly and using a little historical stenography, as in the chapters on "Peace without Plenty," the "Growth of the British Power in India," "England and Italy," or "Colonial Developments." The maps, as is usual in this series, are of special interest. Five hundred pages are devoted to text, and fifty more to authorities, tables and index. The seventh volume has a full table of contents, the third merely a list of chapters. This is surely bad editing. We can only hope to see the omission remedied in a subsequent issue.

A valuable companion to the book of Mr. Vickers and to the two well-known volumes of Miss Abram is supplied by Mr. L. F. Salzmänn's "English Industries of the Middle Ages" (Constable). The book forms a splendid introduction to the industrial history of pre-capitalistic England. The sixteenth century (as Mr. R. H. Tawney points out so well in his "Agrarian Problem under the Tudors"), and early seventeenth form the period of transition, and these chapters are devoted to mining, quarrying, metal-working, pottery, cloth-making, leather-working and brewing, mainly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Based to a considerable extent upon the special studies of local industries contributed by Mr. Vellacott and others to the Victoria county history, this crude but interesting volume concludes with a chapter upon the control of mediæval industries, whether by Parliament or by the craft guilds.

Mr. A. L. Guérard's "French Civilisation in the Nineteenth Century" (Unwin) is exactly what it professes to be—an historical introduction to the study of modern French activity in whatever form—a tableau of French progress and French problems, from 1800 to the present day. The writer excels in conciseness and clearness. It is surprising what an amount of information and suggestion he manages to condense into 250 pages. The modern newspaper-reader will find extremely useful his accounts of the Dreyfus case, the Radical Block, Syndicalism, Rénanism, Modernism, the Separation Law, Sillonism, and the like. The author speaks very frankly on the *plaies* of modern France, the dram shop, the barrack, the birth-rate, and the petty bureaucracy, but he hopes for salvation less from the colonial empire of France than from her inherited wealth in land, money, culture, historic tradition, prestige. An old nation, a wounded nation, perhaps, but one whose heart throbs unconquerably still with invigorating life. Why are historical books so dear in England—12s. 6d.?

Another book which has appeared posthumously is the fourth volume of Dr. James Gairdner's "Lollardy in England" (Macmillan)—the work, still unfinished, of an octogenarian. The present volume, comprising Books VII.

and VIII., is confined to the first year of Queen Mary's reign and, like its predecessors, commits its author to a strongly anti-Protestant view. This, however, carries less weight, from the fact that the late Dr. Gairdner was essentially an archivist, not an historian. As an editor of rolls and calendars he did work of the very first importance, but his power of generalising and interpreting was small, and even in the matter of arrangement, as seen in his varied editions of the "Paston Letters," his mind was never wholly free from inextricable muddles. Yet he was a scholar of unflagging industry and complete sincerity, and students of the future will be increasingly grateful to him for the diligence of his labours for the Royal Historical Society and the Record Office. He was Assistant Keeper of the Records from 1859 to 1900.

A pioneer book of the record type, which is also to be mentioned here, is Dr. Thomas James Walker's "History of The Dépôt for Prisoners of War at Norman Cross, Huntingdonshire, 1796 to 1816" (Constable, 10s. 6d.). This affords, from materials never before used, a very curious and minute account of the arrangements made for the internment of French captives during the Great War. The result gains in impressiveness from the fact that pastoral landscape, distinguished only by a couple of wells and some almost obliterated grass graves, marks the spot where ten thousand French prisoners lived under strict guard, worked laboriously at straw-plait, marquetry, and other prison industries, planned impossible escapes, and hoped against hope for the termination of the war. The prison was demolished in 1816, and has here been reconstituted, with interesting illustrations and pitiful historical details and appendices, exclusively from documentary material.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

ASSORTED CRIME.*

It is rather a shock to read, in the opening sentence of a chapter in Mr. Tighe Hopkins' new book, that he was the last inmate of the condemned cell of Newgate Prison.

"The silence was as deep as in any hour of the twenty-four it ever could have been in that place; and out of the silence came the great clock of St. Paul's flinging over the City its melodious noon."

Mr. Hopkins, however, has no intention of harrowing our feelings. It is only his way of introducing the personal touch to a farewell study of Old Newgate on the eve of its demolition—the touch that gives life to so many of the dry bones of history and crime which go to the making of this book of excellent gossip. Not all the chapters seem, at first sight, to justify their inclusion under the heading of "The Romance of Fraud," but the author has an ingenious

* "The Romance of Fraud." By Tighe Hopkins. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall).

knack of coaxing the unlikeliest subjects within reach of his capacious net.

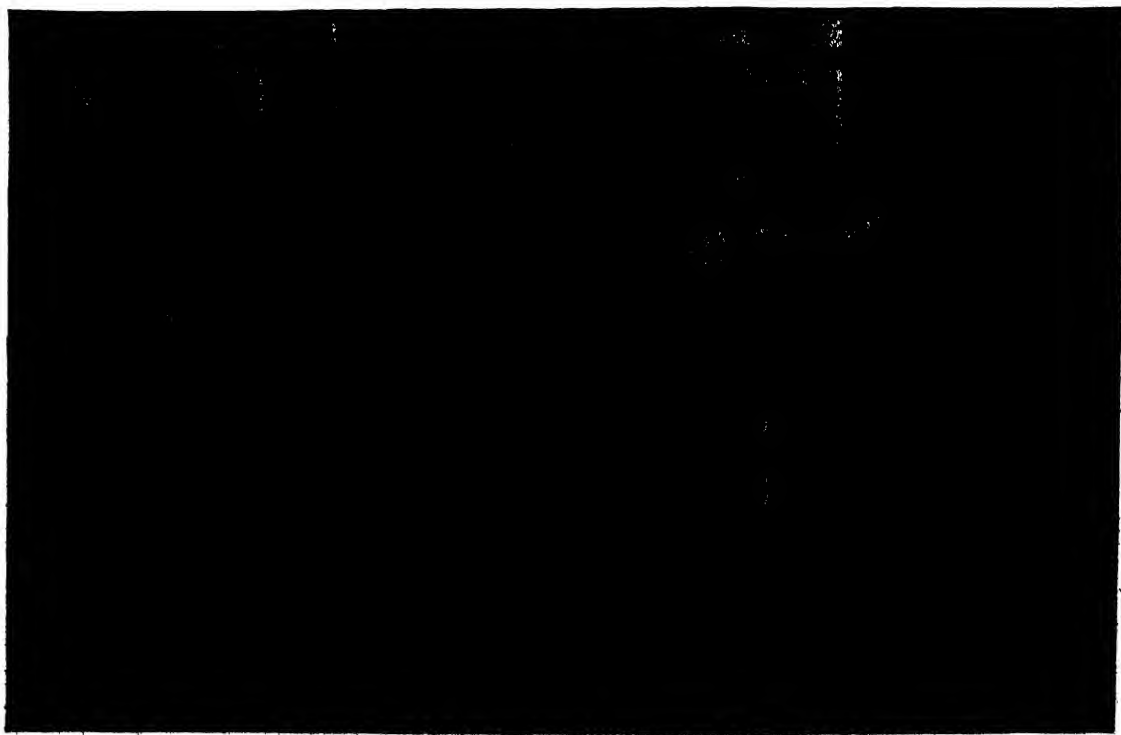
The chapter on tattooing, for example, will surprise most people who have not read the arguments of Lombroso and his school in favour of stamping that art as characteristic of the habitual criminal. It may be as well for Dame Fashion to remember this, lest she should be tempted to revive the ridiculous craze of a few years ago, when ladies of Smart Society boasted of patterns on their calves, and garters tattooed beneath the knee. Not that Dame Fashion would be likely, I suppose, to taboo tattooing merely because men of science had labelled it the hall mark of crime.

Between the fashionable garters of yesterday and the tailless hippo of Ancient Egypt lies a vast gulf, but Mr. Hopkins succeeds in bridging it with enviable ease. The tailless hippo, it seems—"sole survivor of an Ark antecedent to Noah's"—can be made to order as surely, if not quite so quickly, as the tattooer's imprint. It is merely part of a whole world of fraud which manufactures every kind of "antique" for the guileless trippers to Egypt and elsewhere, from royal mummies to pseudo-medieval glass, the last of which, we are told, is turned out by the ton. Other chapters are full of curious lore and intimate knowledge of such varied topics as the Inquisition; prison life and its recreations; the Man in the Iron Mask; the author discussing some of the theories regarding that inscrutable mystery which have been put forward since his own book on the subject was published in 1901; Fouquier-Tinville, "the Man-Eater of the Terror," whose life by Alphonse Dunoyer was recently issued in an English edition; and the close connection between crime and superstition in all parts of the world. The professional criminal appears to be a firm believer in charms.

"Whatever may be the practice of the British fraternity in this respect," writes the author, "there are few continental thieves bold enough to dispense with an amulet of some sort. A small magic scroll, or a certain formula that is supposed to render him invisible while in the act of committing his crime, will be suspended from his neck, or tied around the waist, or bestowed in a secret pocket."

Mr. Hopkins is welcome to expose as many frauds and superstitions as he pleases, but he might have left the pirates a little of the glamour which we still love to associate with those reckless heroes of our youth.

"No," [says the remorseless Mr. Hopkins], "piracy rejects, upon the peremptory mandate of historical fact, all patent of nobility. The pirate is no more to be ennobled than the footpad."



By permission of Mr. W. Heinemann.

The Trial of Marie Antoinette.

From "The Romance of Fraud" by Tighe Hopkins (Chapman & Hall).

His differentiation from the commonest longshore thief is merely that his emprise was on a bigger and more imposing scale, and his chances of profit enormously greater. The garb of hero is a giant's robe to him. . . . As for the risks of his adventures, the business-like pirate calculated them as a jobber on 'Change estimates the chances of the market."

All that may be distressingly true, but in spite of Mr. Hopkins, and the lurid facts which he brings to light in support of his argument—including that of the buccaneer, whose grim jest it was to lop off the ears of an English skipper and make him eat them with pepper and salt—I, for one, shall still believe in the halo of romance which has surrounded the Jolly Roger for me as long as I care to remember.

FRANK A. MUMBY.

MANY VERSES.

Mrs. Huxley's volume of verse¹ is interesting in more ways than one. It is prefaced by three poems written by her husband, of which one at least—the third, "Westminster Abbey"—is worthy to be called a poem. The remaining verses in this volume, fairly considerable in number, are from the pen of Mrs. Huxley herself. They show us a lofty and spiritual nature, a noble philosophy of life, and those qualities of heart and mind which so eminently befitted the life-long helpmate of the great scientist, who was a visionary and a man of letters as well. Her poetry is simple, ardent and tender. Her grace of diction and flow of music do not fail her. But, when all is said and done, the great interest of the book lies in those glimpses of personal character which show on what a heart one of England's greatest men could rest his head.

"On Passive Service"² is a very suggestive and interesting book. It is, in fact, full of poetry, of poetry not always clearly expressed, but there in the matrix, so to speak. Mrs. Andrews never writes anything that she does not feel, and there is always a thought round which the poem is built up. One cannot turn a page without finding a felicity and a revelation. With so much to give us, Mrs. Andrews ought not to make her message difficult. She is excellently equipped for a poet if she would but convey her thought to us more clearly and simply. The thought is always certain and beautiful, as in those poems of the wife whose husband is separated from her by the world's width. One feels the sheer surprise of joy that comes with poetry—and yet, the expression lacks something of clearness. She has not found the inevitable word.

Here in a very tiny book³ is some very delightful poetry, which might well set itself out to attract in a less modest garb. Miss Westermains' expression—Elizabeth Westermains: what a name for a poet!—is peculiarly felicitous. Over and over again one feels that here is some authentic gem from the Greek anthology. Music, colour, enchantment, the breath of roses, are in this tiny book; but, when one would quote, one turns to a little poem which expresses a grief and a want common to all the ages. It is a sad little Lullaby:

"Light is rising o'er the daisies,
Larks are singing in the corn,
Little lambs are frisking, bleating,
Towards the waiting pastures fleeting,
Lullaby, sweet babe unborn.

Other mothers hush their nestlings
In the sunset; I at morn;
All the silver night I hold thee,
Only then in dreams enfold thee,
Lullaby, sweet babe unborn.

Lullaby, sweet babe that lacks me;
Lullaby, my heart is torn!
In what clear and airy meadow
Lurk'st thou, far beyond our shadow?
Lullaby, sweet babe unborn.

¹ "Poems of Henrietta A. Huxley." 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)
² "On Passive Service." By Margaret Lovell Andrews. 2s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen.)
³ "Helen's Mirror." By Elizabeth Westermains. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

In what verdant pasture playest?
Little babe, thou art forsworn.
For thou dost disdain the portal,
Little rosy child immortal,
Lullaby, sweet babe unborn."

From the author of "The Tramping Methodist" we look for rugged force and dramatic passion, and we find it in the haunting passion of "Willow Forge."⁴ This is arresting poetry, strong and brave, with imaginative vision. There is not one thing in the book which is negligible—from the Hardy-like ballad which gives the book its name to the tramping music of its close. The irregularities of the verse are oddly in keeping with the emotional qualities. If there is now and again a discord it is right, as though the hands fell suddenly on the chords. The book is alive with personality.

"Echoes"⁵ is gracious with a gentle and sensitive poetry, full of the scents, the sounds, the colours of English gardens, conceived with the gentle thoughts of a sheltered life, *Hortus inclusus*, the sheltered garden which is given to those who are not violent, but lie still in the Hand that allots them their fate. The diction is singularly pure and flowing. "Echoes" is too modest a title, for the book has its own delicate revelation and message.

Mr. Hole's poetic drama, "The Master,"⁶ is a pathetic and moving piece of work, and it hardly needs the introduction by Mr. Stephen Phillips, since it is quite equal to winning its own way. The dramatic energy is well sustained throughout, and there are passages of considerable poetic beauty, marked by great simplicity and grace of diction. If one might make a suggestion, it would be that the short lines occurring so often break up the flow of the verse and make it less stately than it would be otherwise.

Yet another poetical drama is "Tristram and Iseult."⁷ Martha Kinross is a new name in poetry so far as I know, and this play must make it an honoured one. It is a bold thing to give us yet another version of the great story, but Mrs. Kinross is justified of her temerity. This is a swift, beautiful, passionate play, the background of the Arthurian tapestry, but the central figures of the drama living, loving, and suffering, with the fierce energy which belongs for all time to the story of Tristram and Iseult.

Mr. Strong's translations of the Ballades of Théodore de Banville⁸ are always good and sometimes brilliant. His book is quite adequate and makes very delightful reading. If one does not find the tripping gaiety of such a master of these forms as was, for instance, W. E. Henley, it is still deft and very pleasant. Let us say grace for meat and fish!

Mr. Mackereth⁹ is always a poet of a lofty aim. He never takes his message lightly, and he is a true craftsman, for his work grows in artistry. He is always sensible that he is a poet, and one feels, in reading his poems, the rapture of the maker in them. He gives us few surprises, but he is always beautiful and dignified and worthy, and his faculty for expression, his music, his art, grow from book to book.

"Columbine"¹⁰ is a new edition of a very pretty, artificial little play, very deftly and charmingly written, with a batch of verses, nearly always gay, at the end. It will appeal to lovers of "Prunella" and "The Pierrot of the Minute." The illustrations are exceedingly clever.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

⁴ "Willow Forge." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Erskine Macdonald.)

⁵ "Echoes." By A. L. Anderson. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

⁶ "The Master." By W. G. Hole. (Erskine Macdonald.)

⁷ "Tristram and Iseult." By Martha Kinross. 3s. net. (Macmillan.)

⁸ "The Ballades of Théodore de Banville." Rendered by A. T. Strong. 3s. net. (Macmillan.)

⁹ "On the Face of a Star." By James A. Mackereth. 2s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

¹⁰ "Columbine." By Reginald Arkell. 1s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

THE MAORIS *

The title of Mr. Newman's book has passed the lips of everyone who ever came into contact with the natives of New Zealand. Of all the coloured races of the Southern Hemisphere, none stimulates such interest as do the Maoris. Their physical and intellectual virility are of a quality that suggests transmission from some great ancestry, just as their hardihood and spirit of adventure may be traits descended from heroic wanderers.

New Zealand—with its wonderful beaches and mountains, its miraculous hot springs, its gracious vegetation and climate—is becoming wider known of recent years—people on this side of the world are even forming the habit of "running down" there for a little fishing or mountaineering, or to study the unique social conditions of the Dominion. And no one visits the country, or lives in it, without feeling an interest in its natives and putting the question of their origin.

Mr. Newman has taken practical steps to find an answer to his question. He has spent years in patient research, both in personal investigation and in study of connecting links of evidence left by great authorities on the history of eastern peoples. He followed the trail discovered by Mr. Percy Smith, author of "Hawaiki," who established proof of the existence of Maoris in the Malay Archipelago from 500 B.C. to A.D. 1100. Here Mr. Newman found many clues pointing to their previous existence in India. Step by step he has gone back over the route of the Great Migration, and over a period of three thousand years, till he placed them originally in Northern India and identified them with "the Maureyu, or Maurea," quoted by Phayre as "a great people of Bengal when it was the kingdom of Ava."

"By the word Maori," he says, "I mean the brown-skinned race called Polynesian by European writers. Maoris inhabit New Zealand, Hawaii, Easter Island, Samoa, Raratonga, Tonga, Tahiti, and scores of other islands. They are all one race—one by parentage in a common fatherland in Asia; one race in colour, blood, tradition, and religion. They used variations of the word in different dialects. In Hawaii they were Maoli; in other places they were Morioro, Mori, and so on. But Maori was their common name."

The rigid conservatism of Maoris in their racial traditions appears to have made it almost startlingly easy for Mr. Newman to establish his theory and to locate the places of occupation by the Maoris in their downward route from India. Especially conservative are they in their religion, and no one can know of its chants and spells and stories without feeling they have an ancient and highly poetic origin.

Altogether Mr. Newman claims he "has discovered the lost history of the Maori race," that he has "proved conclusively the route of the Great Migration from the banks of the Indus to New Zealand," and that "the Maoris are an Aryan-Mongolic people but dominantly Caucasian." In support of this is a book crammed full of information that should be of value to students of its subject, or to anyone who visits its countries. It is a mine of treasure in its wealth of Maori and Hindu folklore and myth—a contribution to literature in fact, though the author has not paused to give great literary finish to his work—he has been too eager to impart its fundamental matter. But here is unlimited material for embroiderers of fairy tale, legend and song.

SIX NOVELS.

I am looking for some man or woman, boy or girl, who does not write, or play, or act, or sing, or paint, or orate, or, indeed, do any of the things that are more or less artistic, either professionally or as an amateur. I am looking for the simple soul who is content to sit and look on and attend and applaud. I am looking for the audience. For at present it really does seem to me that we are approaching that state of social being in which the people earned a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing.

* "Who are the Maoris?" By A. K. Newman. 7s. 6d. net. (New Zealand: Whitcombe & Tombs).

The compliments on my own work that used to mantle my young cheek with blushes are all become suspect to me now. If a man tells me that he liked my last novel I am pleased, of course—until I realize that he only tells me this because he wants me to say that I liked his last book of verses. On my word it is atrocious, an abomination, that there should be so many of us. And the worst of all are these new-comers, these boys and girls I have never before heard of, whose books look quite as important as mine in the bookshops, and whose names bulk just as large in the advertisement-columns. Yet, even so, I could forgive them if they were duffers at their business. I could smile blandly upon their maiden efforts, if only those maiden efforts made me smile in another way as well. But the plague of it is that I am bound to respect and even to admire them. For their work is good.

Of the six books reviewed in this too brief article there is not one which has not some distinction, some individual claim to considered appreciation. There is not one that the conscientious critic could lightly dismiss with a few stereotyped catchwords of faint praise. And only one of them is written by an author of impregnable established reputation.

That one is "The Master of Merripit," by Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Phillpotts, I am sure, would not claim for this his latest production, that it is as good as he can do. He would not wish it to be ranked with "The Mother" or "The Secret Woman." It was obviously written in the intervals of more strenuous toil; a holiday task. Which is not to say that it is not fine stuff of its kind: good, honest romance, well-conceived, well-knit, well-written. It is a variation on the old theme of the love-test. Two men are set a task to win a maiden, she herself to be the prize. It is a capital story, brisk and moving, with no pause in its headlong course from title-page to colophon. But why does Mr. Phillpotts seem to subscribe to the popular fallacy that a bully is always a coward? Surely the gentle Elia exploded that silly superstition long ago.

In a very different genre is "The Duchess of Wrexhe," by Hugh Walpole, with whose work I was, until this present, unfortunate enough to be wholly unfamiliar. This is a novel which one would like to praise unequivocally, and one might do that with a clear conscience, if one had less respect for the author's fine literary talent and less lofty hopes of his future. The story is of the end of the last century, that acutely transitional time, when all the ancient privileges of high caste tottered to their fall, and democracy, in the guise of the efficient person as opposed to the mere aristocrat, made its force felt above all other forces in our national affairs. The study of the Duchess is worthy to rank beside that of Old Mel in "Evan Harrington." It is true that Old Mel was dead before the story began, whereas the duchess lives to within a few pages of the end of Mr. Walpole's book; but she—like Old Mel—is merely an influence throughout, taking no active part in the destinies she controls. But it is just in the matter of these destinies—as figured forth in a bewildering array of deft character-studies—that Mr. Walpole fails, I think. He is too serious, too eager, too hard. He lacks the salt of humour to flavour his satire and make it palatable. A little more mellowness and a little less tartness, a little more softness of outline, and a little less austerity, a little more kindness and a little less cynicism: given these saving qualities and one could hail in "The Duchess of Wrexhe" something approaching a masterpiece.

We have these saving qualities in "The Way Home," but alas! the theme here is not enkindling. The earlier chapters of the book are quite delightful. The study of the boy, Charlie Grace, is as good as any boy-study in literature. David Copperfield was not more clearly realized or more compellingly portrayed. Indeed the character-studies throughout are first-class; and so is the quiet

1 "The Master of Merripit." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

* "The Duchess of Wrexhe." By Hugh Walpole. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

* "The Way Home." By Basil King. 6s. (Methuen.)

strong humour excellent. It is the theme that irks one: the theme of a nice boy falling upon materialism and becoming that basest of creatures, the soulless money-getter, the kind of man who cares not what he does or whom he injures, so long as he himself makes good. Toward the end of the book one sees that he is coming home, coming back to his real better self; but then it is too late; the harm is done, and the doer of all that wickedness is himself of no more account in the world. A fine book, nevertheless, and one which, judged by any but the highest standards, might be acclaimed a complete success.

"Katya"⁴ is a novel in yet another vein. It is labelled a romance, but it is hardly that. For in its meticulous fidelity to the facts of life and human nature it is somehow reminiscent of Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Yet, on reflection, it embodies the essentials of romance in that it tells of unusual things happening to usual people. There is no plot. The story (presumably) presents a faithful picture of average Russian life in a typical Russian environment: the Ukraine, in this instance. It covers many years, and thus is epical in its range, though principally it has for its lurid background the Russian-Japanese War. The heroine, Katya, is a woman much loved, who dallies in turn with three of her suitors and marries two of them. The inner workings of her heart are revealed with all that effect of magical intimacy which seems almost indecent in a man. Space forbids more than a passing reference to the old General Karatayef, who works secretly at embroidery to supplement his income, or to Mikailo, a coachman, the stalwart of the drama, forceful and calm, a striking contrast to all the other feverish, hectic folk with whom he has to do. As a translation from the Danish this book reflects great credit on the translator, although a seemingly inevitable effect of slightly strained language, occasionally almost high-falutin', slightly mars what can be otherwise extolled as a romance at once worth reading for its own sake as well as for the sake of the vision it vouchsafes of contemporary Russian life in an aristocratic household.

"Dust from the Loom"⁵ has also a foreign setting: Santiago. The theme of the story is one of the oldest, but so adroitly manipulated that its interest never flags, and one does not realize even dimly what an old, old theme it is, after all, until one has reached the end. So, it would not be fair to disclose the plot. It is enough to commend the tale for its instant strong appeal to those primitive emotions in all of us, which thrill us and make us want to laugh and melt us to the sentimental mood. And this result is really due to certain tricks of style: the style of Mr. Noble's writing is at once incisive and picturesque, vehement and at the same time restrained. Nor does the book lack humour. In Liseta we have yet another variant on the old serving-woman, but she is none the less an original for that. A case-hardened reviewer confesses to having read this book through at a single sitting—and it is quite a long book—and to have found refreshment and entertainment in every page of it.

Miss Mills Young must not think that because I have relegated her book to the last I esteem it as the least worthy on my list.⁶ On the contrary, I am not at all sure that it is not the best of the bunch. It is a story of strong elemental passions, powerfully rendered and exquisitely set forth against the picturesque background of the veldt. One senses the heat and the dust and the scents of the veldt in these glowing pages. And the glory and the glamour and the pain of love, frustrate and triumphant, is so poignantly expressed as to wring the heart. To those in search of pretty-pretty make believe, fake and fudge, this book is not likely to appeal; but to those who like to see life reflected in the handglass of truth it is one to be unreservedly commended.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE DARK CONTINENT AGAIN.

The supply of books on Africa seems absolutely inexhaustible. True, there is an amazing amount of good copy yet to be extracted from the Dark Continent, and, doubtless, there are still books which will become classics waiting to be written, but the authors—amateur authors, for the most part—who venture into print with expensive columns, should make sure before publication that the ground has not been covered already.

Mr. F. C. Selous gave us the best Big Game books we shall ever have, so far as Africa is concerned. He is the last of the Great Hunters, the very doyen of Nimrods, and he did his work in those days when the hunter was also pioneer, explorer, and hero. He went into the wilds, a thousand miles ahead of the railway, five hundred miles ahead of even a semblance of British law, taking his life in his hands, amongst natives even more dangerous than the wild beasts, and, for that reason, his simple, straightforward narratives have an immense value.

The latter-day hunter has all the resources of civilisation behind him. His comfort is regulated merely by the size of his bank balance. Every year, the number of men who go to Africa in search of big game increases, and a very large proportion of these are seized with a wholly unjustifiable desire to write a book about their deeds, despite the fact that ex-President Roosevelt, with the record of the carnival of slaughter carried out by himself and his professional assistants, practically killed the sale of this type of work.

I am sorry that Captain Mosse tried to make a conventional shooting book out of his adventures.¹ He is too able a writer, and too thorough a sportsman, for that sort of thing. A score of other men might have done the accounts of his shooting trips; hundreds of other men have had similar adventures; but very few could have written the most admirable chapters on rifles and equipment. Those are indeed valuable, and should be studied by all who think of going out into country where dangerous game is to be found. They more than compensate for the conventional features in the first part of the volume. There is room for a text-book on the subject, and Captain Mosse is obviously the man to write it. I shall look forward to its publication.

It is impossible to review a book of the type of "A Captain of the Gordons,"² because the volume is really an intimate private document, which, through a mistake, has come before the public. It consists, almost entirely, of extracts from letters written by the late Captain David Miller, of the Gordon Highlanders, the sub-editing and arrangement having been done by his mother and his sister.

Captain Miller was a very gallant gentleman, a splendid servant of the Empire, and his early death was little short of a tragedy. Literally, he laid down his life for his country, dying, whilst still very young, worn out by active service in South Africa and Somaliland.

On the other hand, his letters show him to have been as modest as he was brave, and, looking at this large and expensive volume, with its obvious padding, one feels that the man himself would have shrunk from the publicity which it is attempted to give to his simple, straightforward narrative. There is not enough in the book to attract the man in the street, not enough even to attract the average library subscriber. It should have been brought out either for private circulation only, or else in a very much cheaper form. To-day there are far too many of these expensive books, which, on examination, prove to contain only some fifty or sixty thousand words.

In this case, the lamentable thing is that Captain Miller could write, and, had he been spared, he might have produced a book which would have lived; but these extracts from hurriedly-written letters certainly do not

⁴ "Katya." By Franz De Jessen. 6s. (Heinemann.)

⁵ "Dust from the Loom." By Edward Noble. 6s. (Constable.)

⁶ "The Purple Mists." By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (John Lane.)

¹ "My Somali Book." Captain A. H. E. Mosse. 12s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

² "A Captain of the Gordons." Edited by Mrs. Miller and Miss Miller. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

do him justice. Much must have been cut out of them, yet purely boyish expressions, such as a man might write to a sister, are left in.

Here and there, one gets brilliant things, little bits which make you realise that the Empire lost a genius, as well as a hero, when this young officer died.

"It is hard to describe a battle—there is so little to describe. The infantry soldier sees nothing except the men on either side of him, and the ground in front. He hears the crackle of the enemy's fire somewhere—he does not know where—he hears the whit! whit! of the bullets, and, every now and then, he knows vaguely someone near him is hit—he feels the smell of the powder (cordite), and the hot, oily smell of his rifle . . . that is the infantry soldier's battle—very nasty—very tiring—very groasy—very hungry—very thirsty—everything very beastly. No glitter—no excitement—no nothing. Just bullets and dirt."

The man who wrote those words in a letter to his own people—they simply reek with truth—could certainly have written a great book later on. He would have been one of the brilliant exceptions. The Service could never have made of him a dull and prosy snob, though it would probably have tried to get rid of him because of his brains, not loving brilliant men who can use a pen as well as a sword.

And so I am sorry about this book. The making of it has been a labour of love for those who had the best of reasons for loving the dead man, and to them every honour is due. Yet I wish they had done the thing in another form. It is not what he did, but what he was, that matters in this case, and only by the most careful reading can you realise his brave, joyous nature. Still, young though he was, he left his mark, and the world was the richer for his having lived. So he was amongst the fortunate ones, Beloved of the Gods.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

BRONTË MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.*

Mrs. Chadwick has written a book which no admirer of the Brontës can afford to ignore; rather, we might say, which no admirer of the Brontës will read without deriving the utmost enjoyment from it. She has spent enormous pains and trouble in amassing her facts. Sometimes, indeed, we could wish she had spent less, when she dives into byways which have no sort of interest for anyone but antiquarians. We could well spare the disquisition on the right of presentation to Haworth Church.

Though very often confusedly written, and not to be compared with Mrs. Gaskell's life as a piece of literature, her biography of the Haworth family is not unnaturally far more complete than the one written half a century before, and being more complete it is truer to fact. She proves up to the hilt the correctness of the modern view of Charlotte Brontë's feeling for M. Heger, a view which hardly required her powerful advocacy. But she does far more valuable work than this in providing us with a key to the mystery of Emily Brontë's life. Read without this clue many of Emily's poems seem to be mere mystical lyrics, while "Wuthering Heights" towers up above our heads as some Merlin-built castle, wonderful, having no visible foundations, an inexplicable work of genius. Read with this clue the poems become intelligible and gain immensely in beauty and humanity, and the novel is seen to have very solid foundations. We see, in fact, right into Emily Brontë's soul; her carefully suppressed and disguised feelings are laid open to our reverent view. Her character is shown to be far finer than was ever suspected; her self restraint almost puts Charlotte to an open shame.

* "In the Footsteps of the Brontës." By Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. 26s. net. (Pitman.)

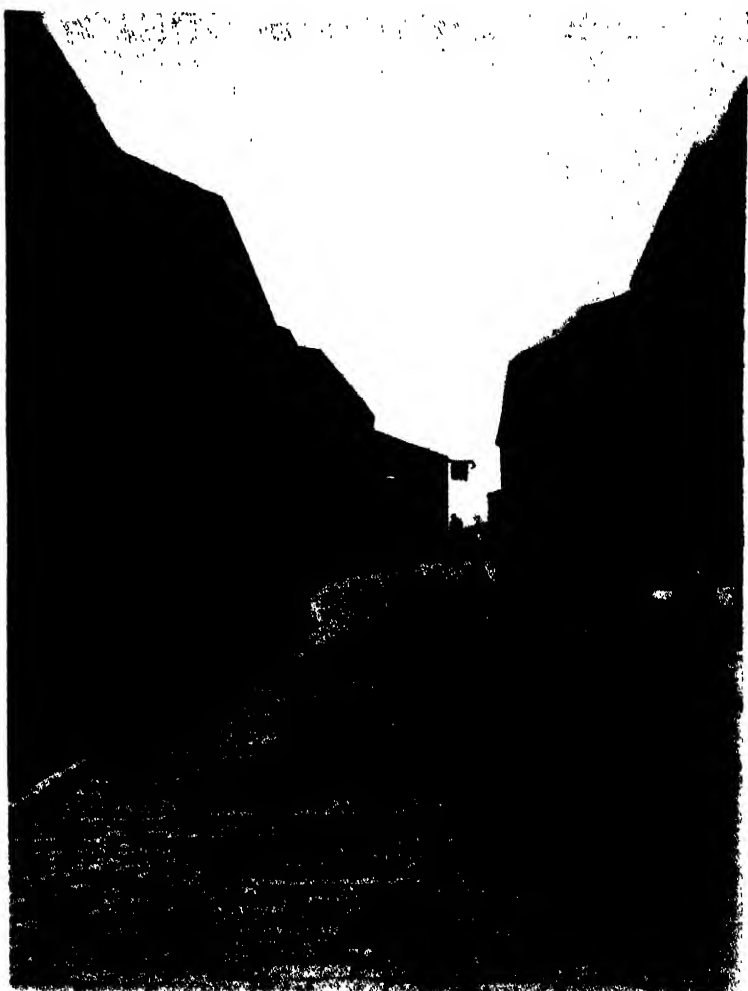


Photo by F. J. Stead.

Main Street, Haworth.

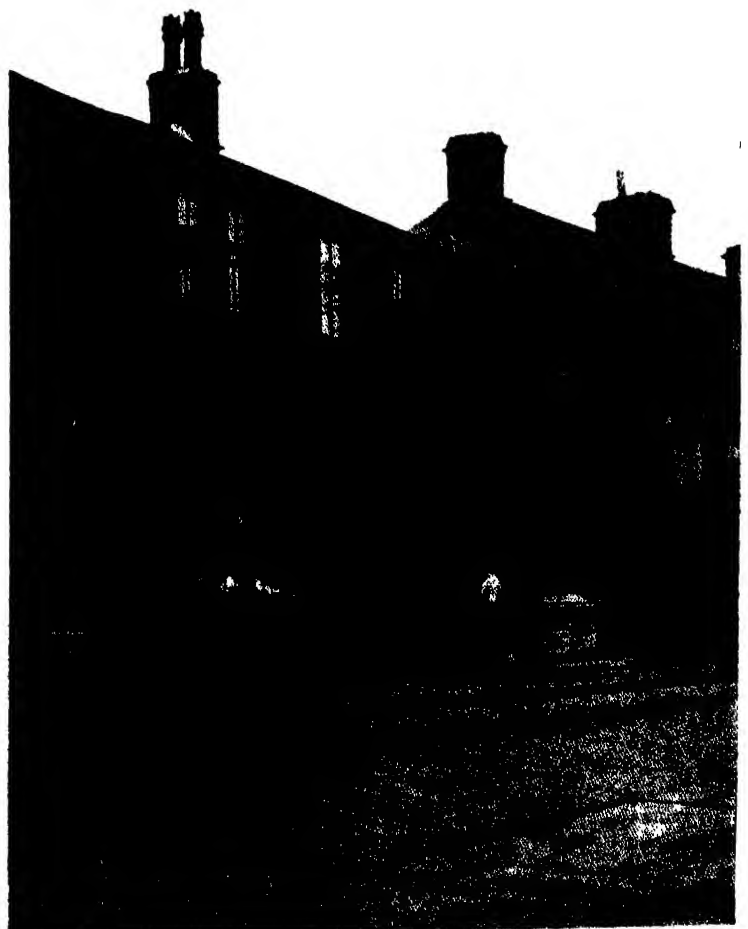


Photo by Percival M. Chadwick.

Thornton Vicarage.

Two of the illustrations from "In the Footsteps of the Brontës" (Pitman).

What then is this clue? Mrs. Chadwick believes that Emily found her ideal in M. Heger. "Who but M. Heger could have stood as the original of Heathcliff? (in "Wuthering Heights.") A strong, powerful tyrant, with the pure and fierce love of a very god, albeit he had the mind of a little child." There is much more evidence, all very circumstantial. Emily knew of his passionate devotion to the memory of his first wife, just the characteristic that would appeal to her. She knew, too, of his admiration for her own intellectual gifts. He evidently, quite unconsciously, fascinated her sister, who was much of the same make of mind. Everything points to the fact that Emily shared this feeling.

As to Charlotte's feeling for the Brussels professor, there is no need now to labour the point, though Mrs. Chadwick has devoted much of her book to it. There can be no question that it was this and this only that determined Charlotte to return to Brussels after her journey home; this and this only, a passionate unrequited love, that made the two subsequent years so dark and dreary for her. The only evidence the other way is furnished by some very derogatory statements made in a letter to Ellen Nussey: "Sometimes he borrows the lineaments of an insane tom-cat, sometimes those of a delirious hyæna." But this is not altogether inconsistent with a passionate and unrequited love. In short one rises from this book with the conviction that Swinburne and Wemyss Reid were right, and Mr. Clement Shorter and Miss May Sinclair wrong in their interpretation of the Brussels episode. It was the turning point in her career, and not in her's only, but in Emily's as well, and the inspiration of their best work. In "The Professor" Charlotte tried to disguise her sentiments, to deal with her Brussels experience artificially from without, and the result was a novel that fell hopelessly flat. In "Jane Eyre" and "Villette" she wrote autobiographically, not artificially, from within, not from without, and the result was the very reverse.

Mrs. Gaskell ascribes "the great internal struggle" in Charlotte's breast, which left her "panting, torn and suffering," to the rival claims of Germany and home, which is obviously absurd. But it is possible that, knowing better, she wished to shield Charlotte from a too consorsious world.

The author is continually running atilt against Mrs. Gaskell, often quite unfairly. If the latter painted Cowan Bridge School in dark colours, she also gave the favourable testimony of "Miss Temple's" husband. Again the author says: "Mrs. Gaskell conveys the impression that both (Maria and Elizabeth) died of typhoid fever as the result of the unhealthiness of the school." What Mrs. Gaskell did write was: "None of the Brontës had the fever." Several instances of this unfairness may be noted, but this and a tendency to diffuseness are the only blots on a piece of work remarkable for its thoroughness and acuteness.

W. A. F.

THE COCKNEY AT HOME.*

There is a curious misconception abroad that though the town-bred author cannot write with knowledge of country scenes and characters, the country-bred author can come and spend a holiday in London and write of the Cockney and his city with the most complete understanding of both. Only the other day I met with an intelligent provincial writer who said he had been two months in London going about the streets trying to hear some of the Cockney wit he had heard so much of; he had talked to cabmen, costermongers and others, hoping to lure them into saying something smart or funny, but not one of them had obliged him, so he had come to the conclusion that the wit of the Cockney was a baseless tradition, and was hard at work writing articles to that effect. But the wit of the Cockney is not of the artificial kind that is always on tap and can be extracted from him by anybody who chooses to insert the spigot. Its virtue lies in

* "The Cockney at Home." By Edwin Pugh. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

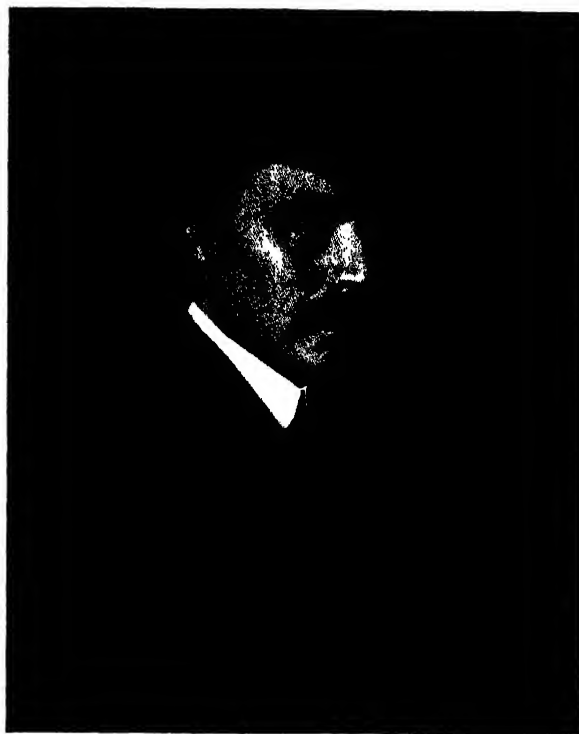


Photo by Stuart Schell.

Mr. Edwin Pugh.

its spontaneity. He can no more produce it on demand than a poet can write great poetry to order. He is no genius, scintillating from morning till night and dropping out pearls every time he opens his mouth. He talks as much nonsense and says as many commonplace things as the rest of us, but when the mood catches him and the occasion serves he can be as shrewd, as droll, as witty as any novelist has made him.

Those who do not know this simply do not know him, but that does not prevent them from writing about him and taking away his character. Moreover, they write of him as if he inevitably belonged to the lower classes, whereas, of course, there are quite aristocratic Cockneys; there are some who are well-to-do tradesmen, some who serve as Sheriffs and Lord Mayors of their native city and acquire knighthoods and other distinctions. But it must be admitted that when the Cockney rises above a certain level he loses his native wit and humour and becomes as dull and ordinary as too-prosperous people usually are. Mr. Edwin Pugh knows this; he is a Cockney himself and knows the Cockney as intimately as any man living; therefore, when he pictures him at home he chooses his examples from among the poorer, lower, less conventionally respectable sections. There are average Cockneys in his gallery, but he has gathered into it, too, quaint, out-of-the-way specimens, oddities, eccentric, whimsical Cockneys, as true to life as the commoner sort, but not to be picked up so easily except by a man who really knows his London and the haunts of its queerer children. Everybody has some acquaintance with the Quack, the Cheap Jack, the Barber, the Waits, but what do you know of the Peculiarian, the Screever, the Chanter, or the Griddler? Mr. Pugh sketches these and many other rare or familiar Cockney characters, touching in some incident or story that reveals them in their everyday ways and habits of life and speech with a swift and vivid realism. He gives you the Cockney character in a great variety of phases; you see the roguery, the adaptability, the cunning, the cheerfulness, the wit, the humour, the kindliness, the impertinence, the folly, and philosophy of the humbler men and women of the city in a series of lively, sparkling dialogues that allow them to reveal themselves in their own expressive idiom—a series that ranges from broad farce through the lightest of light comedy, to amusingly realistic stories, such as "The Honeymoon" and "The Perfect Lover," to domestic scenes, such as "Bath Night," and the mingled humour and pathos of such tales as "Strained

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For it is, after all, a study rather than a novel that Mr. George has given us. His plot is of the slenderest. Cadorese comes to England from Bordeaux to work in the English branch (which has outgrown the parent stem) of the shipping business that his father founded. He is painfully anxious to become the complete Englishman, and his education proceeds along more or less conventional channels. At first, that is to say, Mr. George is content to depict him as a youth loudly proclaiming himself French in his clothes, his scent, his language. But under the influence first of Maud, the pretty cockney in whose father's

house he is a paying guest, and later of Ethel Lawton, daughter of the senior English partner of the firm, Cadorese sheds the more obvious marks of his origin, and it is then that Mr. George's subtle psychology begins to find true scope. In the Lawton's house the bewildered Cadorese begins to realise dimly what is not said and what is not done by well-to-do decent English people, and it is from the Lawtons that he receives such a stunning blow when he asks for Ethel's hand. Driven into vicious associations with Maud and her theatrical friends, and after trying for a few brief weeks to settle down in Bordeaux, Cadorese returns once more to London, flings himself heart and soul into business, and eventually marries after all the Ethel whose constancy he had doubted, and whose earlier submission to her father's will he had branded so sarcastically.

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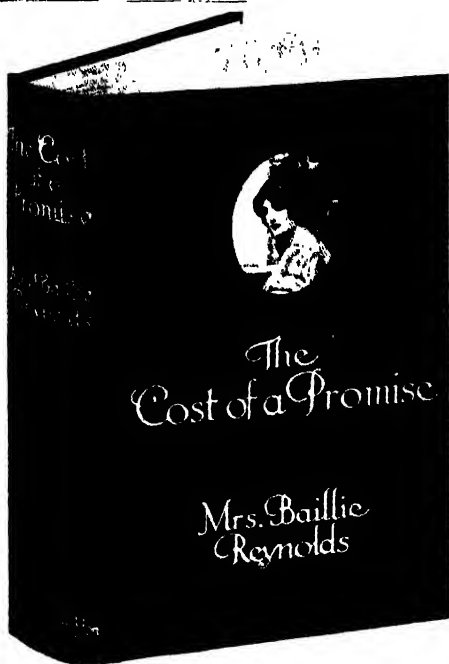
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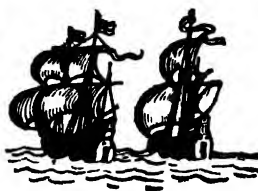
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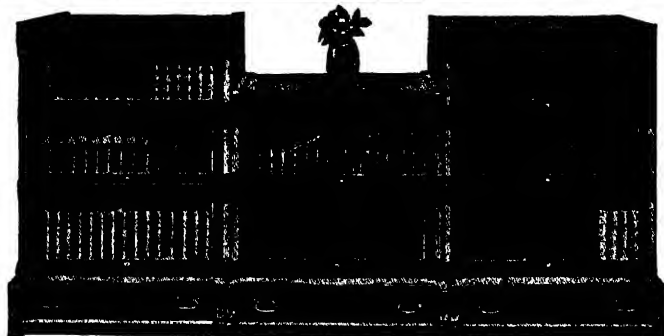
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THE ROADSIDE FIRE. By Amelia Josephine Burr. 4s. net. (New York: George Doran Company.)

Technical perfection in poetry is a good thing, but it is not the best thing. A fine thought, intensity of emotion, beauty of fancy, may survive a faulty utterance, but technical perfection that hides a poverty of thought, an absence of real feeling, will not give any poem a long life with us. We tell each other that nobody reads poetry now, but it is not true. Whoever writes real poetry that appeals to what is human, not merely to what is scholastic in us, is sure of a sufficient audience. Readers of the American magazines have latterly grown familiar with the poems of Miss Amelia Josephine Burr; last year Miss Burr won a first prize in THE BOOKMAN Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition with a strikingly beautiful lyric that was excellent in form, but not a matter of form only; it was aflame with emotion and passion, as such a lyric should be. In this collection of her poems that has just been published she writes on divers themes in divers keys, but she is always at her best when she is nearest to the common experiences of ordinary humanity—love and death, sorrow and joy, hope and failure—and she touches the old themes with a charm and tenderness and freshness that are her own and make them new, as in this.

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THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

The troublous times of the seventeenth century are always full of rich, inexhaustible material for tales of romance and adventure, and Miss Helen H. Watson, skilfully weaving together fact and fiction has in **When the King Came South** (2s. 6d.), worked out a tale steeped in the atmosphere of the Cromwellian period. It is told by a cavalier maiden, Molly Fleming, who has been adopted by the vicar of Warton and is playmate and companion to Cicely Bindloss, the little lady of Borwick Hall. Before her childhood's days are over, the vicar's son has realised a great love for her, but their opposing political views hold them apart; Dick becomes a rebel and joins Cromwell's troops, for conscience' sake, while Molly remains among those who support the monarchy. By strange happenings and the daring of Molly who, disguised as a boy, risks her life to keep a promise to Cicely and convey a message to Cicely's lover, the two are accidentally brought together; and after a long separation Dick finds Molly a prisoner of war at Worcester. The joys and fears of love mingled with the horrors of strife and bloodshed lend the book many exciting incidents, and Molly herself is so honourable and courageous and so wholly lovable it is little wonder Dick's love for her stands the test of years. The old-world language of the story adds greatly to its charm and realism.

MESSRS. W. HEFFER & SONS.

Dr. John Venn, the President of Caius, has reprinted in **Early Collegiate Life** (5s. net) a number of articles which he has contributed to the college magazine, *The Caiian*, while other chapters were originally delivered as addresses or speeches in the college chapel or hall. Under such circumstances it is natural that the life dealt with is almost entirely that of Caius College; but the value of the book is in no way impaired by this, for, as the author points out, "it should be clearly understood that the social distinctions and pretensions which to some extent prevail at present as between one college and another had very little significance in early days. . . . On the whole, the several colleges may be considered to have been doing similar work, and doing it with similar efficiency, throughout the period in question." One can get a great deal of amusement from these selections from old college records, as well as edification, and the chapters on Pre-Reformation college life and the early undergraduate are especially noteworthy in this respect. The letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries herein included are also something more than interesting, while the author's own reminiscences in the last chapter, entitled "Sixty Years Ago," are one of the most attractive portions of the book.

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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

A second BOOKMAN EXTRA NUMBER, devoted to the life and work of Charles Dickens, will be published early this month. Uniform with the Stevenson Extra Number that met with such immediate success last autumn, it will be even more copiously illustrated. The numerous illustrations include twelve beautiful colour plate engravings by Frank Reynolds, Cecil Aldin, Raven Hill, Hugh Thomson, C. E. Brock, Hablot K. Brown ("Phiz"), and Fred Barnard. There is a remarkable series of portraits of Dickens himself from his earliest years to his last, portraits of members of his family and of many of his friends, photographs and sketches of places associated with him, and with the originals of persons and places in his books, and black-and-white drawings, depicting scenes and characters from his stories, by almost every artist of note who has illustrated his work, including Cruikshank, Phiz, Leech, Maclise, Mahoney, Cattermole, Sir John Tenniel, H. French, Fred Walker, Marcus Stone, Pinwell, Sir Luke Fildes, Fred Barnard, Charles Green, Frank Reynolds, A. C. Michael, Harry Furniss, Charles Pears. The letter-press comprises biographical, critical and topographical articles, personal notes and recollections,

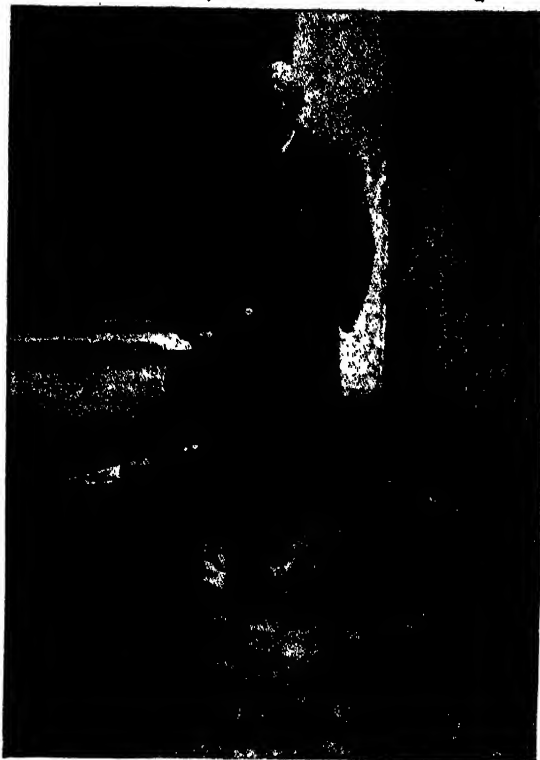
and poems by G. K. Chesterton, William De Morgan, G. Bernard Shaw, T. G. Kington, B. W. Matz, A. C. Swinburne, Alfred Noyes, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Bick Hart, Leigh Hunt, W. J. Locke, G. S. Street, Richard Whiteing, Percy Fitzgerald, J. Ashby, Henry Sir Francis Burnand, Thomas Hardy, F. Anstey, William Watson, T. Watts-Dunton, etc. All the illustrations are printed on art paper separate from the text. The number is tastefully bound in canvas and published at five shillings net. From the numerous applications already received a very large demand for it is anticipated and we would urge all our readers who require copies to place their orders at once.

"The Orley Tradition," by Mr. Ralph Straus, has just been published by Messrs Methuen. Mr. Straus has for some time past been literary critic on *The Bylander*, and has lately become president of that delightful book-lover's club known as "Ye Sette of Odd Volumes," in succession to Sir W. Lawrence Young, Bart.

The interest in Ernest Dowson has been steadily growing, and the time has fully come for the book that Mr. Victor Plarr has written about him, and that Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish almost immediately. In "Ernest Dowson, 1887-1897. Reminiscences, Unpublished Letters and Marginalia," Mr. Plarr offers a frank sketch of a very lovable and unhappy personality, whose best verse will survive as representative of an epoch. Dowson has suffered some misrepresentation

by being confounded with the general mass of decadents who suffered various martyrdoms before the dawn of the present century, and to the surviving contemporaries who knew him, and the growing circle of his admirers in general, these recollections, written by an intimate friend, will be a welcome supplement to Mr. Symons's brilliant biography.

A new Free Library has been given to Lincoln, and it was opened recently by our esteemed contributor, Dr. T. E. Page, with a thoughtful, suggestive address on books and reading that was edged with the most delightfully whimsical humour. Dr. Page, who was born in Lincoln, made interesting reference to his schooldays in that town; he commented on the healthy boy's natural hatred of all books, and went on to remark that "the feeling which a lad naturally has to books is a feeling which is continually entertained by maturer, and even by thoughtful minds. "'To what end,' people continually ask, 'this multitude of books?' 'Is Mary,' says the angered mistress of the household, 'is Mary any the better in doing her work in the scullery, because she keeps a sixpenny "shocker" under her apron.' And is there not the indignant ratepayer—I expect you have some in Lincoln—who says, 'Why should somebody come and dump on us this sort of white elephant, which we are to maintain out of our penury, and provide it not only with a keeper but also with that vast amount of costly printed matter which its peculiar appetite demands?' Did not the Preacher in the Bible complain that 'of making many books there is no end.' And did not he observe 'That also



Dr. T. E. Page

The Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury, and if any of you remember that old *Mercury* you know it was not very exciting reading. But otherwise they found, at any rate, sufficient to give them some lessons for life, and to do something for building a great character in the single volume which they did read, and they did note; and when I think of that flood of literature which now pours over us,

what I do regret is that, to a certain extent, it is submerging and driving out the old intimate knowledge of the English Bible, which is at once the greatest monument of our literature, and the common inheritance, as it might be the common tie, of all the English races throughout the world. And though you may sneer at 'men of one book,' I do think they drew from its pages, perhaps, something that built up greater characters and nobler lives than we do from all the resources of railway bookstalls, from ephemeral novels and popular encyclopædias. To read rubbish, in fact, may not always be a good thing, and I can understand that loose and

Mr. G. L. Ashley Dodd
(standing on bank.)

whose clever little volume of "Fishing Rhymes" (Elkin Mathews) has met with a very favourable reception.



Photo by A. J. Campbell.

Frank Danby
(Mrs. Julia Frankau),

whose new novel, "Full Swing," Messrs. Cassell will publish this month
From a miniature painted by S. Arthur Lindsey, R.M.S.

desultory reading, like indiscriminate tea-drinking, may be, in the guise of an amiable weakness, in reality a fatal vice." Nevertheless, Dr. Page proceeded to acknowledge that in our advanced stage of civilisation books had become a necessity—we could no longer get on without them, and in an eloquent and finely sympathetic passage he spoke of the great social revolution that was

**Miss G. B. Stern,**]

whose brilliant novel, "Pantomime" (Hutchinson), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

coming about through the spread of education and the opening of the doors of knowledge to all men. "You are aware, all of you, that there is everywhere in the world to-day a strange unrest, a great upheaval and unsettlement, not, I think, due so much to economic causes as due rather to that fermentation which is inevitable once you drop a new idea into a receptive mind. And that—though I may seem to be wandering—is just where I think this Library comes in. If half what I say is true, if reading is, as it is, a great power, then it must be of the closest concern what the



Photo by Beresford.

Rachel Hayward.

nature of that reading is." The speech from which we make these scanty extracts was reported in full in *The Lincoln Leader*, and one would like to see it reprinted as a separate pamphlet.

Dr. Page who, with Dr. Rouse, edits the "Loeb Classical Library," is one of the foremost living authorities on education. After an exceptionally brilliant career at Shrewsbury and Cambridge, he went to Charterhouse as Sixth Form master in 1873, and remained there till his retirement in 1910. His editions of Horace and Virgil are well known to generations of schoolboys who have profited by and even enjoyed them—a remark which can be applied only to the fewest of school text books! Last year the University of Manchester conferred on Mr. Page, the degree of Doctor of Letters, *honoris causa*. Our photograph of him was taken at Mr. Heinemann's office, the day before Dr. Page sailed



Mr. Humfrey Jordan,
whose new novel, "Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust," has been published by Messrs. Putnam.

for America on business connected with the "Loeb Classical Library," that being his first visit to the U.S.A. The various volumes of "Loeb's Library" (which are published by Mr. Heinemann) have been reviewed from time

She began writing at the age of sixteen, and her first short story, "An Unfinished Tragedy," was published in *The South Wales Echo*. For several years she went on writing short stories and publishing them in local papers and competitions;



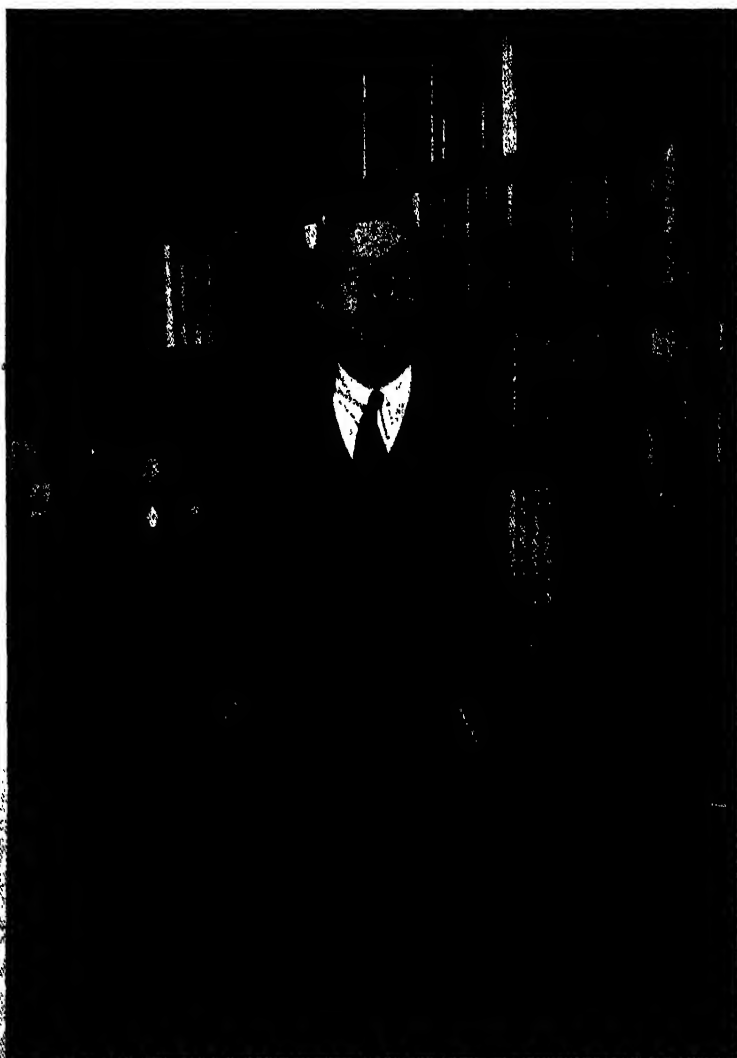
Miss Kate Horn,
whose new novel, "Frivole," has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

one "Madame La Russe" appeared in *The Red Magazine*. She had originally intended to become a singer, but was obliged to give it up on account of bad health. While living near Chichester, with an uncle, a clergyman, she fell in with the original of the heroine of "The Hippodrome," which was begun there. The remainder of it was written in a

TO TIME IN THE BOOKMAN. Over thirty have now been produced, and the series promises to become an immense and successful undertaking.

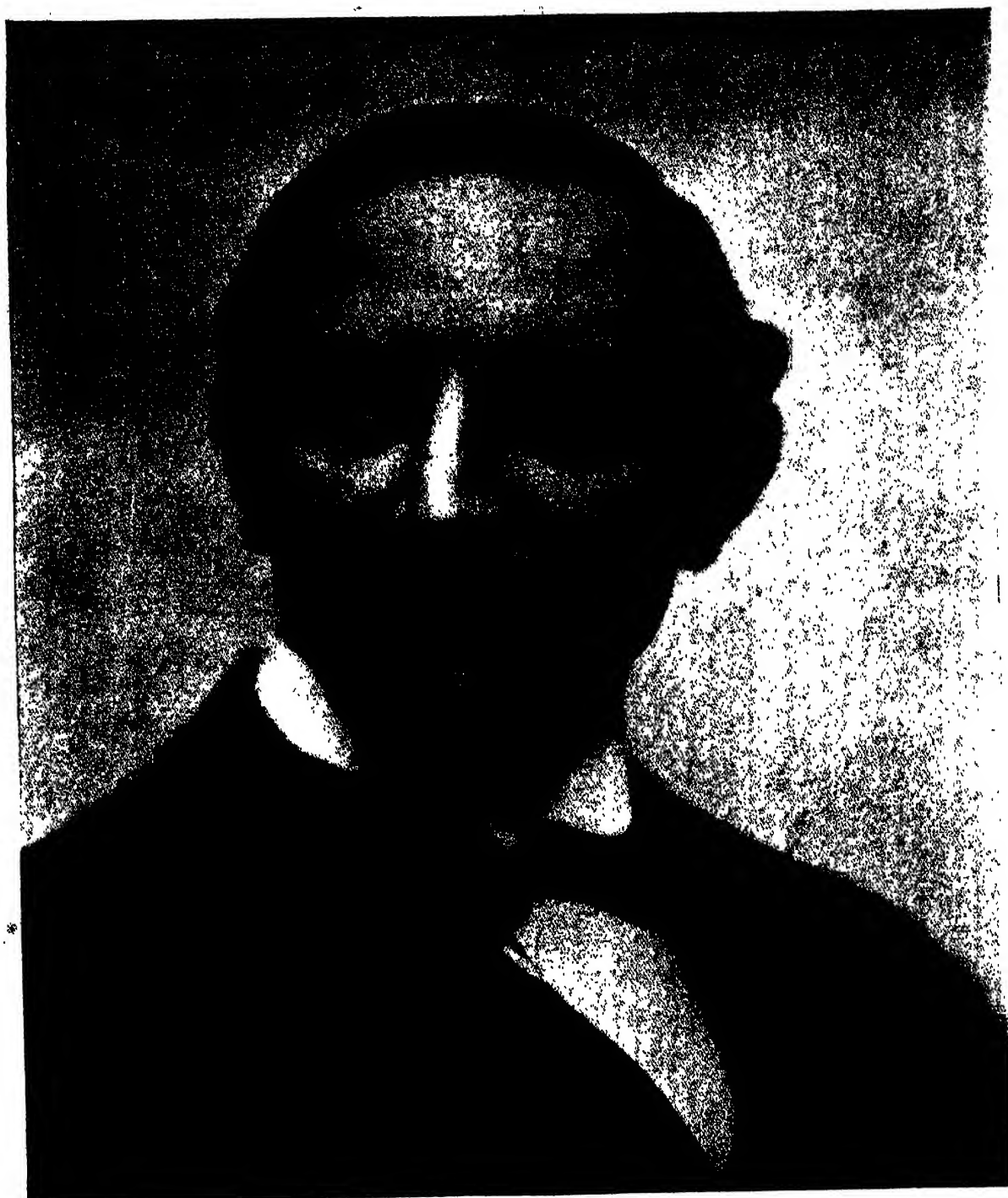
No recent poems are surer of an abiding place in our national literature than are the stirring sea-ballads of the author of "Admiral's All." Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this autumn, in "Drake's Drum and other Poems of the Sea," a collection of Mr. Henry Newbolt's finest ballads and lyrics. The book will be beautifully illustrated in colour by Mr. A. D. McCormick.

Rachel Hayward (Mrs. Jack Chambers), the author of "The Hippodrome" and "Letters from La-Bas," born in London, brought up in the Isle of Wight.



Mr. Ralph Strauss,
whose new novel, "The Grey Tradition," is published by Messrs. Putnam.

workman's cottage in a Roubaix slum, five miles from Lille in the North of France, in a district known as a "hot-bed of Anarchism." "Here I got to know several Anarchists," says Mrs. Chambers, "studied their life and literature and did translation for some of their papers. Just as 'The Hippodrome' was finished I became acquainted with Arthur Applin, to whose help and encouragement I owe much of whatever success I have had." From Roubaix Mrs. Chambers went to Lyons, and continued to write short stories and give English lessons.



Then wishing to be in a better climate she went into a tea-shop at Nice and stayed there for a season. With the one idea of selling "The Hippodrome," she came, at length, to London with seven pounds; lived for a time on that in a room in Kensington, and then went into a city tea-shop.

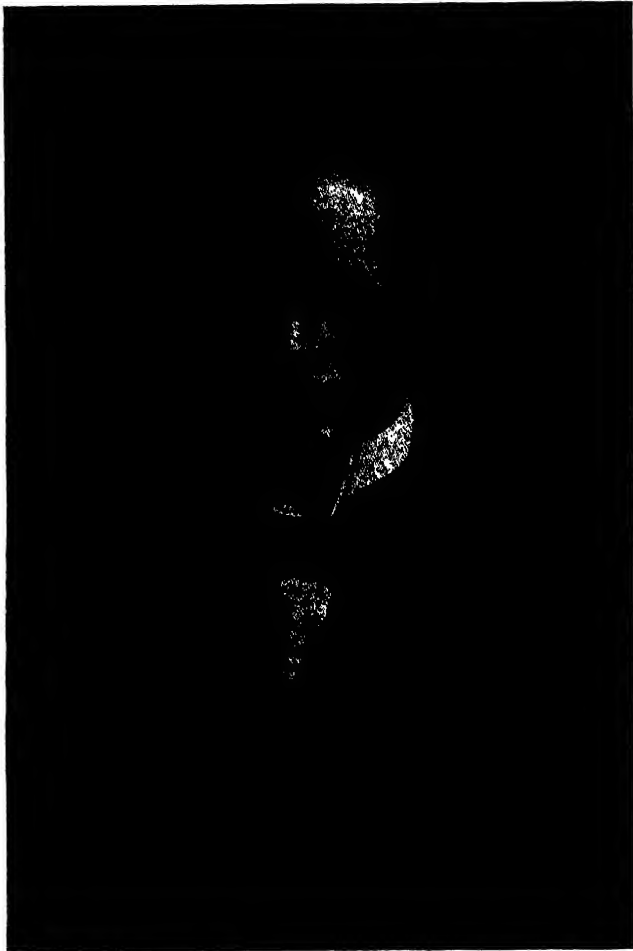


Photo by Daily Mirror Studios.

Mr. Norman Angell,

whose new book, "The Foundations of International Polity," is published by Mr. Heinemann.

While there her ambition, the dream of five years, was satisfied, and "The Hippodrome" was accepted by Mr. Heinemann. Mrs. Chambers is of Jewish extraction on one side; she was married only a few weeks ago.

Early this month, Messrs. James Clarke & Co. will publish "Through Eyes of Youth," a second volume of verse from the pen of Mr. E. Cecil Roberts, who although he only recently attained his majority, has contributed verse and critical articles to *The British Review*, *Contemporary Review*, *Poetry Review*, etc. His first book "Phyllistrata, and Other Poems," published last autumn, had a favourable reception

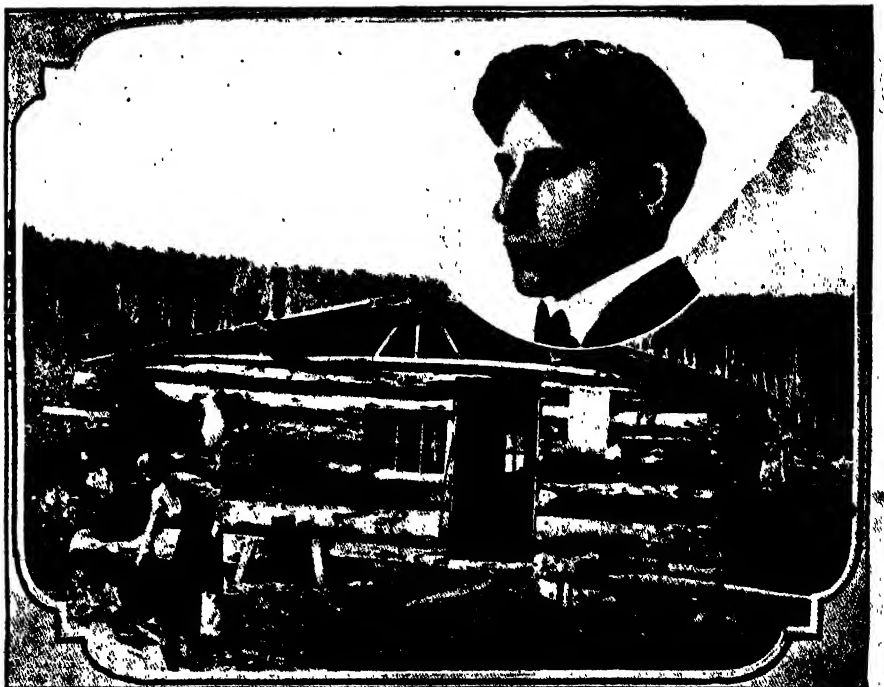


Photo by Barlow Vines.

Mr. E. Cecil Roberts.

both from the critics and the public. Mr. Roberts is well known in the Midlands as an eloquent speaker on social reform platforms, and one of the poems in his new book, on the Liverpool strike, is dedicated to his friend the poet, Mr. Patrick MacGill. Mr. Roberts is a contributor to Mr. Batsford's Fellowship Series, and is now engaged on a short biography and critical study of Wordsworth.

Not satisfied to rest on the laurels that the admirable and enormously successful Everyman's Library



Mr. James Oliver Curwood.

The log cabin in which Mr. and Mrs. Curwood lived whilst he was writing his story of the wild, "Kazan the Wolf Dog," which was published last month by Messrs. Cassell.



Miss Edith M. Keate,
author of "A Garden of the Gods," which Messrs. Abston Rivers
are publishing this month.

has earned for him, Mr. Dent has set out to conquer other worlds, and with The Wayfarer's Library starts a new series as distinctive in its way as Everyman itself. It is on even more popular lines, and will comprise a large number of comparatively new and copyright works by living authors. The first twenty-four volumes include a liberal proportion of varied and excellent fiction—such as "The Wheels of Chance," one of the most charming of H. G.

Wells's novels; "The Blue Lagoon," by De Vere Stacpoole; Arnold Bennett's whimsical sensational romance, "The Grand Babylon Hotel"; A. E. W. Mason's "Running Water"; Stanley Weyman's "Shrewsbury" and "The Abbess of Vlaye"; Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch's "Troy Town"; Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree"; Joseph Conrad's "Twixt Land and Sea"; "The Fool Errant," by Maurice Hewlett; and Perceval Gibbon's brilliant succession of tales, "The Adventures of Miss Gregory." Other of these first volumes are Lamb's "Essays"; "Letters from Dorothy Osborn to Sir William Temple"; A. G. Gardiner's, "Prophets, Priests, and Kings"; Hon. G. W. E. Russell's "Selected Essays"; and G. K. Chesterton's



Phot. by H. Walter Larnell.

Miss Isabel Clarke,
author of "Fine Clay" (Hutchinson)

collection of essays, "The Defendant," with a special preface in defence of a new edition of them. The books are well printed and artistically bound; each has a frontispiece portrait or illustration in colour, several being also illustrated throughout with black and white drawings. They are all such as one reads for the delight of reading, and are just the right size for the pocket, as the books in a Wayfarer's Library should be.



Miss Maude Goldring,

whose new book, "The Wonder Year," has just been published
by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

It is some little time since Mr. Wilkinson Sherren published his last novel, "Windfrint Virgin," and we are pleased to hear that we are to have a new book from him this spring. It is a story that deals with a vital social problem, "The Marriage Tie," and will be published by Mr. Grant Richards.

Mr. F. Dormer Jordan, the author of a new reincarnation story, "Heirs of the Ages," (Nisbet) has been by turns pianist, actor, telegraphist, sailor, journalist, secretary and clerk. He is only thirty-three, but has crammed a wealth of experience into his comparatively few years. He left England first at the age of fifteen and wandered over America, Africa and Europe and covered many thousands of miles in most of the Seven Seas. Some part of his life was spent in tramping from kraal to kraal in Africa collecting black labour for the mines and shepherding hundreds of "boys" at a time until they were delivered at their destinations. He has

crossed the Atlantic in a cattle boat and suffered inexpressible hardships with Sailer Jack on a torpedo boat destroyer in a Bay of Biscay hurricane; he has been a "drummer" in New York and, to say nothing of divers other experiences, a miner in the Rockies. Incidentally he has never been known to wear an overcoat, a waistcoat, a hat, or a stitch of underclothing, and latterly can be seen in Fleet Street most days, even in the depth of winter, in garb which most men would consider only suitable for midsummer, yet he is never ailing and cannot remember when he last had a cold.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY

MISS VIOLA MEYNELL.

AMONGST the younger women novelists of the day, Miss Viola Meynell occupies a position which has now, with the publication of "Modern Lovers," become clearly defined. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the ideal to which Miss Meynell aspires has become apparent. When "Martha Vine," her first book, appeared anonymously, it was seen to be the work of a conscientious writer who had studied her (or his) characters carefully and precisely, and whose simplicity of style and of treatment conveyed an atmosphere congenial to "A Love Story of Simple Life." "Cross-in-Hand Farm" followed, and then "Lot Barrow," and in the latter novel the author, whilst almost attaining perfection in her technique, at the same time very fully developed her philosophy of life. In all these three books there is evident a striving to attain a balance between the psychology of the characters, on the one hand, and the circumstances in which the action takes place, on the other, which lifts the work out of the category of the purely psychological, and now, in "Modern Lovers," Miss Meynell convinces us that the effecting of such a balance is, in fact, her ideal in her art. For if the psychological analysis of the Rutherglen family—the dour father, the foolish, vulgar mother, and the two girls whose love affairs interest us literally up to the last page—is masterly, no less skilfully contrived are the circumstances in which they find themselves placed and the influences from the past which go to mould their fortunes. Running through all these novels, there is a distinct philosophy, which is most completely worked out in "Lot Barrow." In this story, we are introduced to Mr. Bravery, an essayist and man of letters who has emerged from a fiery ordeal to become a preacher of the gospel of indifference—something of a Schopenhauerean, with a motto, "Nothing Matters."

"I have been in trouble" (he says). "In many ways I have had what I suppose would be called a wretched life. But can I truly say I am unhappy? Things outside me have happened, but inside I maintain a level. I draw my peace—perhaps I should say my indifference—somehow, from somewhere. Doesn't it strike you to be a great thing to cease to care, and then an easy thing to cease to grieve?"

To this point of view he induces Lot, the farm servant-girl, and she finds temporary salvation—for she too has suffered to the point of mistrusting Man, but not yet up to the point of trusting God. But the pupil outruns the master, shaking his faith in his own system by her assumption of callousness when she speaks in cold hard terms of a villager thought to be dying:

"Yes, of course, they'll all think it so dreadful if she dies. Isn't it a pity they can't see things straighter?" She thought to ingratiate herself, as weak women do, by giving a man back his own views. . . .

"I don't trouble about them," she said in a wheedling voice. "I don't mind whether she lives or dies. . . . Of course you can't get everyone to see it like that."

But Marjorie, the frail and gentle girl who, by her sympathy with every living thing and her calm endurance of her own suffering, is to give Mr. Bravery another conception of life, has come upon the scene—a countryside scene of the South Downs where the author is so completely at home:

"The sky was grey and low, broken only in rare places. Those breaks made it possible to perceive that the heavens were travelling with extraordinary slowness from the north. The earth was very colourless; but just outside the window a little apart from all the other tangled lanes of flowers was a bank of tobacco plant—gleaming white stars, shining to the north and west and south and east; large, loose, unfixed stars, which a breeze could stir. When Mr. Bravery had read his best essay he looked up. . . . Marjorie continued to gaze out of the window."

Through her influence Mr. Bravery repudiates his philosophy, and Lot comes to see that the cynical pessimism with which she has endeavoured to steel her heart falls to pieces at the first touch of human nature. There is a moment of real drama when Lot a second time expresses her indifference as to the fate of the village woman. "I don't see that there's any such thing as unhappiness," she says:

"But gradually her look changed from being a confident appeal for approval to a look of wonder and dread, as she saw Mr. Bravery dissociate himself from her by an involuntary, cold, critical look, and then avert his eyes. She turned and went up to bed, her body trembling, and her eyes aching with tears. That detached, critical look affected her with a deadly emphasis. 'Oh my God,' she thought, as she suffered perpetually recurring pangs of fear, 'why did he look at me like that? I only said what he himself has told me; and then he goes and looks at me like that.'"

Miss Meynell is the daughter of Alice Meynell, the poet and essayist, and her brother, Mr. Everard Meynell, has made a valuable contribution to contemporary biography with his recent "Life of Francis Thompson." The connection of Francis Thompson with the Meynell family is well known, and among his poems dedicated to them, Miss Meynell has "a noble heritage" in "The Making of Viola," of which two stanzas may be quoted:

The Father of Heaven:

Weave, hands angelical,
Weave a woof of flesh to pall—
Weave, hands angelical—
Flesh to pall our Viola.

Angels:

Weave, singing brothers, a
Velvet flesh for Viola!

The Father of Heaven:

Scoop, young Jesus, for her eyes,
Wood-browned pools of Paradise—
Young Jesus, for the eyes,
For the eyes of Viola.

Angels:

Tint, Prince Jesus, a
Dusked eye for Viola!

Although Miss Meynell displays an intimate knowledge of life in the country, she is nevertheless a Londoner, and has written all her novels in London. The atmosphere which she so successfully conveys by the imaginative realism of her method she absorbs from comparatively brief visits to the country in the hood of the South Downs. A very diligent devotee so many hours a day to writing, the capacity of critic, to what she has

George Eliot, and the Brontës is discernible. Amongst her contemporaries she is chiefly interested in Compton Mackenzie, Joseph Conrad, and D. H. Lawrence.

An extract from what was probably her very first attempt in literature is extant in a volume of essays called "The Children," published many years ago by Mrs. Meynell, who, as editor, preserves the (appropriately) bald style of very early authorship:

"Poor Mrs. Bald (that was her name) thought she would never get to the wood where her aunt lived, she got down and pulled the donky on by the bridal. . . . Alas! her troubles were not over yet, the donky would not go where she wanted it, instead of turning down Rose Lane it went down another, which although Mrs. Bald did not know it led to a very deep and dangerous pond. The donky ran into the pond and Mrs. Bald was dround!"

In a little volume called "Eyes of Youth," Miss Meynell has published some poems from which we quote the following sonnet, "The Unheeded":

"Upon one hand your kisses
chanced to rest:
I smiled upon the other hand
and said
'Poor thing,' when you had
gone: and then in quest
Of pity rose a clamour from
the dead—
Some way of mine, some word,
some look, some jest
Complained they too had
gone uncoveted . . .
That night I took these
troubles to my breast,
And played that you and I,
my own, were wed;

Those troubles were our child, with eyes of fear—
A wailing babe, whom I, his mother dear,
Must soothe to quiet rest and calm relief,
And urge his eyes to sleeping by and by.
'Oh hush,' I said, and wept to see such grief;
'Hush, hush, your father must not hear you cry.'"

Some words, used by Miss Meynell in an introduction which she has written to "Romola" in "the World's Classics," might very aptly be applied to herself. "George Eliot," she says, "always gave to her vocation of novelist a great dignity and a great responsibility. She wrote: 'I will never write anything to which my whole heart, mind, and conscience doesn't consent, so that I may feel that it was something—however small—which wanted to be done in this world, and that I am just the organ for that bit of work.'" That this sentiment is shared by Miss Meynell is obvious to all her readers. No one can take up one of her books without being grateful for the scrupulous care for detail with which the author sets her scene, introduces her characters, and develops her story, whilst her workmanship conveys the impression of a facility born of the capacity for taking pains which is of the quality of genius. When time has added experience to her sincerity, power of observation, and purity of style, Miss Meynell will take her destined place amongst the foremost of

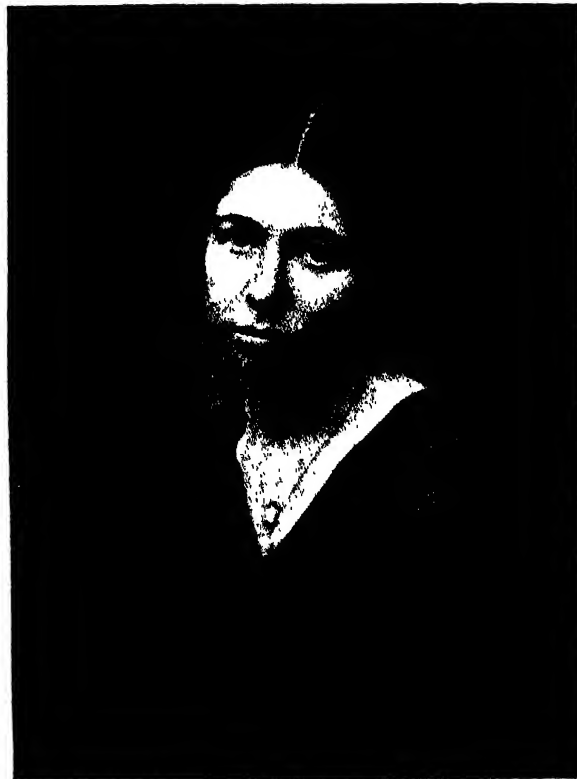


Photo by Beresford.

Miss Viola Meynell.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

April 1st to May 1st, 1914.

Messrs. George Allen & Co.

DICKENSON, EVELYN.—One Man's Way. 6s.
KERNAHAN, MARY (Mrs. CHARLES HARRIS). Dr. Ivor's Wife. 6s.
STEVENS, L. J. C.—Leontas. 6s.
ST. MICHAEL, Mrs.—Burnt Offerings. 6s.
TOMKINS, HERBERT W.—Autolycus in Arcady. 5s. net.
VARISCO, PROF. BERNARDINO. The Great Problems. Translated by Prof. R. C. Lodge. 15s. net.

Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith & Sons.

JEROME, J. K.—Three Men on the Bummel. With Illustrations and Picture Wrapper by L. Raven-Hill. 1s. net.
MUSGROVE, DR. C. D.—Holidays and How to Use Them. 2s. 6d. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

GODFREY, WALTER H.—Gardens in the Making: A Simple Guide to the Planning of a Garden. With numerous Illustrations by the Author and Edmund Wratten, of Plans, Views, and various Garden Accessories. 5s. net.
RICHARDSON, A. E.—Monumental Classic Architecture in Great Britain and Ireland during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. Profusely Illustrated. £4 4s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

COMRIE, JOHN D., M.A., B.Sc., M.D., F.R.C.P.—Black's Medical Dictionary. Fifth Edition. 7s. 6d. net.
HOLLAND, A. W.—Germany. 7s. 6d. net.
MORRIS, J. E.—Westminster Abbey. 1s. 6d. net.
STEWART, REV. G. WAUCHOPE, B.D.—Sacred Music, Past and Present. 1s. 6d. net.
WIGRAM, REV. W. A., D.D., and WIGRAM, EDGAR T. A.—The Cradle of Mankind. 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

BUSHNELL, A. J. DE HAVILLAND.—Storied Windows: A Traveller's Introduction to the Study of Old Church Glass. 15s. net.
JEANS, F. HARRIS.—Looking for Trouble. 6s. net.
FRASER, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR THOMAS, K.C.B.—Recollections with Reflections. 15s. net.
HENDERSON, T. F.—The Royal Stewarts. With Portraits. 16s. net.
MUNRO, NEIL.—The New Road. 6s.
PATRICK, JOHN, D.D.—Clement of Alexandria. (Croall Lecture.) 7s. 6d. net.
ROLAND, JOHN.—The Good Shepherd. 6s.
WEIGALL, ARTHUR R. P. B. (Inspector-General of Antiquities, Government of Egypt).—The Life and Times of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. With Maps and Illustrations. 16s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

EAST, SIR ALFRED, R.A.—Brush and Pencil Notes in Landscape. 30 Coloured Plates, 24 Half-Tone Illustrations, and Portrait Frontispiece. 10s. 6d. net.
FRASER, JOHN FOSTER.—The Amazing Argentin. 6s.
Guide to London. 6d. net and 1s.
HANSEW, T. W.—Clerk of Scotland Yard. 6s.
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—Fatal Fingers. 1s. net.
MARSH, RICHARD.—Twin Sisters. 6d.
MCGEOCH, DAISY.—Two Eyes of Grey. 6s.
NUTTALL, G. CLARKE, B.Sc., and CORKE, H. ESSENHIGH, F.R.I.S., F.R.H.S.—Wild Flowers as They Grow. Vol. VII. 5s. net.
TUPPER, SIR CHARLES.—Recollections of Sixty Years. 16s. net.
SHAWBEY, C. W., M.D., F.R.S. Edin.—The Progress of Eugenics. 5s. net.
SHAW, CAPT. F. H.—The Haven of Desire. 6s.
VASSILI, COUNT PAUL.—France From Behind the Veil. 16s. net.
WOOD, ERIC.—The Boy Scouts' Roll of Honour. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

BROWN, VINCENT.—The Wonder-Worker. 6s.
KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA.—Three Against The World. 6s.
WESTERMAN, PERCY.—The Log of a Saab. 6s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

FREEMAN, R. AUSTIN.—John Thorndyke's Cases. Cheap Edition. 6d.
MARSH, RICHARD.—Margot and Her Judges. 6s.
ROWLANDS, EFFIE ADELAIDE.—The Price Paid: A Romance. 6s.

Messrs. James Clarke & Co.

BURNS, JAMES, M.A. (Compiler).—A Pulpit Manual. 2s. 6d. net.
GLADDEN, WASHINGTON.—A Modern Man's Theology. 7s. 6d. net.
HORNE, C. SILVESTER, M.A.—A Popular History of the Free Churches. Cheap Edition with additional Chapter. 1s. 6d. net.
JEFFS, H.—Homes and Careers in Canada. 2s. 6d. net.
REID, JOHN, M.A. (Compiler).—Effectual Words: Sermons that Led to Christ. 3s. 6d. net.
ROBERTS, E. CECIL.—Through Eyes of Youth: A Book of Poems. 2s. 6d. net.
RUTHERFORD, JAMES S., M.A.—The Seriousness of Life: Sermons on Practical Subjects, with an Essay on Preaching. 2s. 6d. net.
WATKINS, C. H., M.A., D.Th.—Saint Paul's Fight for Galatia. 3s. 6d. net.
WIMMS, J. H., M.A., B.Sc., and HUMPHREY, FREDERICK.—The Way and the Work: A Manual for Sunday School Teachers. 1s. 6d. net.
WORROISE, EMMA JANE.—Robert Wrexford's Daughter. 2s. and 2s. 6d.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

BANSOR, H. W., M.A.—Chemical Calculations. 2s.
GOGGIN, S. E., M.A.—Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice. 1s. 4d.
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THE READER.

H. G. WELLS

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

I.

IT must have been twenty years ago—I will not answer for the day or month—that I first heard the name of H. G. Wells. I remember the circumstance well. After a hard day at the "D.N.B." I was returning in the dusk between six and seven to the alluvial acclivities of Hampstead. It was on the top of a horse bus that the new gospel was announced to me, expounded, I remember, in kindling language and with an impressive ardour by my colleague of those days, Mr. E. I. Carlyle, now Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford. We curled round the top of New Bond Street and debouched into the great western tide-way of Oxford Street, and still I was seriously inclined to hear more about the potency of the time machine, the mastery of the scientific handling, the daring of a forecast of a future the reverse of flattering for the human race. It was the daring, the *aliquid novi* of the literary adventure, the new note of self-confidence and precision in the English style, which fired the imagination of the missionary. Every new writer who is to cut a real dash must fire the ability of select disciples to make converts. I, at any rate, was successfully converted that evening between Marshall & Snelgrove's and the Marble Arch. I could not rest until I had got the

book, devoured it, and talked it over again, no doubt enthusiastically, to my first initiator in the ways of "H. G." We were still young and self-conscious enough to recognise new writers without any sort of misgiving. (How extraordinary it is, by the way, that there should be no such writers now among the generation under thirty!) This new-truth-emanating Wells was a writer to idealise, a thinker to watch, a stylist whose progress must be noted with the reverential care the observer bestows upon a rising barometer. We had a vague knowledge and respect of him then as a very young man who had climbed the ladder very swiftly from the confines of the lower middle class; his emergence seemed to shed a bright ray upon the examination system (which then, as now, badly needed it). South Kensington might be a Jesus of Science, but it had been a Galilee of the Arts, so far at any rate as Polite Letters were concerned. Could a real genius emerge from Tutoria? The truth about the origin of Genius, difficult as it is to come by in anything more than homoeopathic doses, is more of a miracle,

perhaps, than the most amazing of Mr. Wells's hypothetical Romances.

His grandfather was head-gardener at Penshurst. His father, Joseph Wells, a man of an ingenious and passionate turn, partly revealed, one suspects, in the "New Machiavelli," took up cricket as a profession, was widely known as a very swift round-arm bowler, and played for the county of Kent, then, in the sixties and seventies of the last century, at the meridian of its splendour. But at the time of the novelist's birth

(September 21st, 1866) the ex-cricketer was keeping a small mixed shop at Bromley, in Kent. His mother, he tells us, was the daughter of an innkeeper at a place named Midhurst (scene of the climax of Mr. Hoopdriver's fortunes in "The Wheels of Chance"), where post-horses were supplied to the flying coaches before the railways came. The climate of his very early days is revealed not only in the "New Machiavelli," but also, I think, in "The War in the Air," and in one or two pregnant passages in "New Worlds for Old." The exciting of the small tradesman by the Company shop, as classically depicted by Zola in his "Au Bonheur des Dames," was already becoming a familiar feature in the England of the 'seventies, when the middle class of this



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

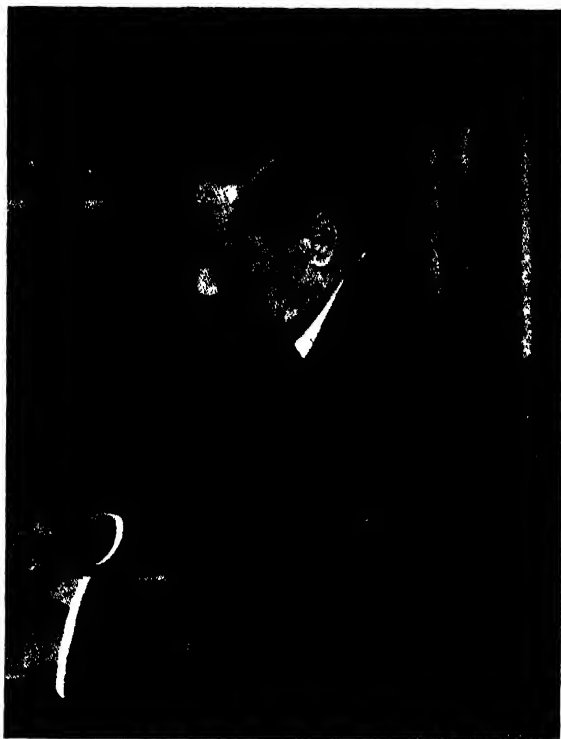
H. G. Wells.

country first united to raise a mighty paean in honour of the Co-operative Stores. To a small boy in Bromley, in a small glass and china and miscellaneous shop, it was already a matter of painful and absorbing interest. "My father was one of that multitude of small shopkeepers which had been caught between the 'Stores' above and the rising rates below; and from the knickerbocker stage onward I was acutely aware of the question hanging over us." The darkness of this cloud that threatened enabled him to write these vivid pages in "New Worlds for Old": *

"In the little High Street of Sandgate over which my house looks, I should say between a quarter and a third of the shops are just downward channels from decency to despair; they are sanctioned, inevitable citizen-breakers. Now it is a couple of old servants opening a 'fancy' shop or a tobacco shop, now it is a young couple plunging into the haberdashery, now it is a new butcher or a new fishmonger or a grocer. This perpetual procession of

* cf. "The Shop at Fishbourne," and "The Confessions of a Shopkeeper," by F. T. Bullen.

bankruptcies has made me lately shun that pleasant-looking street, that in my unthinking days I walked through cheerfully enough. The doomed victims have a way of coming to the doors at first and looking out politely and hopefully. There is a rich and lucrative business done by certain wholesale firms in starting the small dealer in almost every branch of retail trade; they fit up his shop, stock him, take his one or two hundred pounds and give him credit for forty or fifty. The rest of his story is an impossible struggle to pay rent and get that debt down. Things go on for a time quite bravely. I go furtively and examine the goods in the window, with a dim hope that this time something really will come off; I learn reluctantly from my wife that they are no better than anyone else's, and rather dearer than those of one or two solid and persistent shops that do the steady business of the place. Perhaps I see the new people going to church once or twice very respectably, as I set out for a Sunday walk, and if they are a young couple the husband usually wears a silk hat. Presently the stock in the window begins to deteriorate in quantity and quality, and then I know that credit is tightening. The proprietor no longer comes to the door, and his first bright confidence is gone. He regards one now through the darkling panes with a gloomy animosity. He suspects one all too truly of dealing with the 'Stores.' . . . Then suddenly he has gone; the savings have gone, and the shop like a hungry maw-- waits for a new victim. There is the simple, common tragedy of the little shop; the landlord of the house has his money all right, the ground landlord has, of course, every penny of his money, the kindly wholesalers are well out of it, and the young couple or the old people, as the case may be, are looking for work on the nearest casual



H. G. Wells
(1910).

ward—just as though there was no such virtue as thrift in the world."

The capacity to see like this is ingrained in a writer by suffering. The nature of things in England looks on and smiles while thrift is being butchered thus, or cocks its eye knowingly and says, "Why, of course he ought to have taken a dram shop." The small retail business and the lodging-house are the two prime social *destructors* of the age. The small capital of the Wells family was lost in the first. The father had to seek new employment in a depreciated market. But the novelist's mother, who had once been a lady's maid, was more fortunate; she sought and found in 1878 a relatively-well-paid employment as housekeeper to her former mistress Miss Fetherstonhaugh, at Up-

Park, near Petersfield—the Bladesover of "Tono-Bungay," with something, perhaps, of the Burnmore Park of "The Passionate Friends." * For a time the future Utopist was with his mother at Petersfield—imbibing the strict rules of the British Hierarchy from Peers of England, and Peers of the United Kingdom down to Vicar, Doctor, and Vet.—the chain that linked the upper with the lower world, the precedence in which was even more rigidly enforced by means of the barriers which separated pantry and housekeeper's room from still-room and kitchen. The mother, however, who figures in "Tono-Bungay" has little in common with the minute and gentle little old lady who died only a few years ago, and whom some of us have been privileged to meet at Mr. Wells's house.

"Dominating all these memories is the figure of my mother—my mother who did not love me because I grew more like my father every day—and who knew with inflexible decision her place and the place of every one in the world—except the place that concealed my father—and in some details mine. Subtle points were put to her. I can see and hear her saying now, 'No, Miss Fison, peers of England go in before peers of the United Kingdom, and he is merely a peer of the United Kingdom.' She had much exercise in placing people's servants about her tea-table, where the etiquette was very strict. I wonder sometimes if the

* Knowledge derived from the same source is manifest in the inimitable Parker of "The Sea Lady."



Little Easton Rectory.
Mr. H. G. Wells's home at
Dunmow, Essex.



Mrs. H. G. Wells
in the garden at Dunmow.

etiquette of housekeepers' rooms is as strict to-day, and what my mother would have made of a *chauffeur*."

The real Mrs. Joseph Wells was of a very different quality from that stern lady. Perhaps one has just a gleam of her in the mother's diary in "The New Machiavelli."

"H. G." had made unauthorised piratical raids upon the Library at Up Park, and he carried with him into the drapery ("the best organised trade in England," as he has since described it) to which he went as a learner in a shop at Windsor in 1879, an uncovenanted hunger for reading. Indulgence in this appetite led to his early transference to a chemist's shop in Midhurst, kept by spiritual ancestors of Mr. and Mrs. Ponderevo, the inimitable lady who "wanted a stopper," and called her husband "a silly old sardine." He may have left Windsor in some disgrace, as George left Bladesover, but it was all to the good that he was to go to Wimblehurst and learn Latin!

"For me the years at Wimblehurst were years of pretty active growth. Most of my leisure and much of my time in the shop I spent in study. I speedily mastered the modicum of Latin necessary for my qualifying examinations, and—a little assisted by the Government Science and Art Department classes that were held in the Grammar School—went on with my mathematics. There were classes in physics, in chemistry, in mathematics and machine drawing, and I took up all these subjects with considerable avidity. Exercise I got chiefly in the form of walks. There was some cricket in the summer and football in the winter, sustained by young men's clubs that levied a parasitic blackmail on the big people and the sitting Member, but I was never very keen at these games."

The uncle in reality was not the chemist at Midhurst, but the primary schoolmaster at Wookey Hole, Somerset, where the young "Latin" scholar went as "improver" or pupil teacher at the age of fifteen. The period is obscure so far as subsequent autobiographical clues are concerned; but for some

reason the experiment failed. Wells was then apprenticed to a draper on a larger scale than heretofore—this time at Southsea. The two years spent there, the constant friction between haberdashery and the folding of gingham, and the claims of literature, supply some of the liveliest episodes in "Kipps," "The Wheels of Chance," and "Mr. Polly." Perhaps the shopman, taking notes, may have witnessed a replica of the great scene in which the heroic Parsons, original genius at window-dressing, interrupted in one of his great conceptions, hurled a roll of huckaback, and "'it the Guvnor on the 'ed—'ard." Eventually, H. G. Wells broke his indentures deliberately. He realised that the facilities

for higher education that were then opening out offered him a better chance in life than a shop and comparative illiteracy could possibly do. "Mr. Polly" represents what he might well have become had he not embraced this opportunity. By the aid of some "greenish certificates," obtained at Midhurst, he secured a post as a sixteen-year-old assistant at Midhurst Grammar School, where no doubt he drew up a "Schema" and anticipated the experiences of Mr. Lewisham. Thence, in strict agreement with the revealing early chapters in that book, he obtained a scholarship at the Normal School of Science at South Kensington, became, under the personal inspiration of the first Dean of the School, Professor Huxley, a biologist, and passed his B.Sc. with honours, in the first class. His "Science" obtained him an assistant-mastership at the Henley House School, St. John's Wood, where he taught not only science, but also English, and edited the *Henley House Magazine*, which had been started some years previously by a boy named Alfred Harmsworth. One of his pupils at this school was the "A. A. M." of *Punch*. From this school appointment he was attracted in due course by the elasticity of income derivable from



Little Easton Rectory.

the combined activities of tutor, lecturer, and crammer, at the old University Correspondence Classes, held in Red Lion Square, and directed mainly to the herculean task of assisting medical students through their "Inter." Among other things, "H. G." was a born demonstrator. A manual of biology, continuous lecturing, and occasional excursions into journalism helped him to compile a respectable income, though not one that admitted of much saving. The labour was heavy, the classes were exigent, and the class-rooms were overwhelmingly hot. A break-down from overwork was almost inevitable in one form or another, and, in this particular case, it took the form of a sudden rupture of a blood-vessel at Charing Cross Station. Complete rest was essential, and Mr. Wells found it necessary to take lodgings in Eastbourne, in possession of forty pounds or so and no prospects. I suppose that this was the crisis of a career. The young lecturer, who had quickly obtained a rare hold upon his pupils, male and female, felt that his career had collapsed, that he was utterly "bowled out." But recovery was rapid. The convalescent at Eastbourne was essentially a member of what Mr. Polly called the "shoveacious cult." Money being essential, Mr. Wells found an ingenious expedient for coining it by means of humorous articles, contributed with complete success, though coming from an unknown outsider, to the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then conducted by Harry Cust. The elation of these articles, such as "On Staying at the Sea-Side," "For Freedom of Spelling," "Chess Games," "Cheapness and my Aunt Charlotte" (which appeared later in "Certain Personal Matters"), is worthy of remark, when we reflect for a moment that the author had just had his career fractured, that he was so weak that he could hardly get down from his lodging to the beach, and that he had not got fifty pounds to his name in the world. A literary genealogist might have detected in the articles a slight infusion of Dr. Holmes or Frank Stockton, those facetious American essayists, with suggestions perhaps of Jerome K., sufficient to incur the imputation, so dangerous in 1893, of infection by the "new humour." But, as a matter of cold, unimaginative fact, the genesis of these genial essays came directly from the perusal of a book borrowed for twopence from a library in Eastbourne, and the name of this book was "When a Man's Single," and its author is J. M. Barrie. The circulation of his work in a paper so well known as the *P. M. G.* gave the precise stimulus that "H. G.'s" blood required, and led in turn to an enhanced circulation. From being entirely unknown among quill-drivers, he began to be recognised as a recruit of almost inconceivable promise. He was hailed by Henley and George Steevens; among his earlier acquaintances in the craft were Marriott Watson, and R. A. M. Stevenson. A little later on he was on friendly terms with Grant Allen, Edward Clodd, George Gissing, and Le Gallienne. To these must be added Frank Harris, who recognised his ability by opening to him both the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Saturday*. Hitherto, he had seen himself in print mainly in educational papers and in the proofs of biological primers and manuals. Now he became a recognised writer in the Press, in the stalls of the theatres, reviewing books both of science and literary. This journalistic year was 1894-5. came another shattering breakdown, which

necessitated his turning from journalism to authorship proper; and he was very soon established at Woking, building up for the third time, and permanently, as it proved, a new source of regular and abundant income. Henceforth his life is submerged in his authorship. But, in the meantime, something very important had happened.

II.

In the Royal College of Science Journal, *The Phoenix*, which Wells started, and which still lives, he had outlined a sketch of the romantic possibilities of a fourth dimension. During a slack time in the summer of 1894, when editors were not printing his work very freely and the outlook was doubtful, he took this sketch and in a fortnight of hard work he reshaped it into a serial; fragments appeared in the *National Observer*, the whole, or nearly the whole, appeared as "The Time Traveller's Story" in Henley's *New Review*. He obtained £100 for the serial rights, and Heinemann published the little volume as "The Time Machine: An Invention," with a dedication to W. E. Henley, in 1895. The fame of this wonderful little book spread by oral transmission, for very little was done for it by the papers, always on the alert against unauthorised talent.

Wells first read his own name as an author in the chaste pages of the dominant literary journal of that day, called *The Athenæum*, in July, 1895. In June he had reprinted a series of *Pall Mall* papers, and they were published in the Mayfair Set by John Lane under the title (not many of my readers have seen the elaborately-drawn page) "Select Conversations with an Uncle now Extinct, with two other Reminiscences," dedicated to R. A. C. *The Athenæum* found the thing "portentously foolish," and dismissed it with the Parthian shaft, "The book has a very nice cover." In this same year, the author published his first series of scientific Arabian Nights called "The Stolen Bacillus" (containing, "The Purple Pileus," "Æpyornis Island," and other stories that will live as models of their period), and also "The Wonderful Visit" which obtained the dignified commendation of the leading literary journal referred to as a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*. I have come across people who regard this as the happiest of all its author's creations; many regard the next imaginary romance, which was written "in and out" or simultaneously with it, as absolutely the reverse.* The literary journal discoursed learnedly on horrors that are legitimate, and horrors that are illegitimate in literature. Philoctetes! Well, yes, Philoctetes might pass with some little demur (how about Gloucester's eyes, the torturing scene in *La Tosca*, and Edward II.'s end—Marlowe?), but Dr. Moreau's Island, no, no Mr. Wells, this will never do! (May, 1896). The is certainly powerful, and I find it haunting *membra disjecta* from "Gulliver's Fourth Voyage," "Jekyll and Hyde," and "Frankenstein," perhaps, be detected in it by one of that new species, the

* The germ of this demonstration of advanced appeared first in the *Saturday* of January, 1895, "Moreau Explains." "The Wonderful Visit" may something to "Peter Wilkins" and something to

thesis-fiend. In scientific hypothesis Wells had shown himself the equal of Verne, in rigorous deduction from data, of Edgar Allan Poe. "The Island of Dr. Moreau" shows that, even thus early, his disposition to satire was irresistible. Swift influenced him far more than Verne but there was, perhaps, more of the unconscious Lucian about him than either. "The Invisible Man" extended the growing reputation a good deal, for it was a *tour-de-force* plain for all to see; in rigorous deduction and stark presentation clearly the work of a master of our vernacular. The author's alternate resources at this time were daring speculation in the field of invention and the reaction of startling novelty upon the conventional, conservative English type. The second resource is the staple of "The Wonderful Visit" and "The Sea Lady." Both are used with signal effect in "The Invisible Man." An author's power of realisation is seldom seen to better advantage than in this scarifying story. How could an uneducated man do such work? The point is, of course, that Wells was not an uneducated man in the least. He was a peculiarly educated man. He left his small commercial academy at thirteen, with little Latin, no Greek, and the French of Bromley-in-Kent; but his mathematics were above those of a public school boy of his age. While expensively educated boys were spending their hours on words and games, he was intent, reading; and the examination results which took him to the Normal School of Science, after no more than a year as assistant at the Midhurst Grammar School, show a sound scientific education. The biology he got at the Normal School under Huxley was well beyond the contemporary



"Guildford is an altogether charming old town."

From "The Wheels of Chance," by H. G. Wells
(Dent, The Wayfarer's Library)



"He came into Midhurst by the bridge at the watermill."

From "The Wheels of Chance," by H. G. Wells
(Dent, The Wayfarer's Library)

University standard, and the diplomas he obtained for teaching from the College of Preceptors involved a considerable amount of reading in psychology and philosophy. The malignity that loves to turn upon the pedagogue and call him uneducated is thus hopelessly misdirected here. The actuality that Wells manages to generate in his writing from this date is well shown in a passage from his next book:

"Now if you had noticed anything about him, it would have been chiefly to notice how little he was noticeable. He wore the black morning coat, the black tie, and the speckled grey nether parts (descending into shadow and mystery below the counter) of his craft. He was of a pallid complexion, hair of a kind of dirty fairness, greyish eyes, and a skimpy, immature moustache under his peaked indeterminate nose. His features were all small, but none ill-shaped. A rosette of pins decorated the lapel of his coat. His remarks, you would observe, were entirely what people used to call *cliché*, formulæ not organic to the occasion, but stereotyped ages ago, and learnt years since by heart. 'This, madam,' he would say, 'is selling very well.' 'We are doing a very good article at four-three a yard.' 'We could show you something better, of course.' 'No trouble, madam, I assure you.' Such were the simple counters of his intercourse. So, I say, he would have presented himself to your superficial observation. He would have danced about behind the counter, have neatly refolded the goods he had shown you, have put on one side those you selected, extracted a little book with a carbon leaf, and a tinfoil sheet from a fixture, made you out a little bill in that weak flourishing hand peculiar to drapers, and have bawled 'Sayn!' Then a puffy little shopwalker would have come into view, looked at the bill for a second very hard (showing you a parting down the middle of his head

meanwhile), have scribbled a still more flourishing J.M. all over the document, have asked you if there was nothing more, have stood by you—supposing that you were paying cash—until the central figure of this story reappeared with the change. One glance more at him—and the puffy little shop-walker would have been bowing you out, with fountains of civilities at work all about you. And so the interview would have terminated."

There is, perhaps, mordant reminiscence here of the days when he was a shopman, when "Forward, Wells" was the cry, and Wells was discovered in the basement reading Herbert Spencer. When a man can write so forcibly as this his work affects one almost like a physical sensation; the shop-walker with the parting is by my side, I can feel his presence, I can hear the little draper crying: "Sayn."

... "Such work postulates a good deal of muscular force and a kind of imaginative glow which ejects every foreign and irrelevant particle of speech, as it were, automatically. The higher concentration is thus effected. It needs first a certain massive force, then intense and potent

vision, and, thirdly, an incisive and remorseless logic. Of practical wordmanship, of kinetic vocabulary, Mr. Wells has always been a master. He had, from an early date, a natural curiosity about such things as words and their order, together with the resolute will of a Franklin or a Cobbett, to manipulate such matters to his private and particular advantage. From an early date he began to distinguish things seen from things half-seen or merely glanced at, and to direct his course as a novelist accordingly. Note how cleverly he uses his first impressions of childhood in "First and Last Things" and "The New Machiavelli," and how he uses his brief sojourn in a chemist's shop, among the sale of quack patent medicines and little pills, in "Tono-Bungay." From an early date he began to study the physical conditions of good writing and the need of evading the sensation of drudgery (hence his elaborate nocturnal kit and tea-kettle for turning out when the thought besets him—not at the expense of one of his host's servants like the remorseless Pope). Already he was deliberately holding himself in reserve as a novelist until he should have acquired more experience of life, and keeping the pot-boiling—in the face of reiterated demands for "more sustained work"—by means of his

scientific fantasies and problematic romances. "The Wheels of Chance," from which the foregoing passage was quoted, shows that the subject matter of the novelist was already fermenting within him. How tight a hold he kept upon himself is shown by the fact that while he was engaged upon "The Wheels of Chance," the human complication of Mr. Hoopdriver and a young lady in bloomers, Mr. Wells was writing "The War of the Worlds." The book began well, said the literary organ already referred to, but fell off sadly, missed grand opportunities and supplied lamentable evidence that its inventive author was tired or worked out—an opinion in which that critic is probably in a minority of one. Of all the romances that adorn the Wellsian panel, this

and the "Invisible Man" will stand re-reading the most often. Far from showing exhaustion it shows new power blossoming in every direction. The topography which is used so cleverly in "The Invisible Man" is extended here from the West Central district of London to the South-Western suburbs. In

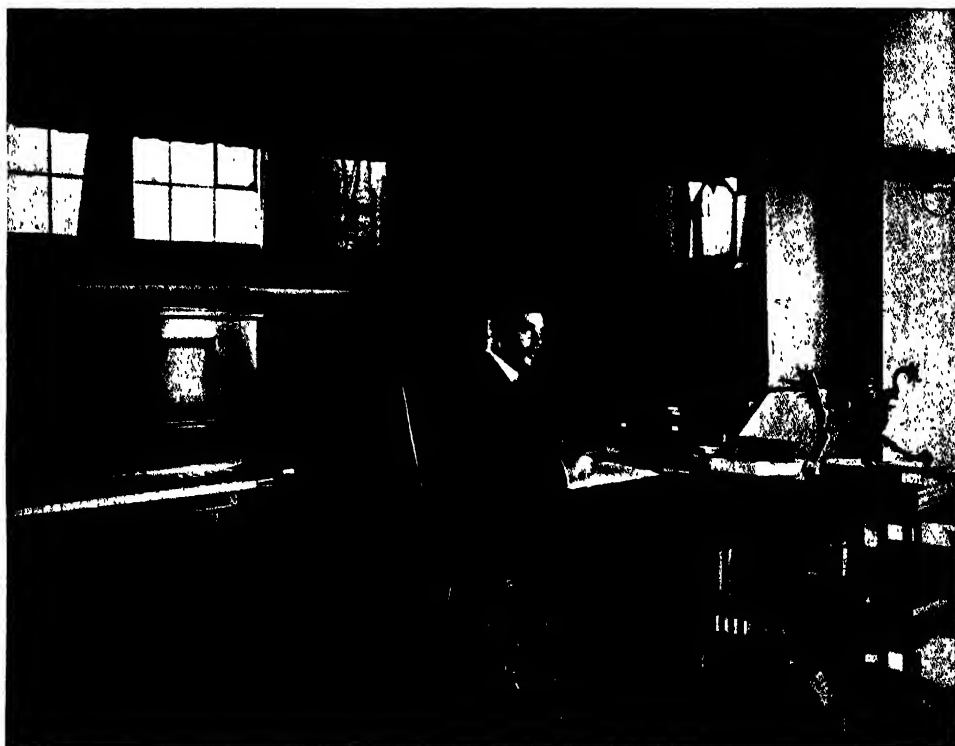


Photo by Reginald Haines.

Mr. H. G. Wells in his Study.

the whole printed surface of the story there is hardly an inch of dead matter. The delineation of a type in the curate, the dialectic skill shown in the tirade of the artilleryman upon the new conditions under which humanity will have to live, show advance in flexibility. The racial sentiment of humanity is most artfully aroused against the Martians, and their extinction is brought about by a most ingenious and happily-contrived device which no one had been clever enough to foresee.

In the meantime Wells had incurred fresh denunciation as a new humorist by re-issuing "Certain Personal Matters," the *Pall Mall* Essays of the Eastbourne period for the most part (and remarkably characteristic they are), and had published in continuation of the *Bacillus* volume "The Plattner Story and Others" (1897). He was already becoming well known in France (through the translations of Henri Davray), and in America. In 1899 he published "When the Sleeper Wakes" and "Tales of Space and Time." The Utopist was already peeping out from behind the robes of the *Voyageur Imaginaire*, and in England, as a whole, Wells was becoming quite an institution in association with a particular brand of fantastic romance. When he began to write I was just ready for him, I and my

generation. We shall appreciate him best ; but he will like better to hear the silken flatteries of the new age. I therefore shall not flatter him.

Wells frequently massacres mankind at a great rate. The prospect in "When the Sleeper Wakes" is gloomier than we are accustomed to in his books. The race of 2200 is bisected into a small number of Roman equites of the time of Sulla and the slaves in the ergastulum. Plutocracy and capitalism, untempered by other tendencies, are envisaged from the point of a Socialist of the Lassalle type. There is much criticism of tendencies and methods. It was not until 1900 (putting "The Wheels of Chance" aside) that we really got our first sensation of Wells as a novelist proper—in "Love and Mr. Lewisham"—an autobiographical and satirical novel of the Midhurst and South Kensington period. It was written in 1898 and had appeared serially before it came out between covers. Some high-browed critics received it with withering scorn, and would have patted the author back to more *Vera Historia*. Most of us were enamoured with it, as we were afterwards with its true dream-children, "Kipps" and "Mr. Polly." We discerned in Mr. Lewisham a quivering, emotional quality, rare enough in the writing of that day, and of this.

But before going on to the Utopias and the Novels, I had better finish saying what remains to be said about the later inventions or imaginative romances, such as "The First Men in the Moon," "The Sea Lady," "In the Days of the Comet," "The Food of the Gods," and "The War in the Air." The first of these is the one that interests me least of all, and it is the most like Jules Verne. "The Sea Lady," on the other hand, is very distinctive. It was written upon Wells's arrival at Sandgate, his building of Spade House, and the first delight in the snugness of the situation, the privacy of the beach, the charm of the evergreen oaks. It has more levity, more persiflage, light comedy and perhaps subtlety, than any other of his books. It was the outcome of a happy moment. The dialogue is sparkling, and many of the verbal hits palpable. Here is the password of journalism. "Stuff that the public won't believe aren't facts. Being true only makes them worse. They buy our paper to swallow it, and it's got to go down easy." "Imagine a great fat creature whacking a little white ball for miles and miles with a perfect surgery of instruments, whacking it either with a babyish solemnity, or a childish rage, as luck may have decided, whacking away while his country goes to the devil, and, incidentally, training



Mr. H. G. Wells and his son on the pond at Little Easton.



Mr. H. G. Wells playing his War Game.



Mr. H. G. Wells and his two sons.



Mr. H. G. Wells and Captain Dunne, the well-known aeronautical inventor.

The biplane shown in this photograph (taken at Eastchurch) is the machine of Captain Dunne's invention which made such a sensational flight to France last autumn.



"It seems to be deserted," said Cavor, "absolutely desolate."

From "The First Men in the Moon," by H. G. Wells (Nelson).



an innocent-eyed little boy to swear and be a tip-hunting loafer. That's golf!" Miss Waters is great in herself, a great advance upon the Wonderful Visitant of 1896, and, in fact, is a suggestively elusive and semi-symbolical creation — unique, perhaps, in this author's repertory. One is quite angry with Parker for that "superior" uncommunicativeness which disabled the author from telling us more about the Sea Lady, whose stocking she so scrupulously marked.

"In the Days of the Comet" was moulded in the pacifist interest to show how danger from the Comet and danger from Germany coinciding neutralised each other in some mysterious way, and engendered the "great change" to ways of harmony, oecumenical peace and concord. The interested activity of a War Paper,



The Battle in the Clouds.

From "The War in the Air," by H. G. Wells (Nelson).

satirised as *The Yell*, furnishes an opening for a wonderful sardonic picture of the modern Press. There seems to me no falling off in interest, vigour or instructiveness in these later romances. In the natural course of their evolution they become more and more reflective. The author expands by an easy transition into a utopist. Then, throwing aside his cosmoramas, his visions and his anticipations, he contracts, and we get the satirical novel of to-day. "The Food of the Gods" supplies material for a fine satire on the Lilliputian race of men, and ends with a fine tirade against their limitations. G. K. C. calls it a tale of Jack the Giant-Killer from the point of view of the Giant. "The War in the Air" is a striking *reductio ad absurdum* of the Cyclopean armament mania of the twentieth century. Wells's satire on the inveterate complacency of man standing on the knife-edge of credit and capital, in a planless

teeming with quarter-educated populations, bristling with inherited spites and interlocked gun-barrels, is specially directed against the colossal optimism of the Inter-Jubilee era (1887-1897) and the Imperial self-satisfaction of which Kipling was regarded as the Major Prophet.*

"The accidental balance on the side of Progress was far slighter and infinitely more complex and delicate in its adjustments than the people of that time suspected. . . . They did not realize that this age of relative good fortune was an age of immense but temporary opportunity for their kind. They complacently assumed a necessary progress towards which they had no moral responsibility. They did not realize that this security of progress was a thing still to be won or lost, and that the time to win it was a time that passed. They went about their affairs energetically enough, and yet with a curious idleness towards those threatening things. No one troubled over the real dangers of mankind. They saw their armies and navies grow larger and more pretentious; some of their ironclads at the last cost as much as their whole annual expenditure upon advanced education; they accumulated explosives and the machinery of destruction; they allowed their national traditions and jealousies to accumulate; they contemplated a steady enhancement of race hostility as the races drew closer without concern or understanding, and they permitted the growth in their midst of an evil-spirited Press, mercenary and unscrupulous, incapable of good and powerful for evil. Their State had practically no control over the Press at all. Quite heedlessly they allowed this touch-paper to lie at the door of their war magazine for any spark to fire. The precedents of history were all one tale of the collapse of civilizations—the dangers of the time were manifest. One is incredulous now to believe they could not see."

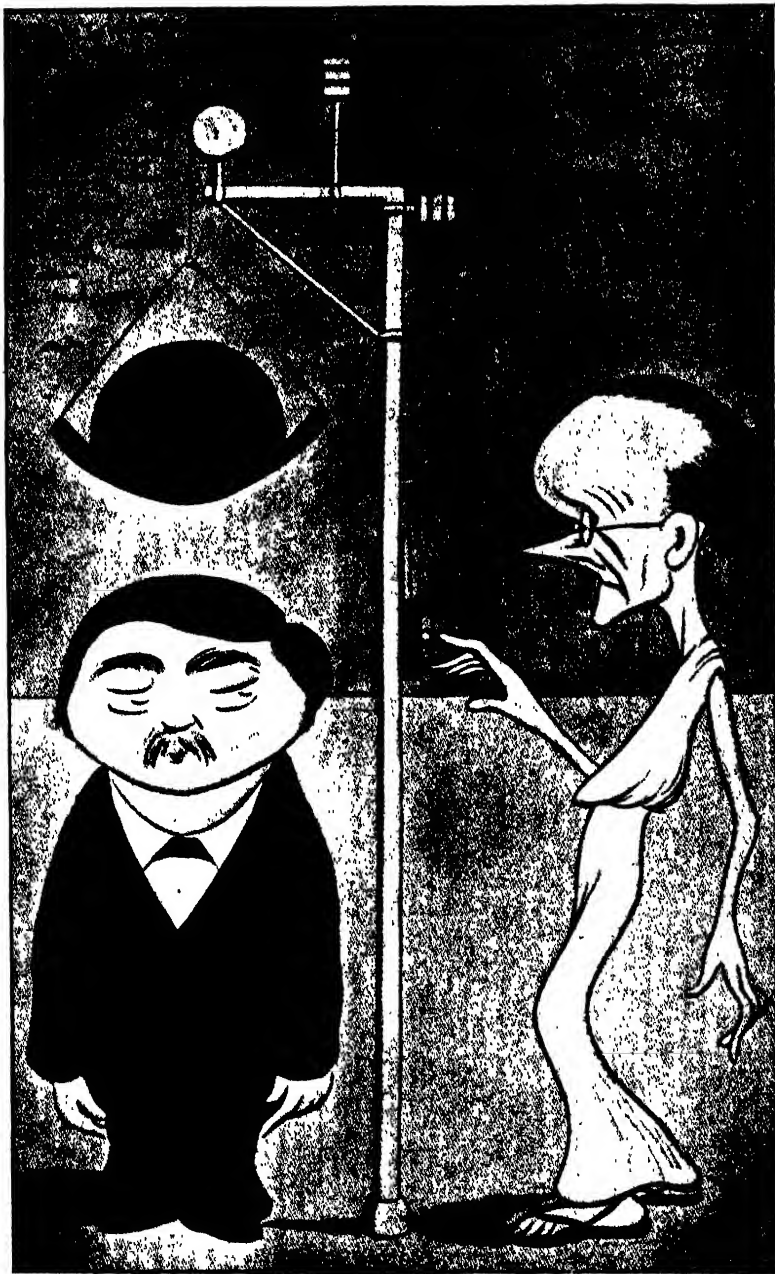
We have to remember that "The War in the Air" was written before anyone had flown a yard.

After considering all these reactions of Society against

* For estimate of Kipling by "H. G." see "New Machiavelli," realities to-day for us by the vivid picturing of yesterday, he is unexcelled.

one disturbing force or another, Wells goes on, in a series of imaginary created worlds of his own, to anticipate the future and to correct the present. He was always a social critic and reformer, but in "Anticipations," "The Discovery of the Future," "A Modern Utopia," "New Worlds for Old," and "The Future in America," he would proceed by direct inculcation in lieu of innuendo. He finds a world strangely incoherent, deficient in intellectual energy, believing vaguely in a superior providence, impeded in every direction by

every kind of old traditional lumber, debris and broken-down cogwork, which threatens to throw the whole machine out of gear. He says, "let's plan our future, and at all costs get our best men on the upper deck. We must get rid of the dead weight and the muddle." There is a kind of demi-god imprisoned in man. By earnest thought of the future alone shall we ever manage to release him. The world is heavy with the promise of greater and, let us hope, better things. The past is but the beginning of a beginning; we are watching the twilight of the dawn. In "First and Last Things" he reveals to us his Agnosticism tempered by Pragmatism, which had already begun to take shape in 1901-2. He has a notion of creating a carte of Samurai or voluntary nobles, submitting to a peculiar discipline, wearing a distinctive dress, having a bible of their own, selected from the inspiring

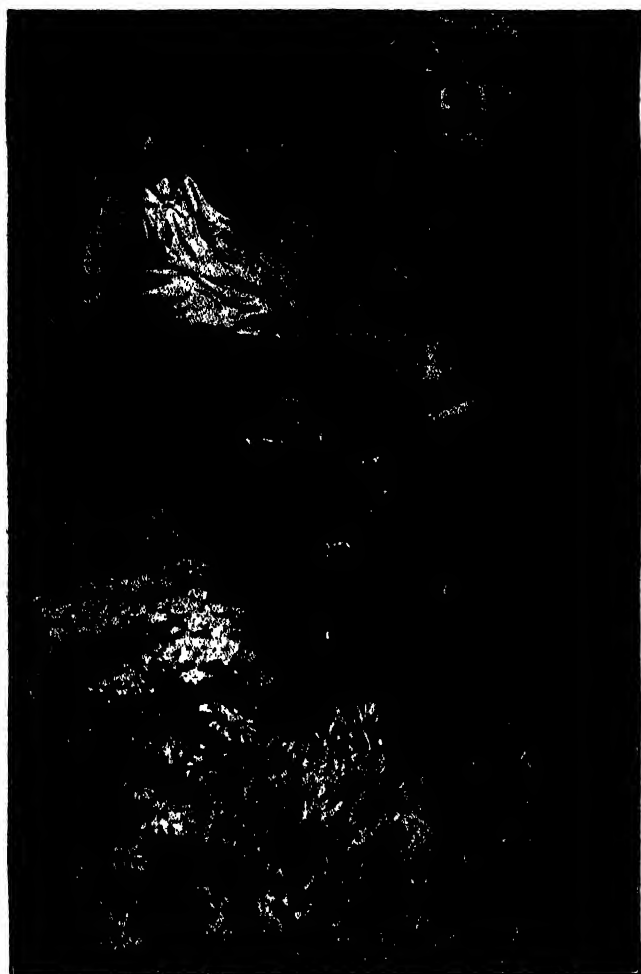


H. G. Wells and his Patent Mechanical New Republic, and the Spirit of Pure Reason crowning him President (view of Presidential Palace in background).

From a drawing by Max Beerbohm. Reproduced by kind permission of the artist.

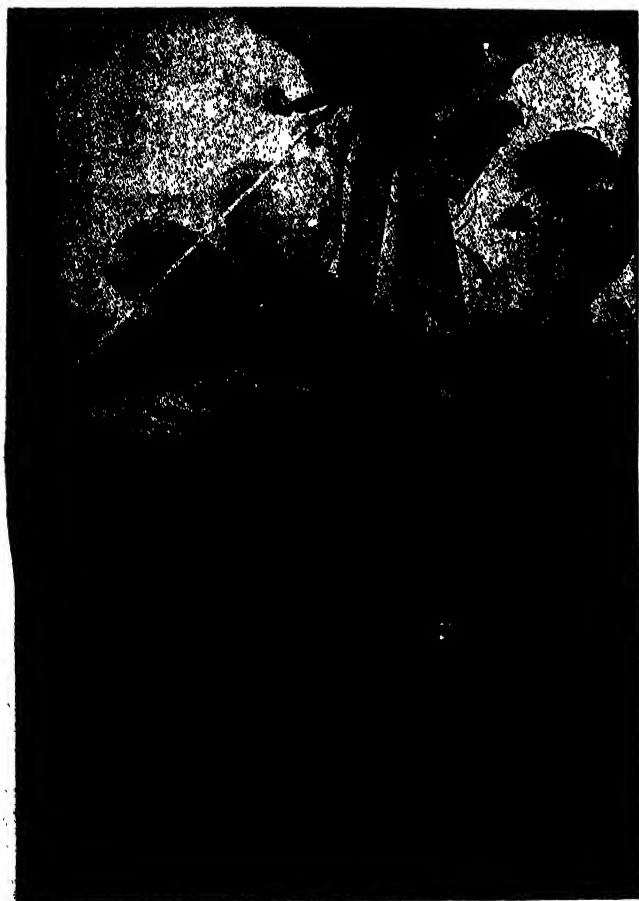
literature of all ages, spending at least a week of every year in absolute solitude in the wilderness, as a sort of spiritual retreat and restorative of self-reliance.

Of the four main classes of human beings, the original or creative, the kinetic or active business class, the dull, or people who never seem to learn thoroughly, see or hear distinctly or think clearly, the base, or those deficient in moral sense, the Samurai are selected from the first two only, and almost exclusively from the first.



Our talk must have been serious.

From "Tono-Bungay," by H. G. Wells (Macmillan).



The Martians.

From "The War of the Worlds," by H. G. Wells (Helmemann).

The conception is a far-reaching combination of Puritanism and Bushido, Cromwell and Hideyoshi, Fourier and St. Francis, Plato's philocophers ruling the republic, Cecil Rhodes' secret order of millionaires ruling the world, of More's "Utopia" and Bacon's "New Atlantis." The Utopias proper, which extend to almost every phase and form of human activity, are confined mainly to the middle period of Wells's intellectual growth. The prophetic habit, however, had grown upon him, and when he visited the United States in the Spring of 1906 he cast his observations into the form of a Forecast. This was generous, statesmanlike, and fairly sanguine as a whole. Two things chiefly alarmed him. One was the extension of race-prejudice, the tragedy of colour, the repression of the negroid. The second was the indifference of the authorities to child-labour.

"One little thing set me questioning. I had been one Sunday night down town, supping and talking with Mr. Abraham Cahan about 'East Side,' that strange city within a city, which has a drama of its own and a literature and a Press, and about Russia and her problem, and I was returning on the subway about two o'clock in the morning. I became aware of a little lad sitting opposite me, a childish faced, delicate little creature of eleven years old or thereabouts, wearing the uniform of a boy messenger. He drooped with fatigue, roused himself with a start, edged from his seat with a sigh, stepped off the car and was vanishing upstairs into the electric glare of Astor Place as the train ran out of the station.

" 'What on earth,' said I, 'is that baby doing abroad at this time of night?' For me this weary little wretch became the irritant centre of a painful region of enquiry. 'How many hours a day may a child work in New York?' I began to ask people, 'and when may a boy leave school?' I had blundered, I found, upon the weakest spot in America's fine front of national well-being. My eyes were opened to the childish newsboys who sold me papers, and the little bootblacks at the street corners. Nocturnal child employment is a social abomination. I gathered stories of juvenile vice, of lads of nine and ten suffering from terrible diseases, of the contingent sent out of the ranks of these messengers to the hospitals and jails. I began to realize another aspect of that great theory of the liberty of property and the subordination of the State to business, upon which American institutions are based. That theory has no regard for children. Indeed, it is a theory that disregards women and children, the cardinal facts of life, altogether. They are in America *private things*." . . .

When he came back from America, he gave up Spade House and settled at Church Row, Hampstead—so far as he can ever be said to settle anywhere. There, and at the Rectory, Little Easton, Essex, he has written three of his later and bigger novels—"The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," and "The Passionate Friends"; "Tono-Bungay," and "Ann Veronica," having been written at Sandgate. These novels are of the old English, heterogeneous type, and combine with the old elements of satire, criticism, and Utopian looking forward, a new sense of the futility and meaningless effort of the individual who plans, thinks and wills in contravention of the vast inertia of popular convention and social prejudice, but, above all, against the interior impulsion of blind impulses, the inevitable overthrow of the individual ideal when pitted against the unreasonable but omnipotent appetites of sex. In "Love and Mr. Lewisham" we have the complete defeat of the Will, in "Ann" the difficulty is circumvented a little. In "The New Machiavelli" the career of a forceful political leader is wrecked on this Parnellite and Dilkeite reef.

In the earlier "Tono" the "fleshy" motif is combined with a satirical romance of commerce, with a sort of camera obscura presentation of late Victorian England—the England consecrated by the plaudits of the whole world a quarter of a century back. The best critics of England have examined these books too recently for us to dilate upon them here, also the best critics of France, including Firmin Roz and Chevrillon (Taine's nephew), who says, à propos of "Tono," "Let us come back to Wells—Wells, who is almost as famous in England as he is in France."

III.

As an artist, and more particularly as a writer, Wells has an almost unequalled power of vivid reproduction of those things which he has seen and experienced. His vision is remorseless—his descriptive power unfailing. He has invention in the highest measure, and unlimited ingenuity. As a recorder of his own impressions he is vivid to an extraordinary degree. He catches and renders the superficial aspects of things with amazing, illusive positiveness. At his best he gives an illusion of concrete reality to all readers not more imaginative than himself. And these are very few. One result of this power is that his foregrounds are frequently almost ridiculously clear. He has a rich vein of humour which, in some of his books, pervades the whole of the canvas. There is a playful humour in "The Wonderful Visit," and "The Wheels of Chance." The tramp annexed by the "Invisible Man" is a humorous creation of signal originality. The sophisticated medium, Chaffery, in "Mr. Lewisham" is another delightful, humorous conception. A lambent humour plays all over the "Sea Lady." In some of his novels, however, especially "Ann Veronica," "Marriage," and "The Passionate Friends," and even in "Kipps," the prophetic element in the author takes its revenge upon the artist by pumping all the humour out of the story a good while before the descent of the curtain. There is subtle humour in the contrast of character and pretension between the clear-minded abstract thinker, Cavor, and the pseudo-practical blunderer, Bedford, in "The First Men in the Moon." The drollery of "Mr. Polly" is delightful, especially to newcomers; those who know their "H. G." really well recognise some elements in it which have done duty before. The delights of his sympathetic humour are seen at their best in the first three quarters of "Kipps."

Wells also has considerable dramatic force and the endowments enumerated, added to his very considerable powers of characterisation (above all humorous characterisation such as that of Mrs. Ponderevo, or the Grand Dudgeon, i.e. Mr. Pope in "Marriage"), ought manifestly to constitute Mr. Wells one of the novelists of all time. Unfortunately, his pre-occupation with social philosophy inevitably forces most of his best fiction into the same category with that of George Eliot, and Henry Bordeaux—that of the problem novel, or the novel with a purpose. Peacockian eccentricities are just permissible in novels, in strict moderation; but philosophies in petticoats and trousers are impossible. Many of Mr. Wells's characters tend to become talking machines with taps labelled "H.G. January 1914," "H.G. February 1914," and so on illimitably. Talk about the confessional! There never was such a deponent as Mr. Wells.



"He flung up his arms and came down upon the couch."

From "The Stolen Bacillus and other Incidents," by H. G. Wells (Macnullan).



Panic-stricken.

From "The Island of Dr. Moreau," by H. G. Wells (Heinemann).

He feels it incumbent upon him to put on permanent record every successive change, phase, and nuance of his ever shifting conscience. In most of his later novels Mr. Wells is reacting against his earlier Utopianism. At one moment he is occupied with a vision of the world under the heel of capitalism ("Sleeper Wakes"), at another he is bent on showing that a logical ordering of human affairs is really a simple undertaking, a matter of logic and will ("New Worlds" and "A Modern Utopia"); and yet, observe that in both these last books he suggests that it is not a matter of logic and will either; but that what is wanted is nothing less than a change of heart. Again, he explores the limits of independence in woman in "Ann Veronica," or finds the crux of the whole difficulty in the relations of the sexes ("New Machiavelli," "Passionate Friends") or in the ultra-rigidity of the conjugal tie (*passim*). In the last-named novel he seems impaled on the horns of Daudet's dilemma in "Sapho." Man cannot rise without woman, yet she must ever be pulling him down. Hard to decide what he wants in this matter; he seems implacable; yet surely he would not be futurist enough to vote for the sexless Martian fashion of budding out. Labrador can hardly be accepted as a serious solution of the problem. But the more we read of Wells, the more we are confronted (as in "Tono-Bungay") with the enormous confusion and logical incoherency of the ordering of society. The questions are the old ones, the immemorial ones; it is the solutions that vary from hour to hour. Why does this author persist in throwing his philosophical disquisitions into the form of romance? Partly because of his natural tendency towards artistic creation. No doubt; but that is not all. It is also because he wants to present things, at the same moment, from different points of view—he wants to present views that are inconsistent—to give the other side a show, whether he believes in it or not. If a man writes a philosophical treatise, he must conclude something in some way or another; in a novel he is not bound to conclude anything—save the novel he is writing. Wells is an exponent of the (characteristic and significant) radically undogmatic thought of the later nineteenth century. What can this in any logical or definite lead to? G. K. Chesterton, who invariably and applauds Wells, imagines (I believe) that will end in the October Club, "H. G." a True Blue, High Elmer and a devout Catholic. A precedent

condition of this is often atheism. Now, one finds in Wells a continuous slight shifting of the point of view—a continuous change of outlook—a series of progressive views and suggestions rather than a view; and the movement of his mind, so difficult to define, is accompanied by a constant undercurrent of scepticism, pure and simple.

This negative result is accompanied by a method extraordinarily stimulating to many minds of our generation. And Wells has not released himself yet. It may be questioned whether he has risen to the full height of his power. He has an untameable force which should be a great asset to a country such as ours. The writing here

never eclipses and effaces the writer (like "John Inglesant"). He is not dominated by a book or books. His character is one of concentrated power and force of will. His eyes glow at times with something of the black wickedness of Burns; but they are surmounted by brows like walls of granite. Massive and granitic indeed is the upper part of the head, the lower part mobile, mischievous, beguiling. And the brain and will are encased in a splendid physique, enduring, flexible, active to a marvellous degree—as I found to my cost at Pont de l'Arche once when playing in the games that he invents and organises for his children and guests.* Inventor, Demonstrator, Author and Fictionist of the first water, as Wells has shown himself,



Photo by Reginald Haines.

Mr. H. G. Wells.

he has in excess of these qualities an unsuspected fund of sheer executive power. My proximate destination for him is that of Purveyor of Ideas, Inspirer and *Animatore* to the Conservative Forces of to-day, or rather, I would say, to the Tory Sociocrats of the Future. At present, the architects of this stripe not merely lack ideas, but are impervious to them to such an extent that some intermediary would be necessary, unless indeed by some happy stroke Mr. Balfour could be restored to the Suprema of the party. Directly or indirectly, party or non-party, Mr. Wells has ideas that the country wants. His utterance stimulates and brings before the many ideas which are pertinent and new to them. And he has certainly grown quite enough of an opportunist to have become a practical politician. I do not think I can have flattered (and trust sincerely I have not offended) "H. G." unduly. The one thing I have *not* done and can never do is to express the gratitude that I and my generation feel we owe him.

* And for the foreign professors and professoresses who haunt

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.
Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four-line epigram supposed to be written by any famous character in fiction on the author who created him, or her.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is awarded to Miss V. D. Goodwin, of Lyndhurst, Gillingham, Kent, for the following:

A SONG FOR EASTER.

FLOWER-SACRIFICE.

I bring you a gift of stars and moon-lighted dreams
Hidden away in flowers pale as the sea;
The dim waves beat on the shore and the white gull screams;
The white gull screams, and the waves are still:
"What is your will? What is your will?"
"Give me the secret flowers; pull them and give them to me."

I bring you a gift of sun and all thoughts of truth
Hidden away in flowers wan as the dawn;
The Dawn leaps up through the skies in a splendid youth;
The Dawn leaps up and the hills are stirred:
"What have you heard? What have you heard?"
"I heard Day trampling flowers; Day with the foot of a fawn."

I bring you a gift of Night and the lonely trees
Hidden away in flowers white as the wind;
Earth has drawn their branches about her knees;
Earth draws the trees and the moors stretch wide:
"What do you hide? What do you hide?"
"I hide the secret flowers; Thorns that blossomed for mankind."

I bring you a gift of Love that is more than death
Hidden away in flowers pale as the sea;
The waves flow in to the trees like a low-drawn breath;
The moors stretch wide and the dawn-skies sing:
"What do you bring? What do you bring?"
"I bring the secret flowers; Roses wreathed on Calvary."

We also select for printing:

BEETHAM.

Over the hill lives Stephanie Platt,
Over the hill in Beetham.
Ask me where, and I'll show you the house,
(Little thatched house of Stephanie Platt),
Four stone walls as grey as a mouse,
And a garden patch where the bees carouse!
Naught I know if I know not that,
Beetham dust on my Sabbath hat,
And a rose that nodded the window at
Of Stephanie Platt in Beetham!

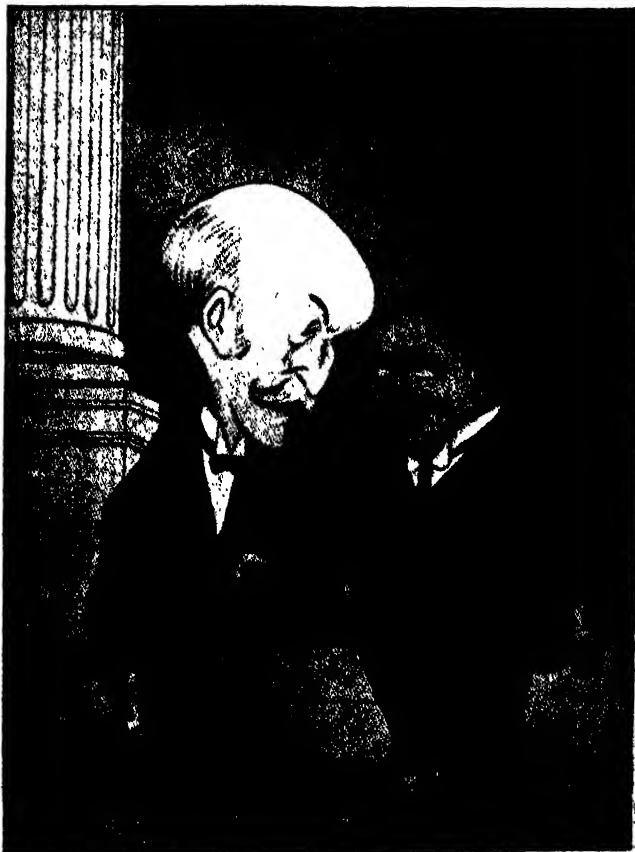
Coy but kind is Stephanie Platt:
Sabbaths are sweet in Beetham!
What were the thoughts would visit a lad
Going to church with Stephanie Platt?
Sitting in church with his heart so glad
At the lovesome blush that her two cheeks had?
Naught I know if I know not that,
For though Parson pattered his prayers, I gat
No nigher Heaven than where I sat,
By Stephanie Platt in Beetham!

(Judith Beamsley, 169, Bradford Road, Bradford.)

IN APRIL.

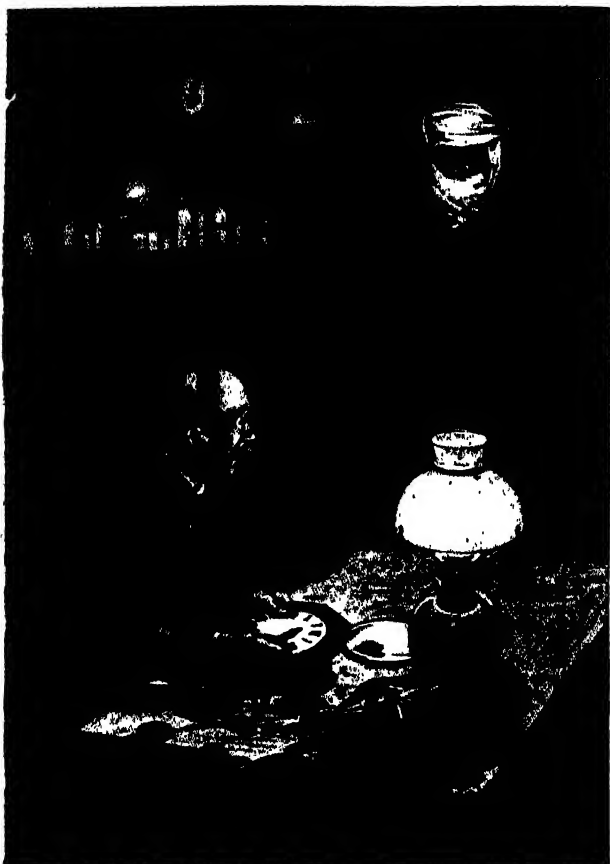
Earth's young laugh when the sun has caught her;
Grief that gladdens and joy that grieves;
Light, and a dimple of woodland water;
Wind, and a whisper of leaves;
Dip and dart of the first-seen swallow,
Joy of the first-found cuckoo's cry;
Larks, loud larks over hill and hollow,
Praising the earth to the sky.
Croon and coo where the wood-dove settles,
Trees that laugh into life again;
Breeze and bees in the pouting petals;
Sun, with a rumour of rain.
Great tides flinging their salt and savour
Over the land with a cleansing breath;
Land that laughs as the bright seas lave her;
Life, from the dust that was death.
Shade and sheen, and a rainbow splendour
Born between them; a hope, a fear—
Yellow bills, callow bills, throats how tender,
Sing! 'Tis the sweet o' the year.

(Diana Royds, Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Winton, Bournemouth.)



Lord Lansdowne and
Mr. H. G. Wells.

The former trying with all the amenity of his kind to understand just what Mr. Wells means by the barrenness of official politics.
By Max Beerbohm. Reproduced by kind permission of the artist.



"Why don't you finish and go?" said the rigid figure.

From "The Invisible Man," by H. G. Wells (Nelson).

The number of lyrics (including three sonnets, in spite of our warnings) sent in for this Competition was larger than ever this month; several others were good enough to print, had space permitted, and we specially commend those by Vera Larminie (Kensington), Margaret E. Gibbs (Thornton Heath), Helen Hoyt (Chicago), John F. X. Cannon (Philadelphia), Anne Macdonald (Bridge-of-Allan), E. J. Martin (Dewsbury), Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (Birmingham), K. Royds (West Hampstead), E. R. L. (Durham), C. B. Lancaster (London, E.C.), A. J. Thompson (Worthing), Maud Going (Montreal), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesbrough), Jocelyn Irene Ormsby (Sheffield), A. M. Reid (Motherwell), A. Y. Waller (Sunderland), E. Johnson (Polmont), Lydia Mary Foster (Belfast), H. M. Crimp (Penge), A. D. H. Allan (Wimborne), F. Roy Price (Wellington), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), B. J. Saunders (Pontypridd), Eveline Swanson (S. Finchley), Constance Cochrane (Solihull), Rev. J. W. Houchin (Shenfield), Mary M. Wilshire (Victoria Park), Douglas A. Worgan (Cardiff), W. G. Greig (Hendon), Lucy Buckley Loveday (Banbury), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), H. Campbell (Hoylake), Carr Gill (Newlyn), Adelaide Addenbrooke (Gravesend), M. R. Gardiner (Kilburn), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), Grace E. Armstrong (Muswell Hill), Fernanda Fairley (Stroud), L. C. Robbins; Claire Kennedy (Bavaria), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), Eva M. Martin (London, N.W.), M. H. Potter (Taunton), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumstead), T. E. Sabine-Pasley (Tiverton), R. W. Fenton (Birstall), V. A. Sullivan (Woodbridge), A. E. Coppard (Oxford), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), M. E. A. Phipps (Cambridge), Dione (Liverpool), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), Sec. (Glasgow), Pygmalion (Sedbergh), V. W. Ware (Gloster), I. S. A. (Kensington), A. Burfield (Parson's Green), E. R. (Hull), Walter C. Wilson (Luton), Norman Birkett (Birmingham), H. Gregory (Streatham), Doris Rochefort (Stoke Newington), A. A. Methley (Clifton), Ronald C. Ross (Nottingham), E. T. (Edinburgh), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), John Heys (South Shields), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull),

Oliver Gossman (S. Kensington), E. Margaret Lane (Kettering), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), M. A. N. Marshall (Oxford), Mabel Sennett (Bedford Park), Nora Bowman (Middleton St. George), Violet D. Chapman (Bromham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. E. F. Thomas, of 3, Rangemore, Prestwich, Manchester, for the following:

THE VOICE OF AFRICA. BY LEO. FROBENIUS. (Hutchinson.)

"Descend, ye Nine!"

POPE, *Ode to St. Cecilia.*

We also select for printing:

THE IRRESISTIBLE INTRUDER. BY W. CAINE. (John Lane.)

"Hard times pring in de landlord
Und de landlord pring de pill."

The Breitmann Ballads.

(Elizabeth Todd, 29, Steep Hill, Lincoln.)

THE PRICE PAID. BY EFFIE A. ROWLANDS. (Chatto and Windus.)

"Oh yes! she lost her parasol,
And the feather out of her hat,
And a yard of frilling from her dress,
But dear me! what of that?
For the belt she got for one-and-four
Was one-and-six the day before."

The Bargain Sale.

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell, Auckland, New Zealand.)

A CROOKED MILE. BY OLIVER ONIONS. (Methuen)

"Meanwhile, my friend, 'twould be no sin
To put more water with your gin."

MASFIELD, *Everlasting Mercy.*

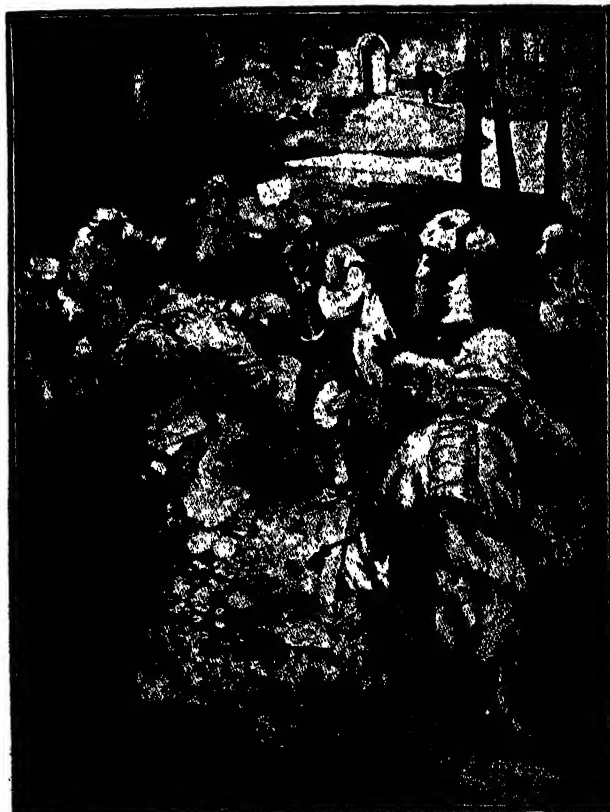
(Winifred N. Rich, 55, Worfield Street, Battersea Park, S.W.)

LOVE IN A THIRSTY LAND. BY MRS. A. L. INCHBOLD. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

BEN JONSON.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Parsonage, Sundridge, Ontario, Canada.)



He stopped, and then made a dash to escape from their closing ranks.

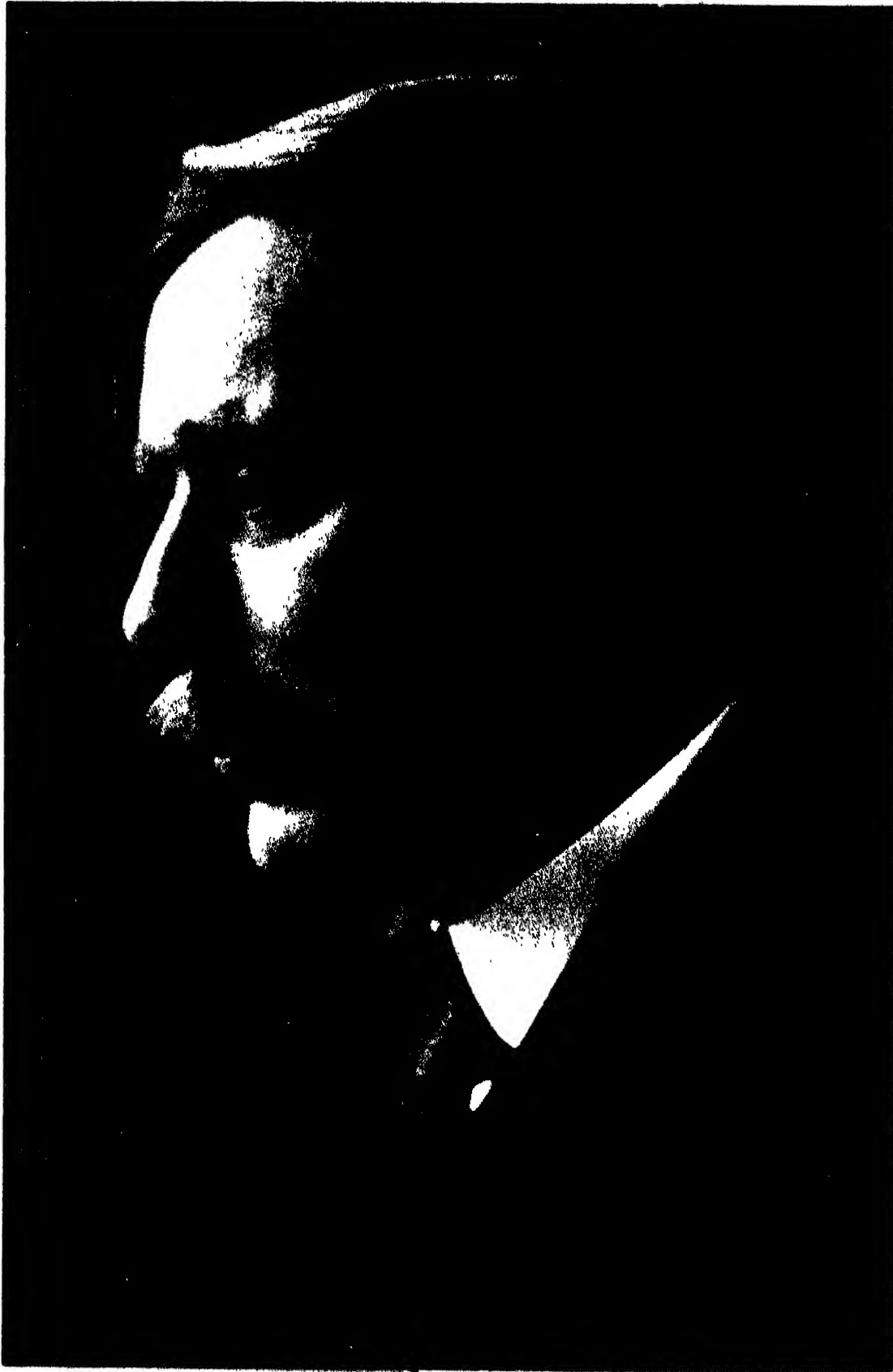
From "The Country of the Blind," by H. G. Wells (Nelson).



*An impression.
By J. W. Ginsbury.*

Specially drawn for THE BOOKMAN.

H. G. Wells.



Mr. H. G. Wells.

**The Awakening.**

From "When the Sleeper Wakes," by H. G. Well (Macmillan).

THE FLYING INN. BY G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen.)

"This style of business seems to me
Extremely inconvenient!"LEWIS CARROLL, *Sylvic and Bruno* (Peter and Paul).

(R. H. Case, 44, Kidderminster Road, Croydon.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best letter of condolence from one friend to another when both have secured an honourable mention in Competition No. 1 is divided, and we award Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. G. Duncan Grey, of 67, High Street, Weston-super-Mare, and Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. N. B. Laughton, of University Union, Edinburgh, for the following:

UNKNOWN FELLOW-VENTURER.

We share, it seems, a partial failure and are comrades in a qualified success. We aimed at the stars and barely cleared Warwick Square. Wounded vanity seeks many a hospital to which truth and common sense deny an entrance. Sour grapes are the coward's consolation: conceit is the deadliest drug. Humility is the surest salve and faith the finest tonic. Probably each unsuccessful competitor imagines that an almost imperceptible margin divided his defeat from triumph. It is William Watson who says—"Momentous to himself as I to me is every man that ever woman bore." Originality is the true mother of hope in literary endeavour. The real treasure, if we only possess it, will find itself a suitable casket. Courage, my friend! We are fighters, you and I, as well as singers, and our last ditch, like our last distich, is a long way off yet. Fair fortune to us both and laurel leaves in plenty.

Yours,
G. DUNCAN GREY.

DEAR —,

I see by THE BOOKMAN that you, too, have come so far upon the lyric road. True, a small way, and yet one sees cause for little disappointment, and much hope. For is there not, in the "honourable mention," a healthy clap on the shoulder from a leading literary journal (not the exasperating "simply sweet" gushings of some fair critic), and who knows what yet unblossomed poetic genius may not share it?

Should this induce a trifle of conceit, check it by glancing back at the list—that long list—for here we see so many who have striven to the same little height as we. But is it not good to be of such a company, stirred by the same deep music within, able to give some expression to it? We have received a little honour—more is possible.

Yours sincerely,
N. B. LAUGHTON.

Many of the letters received are uncommonly good—some delightfully humorous. We have prepared a long list of "honourable mentions," but pressure on our space compels us to omit it.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss Katharine Abraham, of 17, Southbroom, Devizes, for the following:

SONGS IN SAIL AND OTHER CHANTYS. By
C. FOX SMITH. (Elkin Mathews.)

This little book is a fine addition to our sea literature; it makes us feel afresh the magic and wonder and call of the sea—like no other lure in the world—and the delight of wind and waves. Though of the Kipling genre, "Songs in Sail" are no mere echo; Miss Fox-Smith has something to say that is all her own and says it with freshness and directness. No one has better expressed the wander spirit, the desire for strange cities and other lands and seas, than she, nor are her songs surpassed for ease and hit of rhythm.

We also select for printing:

MY LADY OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

By ALEXANDER IRVINE. (Nash.)

The desire to perpetuate a treasured memory is evidenced from time to time by the issue of little volumes of tender filial appreciation of lives whose daily doings were of no general importance, yet whose characters shone above the commonplace. Such is the volume in question. An educated country girl—a Catholic—marries for love an illiterate Protestant cobbler in an Antrim village, and their subsequent life, through the famine years, and after, is one long story of grinding poverty, redeemed by the supreme love of the man and woman. A beautiful, pathetic tribute; a moving story of abiding happiness.

(G. E. Wakerley, 19, Chaworth Road, West Bridgford, Notts.)

ESSAYS AND STUDIES. BY MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH
ASSOCIATION. Volume IV. (Clarendon Press.)

Four of these seven essays are of purely academic interest. Of the rest, the paper on "The Technique of Marlowe" is a judicious estimate of Marlowe's contribution to English Blank Verse. In "A Note on Dramatic Criticism," Professor Spingarn, blowing vigorously upon the same horn as Lamb in his "Tragedies of Shakspeare," pertinently censures the confusion prevalent in critical minds between the drama and the theatre.

**The Moon People.**

From "The First Men in the Moon," by H. G. Wells (Macmillan).

Professor Elton's "English Prose Numbers" is something more than a suggestive summary of the various views held in recent years on the fascinating subject of English Prose Rhythm.

(N. Raghunathan, 30, Dabir Middle Street,
Kumbakonam, S. India.)

MARTHE. BY REGINALD NYE. (Sampson Low.)

Si jeunesse savait! Despite many humorous pages, this vigorous and unconventional narrative is haunted by the old, pathetic cry. It is a tale of youth—that headstrong, headlong season which, in Compton Mackenzie's phrase, "tunes the strings" of life. The plot revolves about an incident of doubtful plausibility. Its splendid heroine—not from love, but that the world shall not lose a great genius, saves his life at the cost of her honour. And thus the fatal web is woven which a lifetime cannot unravel. Laughter and tears and a wise philosophy are in the book.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Cyril W. Rodmell (Sutton-on-Hull), Mrs. Hooper (Wanstead), Miss V. Huish (Derby), Carlyle Cooper (Thornton Heath), Hilda Ridley (Buffalo, N.Y.), Dorothy Ensor (Cardiff), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill, S.E.), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), John Moore (Southport), Ernest C. Tanton (Leeds), Philip A. Hall (Beaconsfield), A. B. Longbottom (Derby), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), James A. Richards (Tenby), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), Adolphus Racer (London, S.E.), J. A. Rae (Elderslie, N.B.), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Harriet-

sham, Kent), S. Ireland (Belfast), Agnes M. Macaulay (Malvern), Miss V. A. Sullivan (Woodbridge), Eileen L. Rawson-Ackroyd (Kimbolton), Rose Jessop (Nottingham), Annie E. Littlejohn (Ravenscourt Park, W.), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), D. Taylor (Moseley), Bertram James Saunders (Pontypridd), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Miss C. M. Ritchie (Blackheath, S.E.), Anon. (Sunderland), Leo Delicati (Bristol), C. Roy Price (Wellington, Somerset), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Edith Dolton (Newbury), H. B. E. Hake (London, W.), Olive Macrory (Chiddingfold), Olive Gillespie (Canterbury), Beryl May (Farnham), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), Ernest W. L. Fowler (Notting Hill, W.), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead, N.W.), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Thomas Moore (Southport), M. F. Lee (Westcliff-on-Sea), H. Pelham Pestle (Wylam-on-Tyne), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Muriel Barnard (Walsall), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Walsall), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Handsworth), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Hugh M. McCrossan (Newton Abbot), I. Swinson (Wadhurst), Lottie Hoskins (Moseley), Laura M. Haines (Kimbolton), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), L. H. Cooke (Stockport).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss Kate E. Samuels, of Cliftonville, Margate.

BITTER SERENADE.

By HERBERT TRENCH.

FATE damned you young. Death young would now frustrate you.

I have but lived—as alchemists for gold—
In my mad pity's flame to re-create you,
Heavenly one, waning, cold!

Dark planet, to your sleepless desolations,
Whereto no ray serene hath ever gone,
Life might have come with my poor invocations;
You might have loved, and shone!

The lanterns and the gondolas have vanished,
Gone the uproar and merry masquerade,
From the lagoons the burning loves are banished,
All your canal is shade.

Magnolia-bloom is here my only candle,
White petals wash and break along the wall
While this poor lute, the lute with the scorched handle,
Is here to tell you all. . . .

Do you remember—but what soul remembers?—
I carved it from a log of quaintest tone,
Snatched half-consumed out of a great hearth's embers;
The great hearth was your own.

By God! to the chords wherewith you then endowed us—
Something in you gave frame and strings a voice—
Now you must listen in the hours allowed us;
Listen, you have no choice! . . .

The very stars grow dread with tense fore-feeling
Of dawn; the bell-towers darken in the sky
As they would groan before they strike, revealing
New day to such as I!

There comes a day too merciless in clearness,
Worn to the bone the stubborn must give o'er,
There comes a day when to endure in nearness
Can be endured no more!

A man can take the buffets of the journey,
But there's a hurt, lady, beyond belief:
A grief the sun finds not upon his journey
Marked on the map of grief. . . .

Was I not bred of the same clay and vapour
And lightning of the universe as you?
Had I the self-same God to be my shaper
Or cracks the world in two?

It cannot be, though I have nought of merit,
That man may hold so dear, and with such pain
Enfold with all the tendrils of the spirit,
Yet not be loved again.

If cannot be that such intensest yearning,
Such fierce and incommensurable care
Starred on your face, as though a crystal burning,
Is wasted on the air.

It cannot be I gave my soul, unfolding
To you its very inmost, like a child
Utterly giving faith (no jot withholding),
By you to be beguiled.

No. In rich Venice riotous and human,
That shrinks for me to sandbanks and a sky.
Love such as that I bear you must be common.
Enough; you let it die.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

BY EDWARD WRIGHT.

THE suddenness with which the author of "The • Blazed Trail" won a position of power over the American mind is something more than a testimony to his qualities as a writer. His popularity among his fellow countrymen is more significant than the success of a British novelist of the same open-air school would be among us. It is indicative of a change in the outlook on life of a large body of the American people. Wiser than the singed moth, they are beginning to feel that the candle is not worth the game. During the last thirty-five years the great cities of the States have been urbanising the national character by every available means, and owing to the exodus of the younger people the population of many villages and small country towns has decreased or remained stationary. As in our own over-civilised little island, there has been developed a general inclination to the sheltered, facile, glittering life of the great towns, which is weakening the fibre of the race, and lowering the birth rate. The triumphant American cockney has had to extend his slang vocabulary to express his contempt for the backward countryman who works amid the woods and fields in a healthy way, and a string of new cant phrases has come into common use for stigmatising the only class of men who hold to the virile modes of life of their fathers.

Mr. Stewart Edward White is helping to alter this condition of things. A belated representative of the old pioneers, he was born in a lumber town in Michigan in 1873 and, like the noble savage, he ran wild in the woods until the age of sixteen. Instead of being tamed within the walls of a schoolroom, he lived among lumberjacks in their camps by forest and river, following his father who was cutting down the ancient forest and clearing the way for the farm settlers. His early life in the lumber camps has given Mr. White all that is fundamental in his make-up—the feeling for the beauty of natural objects, the imagination that looks on the green wilderness as a home, and a kind of spiritual delight in vigorous labour in the open air. He has never lost his boyish admiration for that kinsman of the English navvy—the American lumberjack. The riverman, especially, who could ride a narrow log through a swirl of white, broken water, looking gaily on death as he did so, still remains the darling hero of the novelist. Except that he does not wish for an orgy in the

nearest town after he has done a long spell of hard work, Mr. White keeps to the rule of life of the "white-water birlers" of his boyhood—lives in the open air most of the year, guards an athletic habit of body, and eagerly proves himself in an adventure where finely-controlled strength is required.

When he was about twelve years old, he went with his father to California, which was then a still wilder region than the Michigan forest lands. For four years he was mostly in the saddle, and in many long rides

through the back country he became familiar with the rough, picturesque life on the big, old cattle farms. He learnt to handle a rifle at the age of seven: it was a little point twenty-two, and he was soon given a real gun, with which he was able to bring down game on the Pacific coast from a good distance. Amid all this happy, open-air, holiday sort of existence, the cultivation of his intelligence was not neglected. His father was one of those rare, wise parents, who give their children the full benefit of their knowledge and experience, instead of carelessly handing over their young minds to some stranger, who usually moulds them, along with hundreds of others, into a common pattern. Busy though the lumber captain was, he made time to give

his son the very best kind of education, and the result was that when the boy at last went to school at sixteen, he won ahead of all lads of his age in learning, and gained the five-mile running record of his school as well.

Besides studying in the high school at Michigan, the boy tramped the forest in search after some knowledge of a special kind—ornithology. Every moment he could spare was spent in the study of bird life. Between the age of fifteen and eighteen, he collected about seven hundred skins, now preserved in the museum at his native town, Grand Rapids, and he published over thirty articles in scientific periodicals. One of these papers, "The Birds of Mackinac Island" was brought out by the Ornithologist's Union, in pamphlet form, and Mr. White smilingly refers to it as his first book.

Perhaps he might have ended as a Michigan lawyer with a hobby for camping out in the woods and writing learnedly about birds, if Brander Matthews had not been teaching literature in a live way at Columbia when the young man came there to study law. White had passed through Michigan University, and had



Mr. Stewart Edward White.

whose new novel of Californian life, "Gold," has just been published.

spent six months in a packing-house, and come to the decision that he did not like that sort of business. So, breaking away for the Black Hills of Dakota in an exciting gold rush, he had tried his 'prentice hand in mining operations, returning, like the usual inexperienced fortune-seeker, in a condition of poverty. Then the law courses at Columbia had attracted him, but Professor Matthews turned his mind in another direction. As part of his class work, he wrote a short story called "A Man and His Dog," which so struck the professor that he advised it should be sent to a good magazine. It was bought by *Short Stories* for £3, and was followed by other tales which were accepted by *Lippincott's* and the *Argonaut*.

The young man's literary ambitions were aroused by these little university successes, but he did not rush into writing as he had into mining. With a view to prospecting the mother lodes in the literary field, he entered a book-selling firm at Chicago at nine dollars a week, and did a little reviewing and short story writing. He seems to have found out what it was that the public wanted, and in 1901 his first novel, "The Claim Jumpers" found a ready market. Designed for the American city girl, it is composed of the old, old ingredients of a mining romance, loosely shaken together and flavoured with some of the richest and most exclusive blood of Boston and New York. A good deal of rose water is mixed with the ink that Mr. White found in Bret Harte's inkpot. It looks as though he had only discovered in his own rough experiences among the Black Hills of South Dakota a pale sentimental reflection of the books he sold for his employers at Chicago.

Happily, he was discontented with this outcome of his studies as a prospector of the literary market. By way of doing penance for his lapse into popular romance, he went out into the white wilderness around Hudson Bay, and there came once more into close grips with the great forces of nature that call out all the real strength of a man's character. Stewart Edward White was a different man from the author of the "Claim Jumpers" when he returned from Hudson Bay. He

had recovered his taste for the realities of open air life: there was, he had found, a tonic quality in the everyday doings of men, which was destroyed if any rose water was added to it. And as the American girl insisted on rose water, he resolved to write only for men, and show them the exhilarating picturesqueness of the real life of their countryside. Furthermore, in order to escape from the romantic atmosphere of his boyish memories and to get a vivid, first-hand knowledge of the matter he intended to write about, he went as a lumberman into a camp in the depth of a Northern winter. Here he got a full taste of the kind of existence he had once admired from a distance, and such was his vigour of body and spring of mind, that he stayed on through the trying period when his muscles were being painfully fitted for long and heavy toil, and began at last to find a high pleasure in lumbering. It was then that he started to write that first real Stewart Edward White book, "The Blazed Trail." The only time he had for himself were the early hours in the morning. So he arose before his fellows at four o'clock, and got a light, and wrote on till eight o'clock. Then came the cook's call to breakfast, and the young author put on his snowshoes and went forth to do another day's work in the woods.

His foreman, Jack Boyd, was amazed that a man should be so mad about writing. He had known a lumberjack or two with a mania for sending frequent letters to a girl, but this young man, who wasted four good sleeping hours every morning in spoiling clean paper, was a staggering wonder. Jack himself was averse both to writing and reading. He never troubled to look through a newspaper. Finding he was strangely interested in his morning's work, White gave him the completed manuscript one evening after supper. Boyd began to read it out of curiosity: when the author awoke at four the next morning, the foreman was still reading. The fine, fresh, living novel about his own trade of lumbering had so taken his imagination that he could not sleep for it. Many a man has since been robbed of some of his rest by this tale of the Michigan forests. Packed with technical information about

the felling of trees and the cartage and driving of logs, "The Blazed Trail," with its glorification of hard, perilous manual labour, opened a new avenue in the American imagination. The subject was a large one—the destruction of the last big corner of the immense primeval forest that had stretched down to the Atlantic when the Pilgrim Fathers built their settlement—but even more important was the spirit in which it was handled. The work shook some of the self-complacency out of the cockneys of New York and Chicago, and made them think a little about the condition of their own flabby bodies. There were, it seemed,



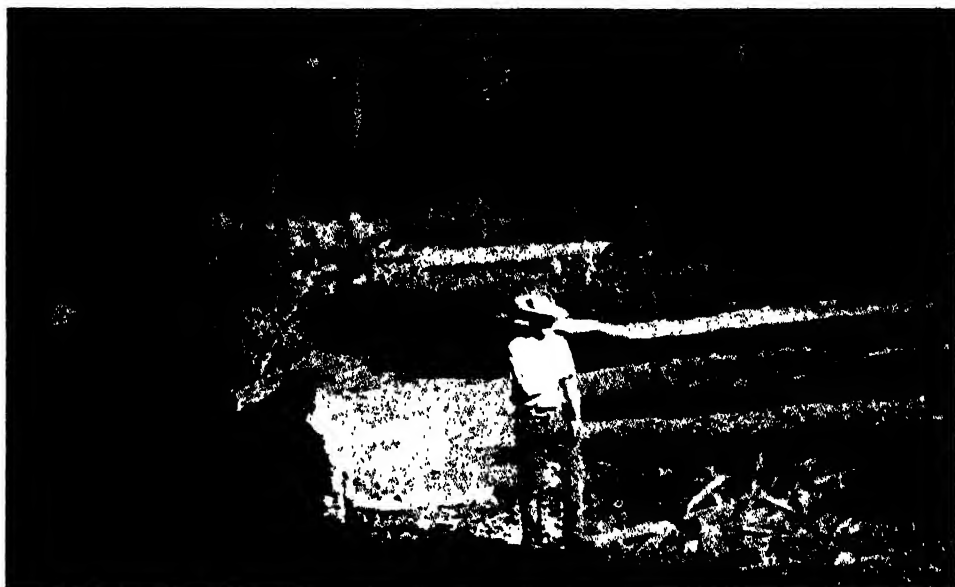
Mr. Stewart Edward White's Home
at Santa Barbara, California.

some advantages in a laborious country life.

In "The Riverman," Mr. White continued the story of the old lumbering trade, placing the scene in his native town on the Grand River. The romantic element of love is so reduced that it has no bearing

on the main course of action. The hero wins his wife before he enters on his long, fierce struggle against untoward weather conditions and intriguing rivals in the logging business on the river. His fight against the man who wishes to bankrupt him is the main point of the story, and with characteristic daring the author makes his hero's wife an uninterested spectator of this commercial battle. "The Rules of the Game," which is a sort of sequel to the "Riverman," is the tale of a young man's attempts to adjust himself to his circumstances, and allow scope for the play of the finer forces of his nature. It has the added interest of being somewhat autobiographical. Except that Stewart Edward White went from the forest of Michigan to the Sierras of California, there seems no reason why Bobby Orde should at first linger in the woods round the Great Lakes instead of starting straight off in California on his exciting war against the powerful despoilers of the property of the nation. I suspect it was only by conducting his hero over the same long round-about road he had travelled, that the writer was able to get a vivid emotion of reality into what is after all a very striking study of the revolution of feeling in the younger generation of Americans, in regard to the conservation of the remaining forest lands.

Mr. White himself has settled on the Pacific coast in the old mission town of Santa Barbara; but in the warm weather he goes with his wife to a little cabin on the Sierras, amid the green solitudes and rocks he has



Stewart Edward White
in the Rocky Mountains.

lovingly described. When he feels that the wheels of life are growing rusty, he wanders away in the outlands of civilisation and explores Equatorial Africa, or some other wild region over which the winds of adventure still blow.

It is no part of my purpose to catalogue the long and brilliant series of books he has written. "The Forest," "The Pass," "The Silent Places," "The Westerners," "The Land of Footprints,"—these have now their place among the best and most popular modern romances of the life adventurous. He is at present engaged on a trilogy of Californian life. The first story, "Gold," which has just made its appearance, is a picture of the frenzied rush of the fortune-seekers in 1849, when Panama was thronged with adventurers, and San Francisco was a mushroom town roaring with a gold-mad multitude drawn from the ends of the earth. The second tale will cover the period of settlement by the farmers, and the concluding novel will be a picture of modern California, when, with the foundations of material prosperity laid, the people are turning their energies to the task of making a clean, efficient system of government. To those who remember some recent events in the municipal affairs of San Francisco, the matter for the last part of the trilogy will appear as promising as that which has been used in "Gold." So violent are some of the contrasts of American life that a student of human nature can discern in them something more vital than even the problem of the relation of the sexes. For self-preservation is more important than the propagation of the race. And when it is a nation that is fighting for its life, the struggle is naturally more exciting than a love story of either the sentimental or cynical sort. So Mr. White has some large issues of a highly dramatic character to deal with.

YONE NOGUCHI.

BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

IT was owing to my interest in the Japanese essays of Lafcadio Hearn that I first became acquainted with the writings of Yone Noguchi—Hearn who, it seems to me, has, more than any other Occidental, given us the subtle perfume of the East. I was in the book shop of Mr. C. C. Parker in Los Angeles, California, that storehouse of literary treasures, and the presiding spirit, I remember, drew my attention to a small exquisite yellow volume in a sage green case which I thought at

the time, and still think, one of the most attractive books I ever beheld. Of course I carried it away with me in triumph, and having read it I eagerly returned to Mr. Parker for more of Noguchi's books. I got that charming volume, "The Summer Cloud," the beautiful two volume edition of "The Pilgrimage," and the book of essays called "Kamakura."

It impresses me as strange but fitting that I should first have met Noguchi's work in California, the State

in which he first became acquainted with a land other than his own, for it was to San Francisco that he came from Japan, and it was while wandering in the beautiful heights near Oakland that he met Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, who afterwards became so important a factor in his development.

The story is told that one day Miller working in his garden perceived a Japanese lad looking over the fence at him, and the following conversation took place:

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are you staying?"

"Nowhere."

"What is your name?"

"Yone Noguchi."

"Why don't you come and stay with me?"

"Very well."

And it impresses one with the unconventional kindness of American hospitality that Noguchi stayed with Miller for six years, years which must have been of the greatest possible service to him in his subsequent career, for Miller I have heard was the centre of a group of interesting people who would be just the ideal associates for a young poet. I do not mean to suggest, however, that even at this early age, Noguchi, who was under twenty when he first went to America, was definitely influenced in his work by anyone. His poetry from the very beginning was strikingly original, and essentially Oriental.

The first work of Noguchi's to be printed appeared in that fantastic little magazine *The Lark*, edited by Gelett Burgess, and published by William Doxey in San Francisco. In number fifteen, dated July 1896, are five poems with an introduction entitled "The Night Reveries of an Exile," signed G. B. One line of the last of the three poems gives us in a single crystal the philosophy of Noguchi: "Ah, where is the man who lives out of himself?" The answer is obvious: he is himself such a one. In all his poems you feel this detachment. "Oh I am alone! Who knows my to-night's feelings?" he questions in almost a tear-stained voice. *The Lark* was printed on Chinese paper of a rough texture with a very irregular deckled edge, a paper known and beloved by all frequenters of the Chinese quarters of American cities. It came out each month for two years, included some Stevenson fragments in its pages, and the two delightful bound volumes are now much sought after by collectors.

Noguchi's first book of verse "Seen and Unseen, or Monologues of a Homeless Snail" was published in the year 1897. It is very attractive with the wave pattern in gold on its red cloth cover. The frontispiece is a drawing made from a photograph of the Japanese poet just turned twenty, and looking very much younger, and each copy has a signature under the portrait, written in pencil in a round boyish hand. About this photograph, Noguchi once told me an amusing anecdote. It seems that he had at that time no collars, and, the idea of being photographed collarless being inconceivable, he hastily borrowed one from a friend for the occasion. The friend, unfortunately, was a large friend, with an amusing result in the photograph, which was copied with unnecessary accuracy, it seems to me, by the draughtsman in making his frontispiece, but perhaps

not, for were it otherwise I would have had no excuse to tell you of this. We then come to the dedication:

"Ah, who will care for my poetry? I do not know yet but I dare to hope that there may be some unknown friends and to them I lovingly dedicate these my songs."

In the introduction, Gelett Burgess confesses: "If our hints and explanations of idiom and diction have aided him and if our hands, laid reverently upon his writings, have in some places cleared a few ambiguous constructions, how generously he has repaid the debt!" We feel in this book the soul of the Orient in the body of the Occident, the ideas of Noguchi, clothed in the language of Gelett Burgess, and although the result is charming beyond measure, there is not the refreshing unexpectedness of the unadulterated Noguchi of the later poetry.

Then Noguchi went to that wonder place, the Yosemite Valley, and his second book, a slender little volume, "The Voice of the Valley," was the result. What a fitting experience for a poet! and in such lines as: "Alone I stray by mountain walls that support the enamelled mirror-sky," he shows us that the majesty of the place sank deep into his consciousness.

After his six years in California, Noguchi went east. During a fortnight's visit to Chicago, he wrote a caustic criticism of that city which caused a considerable sensation, and then he went on to New York where, in 1902, his "American Diary of a Japanese Girl" was published by Stokes. It was written anonymously, that is, it purported to have been written by a Miss Morning Glory and contained the highly amusing adventures of a young Japanese maiden on a visit to America with her uncle. Every page contains a sentence worth quoting. She goes to visit the wife of an ex-consul to Japan, whose house is filled with Oriental curios like a Chinese bazaar, and Miss Morning Glory wonders how this lady could have lived in Japan without learning the message of simplicity. "Every inch of the Schuyler's parlour means a heap of money," is the quaint and pertinent comment. Then there is the bit about the poet whom her uncle is taking her to visit:

"Great Uncle, it's romantic! Is he married?"

"Why?"

"Because a poet is not one woman's property, but universal. My ideal poet is melancholy. Fat poet is ridiculous. Happy poet isn't of highest order. Tennyson? I wish his life had been more hard up. I suppose your friend poet won't mind if I sleep all day. Is he so particular about dinner time? Does he look up at the stars every night? Does he wash his shirt once in a while?"

These two extracts are taken quite at random, but there are plenty more, for instance: "American women can't keep away from Omar and chicken salad." The book has gone through several editions in Japan, and may now be procured in England from Elkin Mathews, produced in the Oriental manner. In this last edition of the book, Noguchi has acknowledged his authorship.

About this time, Noguchi came to England and from his lodgings in Brixton Road he published, on January 15th, 1903, a sixteen page brown paper pamphlet entitled "From the Eastern Sea, Yone Noguchi (Japanese)." This he sent to poets and authors of eminence, and its reception was extraordinary when

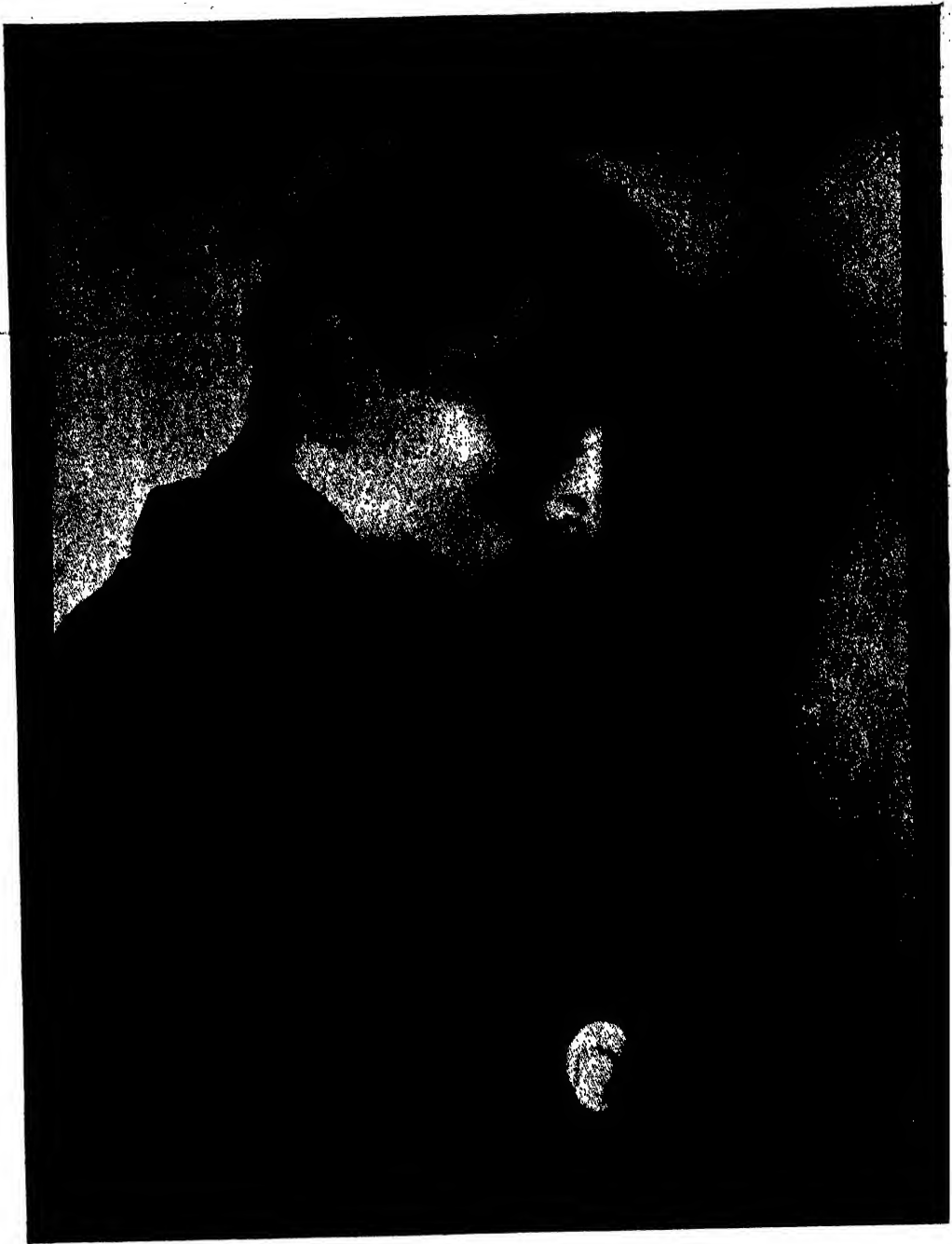


Photo by Allen Landon Coburn.

Yone Noguchi.

one considers that he was, at that time, practically unknown in England. George Meredith wrote: "Your poems are another instance of the energy, mysteriousness and poetical feeling of the Japanese, from whom we are receiving much instruction." Thomas Hardy wrote: "I am much attracted by the novel metaphor and qualifying words, which often are full of beauty, the luxuriance of phrase suggesting beds of Eastern flowers under the moonlight," and there are words of praise from Mrs. Meynell, "Fiona Macleod," Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Professor Giles and many others. The sixth page of this brown paper pamphlet contains one of the most exquisite thoughts in Noguchi's poetry:

"When I am lost in the deep body of the mist on a hill

The universe seems built with me as its pillar."

Later in the year, an enlarged edition of this book containing over three times the number of poems, was published by the Unicorn Press of London, in 1904 it was reprinted in Tokyo with still further additions, and in 1910 it was published by Elkin Mathews in its final and most beautiful form with its Fuji-mountain end papers.

Noguchi now returned home, and his next book, "Kicho No Ki," was printed in 1904 and only published in Japan. It is interesting because it is partly in English and partly in Japanese. It has a Japanese cover on what we consider the back of the book, and an English cover on what they consider the back of the book, and the text begins at both ends and works towards the middle! To the best of my knowledge and belief, it is quite unique in this respect. The Japanese part of the book is a description of Noguchi's travels abroad, and it is interspersed with quotations from English poets.

At home in his native land, Noguchi published "The Summer Cloud," a charming little volume of prose-poems (The Shunyodo, Tokyo, 1906); edited *The Iris*, a quarterly magazine of poetry which only ran to two numbers (June and September, 1906), but which contains besides poems by the editor and other interesting things, a facsimile poem by Arthur Symonds: "Japan," which he dedicated to Noguchi; and he also brought out in 1909 the two-volume edition of "The Pilgrimage," which contains much of his best verse.

In 1910 came the first book of essays, "Kamakura," embellished with half tones of indifferent quality which look all the cruder by their contact with the beautiful Japanese paper on which the body of the book is printed. The essays themselves are, however, needless to remark, delightful. In the "Temple of Silence" there is a passage which we of the modern city with its din of motor omnibuses, would do well to read and take to heart: "I had journeyed from Tokyo, the hive of noise, here to read a page or two from the whole language of silence which, far from mocking you with all sorts of crazy-shaped interrogation marks, soothes you with the song of prayer."

In 1910 also, Noguchi published "Lafcadio Hearn in

Japan," which is an enthusiastic appreciation of one of my favourite writers. If it had only been for this book I should have felt in Noguchi a kindred spirit before I met him. It gives first an essay on Hearn, then a defence after reading Dr. Gould's unpleasant "Biography"; and Mrs. Hearn's reminiscences and the translations of the letters to "Little Sweet Mamma" are written in such a delightful way that they give an intimate personal picture which throws all sorts of charming sidelights on favourite stories by Koizumi. This was the first book of Noguchi's, I believe, to be published simultaneously in Japan, England and America: by Kelly and Walsh Yokohama, Elkin Mathews, London; and Mitchell Kennerley, New York.

We now come to Noguchi's last book "Through the Torii," but as it was reviewed in the February number of THE BOOKMAN, it will be unnecessary for me to say anything further about it here.

Early in 1912 I wrote to Noguchi. I was in California at the time and he was in Japan. I told him in my letter that I admired his poetry, that I had his book "The Summer Cloud," and that I was sending him a photograph of my own of the same subject. I received in reply a tapering green envelope which contained a charming letter written in that fine delicate handwriting which it has been my good fortune to see many times since. In it he told me the list of his books that I had sent him was quite complete, and then having said some kind things about my photography, he ended by hoping that I would come to Japan "before she will lose her own original Japanese appearance."

Upon my return to London our correspondence continued, and it was with great pleasure I learned that Noguchi was coming here also, for a second visit, and I eagerly awaited his arrival, and an opportunity to make a photograph of so rare a poet.

One day early in December, 1913, my morning post contained a mysterious little package of unmistakable Japanese origin, but postmarked Marseilles. It was an advance copy of "Through the Torii" and a letter saying that on the 14th, if I would be at home, he would come and see me. And so on a bright December morning he came, looking more like a poet in his Japanese garments than I believed it possible for any human being to look in these modern times. We talked of books and art through the morning and afternoon, and I made the much desired and long anticipated photographs.

And now that I have known Noguchi, I go back to his books with a renewed interest. His is the quiet calm of the contemplative East. That he is not given to idle talk for its own sake it is easy to see, for in contrasting the Japan of to-day with that of a hundred years ago, in his book about Hearn, he says that "the interruptions which pass nowadays under the hypocritical name of sociableness did not flap in the air so wantonly"; but that he can lecture with sincerity and purpose many have been privileged to discover during his present visit to England.

New Books.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S NEW
POEMS.*

If it were useful to distinguish between the singer and the poet, I should be tempted to place Richard Le Gallienne with the singer. Not that his songs are other than poems—for he has written and is writing poetry which is authentic in form and inspiration—but because his songs, even lacking poetry, which they do not, would remain songs. The differentiation is not to be pressed, although it is worth remembering as a help towards a proper understanding of a poet who, in spite of amplitudes of appreciation, from golden to tin-pot, has not yet received understanding appraisal in his own country. My meaning will, however, be clearer, if I say that, had Mr. Le Gallienne written in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, some of his work might have found its way into the "Songsters"; and, if he had lived a hundred and fifty years earlier, Mr. A. H. Bullen would certainly have included him in his admirable Elizabethan anthologies. Proof of this contention is to be found on almost every page of his new volume of poems, "The Lonely Dancer." Past attempts at non-song poetry are not repeated in this not of singing, and even when he disguises song-like conventions of indented lines, the truth will out. Here, for example:

"Who was it swept against my
door just now,
With rustling robes like
Autumn's—was it thou?
Ah! would it were thy gown
against my door—
Only thy gown once more"

But more recognisable in form and spirit, and also more characteristic of the quaint fancy and errant spirit of this modern Troubadour, is the delightful little song without a name, which can only be described by quoting

"I meant to do my work to-day—
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand
So what could I do but laugh and go?"

These will serve to back a thesis, but they give but a small idea of the extraordinary poetic qualities of the volume. Here is the old Le Gallienne, with a difference. We associate him in our minds with a certain youthful, almost boyish, abandon; luxury-loving and glorying only in simple things, by an Epicurean process of selection, which is finally as luxurious in its simplicity as a Persian cat's enjoyment of a leopard rug on a blazing hearth. His imagination loved to dance among young ideas and images, things blythe and fair, such as Pater prescribed in the New Cyrenaicism, and, after the manner of youth that is Epicurean (which is another name for self-conscious), it toyed with regret and luxuriated in the thought of time

* "The Lonely Dancer and Other Poems." By Richard Le Gallienne. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

and the evanescence of joy and beauty. And in and out of this praise of fair things and anxiety over the twilight of idols, shone a very genuine love of the things which are eternal, the things which have defeats, but no twilights. With it all went flippancy, but flippancy always dogged by reverence, which saved Richard Le Gallienne's verse at its most irresponsible from cynicism.

And when, as now, the years have had their say, and the evanescence of things has been exemplified, we turn with curiosity to the poems of a poet of youth—twenty years after. How has he fared? What illusions has he shed? Whither away has fancy led him? We are curious, and more than curious—we are doubtful. And there is some venom in our doubt; we would like to say, "I told you so!" and shed crocodile tears over a bundle of crippled songs. Happy the poet who defeats such venomous hopes! Happy Richard Le Gallienne, for he has sprung into new life by the eternal poetic process of clinging

to the old. He has defeated time by having the courage to remain changeless. True poets never change; they are always true to their first love of life, and they are always singing over to themselves the same songs. A poet, more particularly a singing poet, does little more than improvise upon a single theme, like a thrush who tries over and over again its song of love, varying a note here and the tempo there, to see how well it can be done. In course of time the method of expression improves; the theme never, for it was perfect at its inception. And as the latest thrush in an English lane out-sings his earliest progenitor, so the later poet, singing the same song, out-sings his youth. Thus has the spell of experience, experience of life rather than song, strengthened and

deepened Richard Le Gallienne's woodnote wild.

Doubtless he could sing new songs if he were weak enough to fall back on his own undoubted cleverness. But I hope he will remain poet enough to withstand such temptation, for fatal cleverness has stabbed to the heart more than one of his earlier poems. Yet past conceit and literary frivolity are not absent even from the present volume; Richard Le Gallienne is himself again in naughtiness also. But who will complain? Surely those only who would have grumbled at like faults in Herrick and who would have ordered Keats back to his pills and potions. I am not in that galley. The intimate songs of a man record the man and not a part of him—and songs that are not intimate are no songs. Richard Le Gallienne has the song-smith's rare art of enlisting confidence. He loves to tell you about himself, and the way he tells it is a further confession. Here the telling on the whole is graver; but, in spite of occasional plaint, the arrow of his song glances upwards hopefully like the regret in some romance of Chopin. The intimacies of several song-books have acquainted us with the adventures of his soul and the sorrows that befell, and in the present volume old intimacies are resumed with new improvisations, and new intimacies hint new joy:



Mr. Richard Le Gallienne.

Portrait painted by John Le Gallienne
to "The Lonely Dancer" (John Lane).

"Thus hath some woman blossom of the divine
Flowered in my path, and made a frail delay
In my true journey—to my home in thee"

Less deeply intimate are his adventures among birds and leaves in woodland places or amid moonbeams and starlight and rainbows. It was not on his death-bed alone that Keats heard the daisies grow, every poet during all his days hears the daisies grow, and Le Gallienne not least among them. No other poet of to-day has his delight in simple country happenings. He is the apotheosis of spring poets, the enthusiast, the lyrical of growing things. If his song had no other excellence one might welcome it for that happy quality alone. But it has more, and, above all, a joyousness born of tumbling among the stars.

HOB BROOK JACKSON

EVERYMAN'S CITY.

To describe a novel as a story of London life is to give no real description of it at all. Nearly all the cities of the earth are epitomised in London, and there is scarcely any kind of life that somebody is not living in it. Mrs. De Vere Stacpoole, in her *London, 1913*,¹ takes you into very modern financial circles, into smart society and the bizarre haunts of Bohemian journalists. Her style is picturesque and mosaic, the dialogue sparkles with humour and epigram, and with the easiest lightest touches she unfolds a very strong, dramatic story. Mr. Essex Smith finds his characters among the motley crowd that listens to the mob orators in Hyde Park on a Sunday, the "Shepherdless Sheep"² of his tale are the poor, the lonely and the unfortunate, who are always being led and misled by cranks, faddists and sharpers in the disguise of philanthropists, and he depicts certain shabby phases of London life with considerable skill. Through the first hundred pages of *The Sheep Track*³ you are with Marcia Payne and her absent-minded, studious father in Italy, then you cross to England, and Miss Nesta H. Webster offers you a vivid and interesting study of "an aspect of London Society" of the higher kind. The author is very much at sea when she muddles with the ideals of the lower orders.

"When Socialism shall have had its way," she says, "and the agricultural labourer has been convinced of the indignity of toil, a different England—desolate and uncared for—may meet the traveller's eye."

The aim of Socialism is to convince the agricultural labourer that his employment is an ancient and a dignified one, and that therefore he is not a person to be looked down upon by those who put their hands to no work at all. That idea of the indignity of toil exists already, but it is not a Socialistic idea.

One may rightly speak of all these novels as clever, Mrs. De Vere Stacpoole's is indeed one of the most brilliant and attractive that the year has given us so far. But when you come to "When Ghost Meets Ghost"⁴ you are put to it to think of a different adjective, neither clever nor brilliant will do. Nor is Mr. De Morgan incisive. His novel is longer than the other three combined. His style is the most careless, colloquial, gossiping style imaginable—he wanders leisurely from point to point, he never condenses a description nor curtails a conversation—everything is given at fullest length, yet if you start skipping the spell of his narrative is broken and your interest in it goes. There is nothing for it but you must surrender yourself wholly to the author's mood, accept his method and allow him to have his own way with you. If you do that, you are by degrees drawn within the circle of his magic and take such delight in his vagaries, his quiet, quaint humour, his whimsical, shrewd philosophy, that

¹ "London, 1913" By Mrs. De Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

² "Shepherdless Sheep." By Essex Smith. 6s. (Fisher.)

³ "The Sheep Track." By Nesta H. Webster. 6s. (John.)

⁴ "When Ghost Meets Ghost." By William De Morgan. 6s. (Macmillan.)

you have no desire to get out of it again until the last of his nine hundred pages has been turned. To sketch even the baldest outline of his plot in less than a column or two were impossible; it is a large, ravelled plot that winds about and wanders like his own style, taking you to Tasmania in the days when it was a convict settlement, to various parts of London and from time to time away into rural England. It is a strange story, but a perfectly probable one, it does not shrink from coincidences, but then neither does life itself, it is touched with beauty, with pathos, with tragedy, but its prevailing note is a wise and genial humour. And always Mr. De Morgan is at his best when he is picturing the scenes and characters of mid-Victorian London. I will own that I was rather disappointed with his two preceding books, "An Affair of Dishonour," and "A Likely Story," but in "When Ghost Meets Ghost" he is back again among such people and such surroundings as delighted us in "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short" and I place the new story unhesitatingly with those as the best and most strongly individual of his works. Everyone who enjoyed the earlier stories will enjoy this. In its mingling of romance and realism, its abounding humour and the variety and minute truthfulness of its characterisation it equals the others, and in the freshness and ingenuity of its plot it goes beyond them. Moreover, in *Dave and Dolly Wardle*, it presents two children that are the most exactly and amusingly natural children to be found not only in Mr. De Morgan's books but in anybody else's.

C. W.

NATIONAL NERVES.*

It is to be feared that the research and knowledge which have gone to the making of this book will not win due reward. The volume has, especially in its earlier half, an apparent scrappiness which must tend against its readability and popularity. A great deal of information is gathered and jammed together within its compass, but only enthusiastic votaries of the Napoleonic legend are likely to read it all. In the case of Jonathan Wild the Great, as Wellington, who had few if any illusions, nicknamed his defeated rival, it is the personality which particularly interests and fascinates. This reflex study—it is very like looking at facts reflected, as in a glass darkly—is little helpful to the general reader, or very attractive, until we come to the pages which deal more directly with the character and capacities of the Emperor. The chapter which treats of the views of English contemporaries on Napoleon's military powers and reputation is the most interesting in the book.

The purpose of the author is commendable, but we cannot regard as justified Mr. MacCann's deliberate ignoring of the evidence of contemporary caricatures. That they were brutal, coarse, unjust, has nothing to do with it. They reflected public opinion—the vulgar judgment of the maddening man-in-the-street—and as such should not have been disregarded by the student recording the passing impressions of the time. There is, moreover, a good deal to be said in justification of the beastly, brutal frankness of the common people. Mr. MacCann complains that there is "hardly a single generous or reasonably impartial remark about Napoleon" noted in the two or three years before Waterloo. It would, indeed, have been surprising if there were. Nations, as well as individuals, have nerves; and it would be rather too much to expect any people, especially the temperamental English, to sit down and contemplate, admiringly and with judgment, the qualities of the enemy, whose existence was to them a constant menace of invasion and humiliation. If it is difficult, in these days of ordered strength, to realise the nervous excitement of our fathers just a century ago, evidence of it is given in Scott's "Antiquary," where the accidental firing of a beacon sent the manhood of England to arms.

* "The Contemporary English View of Napoleon," by F. MacCann. 6s. net. (Bell.)

and is shown in that series of Martello towers which punctuate the south-eastern coast. "Boney" was the bogey of the time. He had proved his powers in Europe and given examples of his boundless ambition. To bring this nation down was an essential part of his dreams. Did not he cause a medal of conquest to be designed, to be "Frappé à Londres"? Not much encouragement for "generous or reasonably impartial" judgment there!

What a man he was: genius allied to moral shabbiness; vaunting ambition linked with the peevishness of a parochial huckster; the founder of lasting systems, capable of petty revenges! There is absolutely no getting at the ultimate truth of this superman and little corporal. "He was not a personality, but a principle," said Wellington. He was personality, principle, and paradox combined; another instance of the baffling character of genius. The change of public opinion, as reflected in the French press during his hurried flight from Elba to Paris, is significant of his personal force and glamour. Within those few days he was at the opposite poles of appreciation. He landed in France a tiger and a monster; when he reached Paris he was a hero and the deliverer of the people. Mr. MacCann, having gathered this sheaf of English contemporary opinions of the meteoric man, might now make a similar collection from the French. This book is one more example of the infinite interest of the subject; the well of Napoleonic interest is as bottomless as the final pit.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

A NAVVY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

The public has had a surfeit of works purporting to be autobiographical, but rarely, if ever, has it been called upon to read such a work as Mr. MacGill now puts before it. Adventures of tramps on land and sea, of workers and shirkers of many kinds, are plentiful, but the "Children of the Dead End" is something unique. "No doubt I shall have some readers weak enough to be shocked by my disclosures," says the author, but the justification for such a book is that it does shock its readers. Anyone who can go through this narrative unshocked is singularly heartless. It is Mr. MacGill's just claim to our admiration that he has dared to produce and publish a work so strangely different from the flabby conventionalities of the age; one that ventures to expose to the light of day the dark deeds of smug saints and the hypocrisies of their pseudo civilisation.

The opening chapters of the book scarcely prepare the reader for the scenes to follow. The charming pictures of rural life in the pleasant Irish glen are over only too quickly, and many a reader will regret that more cannot be learnt of its inhabitants. Dermot Flynn, whose aphorisms and repartees, if not as pungent as Mrs. Poyser's, are replete with shrewd wisdom, hits off very happily the characteristics of the folks he lived amongst. The schoolmaster, who, it was thought, "could talk a lot of wisdom if he was not so short of breath"; Old Nan, who collected rags and bottles, "which she paid for in blessings and sold for pence"; Farley McKeown, the rich usurer, and others, are real portraits. Children are shown to have been the chief asset of the poor in the glen, and are brought into the world to earn money for their parents, a matter Dermot, as one of the sufferers, has some very bitter words to say about. When only twelve years old, his mother tells him:

"Dermot, darling! Come next May, ye must go beyond the mountains to push yer fortune, pay the priest, and make up the rent for the Hallow E'en next coming." So the poor child is sent away into the world to work, to starve, to sin, without a helping hand, or a warning word from anywhere. He can find no solution for the mysterious problems of life, and has to bid farewell to all he believed in. His innocence was ignorance, and knowledge only shows how deceived he had been. By the light of experience he sees that his belief in the goodness of things is a mistake.

"Children of the Dead End." By Patrick MacGill. (G. B. Jarman, London.)

and that what he deemed fair is foul. His ideals are destroyed, his feelings disgusted, and he becomes sick of life. "That night," he says, "I turned into bed without saying my prayers, and I determined to pray no more. I had been brought up a Catholic, and to believe in a just God. . . . God behind His million worlds had no time to pay any particular attention to me. This thought I tried to drive away . . . for anything out of keeping with my childish creed entered my mind like a nail driven into the flesh." Gradually, however, as he gives up all the hopes of his boyhood, his body and mind become inured to the new life, and he drinks, and gambles, and robs, and fights, with the most brutalized of his comrades, and, what was more, does not dislike it.

The main portion of this "autobiography," however, refers to tramping in search of work, in all kinds of weather, and frequently in the direst penury. Such things have, of course, been told before, but in his scenes of navvy life Mr. MacGill has found untilled soil. The reckless way in



Mr. Patrick MacGill.

which beautiful Kinlochleven was transformed into a British Gehenna is appalling, and some of the story rivals Dante's imagination of the "Inferno." The workers were almost entirely cut off from the outer world, and for amusements were compelled to resort to drinking, gambling, and fighting. Of this last diversion there is a great deal in Mr. MacGill's work, and he dilates upon the subject with evident zest and admiration. His description of one of these pugilistic encounters may be regarded as typical of the rest, and should be quoted in part. It is between two navvies, Hell-fire Gahey, and Moleskin Joe, Dermot's pal:

"Joe was a fine figure when stripped. His flesh was pure white below the brown of his neck, and the long muscles of his arms stood out in clearly defined ridges. When he stretched his arms his well developed biceps rose and fell in graceful unison with every movement of his perfectly shaped chest. . . . Gahey was of different build altogether. The profusion of hair that covered his body resolved itself into a mane almost in the hollow of the breast bone. His flesh was shrivelled and dried; his limbs looked like raw pig-iron, which had in some strange manner been transformed into the semblance of a human being."

"Joe stepped into the ring, hitched up his trousers and waited. Gahey followed, stood for a moment, then swung out for his enemy's head, only to find his blow intercepted by an upward sweep of the arm of Moleskin, who followed up his movement of defence by a right feint for the body of Gahey, and a straight left that went home from the shoulder. Gahey replied with a heavy smash to the ribs, and Joe looked at him with a smile.

Both men smiled, but the smile was a mask, behind which, clear-headed and cool-eyed, each of them looked for an opening and an opportunity to drive home a blow. . . . Gahey was by far the quicker man; his long brown arms shot out like whiplashes, and his footwork was very clever. . . . Joe was slower but by far the stronger man. He never lost his head, and his blows had the impact of a knotted club. When he landed on the flesh of the body, every knuckle left its own particular mark; when he landed on the face, there was a general disfigurement.

"Gahey struck out with his right. In his eyes the purpose betrayed itself, and his opponent, forewarned, caught the blow on his arm. Hell-fire darted in with the left and took Joe on the stomach. The impact was sharp and sudden; my mate winced a trifle. . . . Gahey retorted, and came in with a resounding smack to Moleskin's jaw. Joe received the blow stolidly, and swung a right for Gahey, but, missing his man, he fell to the ground. . . . rising to his feet. . . . my mate made for Gahey. . . . Joe followed Gahey up, coming nearer every moment and eager to get into grips. When that would happen, Gahey was lost; but being wary, he avoided Moleskin's clutches, and kept hopping around, aiming in at intervals one of his lightning blows, and raising a red mark on Moleskin's white body whenever he struck. Joe kept walking after his man. . . . The other man's hope lay in knocking Moleskin unconscious. . . . the smile had long gone from the face of Gahey, who was still angry. . . . he inflicted punishment, but it seemed to have no effect. . . . Joe took it all without wincing. . . . Joe was implacable, resistless. . . . his pace was merciless, and it was slow, but in the end it would tell. . . . he was streaming with blood, one eyebrow was hanging, and the flesh of the breast was red and raw. Gahey was almost without a scratch; if he finished the fight at that moment, he would leave the ring nearly as fresh as when he came into it. Joe still smiled, but the smile looked ghastly when seen through the blood. . . . Gahey. . . . realised that he would be beaten if he did not knock Joe out very soon. . . . once or twice he blundered and almost fell into Joe's arms. . . . Joe took my advice and rushed. Gahey struck out, but Joe imprisoned the striking arm, and drawing it towards him, he gripped hold of Gahey's body. Then, without any perceptible effort, he lifted Gahey over his head, and held him there at arm's length for a few minutes. Afterwards he took him down as far as his chest. . . . Joe threw him on the ground, went on top of him, and began knocking his knees along Gahey's ribs. . . . Joe smiled and rose to his feet. 'That's a wee job finished,' he said to me."

There is a pathetic love-story running through the work, giving a humanising aspect to what is otherwise almost too depressing, and, with the descriptions of natural scenery, reminding readers that the "Children of the Dead End" is the production of a poet.

[JOHN H. INGRAM.]

THE MAN WITH THE BIG STICK*

The appearance of this volume is a temptation to the adventurous reviewer to embark upon a general consideration of Mr. Roosevelt's clamant career. That temptation shall be resisted as far as these columns are concerned, and the ex-President's autobiography shall be judged on its merely bookish merits and not on its factitious interest as a manifesto. One thing the volume clearly shows, namely, that Mr. Roosevelt is, after all (like that character in Shakespeare to which he is not, without likeness), a man as other men are. He may be infallible with the big stick, but he is only human with the little quill. In plain terms, his book is faulty. It is twice as long as it need have been, and its best pages suffer from the companionship of others that are dull and not discernibly important. We long, as we read, to follow the prescription of the immortal Ducrow—to cut the cackle and come (literally) to the 'osses. Mr. Roosevelt should turn his volume over to some ruthless literary friend armed with a Big Stick (of blue pencil) and full authority to use it. Or he might himself undertake the simpler task of bisecting it into a volume on his political career and a volume on his adventures. We make the latter suggestion (and especially the latter part thereof)

* "Theodore Roosevelt": An Autobiography. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

quite seriously. Mr. Roosevelt* could write a capital healthy book for boys, a thing always worth doing. His adventures as rancher, hunter, and volunteer cavalryman in time of war, are excellent reading of their kind. They are like Mayne Reid come true.

The quality of the book can be best illustrated by the safe old way of quotation. Mr. Roosevelt, always an apostle of the vigorous life, was shocked at the condition of physical inefficiency into which the older officers of both services had allowed themselves to fall. A certain cavalry colonel proved unable to keep his horse at a trot for even half-a-mile; a major-general was afraid to let his horse as much as canter; and others had apparently forgotten the natural use of legs. Accordingly, he issued instructions that each officer should prove his ability to walk fifty miles or ride a hundred miles in three days—a test which the average middle-aged woman would find pretty easy. The bureau chiefs were staggered by the order—but there it was, and they proceeded to enforce it:

"In the Marine Corps Captain Leonard, who had lost an arm at Tientsin, with two of his lieutenants, did the fifty miles in one day; for they were vigorous young men, who laughed at the idea of treating a fifty-mile walk as over-fatiguing. Well, the Navy Department officials rebuked them, and made them take the walk over again in three days, on the ground that taking it in one day did not comply with the regulations! This seems unbelievable; but Leonard assures me it is true."

Another beautiful example of the official mind at work is given later. When Mr. Roosevelt raised his regiment of Rough Riders for service in Cuba, he was hard put to get equipment. It was nearly July before stores were issued. Now the army practice was to begin the issue of winter clothes in the summer, so that the distribution might be complete by the beginning of winter. In the present instance clothes were to be issued, and the time was summer; so the wise officials proceeded (by precedent) to equip the regiment with northern winter garments to wear on a summer campaign in tropical Cuba.

This regiment of cow-punchers and broncho-busters naturally had an eye for horse-flesh:

"All our men were good at accumulating horses, but within our own ranks I think we were inclined to award the palm to the chaplain. . . . He had a natural aptitude for acquiring mules, which made some admirer, when the regiment disbanded, propose that we should have a special medal struck for him bearing a Mule passant and a Chaplain regardant. A certain Philadelphia clergyman proposed to visit the regiment, and received due warning from an aide-de-camp. 'Do you know Colonel Roosevelt's regiment?' 'No,' said the clergyman. 'Very well, then, let me give you a piece of advice. When you get down to see the Colonel, don't let your horse out of your sight; and if the Chaplain is there, don't get off the horse.'"

The political chapters are less interesting—at least to an Englishman. In these parts of his book Mr. Roosevelt is inclined to be rather smug and self-satisfied. "I never hesitated to do battle against the bosses when they were wrong." "My duty was to stand with every one while he was right, and to stand against him when he went wrong." All very pretty and simple, Mr. Roosevelt; the only trifling difficulty is, what is right and what is wrong? Every fool (who is not a rogue as well) can say just as much as the ex-President of the United States. Such a statement is merely a modest paraphrase of, "I, Theodore Roosevelt, know in morals and in politics what is right and what is wrong." Well, an anxious world is waiting to be let into the secret.

Mr. Roosevelt, too, wields not only the Big Stick, but the Big Word; and the Big Word is usually a long way round to nowhere. Any talk about Individualism or Socialism or any other 'ism is merely talk about words, unless all concerned have clear and accurate recognition of what actual facts they relegate to these abstract categories. The world does not prosper on perorations. This comfortable vagueness affects much of Mr. Roosevelt's political thought. Thus, he is very clear about one aspect of the White Slave traffic. He is on the side of the floggers. Of the procurers he says, "There are brutes so low, so infamous, so degraded and bestial in their cruelty and brutality, that the only way to get at them is through

their skins." We cheerfully admit that there is much to be said for this point of view. Here, however, Mr. Roosevelt ceases to be definite. He goes on to say:

"When girls are paid wages inadequate to keep them from starvation, or to permit them to live decently, a certain proportion are forced by their economic misery into lives of vice. The employers and all others responsible for these conditions stand on a moral level not far above the white slavers themselves."

Excellent! but when is the flogging going to begin? What is right for the white slaver is emphatically right for the sweating employer, who is the white slaver's working partner, who provides the white slaver's material, and stands, as Mr. Roosevelt admits, on the same level of iniquity. But all Mr. Roosevelt has to say about him is "economic pressure" and other comfortable words.

It can be imagined what views Mr. Roosevelt holds about decrease of armaments. Our very careful study of his doctrine enables us to compress it thus: "It is most desirable that there should be a decrease of armaments, but every one who favours such a decrease is a criminal or a maniac, probably both. Every good man should seek for peace, but let me catch any of you trying to find it!" Mr. Roosevelt naturally says this at much greater length and with much more eloquence than we have at our command. He tells us, of course, that the cost of armaments is really economical, because it is an insurance against war as if that settled anything! Heaven forbid that we should be so cruel as to judge a man by his metaphors; we merely suggest to Mr. Roosevelt that a man is not really economical if he insures himself so elaborately against death that he hasn't enough left to go on living with. The whole difference between the armament and disarmament people lies in the very question of insurance that Mr. Roosevelt believes to be decisive—the disarmament people maintaining that there is a point (now at hand or reached) when the yearly cash cost of insurance against a hypothetical war is so heavy that the probable cost of an actual war would be cheaper in the end.

We should like to dwell upon other aspects of the volume—for instance, the lesson the terrible picture of American politics, whether municipal, provincial, or federal, should give to those apaches of the Press and platform who are importing into our political life the malignant mendacity of the other side; but our space fails. The volume is one of really great interest to a wide range of readers. It is breezy and healthy; it tells many a good yarn, and its political pronouncements are always stimulating. We wish that, in the physical sense, it were less heavy. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt intends to use it as a weapon. A copy that fell upon a trust or a bronco would inevitably bust it.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A GENTLE "MILITANT."*

Lady Constance Lytton has four times suffered imprisonment; twice at Holloway, once at Newcastle, and once—as "Jane Warton"—at Walton Gaol, Liverpool. On each occasion it was very clearly a case of going to prison for conscience' sake; and the "crimes" of the prisoner are easily enumerated. To begin with, Lady Constance, having failed in an attempt to interview Mr. Herbert Gladstone, took part in a procession of Suffragettes to the House of Commons. She experienced some rather rough handling (the police are much more friendly and polite to-day, it seems), and was glad enough, being worn out by fatigue, to be arrested. The sentence was one month, with the alternative of being bound over to keep the peace. "It seemed hardly believable that what I had done was really considered worthy of four weeks in prison."

The second adventure was at Newcastle, where Mr.

* "Prisons and Prisoners: Some Personal Experiences by Lady Constance Lytton and Jane Warton, Spinster." With Portraits. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Lloyd George was to speak. Lady Constance slung a pebble at a motor containing some of his supporters. The dose, as before—one month in the Second Division. Long before it was up Lady Constance, comparing her fortunes at Newcastle with those that had befallen her at Holloway, realised that she was being treated as an exceptional and favoured prisoner. Other Suffragettes, for instance (some even less "guilty" than herself), were despatched to the Third Division, which is not an agreeable department of prison. In

the Third Division you might, in circumstances, be ironed, placed in a punishment cell, fed by force.

Lady Constance Lytton's mind was made up: no more pampering! Released from Newcastle she presently found herself, on another errand of suffragism, at Liverpool. Here the governor of Walton Gaol was to be called upon to set free his suffragist prisoners.

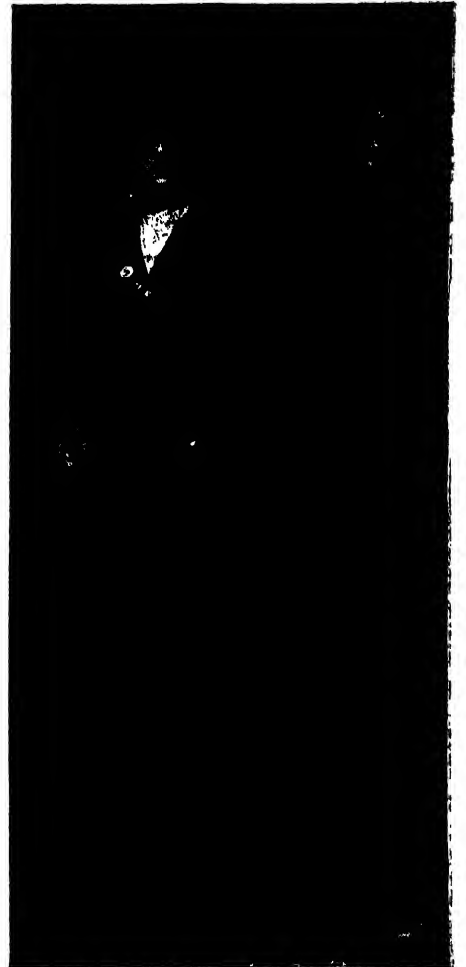
"As for once it was my object above all else to get arrested and imprisoned, I began discharging my stones, not throwing them, but simply dropping them over the hedge into the Governor's garden."

This time, however, the police were not to have the honour of arresting Lady Constance Lytton. At the station, when the haul had been made, and the prisoners' roll was being called, it was by and by

"the turn of Jane Warton. She walked across to the policeman, one shoulder hitched slightly above the other, her hair sticking out straight behind or worn in slick bandeaus on either side of her face, her hat trailing in a melancholy way on her head. The large, grey woollen gloves were drawn up over the too-short-sleeves of her coat; on the collar of it were worn portraits of Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Lawrence and Christabel, in small china brooches; her hat had a bit of tape with 'Votes for Women' written on it, interlaced with the cloth plait that went round it, and eye-glasses were fixed on her nose."

It was the *Punch* Suffragette from top to toe, and prisoners not in the secret began to titter. "As I got back to my companions they too were laughing." The disguise, in fact, was just a trifle too good.

But the authorities of Walton Gaol did not penetrate it; and poor "Jane Warton" underwent a far worse penance than Lady Constance Lytton had ever done. She went on hunger-strike, as her sisters in durance were now doing, and dreamed "of melons, peaches, and nectarines." For a breach of the rules she was confined in a cell "that looked as if it were underground," in which



Jane Warton

From "Prisons and Prisoners," by Lady Constance Lytton (Heinemann)

"the jug, basin, etc., were all made of black gutta-percha," and where it was so difficult to breathe that in the corridor outside "the air seemed fresh as mountain air by comparison." Also, that nothing might be wanting to the absolute difference in treatment of "Jane Warton" and Lady Constance Lytton, Jane was forcibly fed. "The horror of it was more than I can describe." Both at Holloway and at Newcastle, Lady Constance Lytton's heart had been pronounced a weak one. At Walton, "Jane Warton's" was "Oh, ripping, splendid heart!"

To Holloway, on the occasion of her second visit there and fourth term of imprisonment, Lady Constance (who, in the north country had made a jaunt or two in Black Maria, with "drunks" of both sexes) was driven in a taxi, with her luggage in a portmanteau beside her. "At Holloway all was civility; it was unrecognisable from the first time I had been there." This much at any rate, had the campaign effected.

In the long run, I think, it will result in modifying wisely and in many ways the administration of our prisons for women. This in the main is the object of Lady Constance Lytton's book, which deserves from end to end the attention it will probably receive. There is nothing bitter or morbid in it, scarcely anything of personal complaint. It is (with flashes of delightful humour to irradiate its inevitable pathos) a fair and—so far as is at present possible—a dispassionate statement of the facts concerning three prisons which have come under her notice. "In my ignorance and impudence," says Lady Constance in her "Dedication to Prisoners," "I went into prison hoping to help prisoners. So far as I know, I was unable to do anything for them. But the prisoners helped me."

Yes; it is a fine, delicate, and moving book.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

NICE PEOPLE AND OTHERS.*

For the library subscriber, who is, after all, the most important person to be considered by the present-day novelist—because those kind and genial folk the newspaper critics cannot prevent the circulation of inferior novels—there are books about only two classes of people. There are, that is to say, books about nice people and books about people who emphatically are not nice. There are nice books, and there are horrid books. There are books about people whom one would like to meet, and books about people at whom in real life one would look askance, or to whom one would not know what to say. For each library subscriber knows instinctively that she (or he) is a mixture of strangely assorted ingredients, with the desire to think herself (and to be thought) "nice" as the strongest of all the multitudinous desires which compose the soul of the library subscriber. Just as Mr. Pecksniff said "Let us be moral!" so the library subscriber, in absolute sincerity, says "Let us be nice," for she desires above all things to be reassured about human nature. She prefers to all others those novels in which the characters may indeed err, but in which they must in the conclusion, by some recognition of the power of love, or of unselfishness, or of good conduct, redeem themselves for a life of happy virtue somewhere beyond the last page of the book. The preference is natural and charming, and I am the last person to despise it. The good English novelist who is also popular is one who recognises the truth of the library subscriber's aspiration, and, perhaps himself feeling the same impulse, aspires in turn to satisfy it. Only one of the novelists now under notice obeys, in fact, a still higher law—that of dire veracity.

* "Small Souls." By Louis Couperus. Translated by A. T. Mattos. (Heinemann.)—"The Making of a Bigot." By Rose Macaulay. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Once Upon a Time." By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Dent.)—"The Custody of the Child." By Philip Gibbs. (Hutchinson.)—"The King Behind the King." By Warwick Deeping. (Cassell.)—"The Strong Heart." By A. R. Goring-Thomas. (Lane.)—"The Bridge." By Mark Somers. (Unwin.)—"Max Logan." By Paul Trent. (Ward, Lock.) 6s. each.

Thus we find Mr. Paul Trent, in "Max Logan," busy with the affairs of two thoroughly nice young persons who deceive each other in the most strangely simplified financial world ever viewed by the curious reader. Stocks and shares run up and down miraculously; a villainous father (not a real father) and a vengeful dying man vie with each other for the creation of obstacles to the true love of the hero and heroine. That Mr. Paul Trent should finally bring the lovers penitently to each other's arms in a far land is a happy deliverance for them from difficulties which at one time threatened to spoil their lives. I must not forget to commend the way in which this author makes his characters fall in and out of love: it is worthy of Shakespeare himself.

Mark Somers has chosen, in "The Bridge" to show two nice people in distress over their own marriage. The heroine, having proceeded to India to marry her lover, finds him a stranger, and is shocked at the intimacies of married life. It is not until another man has been still more beastly, and her husband has been nearly killed in fighting the mysteriously blood-thirsty tribes which infest India, that the heroine sees the difference between chaste and unchaste love; and the comedy ends happily, as it should do, so that we can be reassured of the eventual "right-ness" of those intemperate marriages upon which modern novels are so often built and through which perhaps so many lives have in reality come sadly to disaster.

Such an intemperate marriage was made between the father and mother in Mr. Philip Gibbs' novel "The Custody of the Child." The mother was an actress, and not, I am afraid, a very nice woman. Her husband was compelled, in fact, to divorce her; and Nick, the too-loving son, had many troublesome situations to encounter before he and his father, reconciled, began life anew together. Mr. Philip Gibbs, by concentrating upon Nick, who remains forlornly youthful throughout, gives his thesis novel a coherence which it would otherwise lack; and while the book is sentimental to an extreme degree, it is a thoroughly effective piece of work, and quite the best novel Mr. Gibbs has written. And as to the niceness of Nick and his unfortunate father, the dreariest cynic could feel no doubt.

Less effective is Mr. Goring-Thomas' "The Strong Heart," which is hampered by poverty of central idea and by an old-fashioned heaviness of manner. Barbara Murray, the heroine, forced by circumstances to take a situation as a barmaid, meets and marries a young man of blood and potential means who is going to be a diplomat. He does not tell his parents of his marriage, and when Barbara's mother, a vulgar woman, forces the news upon the young man's mother, there is an estrangement. Later, the young man becomes disaffected, and nearly breaks Barbara's strong heart; and it takes me all my time to be persuaded in the end that he was really a nice young man at all. His aunt, though rather caricatured, is much nicer; and it would have been interesting to know her better. I did not much take to Barbara, and the story is inclined to be both heavy and jerky in manner. It is also overweighted in some way by the vulgarity of the characters—a vulgarity of which Mr. Goring-Thomas is aware, and which, indeed, he is out to satirise. Perhaps my objection to the book is due only to the fact that in spite of Barbara, her father, Miss Belough, and Mrs. Jerrie, there are too few nice people in it; for I certainly found it unpleasing and a little dull.

Mr. Warwick Deeping's romance of the Peasant's Revolt, "The King behind the King," is, above everything, nice. It should be very popular, as the hero is the strongest man who ever lived, and the heroine hath a devil which only adds to her charm. There is a great deal of fighting, and heavy slaughter of villains. When Fulk and Isalt, living virtuously in a small house, are besieged by a score of men, the mortality among the besiegers is scarcely credible, but it is delightful to have so effectively illustrated the proverb that "right is might," and there is a sort of readiness and breezy eloquence about the character that is reminiscent of Charles Reade.

"Once Upon a Time" is a collection of six stories, two of which are by way of being little novels. They are about some of the pleasantest and most amusing people in the world; and if the first tale, of a singularly rapid courtship, is Stevensonian, and the second one, of a singularly protracted courtship, is—as it were—a sort of Shakespearean farce, those facts are all to the good, and the stories make delightful and amusing reading. Mr. Marriott Watson, at this time of day, does not need commendations; but assuredly they are his due.

But if we want nice people in excelsis we shall find them always in the work of Miss Rose Macaulay, whose new novel, "The Making of a Bigot" is crowded with them. It has not much of a story, but it is full of happy descriptions, and friendly, amusing people, and sayings wise, witty, and tender. Possibly Miss Macaulay is in danger of writing well too easily, and as a personal opinion I wish that she would essay a bigger theme, and work right through it; but, meanwhile, we may be thankful for the pleasure her work gives.

We come now to a book which has vital coherence and a strict veracity, a book of an entirely different order from the others in this batch—"Small Souls," by Louis Couperus, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. "Small Souls" is the first of four celebrated novels about a Dutch family of quality. Its chief character is a woman who, marrying a diplomat many years older than herself, fell in love with a young man attached to the Dutch embassy in Rome, and, fourteen years before the opening of the story, was divorced by her husband. Constance van Lowe has married her lover, and after fourteen years of absence from Holland, she, her husband, and their boy return. Their one desire is to live quietly in their own country and among the members of their own families. But the "small souls" of the title cannot bear that: they have been outraged, and a thousand mean and wicked thoughts are harboured against the returned husband and wife. They are slandered and criticised—"small people criticise a dress, or an evening-party, but they never criticise life. To begin with, they're afraid to: small people are interested only in what is not serious, in what is really not worth while";—and when Constance, uninvited, calls upon a sister (wife of a politician) on that sister's at-home day, meeting relatives and friends of her first husband, the storm breaks. With bitter recriminations her relatives rend the ties of family which Constance has believed as sound as her own love. She might have been warned by her brother Paul, a philosopher who has pointed out to her the rottenness of the family tie; when he said that she was both "pastoral and atavistic" in her belief in the strength of family love she might have learned the truth. Instead, she falls fainting under the blow, and it is her son, a boy of fourteen, with his scornful cry, "It's all about nothing . . ." who points the moral of the tale. "Small Souls" is a very fine book indeed, extraordinarily moving. It is packed with knowledge and understanding. And, above all, it is an international book, for its essential truth to English life is as great as its precise truth to its own milieu. "We have," says Constance's philosophical brother, "we have a great crack running through us, slanting, like that! But we are nice people, and we don't let the world know."

FRANK SWINNERTON.

THE NEW GREECE.*

Mr. Cassavetti is above all things a good patriot. It is clear from his preface, in which he claims the right, on the score of his origin, to set down his views on the Greek character with absolute frankness, that he intended to be quite impartial, but his nature has been too strong for him. The eighty years during which his family has been established in England have in no way dimmed his love for his Mother Country, and Mr. Cassavetti's book,

* "Hellas and the Balkan Wars." By D. J. Cassavetti. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

which is so excellent in many respects, is marred by the bias which stands out so markedly from many of its pages. This, perhaps, is not altogether his fault. As both he and Mr. Pember Reeves (who contributes a sympathetic little introduction) complain, Greece has not been kindly treated in the English Press and has been subjected to some unmerited attacks, and it is quite possible that if such attacks had not been made Mr. Cassavetti's spirited defence would have been more temperate and judicious.

But with all its short-comings this is a thoroughly interesting and in some respects a valuable book. Mr. Cassavetti had some personal experience of the Greek advance into Macedonia, and his account of the three campaigns of the Greek army and of the naval operations off the Dardanelles is clearly and soundly written. His narrative of these events is, in fact, much superior to that of the second Balkan War, in which his prejudice against the Bulgarians frequently overpowers his judgment. He pays a justly high tribute to the work of the Greek artillery, which on many occasions completely outclassed that of the Turks—who are not, however, and never have been, good artillerymen—and he cites the opinion of competent judges that for speed in coming into action and taking up the target, as well as for accuracy of aim, the practice of the Greek gunners could scarcely have been improved.

One of the most interesting chapters is the concluding one on "Græcia Irredenta," in which Mr. Cassavetti discusses the future of the new Greece, the population of which has been nearly doubled by the conquests of the wars. The more material aspects of the new situation he has already set out in a chapter in which he looks forward to the Piræus being linked up with the great European railway system and becoming the port for the Indian mail, and in which he points to the success of Switzerland in attracting tourist traffic as showing what Greece could do with much smaller difficulties to overcome. He obviously holds the view that a country such as this, energetically developed, should by no means rest content with what she has already won, and he quotes with approval the letter of a lady urging that, if the Turk be ejected, Constantinople must of right pass into Greek hands. Mr. Cassavetti has, too, somewhat significant references to the numbers of Greeks living in various parts of the Turkish Empire, and his statement, "The Turkish Empire is doomed, and when it collapses Greece will come into her own again," is a plain enough indication that the appetite of Greece, so far from having been satisfied by what it has already eaten, has only been rendered the more keen.

M. H. H. M.

HODDEN GREY.*

Charles Lamb was not alone, even among his contemporaries, in praising the American Quaker, Woolman. Coleridge, who recommended his friends to so many of his discoveries, "glorified" him, and the verdict has been endorsed by many great ones since. Besides, Woolman has his interest for the present day. At a time when mysticism and its teachings are so much upon our lips, it must look to stand the usual tests of life and practice. The world will listen, in spite of itself, if it can be convinced that a mystical line of thought leads men to a higher perfection of life; and if this new form of transcendentalism is to last longer than the wave of half a century ago it must influence "works" as well as faith. Woolman combined both.

It was inevitable, in any case, that a revival of spiritual literature would bring back to light those minor books in English whose chief claim is that they are products of Christian teaching. Among them none stands higher than Woolman's Journal. It is the index of a mind for ever bent upon the eternal verities, yet content to trace the humble paths of poverty and duty. Duty led this Quaker while still a lad to chide his master for slave-dealing, and this was forty years before a decision of the Court of

* "John Woolman: His Life and Own Times." By W. Teignmouth Shore. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

King's Bench declared slavery illegal in England, and led the way to practical results. In the interval Woolman pursued the good cause as diligently as he pursued salvation and the contempt of the thoughtless. His eccentricities (what saint has ever been without them?) kept shallow folk amused, especially his objection to travel behind a horse and a whip, and his preference for undyed cloth. Short of the life of an Indian fakir or a Trappist monk, he came to realise his ideal of parting with all he had for the good of his soul and the purging of his mind. But he did a practical man's work in the world, and left his mark on it in many ways—chiefly in the emancipation movement, the example of his life, and that purity of style in writing which sets him alongside that other unlettered genius and stylist, Bunyan. Thus much Mr. Shore brings out in a most discerning and persuasive book. He supplements Woolman's account of himself by filling the gaps where the Quaker has suppressed his hardships, and he makes an admirable chapter of the voyage which brought Woolman to England, to die in out midst. The Quakers of York testified after his burial that he had been "truly serviceable" in "the Lord's work," and this testimony was after his own heart, alike in its simplicity and its restraint. It makes this book all the more appropriate and welcome that both these virtues pervade it to the full.

PASSIONS: PRIMARY AND OTHERWISE.

One day there will arise a psychologist whose business it will be to classify the phenomena of the emotions as exhibited in Drama. When that happens, I conjecture they will be graded as primary, secondary and tertiary. In the primary class will be found the elementary emotions of love and hate, with their various manifestations: the secondary class will be that which devotes itself to the exposition of mental and spiritual conflicts; while the tertiary passions will be found to include the actions of the sophisticated in their desire for self-manifestation. Roughly, we may classify these three as drama, comedy, and higher comedy. The difference between the two last named may thus be stated: Comedy concerns itself with the subject of physical laughter—the other concerns itself with the laughter of the mind.

The three volumes under consideration are adventures in each of these classes of social phenomena. "Mary Goes First" belongs to the tertiary class, and although it is not the highest specimen of its kind, it should be welcomed as a joyous specimen of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' honest craftsmanship. In no way do I derogate from that when I say that most of its commercial success on the stage was due to the supreme fascination of Miss Marie Tempest's performance, as Mary Whichello, and concerning that, the author pays tribute to her exquisite imaginative sensibility in his Preface. Out of a plot of the flimsiest material, with unerring art, Mr. Jones, by exercising his essential sense of humour, provides two hours of hearty laughter. In theme, it is a well-observed exposure of the pretension and humbug of those who seek titles and high places in society. Mary Whichello always went first in Warkinstall society, until a grateful but undiscerning Government conferred a knighthood on Sir Thomas Bodsworth, and with that title went all chances of Mary's retaining her precedence in Society. Truth to tell, Mary is a catty kind of woman. Lady Bodsworth has been telling her that they wish the knighthood to be regarded as an honour to everybody in Warkinstall:

MARY: "There are forty thousand people in Warkinstall. I'm very unselfish of you, Lady Bodsworth, to share your honour among us, but—well, there won't be much for each of us, will there?"

Mary has a pointed tongue, and with her quick wits, she deals such death strokes to the powderousness of the Bodsworths, that she is ransomed from our contempt by—

"Mary Goes First." A Comedy in Three Acts and An Epilogue, by Henry Arthur Jones. 1s. net. (Bell.)

her sheer powers of fascination and raillery. Indeed, it speaks much for the author's method when I say that his figures are so life-like, the dialogue is so crisp, and springs so naturally from the situations that, with great good humour, we accept the whole thing with gusto, as a fine example of "the vigilant Comic," the Meredithian genius of thoughtful laughter.

In regarding the example belonging to the second class, I make bold to say that what Mr. Allan Monkhouse has done in "The Education of Mr. Surrage" was badly wanted. The theme may be stated thus: Can the bourgeois sit down with the Bohemian and both mess out of the same bowl? And in giving us an affirmative answer, Mr. Monkhouse presents us with a comedy of acute perception, in which he goes finely into many hitherto unconsidered passions. There is that youthful craze for being misunderstood and the young people's passionate search for and exploitation of the bizarre, when, with unseeing young eyes, they stumble pig-headedly into the mazes of so-called Bohemianism. Mr. Surrage, a plain, open-minded business man, forms the resolvent factor for the reconciliation of all those jarring elements. His three children attempt to educate their father in modern ways by inviting, for weekend visitors, an artist-genius who pilfers, his inamorata who flirts, and a rather tiresome ass of a playwright. It is Mr. Surrage's common-sense that saves the situation, and finally, comically enough, turns the work of the highly impossible art-genius into a paying proposition.

Modestly labelled "Four Dramatic Studies," and belonging to the class of primary passions, Mr. Fothergill Robinson presents four one-act plays which are well worth perusal, because of their high promise, and the fact that, unlike the Oxford young man, he does not attempt to shock the suburban by choosing the abnormal act for plot. The themes are strong, because they are simple. In "The Lonely Woman," it is the tragedy of a woman who has sacrificed love for the sake of her selfish parents; in "Rosalie" the quixotic notion of an artist who persuades his mistress that marriage is the true completion of life; "The Cure" argues for truth between lovers; and "The Hop Pickers" is a divagation on the view point of the submerged. Throughout the four there is that sincerity of purpose and sympathetic insight which bodes well for future work, when the author has acquired the higher technique of his art.

ROBB LAWSON.

A QUINCUNX OF HUMOUR.*

It is a pity that the quincuncial arrangement is not better suited for the placing of books, it is so admirably adapted to the putting of things in no invidious order. A reviewer, confronted by a batch of books, may treat them in the order of merit, which generally means the tailing off to a bare acknowledgment of the last on his list: he may treat the writers alphabetically, but that is giving undue prominence to those on whom accident of birth has conferred the initial A, B or C, and he may have so wearied his readers that they never reach the company, fit but few, whom fate has initialled with an X, Y or Z. To put them in order of seniority would call for much looking up of reference-books, and the method, when found out, might sometimes irritate the reviewer. To give *place aux dames* in a review, while we continue to withhold it in the State, might savour of insincerity or

* "The Education of Mr. Surrage." A Comedy in Four Acts, by Allan Monkhouse. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson).

* "Four Dramatic Studies." By W. Fothergill Robinson. 1s. net. (Blackwell).

* "Simpson." By Elinor Mordaunt. 6s. (Methuen.)
 "Cupid's Caterers." By Ward Muir. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
 "One Kind and Another." By Barry Pain. 6s. (Secker.)
 "The Tracy Tubbses." By Jessie Pope. 3s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)
 "Seaborne of the Bonnet Shop." By R. K. Weekes. 6s. (Jenkins.)

that masculine patronage which is never more out of place than in matters of the arts. (Incidentally, it may be said that, in the present case, to give place *aux dames* would also be to deal first with the best two out of the quintet of



Miss Jessie Pope,

who has written much for *Punch*, and whose humorous novel, "The Tracy Tubbses," has just been published by Messrs. Mills & Boon.

fiction before me.) Placing the books in a quincunx, it is possible to regard them in a haphazard fashion, as we might examine the fruit trees planted in that approved figure.

If fiction generally may be divided in the way indicated by Mr. Barry Pain in the title of his new volume, so also may it again be divided into "One Kind and Another" of the various branches into which it is separable. Indeed, if we are to take these five books as expressive of humour, we may say that together they represent one kind—and four others; or even more, for Mr. Barry Pain's volume consists of a number of short stories only broadly divisible in accordance with their general title. Of "one kind" there are four stories of a light and bright character, and of "another" there are fifteen more or less farcical; those grouped as "Detection Without Crime" being droll skits upon the detective-story vogue started by the preternatural cuteness of one Sherlock Holmes. Though he can be droll in that charming manner which allows a reader to lose himself for the time being in mere foolery, Mr. Barry Pain is no less successful in presenting the kind of humour in which fun is not dissociated from tenderness; and there is many a good quarter of an hour to be found in the pages of his latest contribution to the gaiety of readers.

There is nothing "farcical" about Miss Elinor Mordaunt's "Simpson," unless it be in the very idea, as the delightful Mrs. Reanne put it, of seeking to build on a negation. For Simpson—"my Christian name's George . . . any old name will do"—in the mid-forties of his age took a delightful country place, and, with a number of friends of like views, established a kind of country club, into which no women were to be allowed to penetrate—except on the occasion of an annual dinner—and from which a member could only leave for matrimonial purposes on paying a heavy penalty. (Of course, one after the other, most of the members found it worth paying the penalty.) If the central idea may be said to be farcical, the whole story is rich in humour, alike in characterisation and situation—and in that truest humour, too, which is sweetly human. The author shows us the various "celibates" following their fortunes in a way which quite naturally illustrates the most diverse forms of that uplifting which is paradoxically termed falling in love, and, in doing so makes all real, though suffused as it were with an atmosphere of romance; and, when she touches on tragedy, does so with the pathos of the natural instead of the too-common emphasis of the sensational. "A widow o' sorts, though I am danged if I know whether it be grass or sod." From that happy jest near the outset to the aridding slip near the close, when the club dining-table "had been mulched of several leaves," this book is one to be enjoyed, and thoroughly enjoyed, by those who can lose themselves in a good story well told.

If Mrs. Mordaunt has given us realism irradiated by romance and shot through with humour, Mr. Ward Muir has given us, in "Cupid's Caterers," quite another kind of realism and quite another kind of humour. "Cupid's Caterers" might be thought to be the manufacturers of

expensive chocolates in ornate boxes, but not such are they who are here presented to us. Mr. Ward Muir's "caterers" do up their wares in penny packets, labelled *Honeysuckle*, *Dreamtime*, and so forth. He gives us—in a way which suggests full first-hand knowledge—particulars of the manner in which popular periodicals are made for the million. In following the fortunes of a literary aspirant, he takes us to Sleightford House and shows us the men and women who produce such periodicals, and, while following the love-story of some of them, is mainly concerned in pleasantly cynical fashion in showing how it is that what the public want is prepared for them day by day and week by week. The big journal-manufacturing establishment has before been used for fictional purposes, but Mr. Muir has treated it anew in a fresh and entertaining fashion.

In "Seaborne of the Bonnet Shop" we are taken to quite another emporium, and to a story that is by no means primarily humorous. Mr. (or is it Miss?) R. K. Weekes certainly brings the hero before the heroine for the first time in a fashion suggestive of broad farce; and it is the comic spirit presiding over things which ordains, as his friends foretold, that Seaborne should fall in love with and marry one of the girls of his model bonnet shop. The shop, however, is by no means the only centre of interest, though love and tragedy both emanate therefrom. It is a pleasant and interesting story, including, in Constantine and Elisabeth, a remarkably-drawn couple, so impressive that it is matter for regret that the author has made it necessary that their tragedy should be the means of bringing about the happy ending.

Miss Jessie Pope has, in "The Tracy Tubbses," provided humour of a frankly outrageous kind, in which probabilities are ignored, and comic situations follow one another from start to finish. The Tracy Tubbses married, and, though before that happy event they knew nothing of adventure, things began to happen at once in a fashion which may have been disquieting to them, but which is highly diverting to us, as set forth by the chronicler. Burglars and motor-cycles, a lion escaped from a menagerie, servants, a wandering balloon—such are some of the things which play their parts in the experiences of the young couple. Readers on the look-out for something truly mirth-provoking will be well advised to take up this book, in which Miss Jessie Pope has provided ample material for much hearty and healthful laughter.

WALTER JERROLD.

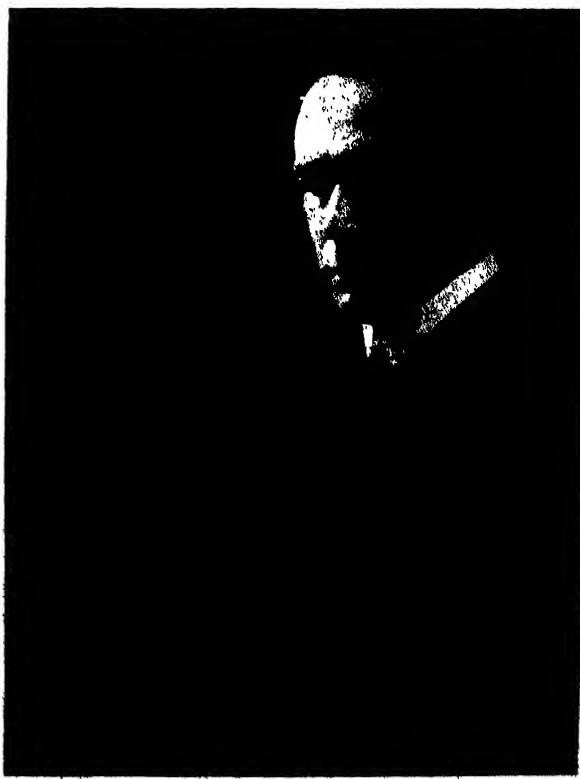


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Ward Muir.

RECENT VERSE*

Joseph Beaumont was a minor poet already sufficiently well known to the curious in an edition by Grosart. But Mr. Dobell came upon a MS. book of his poems, dated 1643. It went to America, and is now offered to the consideration of the over-curious. Briefly, Beaumont was born in 1616, and before he died in 1699, had been to college with Crashaw, had conceivably known Traherne, had read Herbert and Vaughan, and had written numerous poems in the style of the age. He falls so far short of the other four sacred poets, his contemporaries, that a clever modern could have written his book for him. "A Morning Hymn," for example, one of the better poems, is like an exercise in the style of that age:

"What's this Morn's bright Eye to Me,
Yf I see not thine, and Thee,
Fairer Jesu; in whose Face
All my Heavn is spread! Alas,
Still I grovel in dead Night,
Whilst I want thy living Light;
Still I sleep, although I wake,
And in this vain Sleep I Talk,
Dreaming with wide-open eyes,
Fond fantastik vanities.
Shine, my only Daystarr, shine;
So mine Eyes shall wake by Thine;
So the Dreams I grope in now
To clear Visions shall grow;
So my Day shall measured be
By thy Grace's Charitie;
So shall I discern the Path,
Thy sweet Law prescribed hath;
For thy Wayes cannot be shown
By any Light, but by *thine Own*."

Once upon a time, perhaps, these poems told Cambridge men under Cromwell something about the author. If Edward Dowden's poems should cease, as these have done, to tell us something about him, they would have no value at all. He was no poet. Only rarely was he a versifier both skilful and felicitous. But he preserved much through not acquiring the mere technique of the minor poet. He was able to confine himself to what he really thought and felt. His verses are serious occasional verses—travel poems written in galleries or in the open air, recalling great and notable days, poems expressing deep sudden emotions, religious or not, a sonnet "To a child dead as soon as born," and lines "Sent to an American Shakespeare Society," a sonnet read at the Poe centenary, together with translations that show his love of literature. The poems compose a profound autobiography. They invite, and they need, intimacy. For those who can respond they will communicate many simple pleasures in a style which this sonnet fairly represents:

"A place where Una might have fallen asleep
Assured of quiet dreams, a place to make
Sad eyes bright with strange tears; a little lake
In the green heart of a wood; the crystal deep
Of heaven so wide if there should chance to stray
Into that stainless field some thin cloud-flake,
When not a breeze the trance of noon dare break,
About the middle it must melt away.
Lilies upon the water in their leaves,
Stirr'd by faint ripples that go curving on
To little reedy coves; a stream that grieves
To the fine grasses and wild flowers around;
And we two in a golden silence bound,
Not a line read of rich *Endymion*."

Mr. Kett, on the other hand, sternly represses himself, uttering only general emotions, national and religious, suggested by Trafalgar Day or the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to South Africa in 1906, and by texts from the Bible. His greatest effort is a "Divine Tragedy," in blank verse, where the loves

* "Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont." Edited by Eloise Robinson. 21s. net. (Constable).—"Poems of Edward Dowden." 2 vols. 6s. each. (Dent).—"Poetical Works of George Kett." 6s. net. (Charles H. Kelly).—"As The Heart Speaks, and other Poems." By May Belben. 2s. 6d. net. (Morland, Amersham).—"Lyrics and Poems." By Edith Rutter Leatham. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald).—"The White Gate." By Lorma Leigh. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net.—"Lays and Legends." By C. G. Anderson. 2s. 6d. net. (Francis Griffiths.)

of a Roman centurion and a daughter of Joseph of Arimathea, and of Barabbas and a sister of Judas Iscariot, are interwoven with the last hours of Christ. Mr. Kett's gift is for eloquence like that of Barabbas in prison:

"O free, fresh earth!
That I might once more feel thy good greensward
Spring 'neath my tread—thine atoms crunch, and grate.
Oh, for the upland slopes, the tumbling rills,
The gaunt grey peaks of the Judæan heights;
Where prowls the lean wolf, and the leopard hides,
Where wheels the towering vulture, and all night
The jackal's eerie wailing holds the air,
And echoing rolls through cavernous confines dim,
And deeps of yawning darkness . . ."

The play was written in Kimberley, the other chief poems in Port Elizabeth and Cape Town; and the book is dedicated to the people of South Africa who have hailed the poet as the Milton of South Africa.

Most of Mrs. Belben's poems record certain days in her life, either for private reasons, as in the sonnet beginning:

"One sunset among all the rest, stands out
Conspicuous in our lives, dear heart—that day
We stood together in the narrow lane,
And other people seemed so far away . . ."

or because the scene itself had an emotional value, as in "A Glimpse":

"Clear silver-green the sky;
Deep purple-grey the trees in front of it . . .
No sound except the sighing of the wind.
. . . A weird and wild night cry . . .
The dark with mystery and wonder lit.
Black foreground; sunset afterglow behind."

Miss Rutter-Leatham is equally good. She quotes Clifton Bingham's saying that "Songs should come from the heart and go to the heart," and illustrates it and justifies her discipleship again and again with poems taking a roseate view of life, such as "My Sweet Seventeen":

"Soft shade of tresses, that winsomely curl;
Lilies, carnations, and petals of pearl,
Made into the roseate face of a girl,
Is my Sweet Seventeen.
Put your sunny head out of the cloud, dear,
Tell me your dreamings aloud, dear,
Are skies very blue?
Does prince come to woo
Beauty who slumbers the long ages through,
My Sweet Seventeen?"

Miss Lorma Leigh has a loftier note aiming to make life one grand sweet song. Her "Sunset" is a typical aspiration:

"Linger awhile and watch this scene so fair—
It will not last as now, its beauty rare
Will fade into the night, and all grow dark,
And dim, till it be light.

These moorland heights, these valleys bathed in fire,
Bring to my heart a nameless vague desire
To grasp the best in life, to be, to do,
Tho' all else fail, nature herself is true,

Through all my being the sunset's glory thrills,
A limitless delight my spirit fills,
I fear to-morrow, lest the morn redeems
This perfect night's sweet mockery of dreams."

After these tender tones it is almost a pleasure to read Mr. Anderson's plangent substantial verses, usually with a narrative basis, as in "The Sheikh's Bride":

"Thy summons awakened my soul from sleeping;
I left the land where my kindred are;
They could not stay me with wrath or weeping—
Nor might they prison by bolt or bar
The heart held captive within thy keeping:
Selim, Selim Abenamar."

But on the whole Joseph Beaumont does not pale before this cluster of living bards.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE GOLDEN BARRIER.*

You can always trust these famous collaborators for a really good story, and, though there is no striking originality of treatment or deep psychological interest in "The Golden Barrier," one is conscious of genuine pleasure in following the tale to the obvious conclusion. There is no trace of padding out the story; it marches along steadily and surely in the disciplined hands of these two authors, with no lack of incident to keep it alive in every chapter. "The Golden Barrier" is, of course, the obstacle of riches. The happy possessor of them in this case is Miss Magdalen Tempest, of Teyne Court, a spoilt child of an indulgent grandfather, deceased when the story opens. Magdalen herself is a fascinating girl, but with the additional and potent attraction of untold wealth and an utter irresponsibility, it is no wonder that Teyne Court presents great possibilities to the adventurers that crowd upon the scene. Let us enumerate the dramatis personæ: Lady Adelaide Bruce-Walsingham, Magdalen's aunt, who battens on her niece and is anxious to secure her position by wedding Mr. Isidore Blase to Magdalen. Isidore Blase is a rising man; "a tall, well-built man, with a somewhat Oriental quality in his unmistakable good looks." Instantly we scent the villain, and when Lady Adelaide gives him "a flashing smile of welcome" we know that we shall soon detect them deep in dark plots. There are other adventurers who occasionally occupy the stage—an unrecognised poet, who ultimately returns to the counter which he had unwisely abandoned for the Muse; an artist, who falls desperately in love with Magdalen, but who proves to be a very dark horse indeed, and is eventually expelled from Teyne Court and the story. Magdalen had a fancy for being a "Lady Mæcenas," and hence we find on the one hand a hoard of schemers ("Magdalen's crew"), and on the other hand Captain Harry Denvers, a strong silent man, handicapped by hereditary poverty, but true as steel to Magdalen and her interests. He was appointed agent to the estate in the old grandfather's time, and he still holds the appointment. He is deeply in love with Magdalen, but "the golden barrier" intervenes. He will not declare his love for his mistress, and this is the fly in Magdalen's ointment. An opportunity occurs, however,

* "The Golden Barrier." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Methuen.)



Mrs. Agnes Egerton Castle.

for the hero to snatch the heroine from danger, and quite early in the book Harry Denvers wins his bride, to the complete discomfiture of Lady Adelaide and the forces of darkness. But we know that it is far too soon for right to triumph, and we are not surprised to discover Lady Adelaide sowing dissension in the new home in London. She plays her cards well and reveals to Magdalen that marriage has destroyed her freedom. Magdalen angrily resents the idea, and endeavours to prove her aunt to be wrong. Denvers is banished to the wilderness, and it is not till the curtain is just falling that we find Magdalen clinging to her husband, crying, "Harry, hold me fast . . . never let me go again."

I. P. N.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.*

It is somewhat of an irony that no wholly satisfying works on Gothic architecture have been written in this country until the final submergence of the Gothic Revival under the Græco-Roman wave which was momentarily checked by it. If we except Ruskin, the picturesque looseness of whose architectural writings prevented architects from treating them as practical manuals, we have only the tight and dry works of the school of Parker, Sharpe, Rickman, Paley, and Bloxham, with their pedantic and arbitrary division into "Periods" and their myopic study of secondary decorative details. The two men who might have done better both lay under disabilities—Pugin, that of the brilliant artist who can rarely express himself in writing, and Violet-le-Duc, that of the foreigner, who could not directly influence another nation, and, as regards his own, was faced with a Beaux-arts tradition which he was unable to break down. What might have happened if Mr. Francis Bond, whose last two volumes complete an exhaustive study of all phases of English Gothic, had lived and worked eighty years ago, it is perhaps idle to inquire; but this much is certain, that whereas a genius like Pugin is independent, the rank and file of the profession must be nourished on sound literary instruction, without which

* "An Introduction to English Church Architecture from the Eleventh to the Sixteenth Century." By Francis Bond. 2 Vols. 2s. 2s. (Oxford University Press.)



Mr. Egerton Castle.

a great artistic movement will peddle out in such works as the Manchester Town Hall, and the Prudential Buildings in Holborn.

One thing indeed has helped, as Mr. Bond so clearly explains in his preface, this latter-day thorough study—photography, which alone can do justice to the neat and logical precision of mediæval construction. To take a single instance, no draughtsman can approach the camera for depicting a vault seen from directly under it—the only point of view from which in illustration it can be scientifically studied.

Mr. Bond, however, does not write to convert a generation of architects immersed in Neo-Grec, but merely to place the study of Gothic on a firm foundation; and if ever the pendulum swings back again his works will be there—the style will have its instructive literature ready. He is not a practising architect, and is able, therefore, to write with detachment, even without bigotry. A Gothic enthusiast, he is yet aware that the picturesque scaffolding of a cathedral exterior is on a lower architectural plane than the unbroken wall surfaces of classical buildings, thus clearly realising that it is by the interior that a mediæval church must be judged.

He has also managed to keep the right balance between the study of the structural problems (on which the practical architect is likely to concentrate), the emotional object which the building aimed at (on which the amateur spreads himself completely), and the actual requirements for ritual and daily religious life (which is ordinarily the chief preoccupation of the archaeologist); without this threefold view, Gothic architecture becomes either a dry anatomy, a loose rapture or a historical document. Perhaps Mr. Bond emphasises least the emotional aspect, feeling no doubt that, after Ruskin's magnificent reconstructions of the mediæval imagination, he could leave his illustrations to produce the soaring, uplifting, religious ecstasy which we are told their creators aimed at.

After a preliminary chapter, describing who were the builders of our churches and for what type of worship they were designed, the author proceeds to enumerate in the second chapter the list of requirements which the architect had to provide for, requirements which were continually growing in complexity; he then, in true architectural fashion, thoroughly studies the ground plan that was gradually evolved to meet these requirements. His book, he says, is designed as an introduction for beginners, but he rightly does not spare them in this matter of planning, and it cannot be too frequently insisted that no study of an architectural period can be anything but the most superficial diletantism, which is not grounded upon the plan. There follows a chapter, perhaps the most fascinating in the book, which is almost in the nature of a separate essay—we could have wished it placed at the end of the second volume—dealing with the planning and growth of the English parish church; this is the first consecutive account which has appeared of this strangely neglected subject, though many individual examples have been microscopically examined; in these hundred pages Mr. Bond is at his best. Resuming after this digression, he most rightly considers the steps the architect took, having settled the plan on which his walls stand, to enclose his building from the open universe, to frame it apart as a work of art, by means of the roof. Here, again, he shows that it was a hard practical point which determined the whole course of Gothic; the mediæval architect put before himself the very modern-seeming requirement of a fire-proof building; and so he decided that the wooden roof which he pitched high to carry off the rain, should be cut off from the church by a stone vault. The importance of the vault in mediæval architecture can never be over-estimated; one is inclined to say that everything followed from its development—certainly the pointed arch was merely an incident in its career. It is interesting to compare the space given to vaults by Parker in the chapter on the Early English Style in his *Introduction to Gothic*; it occurs towards the end of the chapter after window tracery, mouldings, ornament, capitals and doorways have

been dealt with, and then is dismissed in half a page; Parker concludes his remarks by saying that it may be in wood, and that there was no necessity for it being in stone!

After vaulting, which is perhaps better and more thoroughly done than anything else in the work, Mr. Bond takes the other chief features in succession, devoting a chapter to each. This method is infinitely preferable to Parker's, who makes each chapter cover an exact period, and details all the features in simultaneous stages of development; but Mr. Bond's requires the closer study; also a retentive memory to group these features, separately treated, into a conception of the gradually developing style as a whole.

We must conclude with two cavils. Chapter IX., on the Triforium and Bay Design, the author confesses in his delightfully autobiographic preface, has given him more pains than any other, and we feel that it is still the weakest in the book. Firstly, it should have been placed next to the chapter on Vaulting (instead of after so ex-crescential a feature as the Porch), and in it should have been discussed the whole question of the effects of Gothic interiors due to general proportions; the relation of the nave arcade to the span of the nave—the emphasis or not of the vaulting shaft, which is by no means a gradual development, but is frequently more present in Norman than it is in early Gothic—these and other points should have been analysed and compared; and a further comparison of the bay design of an English or French church with that of Florence Cathedral, might have been useful to show how entirely the Italian architect failed to understand the elementary principles of Gothic architecture.

The other cavil is a minor technical one: frequently Mr. Bond on one plate illustrates two plans of the same church at different periods—an admirable thing; but, by an apparent oversight on the part of the blockmaker, these plans are reproduced to different scales, thus largely nullifying the value of the comparison.

Finally it must be said that this is no mere amplification of Mr. Bond's earlier one-volume work, "*Gothic Architecture in England*"—it is to be considered rather as a complementary and companion volume to it; the earlier work is in reality more detailed and advanced, the present one preserves its character as an introduction; though it introduces one, it must be added, into a close intimacy with English Church Architecture.

PATRICK ABERCROMBIE.

A CROOKED MILE.*

"The Two Kisses" was the story of a double courtship, that of Amory Towers by Cosmo Pratt, and that of Dorothy Lennard by Stanhope Tasker; its sequel "*A Crooked Mile*" is the tale of the married life of these two young couples. But in the latter book the Taskers step somewhat into the background: for though the account of Stan's attempts to earn a living first as a high-class manufacturer's tout, and then as a film actor, is highly diverting, Dorothy herself, as a wife of the old fashioned type, out of sympathy with the modern notion of women's rights and mission, acts little more than as a foil to her feminist friend Amory. This contrast between the two women is more particularly and most ingeniously emphasised in those pages of Mr. Onions' latest novel which deal with Indian administration and the relations subsisting between Indians and Anglo-Indians. For while Dorothy, by reason of the letters she receives from her kinsmen in the Indian army, is at least assured of getting the average official view of matters Indian, Amory who holds a sort of salon at her Hampstead residence in which Englishmen and Hindoos are supposed to meet on equal terms, and who also runs an advanced weekly in which a mild Baboo is allowed to inveigh against the tyrannical government which keeps his gentle and submissive race in chains, can only derive her notions of Anglo-Indian brutality from her own infallible intuitions and from a study of the outpourings of Mr. Suwaree Prang in the *Novum*. The

* "*A Crooked Mile*." By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Methuen.)

Novum Organum is the journal devoted to advanced thought which Cosimo Pratt subsidises, and which Edgar Strong edits. At the time at which "A Crooked Mile" opens Amory is beginning to be a little weary of her salon, of her weekly organ, and of her own existence. Her visitors seem to come round only to get money out of Cosimo. Her contributors appear merely to make use of her to air their own egoisms. Her husband she suspects of an attempt to make love to her handsome "lady" nurse. While she has good reasons for imagining that her editor is an opportunist who is afraid of going the whole hog. Fortunately, however, Mr. Strong, who knows his job and is resolved to keep it, is able to persuade Amory that "for a paper like ours, I'm not sure that a certain amount of fluidity isn't a law." Amory, too, is successful in urging Cosimo to go out to India himself to see if things are really as bad as Mr. Prang makes out. The mischief has, however, already been done. Just when Amory, who is half in love with Strong, is hoping that he will run away with her, news reaches England that a young Hindoo patriot, who has drunk in copious draughts of Prang, has shot dead a highly-placed Indian official who happens to be an uncle of Dorothy's. The fat is now in the fire. The cranks, fanatics and ideologues who frequent Amory's salon quarrel with one another. Edgar Strong burns all the papers of the *Novum*, and books two passages to America. Cosimo cables the announcement of his immediate return to England. And Amory wakes up to the humiliating knowledge that she does not want Cosimo, and that all along Edgar Strong has never wanted her. Given such a scenario of its plot, the reader may at first be apt to imagine that "A Crooked Mile" is a novel rather gloomy in tone. Such an idea, however, would do Mr. Onions' dexterous treatment of his theme a grave injustice. The scene in which Amory, having arrived at the office of the *Novum*, firm in her determination to elope with Strong, finds him busy making arrangements to cross the Atlantic with another woman, is the only highly-wrought scene in the book—and a very moving scene of unexpected misery and dull despair it is. But apart from this, Mr. Onions' new story is pure comedy and satire, comedy as amusing, satire as incisive and as biting as the author has ever penned. Its "fundamental brain-work"—to quote Rossetti's overworked phrase—is indeed, the distinguishing feature of the book. There are no clichés, there is a fresh and ever original point of view, there is always the arresting phrase, there is an unique fertility of thought and of incident, there is a never failing mastery of the material and a sure knowledge of what can stand and what must be eliminated. In a word, "A Crooked Mile" is a work strikingly characteristic of its author, a work which will considerably enhance his already high reputation.

W. A. L. B.

MEN AND MATTERS.*

There are some just persons who will get no further than the "Contents" of this book of essays. Just persons are apt to be hasty, and to find "Mr. Chesterton among the Prophets" side by side with studies of John Stuart Mill, Thomas Aquinas, and Newman, may easily prove too much for their patience. But if they read no more, they will miss something. This is the only bad error of Mr. Ward. The rest of the book is quite good, good sometimes as an argument to disagree with, good at other times as a suggestive study of personalities. Mr. Ward is never more interesting than when he says "I remember." The paper on R. H. Hutton in a recent number of the *Dublin Review* is a specimen of the critical, personal estimate in which he excels. There are one or two of this clan here, notably one on the Tennyson circle at Freshwater, with an amusing description of Mrs. Cameron, the Madame Récamier of the group. Mr. Ward tells the story of how Tennyson wrote his verses "In the

* "Men and Matters." By Wilfrid Ward. 12s. 6d. net. (Longman.)

Garden at Swainston." He had gone to Swainston to attend the funeral of his old friend, Sir John Simeon, and arriving there early "asked Sir John's eldest boy—a lad of twenty—to give him an old hat and a cloak of his father's, and his pipe. 'Come for me yourself,' he added, 'when it is time to start, and do not send a servant.' Young Simeon came when the hour had arrived, and found Tennyson smoking his father's pipe and wearing his father's hat and cloak, stretched at full length under a tree in the garden, the tears streaming from his eyes, and the MS. of the poem written."

Some of the other personal studies are pleas in mitigation of popular opinion or popular misjudgment. The first two essays, for example, are a defence of Disraeli's character, especially against Lord Cromer's indictment. Mr. Ward puts down the weaknesses of Disraeli as a political guide to his Oriental love of dramatic effect rather than to his self-seeking opportunism. This is charitable, at any rate. But "unimaginative temperament" is a dangerous phrase to use about the character of a statesman, and at the end of Mr. Ward's estimate the contention of Lord Cromer remains substantially unshaken. A similar verdict must be passed on his equally adroit attempt to bring out what he calls the sensitiveness of Newman, in order to explain not only the Cardinal's apparent inconsistencies, but also the action taken against him at various periods by some of his ecclesiastical opponents in the Roman Church. "The difficulties of Dr. Cullen, the story of the offered bishopric and its withdrawal, the translation of the Bible and its abandonment, the scheme for an Oratory at Oxford, and the secret instruction from Propaganda against Newman's own residence in the University city—all these events, if set down without a most careful analysis of the part played in them by Newman's sensitive nature, would involve the gravest charges against eminent and good men." This is the line taken by Mr. Ward. It is subtle but totally unconvincing, so far as these "eminent persons" are concerned. Newman's sensitive nature suffered in silence, says Mr. Ward, in the matter of the bishopric. The silence was a mistake. "Had he then and there vehemently protested, in all probability the grievances would have been removed." Would they? When one recollects the conduct of the "eminent" men, whom Mr. Ward charitably calls "good," one does not see much probability at all. He is more successful in pleading for a mitigation of judgment on Cardinal Vaughan's hard, unintelligent conservatism. In fact, three of the essays are in substance a mild plea, addressed to the Roman Catholic authorities, for a relaxation of the suspicious and reactionary temper which prevails in certain quarters. "It seems to be assumed in some quarters that submission to ecclesiastical authority must suffice for guidance on the most intricate problems, and that active thought savours of a wanton and dangerous love of innovation." Mr. Ward deprecates this view, and quotes Newman in favour of his arguments.

The most touching and permanent study, however, is the essay on Mr. George Wyndham, reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*. The wreck of his Irish policy, as Mr. Ward admits, by the Ulster extremists, destroyed his career; but surely the failure was not "in party diplomacy"—it was in "party courage," and, so far as the author of it was concerned, in other things.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

Novel Notes.

INITIATION. By R. H. Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

If Monsignor Benson adopted a common practice of novelists and prefixed to his books or to his chapters a suitable quotation, we think that Mrs. Browning's lines would surely have occurred to him:

"Knowledge by suffering entereth
And life is perfected by death."

Sir Nevill Fanning, the chief figure in this remarkable novel, is the son of a degenerate father, and in this instance the scripture is literally fulfilled. We are introduced to Sir Nevill in a hotel in Rome, whither he has been sent to find health and freedom from headaches. (The real agony of headaches has never before been described so vividly). At the hotel Sir Nevill, who is of course a Catholic, meets Enid Bessington, a Protestant. The upshot is inevitable, and in the glamour and romance of Rome Enid becomes engaged to Sir Nevill. Monsignor Benson has portrayed with great insight a modern young English aristocrat. Enid and Sir Nevill had been talking about Rome, and Life and Nature, and the Meaning of Things, and, incidentally, of course, of themselves all through. "Nevill had been pretty frank, and Enid no less. . . He had said suddenly, after one of his pauses, that he was a Catholic, and could never possibly be anything else; and had proceeded to say that he was afraid he wasn't a very good one. But he had been brought up to it, and had a chapel at home and a priest and 'all that.'" There is no feeling on the part of the reader that Enid is a most consummate egoist until she and her mother visit Sir Nevill's home and meet Aunt Anna, Mrs. Fanning. Aunt Anna's sweet spirit and feminine intuition reveal Enid's nature. She is seen to be cruel to her mother when Nevill is out of earshot. Mrs. Bessington conceals the tragedy of her life beneath a mask of an expressionless countenance and a torrent of futile conversation. Aunt Anna and her perfectly delightful little boy Jim seem to probe Enid immediately, and one waits breathlessly for the awakening of Nevill. This climax is cleverly attained by an accumulation of small and very petty incidents, concluding with an outburst from Enid and the consequent disillusionment of poor Nevill. "Knowledge by suffering entereth." Sir Nevill, who had once despised pain, perceives its divine nature and submits, and the conclusion of the book witnesses the life perfected by death. "The Initiation was complete."

A MADONNA OF THE POOR. By Clive Holland. 6s. (Lynwood).

In his new volume Mr. Clive Holland writes of many countries and the theme and style of his stories is as attractively varied as their setting. Perhaps the two best and most dramatic are the vividly grim, realistic tragedy of "The Love of O Fuji San," and the poignant love idyll of "The Wooing of O Sasa San." Not less convincing than his intimate pictures of that Japanese life with which Mr. Clive Holland has familiarised us in the most popular of his novels are his studies of Paris life and character in the Latin quarter. "The Madonna of the Poor" is wholly idyllic and full of charm; the idyllic mingles with bizarre tragedy and horror in "The Primal Instinct," which has a Malay village for its scene, and a resident Scots trader and a beautiful Malay girl for its hero and heroine. The stories are well imagined and well written; something of romance enters into their grimmest realism; now and then the note is wholly idealistic. No art in the short story can atone for a lack of interest in plot or incident, and these tales of Mr. Clive Holland possess that crowning merit—he has always a story to tell, and he has the gift of telling it interestingly.

THE PRIDE OF THE FANCY. By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

All the ingredients for a popular romance of modern sport have been blended with zest by Mr. George Edgar. He has written a rattling good tale of the raccourse and the prize-ring, such as a large sporting public is likely to enjoy. It begins in a picturesque way with a fight between the black, heavy-weight champion of the world and a young Englishman of the vagrant class, and it ends with the final victory of the white hope over the Herculean negro. The fights are described in an inspiring and knowledgeable manner, and there is also a good account of a horse-race with, as is usual, the fortunes of the gallant young hero and his winsome lady-love trembling in the

balance against the probable success of the villain's horse. Mr. George Edgar does this sort of thing quite as well as Mr. Nat Gould, and he will no doubt be content if he succeeds in attracting a quarter of that most popular novelist's audience. We like best the little drop-curtain scenes that come between the big sporting tableaux. They are full of gay and picturesque studies of the life of the wandering showmen of the countryside. Personally we were rather disappointed when an opening scene of this sort was changed for a succession of lurid pictures of night-life in London among the rich but disreputable patrons of the prize-ring. For we felt that Mr. Edgar had it in him to write a fine and unusual romance about the modern showmen of England. As it is, he has given us a bright and intensely interesting melodrama of modern sport—one of the best and most successful books of its kind that we have ever enjoyed.



Mr. George Edgar.
A caricature by F. Gardiner.

GRANNIE FOR GRANTED. By Mrs. George Wemyss. 5s. (Constable.)

Every intelligent youngster knows that the whole duty of grandmothers is to spoil their grandchildren, but it has been left to Mrs. George Wemyss to proclaim that duty as the supreme joy of a woman's life. "To be completely happy," according to Mrs. Wemyss, "a woman can be a wife, may be a mother, but *must* be a grandmother"; and she proceeds to clinch her argument with a story which no one could have written but the author of "The Professional Aunt." "Grannie for Granted" has something of the William De Morgan touch in its title ("Alice for Short," for example), and, like William De Morgan's work, the secret of its success lies not so much either in its plot or its style as in its author's own personality. It does not matter whether Mrs. Wemyss writes as a child of "Things we Thought of," or as a "Professional Aunt," or even as an amateur grandmother; she sees everything through the rose-coloured glasses of the Golden Age, and writes because she must, with a sunny outlook, a large charity, and an absorbing love of children. "Very sweet and very charming" is the verdict passed upon "Grannie for Granted" by one gentle reader who knows all Mrs. Wemyss's books by heart. For Mrs. Wemyss is essentially a novelist for gentlewomen—those gentlewomen who, in spite of all the shrieking feminism of to-day, have succeeded in preserving the noblest ideals of English womanhood, as well as—the gods be praised—a saving sense of humour.

THE SINS OF SEVERAC BABLON. By Sax Rohmer. 6s. (Cassell.)

There is something extremely original about this story, and it should go far to ensure its success. Séverac Bablon is a high-minded man who becomes the possessor of the original Seal of Solomon. One feels that it is not quite fair upon such mundane individuals as Scotland Yard detectives and Pinkerton's men to expect them to prove equal to such a magic and mystic force. Séverac Bablon uses the power entrusted to him to punish many of his fellow-Israelites for extreme cupidity, and it makes highly entertaining reading when Mr. Julius Rohscheimer, Baron Hague, Mr. J. J. Oppner, Mr. Anthony Elschild, and other wealthy members of the chosen race, are compelled to figure in subscription lists for the benefit of Embankment outcasts, hospital wings and aeroplane forces. The amounts are staggering, and the protests from the unwilling donors are not less startling. Perhaps the mystic nature of Séverac Bablon is not emphasised quite enough in the early part of the book, but it is a tale that we recommend.

heartily. Hospital secretaries and all those whose business it is to raise money for charities will find it particularly delightful.

MONKSBRIDGE. By John Ayscough. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Children, I've had a legacy," are the important words on the first page of this novel, which lead to all that follows. Mrs. Auberon's legacy consisted of a furnished house at Monksbridge and the interest of six thousand pounds. Mrs. Auberon was a widow with twin daughters aged seventeen, and a son, aged fifteen. Mr. Ayscough's dialogue is what all written dialogues should be; it is pertinent, revealing, clever and natural. He might have told us a thousand times that Sylvia, the elder twin, was clever (and indeed he allows most of his characters to tell one another so), but we should not have been impressed by it as much as we are by half a page of Sylvia talking. Sylvia was ambitious for her family, and was only saved from being an arrant snob by being instinctively a lady. Marjory, the younger twin tells the story, and is a clever Boswell to her sister's Johnson, but reveals her own nature delightfully too. The book's subtle surprise lies in Perkin, the brother, and here the author, out of the mouth of this lovable, slangy boy, voices a cry of the Catholic against the changes which have come over the old Catholic schools. "Here am I receiving the education (Cardinal de Belesme left the money to pay for) and Herbert, who belongs to his church, not eligible to receive it, because he *does* belong to the Cardinal's church," says Perkin angrily. And in the end Perkin changes his faith, and Marjory changes her faith, and a fine to-do there is about it all. But the book, like Sylvia, is clever and entertaining from cover to cover, and Monksbridge society is before us clear as day.

LIMELIGHT. By Horace Wyndham. 6s. (John Richmond.)

Mr. Horace Wyndham is evidently familiar with that side of theatrical life that can only be really known to those who have lived on it. He knows of its hardships, its pleasures, its bitter disappointments, the poverty that dogs the heels of those who never rise above the lower levels of the profession, and of the harpies who, under the guise of theatrical agents, are always waiting to prey upon unsophisticated aspirants. Something of all this enters into "Limelight." The story is mainly of the adventures of Constance Ardenne and Eliot Bingham. They meet in the offices of a swindling agent, who successfully swindles both of them; companions in misfortune, they are drawn into friendship with each other, and the friendship ripens

into love. In London, and touring in the provinces, they act in the same companies; Eliot will not accept an engagement unless they are both engaged; and the life of the fourth-rate actor is cleverly unrolled before you with all its shifts and difficulties. But there is no presenting the mummery as a loose and immoral crew; you are made to realise that there are many poor among them, some fools, some wastrels, some rascals, but that, on the whole, they are neither more nor less human than the rest of us. They capture your sympathies by their naturalness, their good nature and genial unconventionality. Eliot is a successful dramatist at last, and he and Constance are going to rise into higher circles, but you feel that they will scarcely meet with more likeable or more interesting people in their new life than they leave behind in their old. "Limelight" is a well written, thoroughly entertaining story, one of the happiest of theatrical romances, as well as one of the truest.

THE QUESTING BEAST. By Ivy Low. 6s. (Secker.)

Rachel Cohen is a typist in an insurance office, alone in the world, and entirely dependent upon her own activities for her living. Probably this accounts for a good deal of her story, but you must add to it also her cleverness (which develops later into literary genius) and her luck. This last was at first bad enough, but at the end of the book it changes and becomes incredibly good. Here is the defect in the history of Rachel: one cannot seriously believe in its likelihood. She is far too lucky. There are not many girls who, having got themselves into difficulties, can run against a London landlady who is willing to board them for nothing while they employ their spare time in writing successful novels. However, this is only a part—and the lesser part—of "The Questing Beast." The real interest of the book is to be found in its account of the unlikeable heroine's emotional adventures, which is done convincingly and with brilliance. It invests "The Questing Beast" with an importance to which the book could not otherwise lay claim, and makes ample amends to the reader for many crudities and inequalities in the telling of the story. Miss Low may be unpleasant, but not for a moment can one doubt her sincerity. In the meantime "The Questing Beast" is no improvement upon "Growing Pains."

LETTERS FROM LA-BAS. By Rachel Hayward. 6s. (Heinemann.)

There are abusive and pessimistic letters from Lyons; sad, grey letters from Baron's Court; and letters of gold and rose from Nice, where everything is bright and fair, and the glorious sun makes the poor feel rich, and the rich happy. In Lyons the letter writer is cooped up with her old grandfather, who is an archaeologist, and he and Lyons bore her to death. Then comes the great deliverance, in the form of an offer of a position in the Nice Magasin du Thé, "to take orders for tea and cakes from already overfed people." And she has a gorgeous time. Mesdames les Patronnes are charming Irish ladies, who provide her with some excellent material. "They are a glorious mass of incongruities, for they get up in the dawn to go to early Mass, they like 'John Jameson' and smart clothes, they bet largely on the Grand National, and every time we have a big day they promptly bolt off to Monte Carlo, and gamble with the proceeds." From Calvaire there are also many letters. "Calvaire en fete is just a little more terrible than Calvaire in its ordinary savage gloom." But, hateful though the place was, it bred two live things—revolt and passion—and after Calvaire the final letter was sent to the fiancé who for long had replied to none of the epistles of La Juive Errante, and the final epistle was headed: "The Entrance to the Land of Heart's Desire." "In two hours more, Stephen and I leave for Paris. You have failed me now, as always, and so I leave with no regrets and an easy conscience. One, at least, of my desires will be realised—Paris in May! Paris with my

And so we leave the letter-writer on the threshold



of Love and Life. These letters are very vivid and natural and they contain many charming and delightful passages.

CARMEN AND MR. DRYASDUST. By Humfrey Jordan. 6s. (Putnam's.)

This novel is an attack upon the academic atmosphere—not the academic atmosphere in general, but that particular æther breathed by the professors and fellows of the colleges at Cambridge. The author writes most amusingly, but now and again he betrays a somewhat lamentable ignorance of the environment at which he tilts. For example, the Master of the college is not addressed abruptly as "Master," but only referred to as "the Master" when spoken of. Nor is a senior Fellow addressed colloquially as "senior," but, strange as it may appear, by his name. Nor are college dons the mean-minded, self-satisfied old women that the author paints them. Some of them are just men, no more marred by the environment in which they live their lives than the farmer or the village carpenter. Apart from this general criticism, the story is a delightful one, telling how a woman whose sympathies and outlook on life are utterly unacademic, who loved the world beyond Cambridge, gradually weaned her husband, Mr. Reginald Pontifax, a biologist of renown, from his college existence, which was hampering not only his prospects, but his immortal soul. The contrast of these two characters is admirably achieved, and the development of the don, pure and simple, into the man is worked out with skill. The Combination Room scenes, in which the Fellows of Holy Ghost college are pictured intriguing for the Mastership, are amusing if not convincing. Cambridge men will recognise some of the incidents to which reference are made, especially those relating to the method in which college accounts are kept. The author makes one of the dons, anxious to secure a reputation for economy, employ a mere accountant to inquire into the accounts. The disparity between the meat supposed to be bought for the college kitchen and the meat actually eaten is one of the things discovered, but the author refrains from relating the sequel to that old scandal which once set the academic world of Cambridge by the ears.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE. By F. J. Randall. 6s. (John Lane.)

To apply the term breathless to this furious farce is to understate its pace. Mr. Randall has broken all previous speed records. His new novel is a hilarious obstacle-race, beset with unexpected pitfalls and catastrophes, and negotiated at top speed. It is an ingenious jumble of quick-change knockabout business, rough-and-tumble hide-and-seek, startling coincidences, and laughable situations. The coincidences, indeed, are so many that even Mr. Randall seems to have felt qualms at the end, and to have gone back to the beginning and inserted a foreword apologising for the amazing ubiquity of yellow tin trunks. This timely (or untimely) foreword on the ubiquitous yellow tin trunk prepares the reader for, at least, one train of coincidences. The farce begins when Mr. Alfred Hopper, a City clerk, who has lost his job, his sweetheart, and his good looks (these last in a cycle spill), is landed at Dover with somebody else's luggage. Discovering that the owner of the yellow box is the heir to a large fortune, and believing him to have fallen overboard and perished, Hopper masquerades in his shoes, and soon gets involved in an inextricable net of difficulties. His floundering efforts to escape prove useless against the wiles of the yellow box, which lures him into ever fresh and more ludicrous predicaments. "Somebody's Luggage" belongs to no doubtful category; to appreciate it you do not require a subtle sense of humour, for you must laugh generously or not at all.

JULIA. By Harold Wimbury. 6s. (Ouseley.)

Julia Clipston and Claude Mayne love each other devotedly, but there is a secret in Julia's life which, she



Mr. Harold Wimbury.

says, must always stand between them, and their marriage must be only a marriage of the soul. She is a strange, lonely girl; she seems to belong to the solitude of the cliffs, the mysticism of the moonlit sea, and it is pity in his heart that evokes Claude's love for her. Up in London, far away from Julia, he meets a wonderfully beautiful woman, Dorothy Maxwell, a leading star on the stage; she fascinates and infatuates him; and fills a place in his life Julia could never fill. This is his tragedy: in different ways he loves both women, and each in her way returns his love. Dorothy inspires and fires him, Julia soothes him, and it is Julia whom he eventually makes his wife. In spite of this, the influence of Dorothy is ever with him and through her he realises his great ambition and becomes a famous playwright. It is only at the end he is called upon to make a final choice, and then in a moment of anguish and terror he knows at last to which of the two his love is really given, and chooses her for all time. It is a clever novel, packed with incident, full of complications and mysteries that stimulate the excitement and keep the reader enthralled. Mr. Harold Wimbury knows how to tell a good story.

THE LAND OF THE SPIRIT. By Thomas Nelson Page. 6s. (Laurie.)

A fine and varied collection comprising seven short stories. Mr. Page uses the most difficult of mediums with rare skill and assurance, and each story is a highly polished gem. He believes that formerly too much attention was given to things of the surface, that lately the mind has been directed more to those things which lie beneath. "From taking thought only of the things of the body we have come to ponder the treasures of the soul, and the new light has shown us that the field is no longer confined to a future state in some distant heaven, but lies here actually in our midst." Upon this deep note the author plays in "The Strangers' Pew," "The Stable of the Inn," and "The Shepherd who Watched by Night." By thus utilising a scriptural basis for a story with a modern setting and application Mr. Page gets a result equal to Mr. Frank Harris, who, it will be remembered, makes use of the same method in "Unpath'd Waters." The rest of the stories deal with seldom studied aspects of human nature and human passion.

The Bookman's Table.

STUDIES IN PORTUGUESE LITERATURE. By Aubrey E. G. Bell. 6s. net. (Blackwell.)

In this sound and excellent volume the author has wisely refrained from attempting a compendious history of Portuguese literature. Instead of tracing the development of movements and tendencies, he presents us with biographical and critical estimates of the salient personalities in the prose and verse of Portugal. For all that, we receive implicit impressions of the creative spirit and temper of the national expression, its prolixity and reliance upon foreign models, its exquisite lyrical fertility, its *saudade* or wistfulness, its idealist, melancholy, and revolutionary bent, and the curiously mixed inter-relation between the poet's lives and their utterance. Much of its early activity was associated with the old struggle between Court and popular literature. The profound and simple Gil Vicente (b. 1470), and the crude but original Sa'de Miranda, of whom the "divine" Camões was the pupil, both illustrate the dependence of Renaissance poetry upon popular ideals. Mr. Bell has a judicious and instructive chapter upon the hapless career of Camões, whose life exemplifies the very extremities of suffering and whose verse is the radiant embodiment of its miseries. From him the author jumps, rather precipitately, to Almeida Garrett, the introspective and self-conscious poet of the nineteenth century, "all in love with melancholy and romance," founder of a national theatre, educational reformer, and, for all his brooding, a writer of natural and spontaneous imagination. Mr. Bell concludes his survey of the poets by an examination of the moderns, of whom Junquero, "the Portuguese Victor Hugo," judging by the translations in the text, is a lyricist of very considerable power and distinction. Mr. Bell has not much to say about Portuguese prose, but he gives us a most interesting account of the two nineteenth century novelists—Branco, an extravagant romanticist, and De Queiroz, whose Oriental luxuriance of fancy has been poured into a medium borrowed from the naturalist school of Zola. Mr. Bell, indeed, is to be congratulated upon an illuminating and vivacious critique, which cannot fail to stimulate the interest even of the uninitiated.

SWEDEN THROUGH THE ARTIST'S EYE.

STOCKHOLM THROUGH ARTIST EYES. By Carl G. Laurin. Many illustrations in colour and black and white. (Stockholm: Nordstedt.)

These tall and very slim books (the two of them hardly make 120 pages) present a series of landscape pictures of Sweden and its capital by native artists. Whether the books, which are obviously home productions, are to be taken more as a "puff" of Sweden or more as a genuine attempt to present Swedish art to alien eyes, is not altogether obvious. The text has the negligible pleasantness that one associates with the "local colour" chapters of guide-books, but some of the illustrations are certainly beautiful and striking. Reproductions from the work of Prince Eugen, Zorn, Larsson, Lindman, Jansson, and many another artist whose name would be still less familiar to English ears, abound in these pages. They are of varying merit, some being little better than the sentimental pictures on Christmas cards, while others, again, are romantic and distinguished. The old-fashioned and the modern styles march hand in hand—the mid-Victorian with something uncommonly like the Cubist. If we take the books as introductions to Swedish art, they will certainly interest us; and if we take them as in the main inducements to visit Sweden, they are likely to serve their turn. For they do serve to achieve a double purpose. The art and the land of Sweden are equally unknown to the ordinary

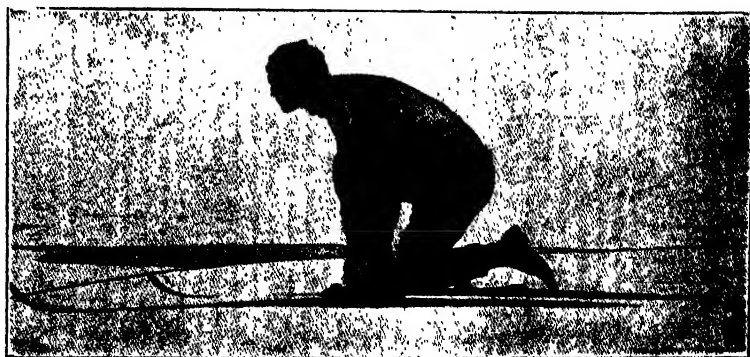
Englishman, and both are attractive. That huge country, whose northern provinces lie within the arctic regions, and whose southern provinces have a soft richness of meadow and farm, are far less familiar to us than is the rugged coast of Norway. And even in literature it is only lately that we have been introduced to Strindberg, the Swede, while we have had Ibsen, the Norwegian, dinned into our ears for many a long year. Sweden is a country that needs discovering, but, when that day arrives, its romance will begin to dwindle. It is the Nemesis of fame.

THE POLITICIANS. A Comedy in Four Acts. By Frank Layton. 1s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Frank S. Layton has, in "The Politicians," a theme of which he might have made much more had he resisted the evident temptation to be smart rather than sincere. Lord Sunningham, a fatuously futile aristocrat, decrees that his son, The Hon. Peter Baldwin, shall stand as Parliamentary candidate for a Midland manufacturing town, where his father is the ground landlord. It seems a pathetic reflection that Peter, a Cambridge man, should be so ignorant of social conditions, that he is left till the election days to discover how the poor live. As is generally the case, when people don't discover a social sense till the thirties, he turns out a rabid zealot, and speaks what he imagines to be the truth, with the result that he offends both parties and loses the election. But, as Mr. Layton has evidently a *flair* for easy dialogue, he would be well advised to copy his types from Nature, rather than resort to "old play" characters like Lady Patchway and Lord Sunningham. The easily-said thing, though it may be the smartest, is not always the true thing. This explains why a good deal of the humour is mechanical rather than illuminating.

REGION OF LUTANY. By Winifred Ellerman. 1s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This little book of verse lives up to its title. Seas, skies, valleys, hills and cities are invested with a dreamy atmosphere till they appear more visionary than real. If the reader is not led quite into the country of dream-music he must at least feel that he has touched the border-land and heard the distant strains of Utopian lyres. Still in her 'teens, Miss Ellerman has travelled far and seen much. Of the fourteen short poems in the book, seven are dated from foreign lands, and glimpses of foreign scenery give tone to the whole. Certainly, to the average person, to be free from the necessity of toil and able to see the world in ease and affluence are decided and enviable advantages, but it may well be doubted if they are conducive to the development of the best in a young poet of such promise. We confess to a feeling of disappointment that so little in these verses is inspired by the circumstances of English life and the enchantment of English surroundings. But a first effort is to be judged by its promise rather than by its fulfilment, and Miss Ellerman sings the spring anemones of Sicily, the olive slopes of Corfu, and the "dreaming Ionian sea" with such sweetness that much may be expected when the surpassing charms of her native land



Gunnar Hallström.

Man binding on his skis.

From "Sweden Through Artist Eyes" (Stockholm: Nordstedt).

make their irresistible appeal to her. And, with experience, she will cease to use archaic words and novel hybrids such as "tristfulness" and "ceintured" where "sadness" and "girdled" would express the thought so much better. But, after all, it is this ever-repeated refusal to accept the conclusions arrived at by the experience of others that gives youth its immortal charm. Perhaps no writer ever began a literary career without feeling that the language of his fathers needed amplification in order to express his ideas, and certainly no English writer ever closed his career without realising that his greatest thoughts were poor compared with the fulness and richness of expression at his disposal. Such lines as :

"Leave thou the sunset fire,
The clinging dawn,
The lonely contemplation of the night"

show that Miss Ellerman has the root of the matter in her.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. PUTNAM.

The Quest of the Dream, by Edna Kingsley Wallace (6s.), is a story that develops in the course of an interesting correspondence—sundry letters written by Doria French, an American girl, to a mythical person named John; letters exchanged between Doria French and David Hartnell; and letters written by Doria French from New York to her friend Barbara West. This fascinating correspondence could provide food for endless essays and argument, for Doria is a girl who has opinions on everything, and her view of life is sane and refreshing. Written vivaciously and sparkling with humour, the letters touch on deep things, life's great unsolvable problems, on love and art, men and women, but as easily turn to flippancy and frivolity. 'Definition of "womanly,"' Doria writes when David Hartnell is yet only an acquaintance, and before he has commenced to play his important part in her life, "an innocently naïve word used by benighted masculines who neither know nor wish to know what a woman is, but only what they would like her to be! . . . A woman, let me tell you, wants to be loved for herself not for her resemblance to the rest of her sex." A love story runs through the letters and reaches its climax when Doria suddenly comes to the conclusion that David does not need her in his life and tries to turn her heart away from him.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

Leaves from a Housekeeper's Book, by the author of 'From Kitchen to Garret' (5s. net). To anybody on the point of starting a home of her own and bewildered about the question of housekeeping, this book will come as a real boon. In a bright, interesting style, the author chats of her own wide experiences as a housekeeper, telling anecdotes and throwing out innumerable hints and suggestions that the uninitiated housewife will find invaluable. Her last book from "Kitchen to Garret" went into its eleventh edition and was gladly welcomed by the fortunate young housekeepers of that day into whose possession it came. It is impossible to convey any idea of the wealth of information this new book on the same inexhaustible subject contains; it should certainly find a place on the bookshelf of every woman who is desirous of running a house on methodical and sensible lines.

MESSRS. F. WARNE & CO.

Our Navy, by Archibald Hurd, with a Preface by the Earl of Selborne, K.G. (1s. net), is the third volume in Messrs. Warne & Co.'s Imperial Library, and, as a sort of waistcoat pocket history of "the elder Service," it is altogether admirable. Naturally not more than a mere thumbnail sketch of so great a subject could be got, even by the kind of hydraulic pressure of a veritable genius in condensation, into 270 pp. of 5 in. by 3 in. letterpress. Yet Mr. Hurd gives us much in little room, and at the same time his is far from being a dry tabulation of facts. We get the keynote of his work in the two opening sentences: "History has usually been studied through the spectacles of the student rather than the telescope of the mariner. The poet, with his keener, larger vision, has often recognised what the historian has ignored." Another proof of the author's quality is seen in his comments arising out of Blake's defeat of Van Tromp on June 2nd and 3rd, 1653. He writes: "It is a common belief that of strategy in naval battles of those days there was practically none. On the other hand, it is impossible that a number of ships, ranging from forty to one hundred, could have been led to victory unless there was some recognised formation which the commander could use. It is true that people did not write essays on tactics in those times; yet there is evidence that the natural order of a fleet, which with its broadside, was familiar to Blake. That was the line of battle"—from which came the term "line-of-ship" and "first-rater." Again: "Penn said to Pepys

in 1666 that the Dutch always fight in a line, and we, whenever we beat them." Of course. And what of the well-known crescent formation? To suppose that a fleet went into an engagement in a sort of Irish fair riot, each commander acting for himself only, and Davy Jones or a foreign prison for the unlucky or inefficient, is sheer nonsense. This and many other items of deduction Mr. Hurd works in amongst his bare facts, and always with such commendable clarity and brevity as to make his little book quite well worth keeping as a kind of index and introduction to necessary larger works on the same theme.

THE SUNRISE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

It is impossible to give any adequate consideration to Mr. Arthur Bennett's new book, **Some Plain Words to the English People** (2s. 6d. net) without touching on political views with which we are not always in accord; therefore we shall content ourselves with a brief commendation of the author's general tone and outlook. He writes in the best spirit of patriotism, passionately in earnest, and with the higher interests of his country very much at heart. His warnings are timely and not to be ignored; his suggestions for bettering the lot of the working poor are often admirable; his ideas on the fairest way of raising revenue have much to recommend them; there are excellent chapters on town planning; the right to work, and the right to play. He is temperate and just on the question of woman's suffrage and not less so on the Home Rule problem. His survey of national conditions and prospects is wide and penetrating, and the hope and end to which he has written is that of "brotherhood, and unity, and peace" throughout the Empire. Wise and eminently suggestive, at once idealistic in its aims and practical, this is a book from which the thoughtful reader, interested in his country's welfare, will get both pleasure and profit.

MESSRS. HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM.

There is a distinction about **Ffynnon the Sin-Eater**, by "A Whisper" (6s.), which we find hard to particularise. Perhaps its simplicity both in design and execution is arresting; perhaps it is the effect of the "local colouring" which gives the impression of real insight into Welsh character and scenery. Whatever it is, the book is a credit to its author, and we avoid the use of the possessive pronoun because we are honestly puzzled over the writer's sex. The story is the familiar one of a wife without a wedding ring, wooed and won by a disappointed husband who is in ignorance of his new love's antecedents. When he realises the truth he fights his anger with little success, and the end is tragedy. Such is the plot, but it is in the character of Ffynnon Morgan, the daughter of a religious maniac, that the interest centres. In her is gathered all the superstition and emotionalism of the Celt, and in the portrayal of her passionate love for her dying child, the writer displays much artistic skill. As a Welshman, the present reviewer is glad to read an emphatic statement from Sir Owen Humphreys, a minor character, that the morals of Wales are no worse and no better than those of any other country. If this writer knows the Welsh tongue, "A Whisper" should find a welcome in Wales.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG, LTD.

In "**The Vaudevillians**" (6s.) an anonymous author gives to the world an impressive, though rather incoherent, account of life behind the scenes of the music halls as it was some fifteen or more years ago. Bereft of its motley and tinsel, one finds that it was a grey, even a sordid, affair; but the author does her best not to make it too depressing—and succeeds to a moderate extent. The book is practically plotless and is not particularly well written, but it is effective in spite of these disadvantages, and it has a good deal of value as a "human document." Possibly autobiographical, it is almost certainly truthful according to its lights, and is well worth reading.

MESSRS. T. WERNER LAURIE, LTD.

My Bohemian Days in Paris (10s. 6d. net), a brightly and lightly written book of gossip relative to the student days of the well-known artist and war correspondent Mr. Julius M. Price, will form pleasant reading for those for whom Paris has attractions, as well as for the students of to-day and yester year. It is scarcely a book, however, to place in the hands of young people generally, for the author describes what he has seen, and he has seen a good deal more of the shady life of nocturnal Paris than most people. In places we must confess that we have been amazed at his frankness. He calls a spade a spade with a "wealth of descriptive detail that is at times startling." Nevertheless much of his book is valuable as a personal and (we know from experience) a reliable record of things as they were. One traces Mr. Price's evolution from the state of a *nouveau* to that of a finished and successful artist. And in the process he gives us many illuminating glimpses of the student life, and student pranks of past times. As he says in his preface the district and life he describes is one where "the conventional has no attractions." It is a region of high spirits; where eccentricity even in its wildest and most outrageous forms is winked at benevolently by the authorities. On the whole, with certain lapses from good taste in the writing and in the illustrations, it is a readable, spiritedly-written book—for those who know and have seen something of life, but it is for the sophisticated only.

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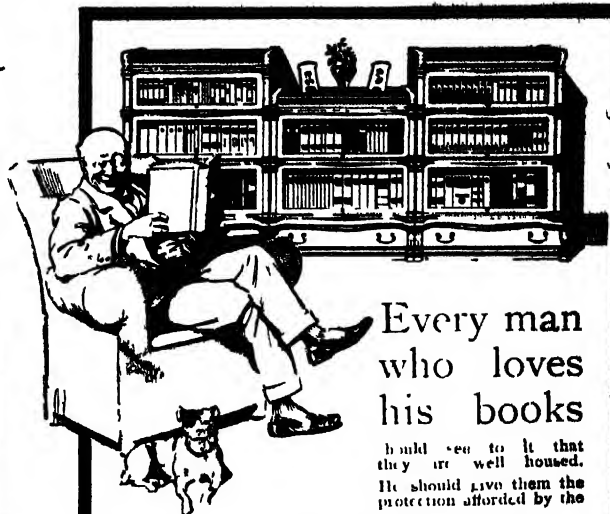
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THE GOLDEN AGE OF PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR

By J. P. OLIVEIRA MARTINS. Translated with Additions
and Annotations by James Johnston Abraham and William
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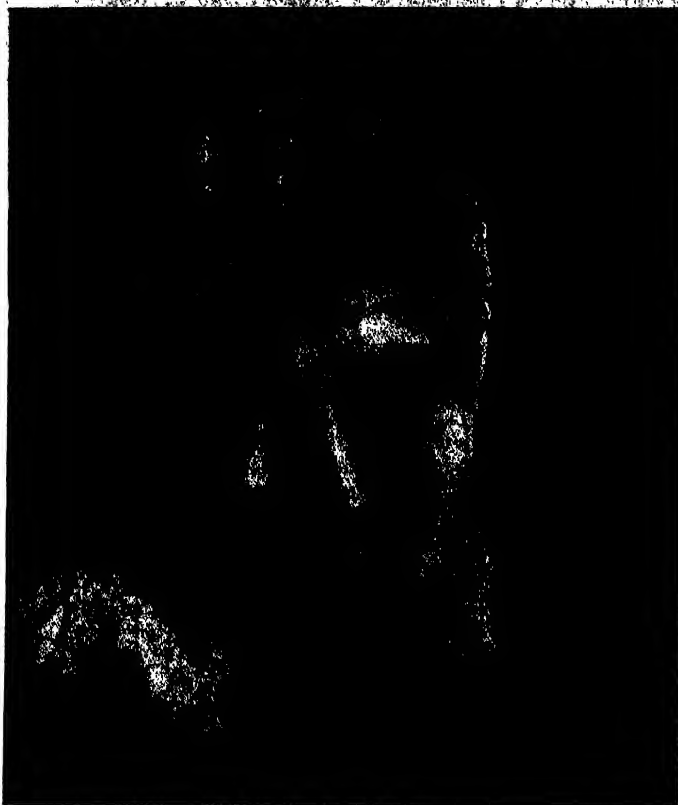
It is almost impossible to believe that this is the first
British translation of this book yet such is the case, and we
cannot be too thankful to Mr. Johnston Abraham and Mr.
William Edward Reynolds, who have admirably Englished
the book out of the Portuguese of Senhor J. P. Oliveira
Martins, and have added some very helpful annotations.
Sometimes there is nothing to wonder at in the fact that a

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1914

book gains classic dignity in the land of its origin, and remains, even in these days, unknown to languages outside that country. Such an occurrence may be due to the book being a strongly-marked individualistic expression of the genius or temperament of a peculiarly detached people, or one that appeals, for some other reason, only to such a people. But here we have a man and his times, both of which are universally and intensely interesting, are supposed to be somewhat known to every well-informed person, and, indeed, are known more or less to most of us. Therefore it is all the more strange that no exploring bookman found and gave us this vivid narrative before now.

As for the work of Senhor Martins and the rendering into English, the one is masterly and the other is faithful. We are presented with a finished full-length portrait of the young man who, while fighting the Moors in nearer Africa, was the first of whom we know to prosecute enquiries as to geographical matters on the other side of

that great continent, with a view to sailing around what was, sixty odd years later, discovered by his fellow countryman, Bartholomew Diaz, and named Cape of Tempests; but which name the King, John II., soon changed to Good Hope, because of the hope it gave them all of reaching the Indies that way. Back in the first half of this century, the fifteenth, young Prince Henry experienced that hope during his sojourn on the rocky promontory of Sagres, to which rather desolate place he retired when his father, John I., forbade him, after their return from conquest in Morocco, to sail on a voyage of discovery along the African coast, with the object of reaching India. But though Henry was thus denied his most ardent wish, he kept to his general aspirations to find out what secret lands there were beyond the horizon that bound in his westerly and southerly outlook. And in this he was no doubt helped by some similarity of purpose inherited from his mother, Philippa, daughter of old



From Greek Sculpture and
Modern Art
(Cambridge University Press).

HEAD OF THE HERMES OF
PRAXITELES, OLYMPIA.

characteristics transmitted through Philippa to his other brothers." And if his later fits of cruelty did seem to prove the Phœnico-Latin in him, were there at that time

John of Gaunt, who had turned the libertine court of Portugal into a seminary of morality by ordering marriage between all those lords and ladies who were living and loving without due respect to the rites of the Church.

Senhor Martins tells us that the young man was at this time "tall, broad-shouldered, long-limbed, bronzed almost negroid by the sun and the south winds"; and that "his hair was thick, shaggy and black, like his heavily-moustached face." Thus we see in him a fairly typical Portuguese, with all his outward marks and features proclaiming those Phœnicians from whom he was supposed to have been descended on his father's side, and with nothing of his English mother in his appearance. But we cannot agree with either Senhor Martins or his translators that "Henry was totally deficient of those finer qualities, those Saxon

characteristics transmitted through Philippa to his other brothers." And if his later fits of cruelty did seem to prove the Phœnico-Latin in him, were there at that time no Englishmen who were just as cruel, or even more so? Of course there were, and have been ever since then; and while this prince could be as ruthless and blind to pain in others as any of his forbears had been, he could and did devote himself to the higher branches of the science of navigation. He was the first European to use, and in some way to improve, what came to be known as the mariner's compass, and he was largely the discoverer of the astrolabe. He loved arms and feared no hardship or danger; but he loved also astronomy, mathematics, and the like, and was always filled with the explorer's passion of curiosity.

Still, the book is far from being all of Prince Henry. "Golden Age" in the title is quite right, for it vividly and fascinatingly paints us the man and the times when Portugal rose out of a very insignificant country to be what Carthage and others had been, and what Spain was to be, and England and Holland later still; all by nautical discovery.



From Greek Sculpture and Modern Art
(Cambridge University Press).

LE BAISER
(by Rodin)

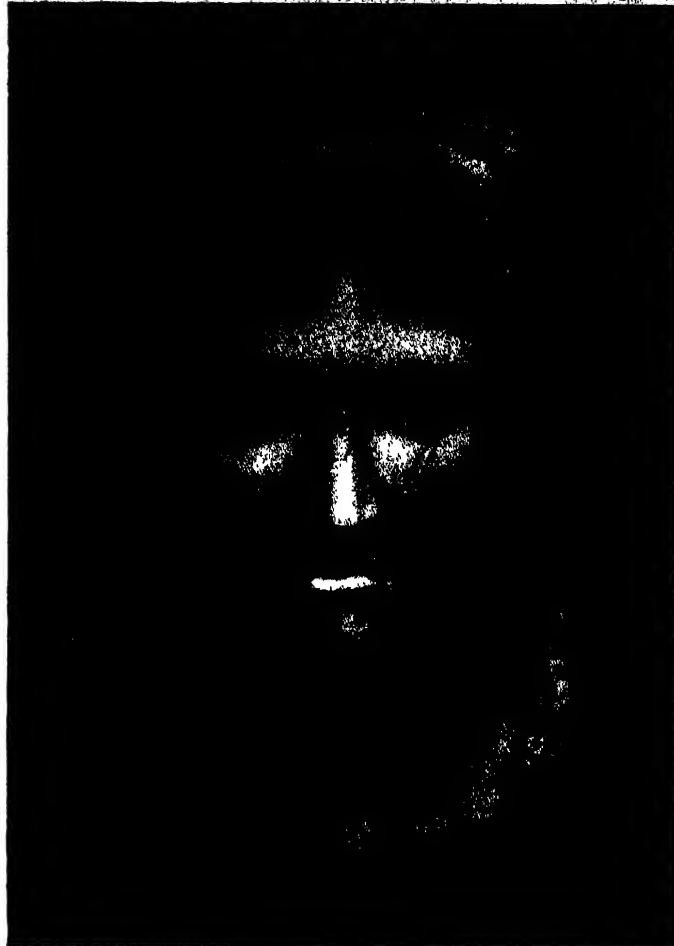
conquest and colonisation. But while the Dutch and ourselves have prospered by the planting of colonies, and have proved to be the only really successful colonising countries of Europe, Spain and Portugal, after gaining power by the same means, have found their colonies to be like idle, overgrown children on a widowed mother in failing health. And much of this idea is seen in Senhor Martins' work, for to him Prince Henry was no classical hero; perhaps that is one reason why he fills his sparkling record with so much adventure, plot and murder, battle and travel, such as we know to have happened in the rise of every country to mediæval power.

J. E. PATTERSON.

GREEK SCULPTURE AND MODERN ART.

By CHARLES WALDSTEIN.
7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge
University Press.)

Sir Charles Waldstein, in these two lectures delivered to the students of the Royal Academy of Art, had for his text one of the oldest, and yet the most inexhaustible, of themes. An experienced critic, he was able to disentangle from the varying practices of the artists of to-day their most essential principles, and to set them side by side with the principles that animated the Greeks in their development of their triumphant art of sculpture. Sir Charles illustrated every point in his lectures with references to particular pieces of sculpture both ancient and modern, and the main theme of the lectures was a



From Greek Sculpture and
Modern Art
(Cambridge University Press).

MARBLE HEAD IN DRESDEN.

warning to students to follow the Greeks in their aims and methods of attaining those aims rather than to allow themselves to drift unitatively into the insipid new classicism of Canova and Thorwaldsen or on the other hand to give themselves up to a grave tendency visible among modern artists towards producing works of ugliness and lacking harmony under the specious plea of an ardent worship of Nature and Truth. As an example of this inharmonious and ugly modern work Sir Charles chose Rodin's "La Vieille Heaulmière," and showed that the subject must illustrate an idea brought to it by the beholder, but not inherent in the sculpture itself, whence to anyone not familiar with Villon's verses and their tragedy, the statue is merely a copy of a repulsively old and ugly woman. The arguments are well stated, and while in all these questions there is much to be said on both sides, we must accept Sir Charles's lectures as putting one side very clearly and interestingly. The value of the book is much

increased by its inclusion of photographic reproductions of all the seventy-eight pieces of sculpture referred to in the text.

ESSAYS AND STUDIES.

Presented to WILLIAM RIDGEWAY, D.Sc., LL.D., Litt.D., F.B.A., on his Sixtieth Birthday. Edited by E. C. QUIGGIN, M.A., Ph.D. 25s. net. (Cambridge Press.)

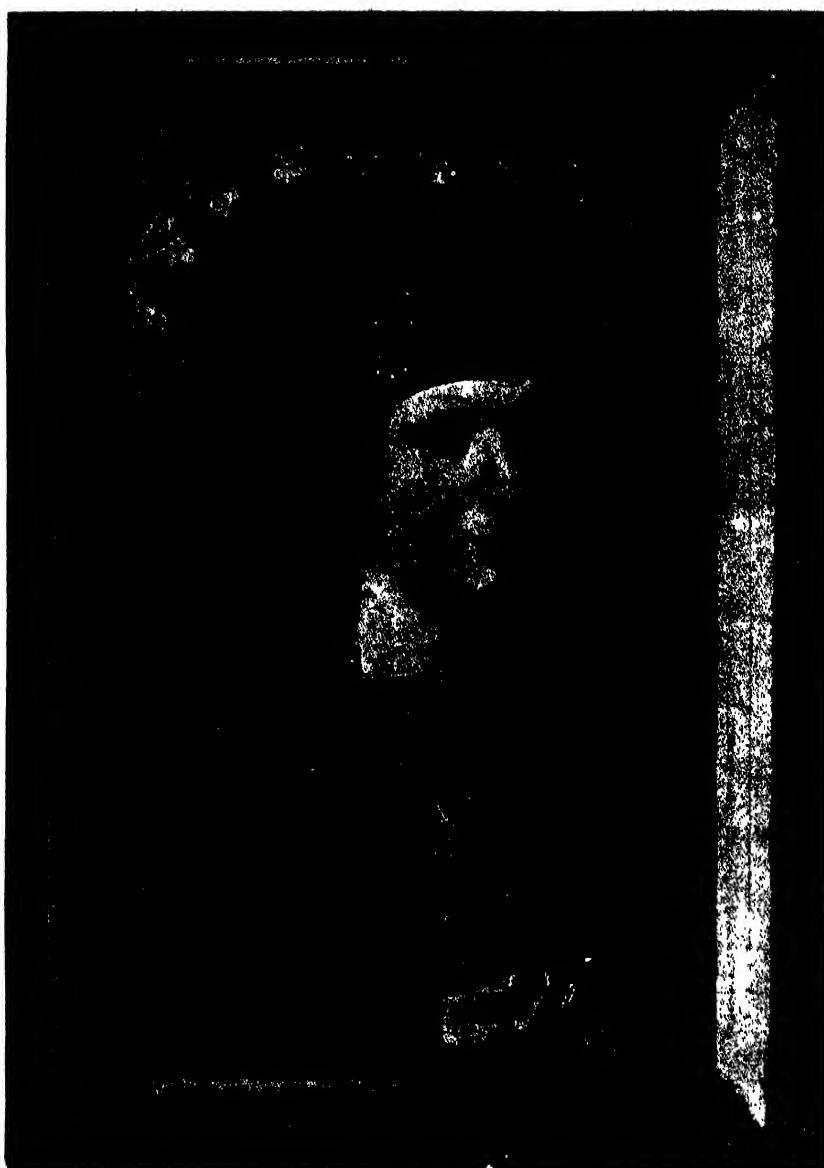
It was a pleasant and unique idea to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of Professor Ridgeway by presenting



From A Short History of Italian Painting,

by A. H. F. Brown and William Rastie, which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly.

him with this large and handsomely produced volume of essays and studies specially written by his friends and published in honour of the occasion. It bears testimony not only to the extraordinary range of the Professor's own interests but to the number and eminence of those who admire him and hold him in affectionate regard, for since there are limits to even the largest book it would go without saying, if the editor had not said it in a prefatory note, that the fifty contributors to these pages are only some of the many who were eager to join in the project. There is an introductory poem in Greek by Mr. John Harrower, and one in English by Mr. A. D. Godley in his most delightfully whimsical vein. The essays are divided into three sections: one devoted to studies in the classics and ancient archaeology; one to mediæval literature

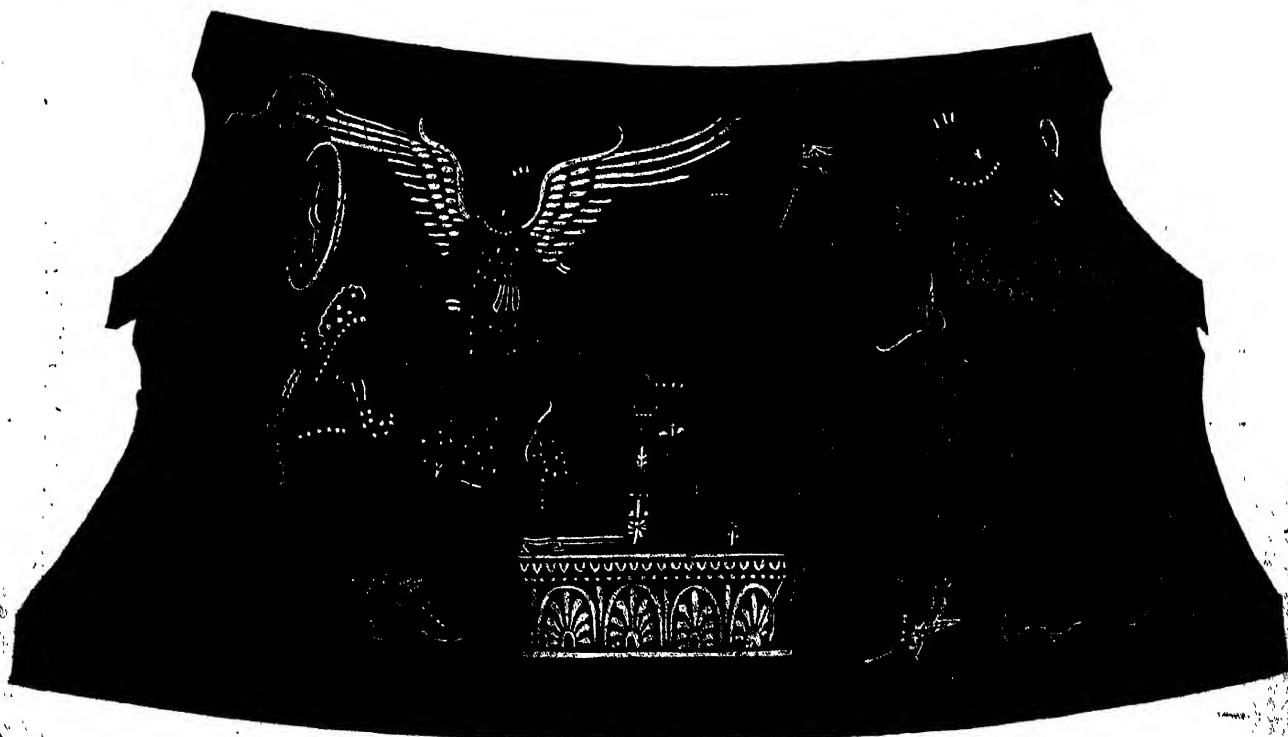


From The Life of Henry VII.
(Constable).

KING HENRY VII.
(From a picture in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries.)

and history, and one to anthropology and comparative religion. It would be a brave reviewer who set forth to criticise Professor Mahaffy's paper on "The Arithmetical Figures used by Greek Writers during the Classical period," or Professor Flinders Petrie's on "Some Royal Signets"; Mr. S. A. Cook's on "The Evolution and Survival of Primitive Thought," or Mr. E. Thurston's on "The Number Seven in Southern India." Every essay is written by one who is an acknowledged authority on his subject. The book is a very monument of erudition; its appeal is to the student, but it is profoundly interesting, as well as profoundly learned.

"While Ridgeway lives, Research can ne'er be dull," sings Mr. Godley, and no one can read these essays without feeling that their writers are worthy to be friends of the man of whom that can be said.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS, ON A RED-FIGURED LEKYTHOS FROM RUVO, SHOWING THE APPLE AWARDED TO THE HERA OF POLYKLEITOS.

From Essays and Studies presented to William Ridgeway
(Cambridge University Press).

THE MEMOIRS OF MARIA STELLA

(Lady New-
borough).

By HERSELF.
Illustrated.
10s. 6d. net.
(Nash.)

A curious book might be written on the problems of paternity in royal and noble families, the old saw about the wise child and its father applying with peculiar force where the bluest blood is concerned. Did James VI., for example, ever wonder whether he was the son of Darnley, or of the base-born Italian whose murder that "young fool and proud tyrant" so foully saw to its treacherous end? Did Louis Philippe doubt whether he was born of Philippe Egalité, or of the Italian gaoler Chiappini? Whatever James VI. may have thought, we know that Louis Philippe did his best to suppress the memoirs of

Maria Stella when they were published in the 'thirties of last century. Maria Stella was then Lady Newborough, and determined, as she said, to establish her claim—that Louis Philippe and herself had been exchanged at birth—or die in the attempt. These memoirs are now republished in English in order to bring them, as the emotional M. Boyer d'Agen says in his introduction, "within reach of honest minds which have a full right to form an opinion on a case of such barbarity and of such national interest." The lineage of Lady Newborough still flourishes at Glynllifon, in Wales, but it is doubtful whether it will be grateful for this revival of interest in the romance of the little ballet-dancer, whom its grandfather married when he was old enough to know better.

From Religion and Art,
by Alessandro della Seta, which Mr. Fisher Unwin
will publish shortly.

MADONNA DEI LINAIOLI. BEATO
ANGELICO (UFFIZI, FLORENCE.)
(Photo: Allnart.)



From A Short History of Italian Painting,
by A. V. Brown and William Rankin, which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly.

BATTLE OF AEGIDIO,
by Uccello.



From The Golden Age of Prince Henry the Navigator
(Chapman & Hall).

THE MONASTERY AT BATALHA.

Maria Stella had no idea at that time that any mystery surrounded her birth, and was so shamefully treated by her alleged parents that her reluctance to marry the wealthy English nobleman, who obviously adored her, strikes us as rather overdone. It was not until the death of her husband, as well as of both her parents, that she received Chiappini's repentant letter, confessing that she was not his daughter, but born of "a person I must not name," and substituted for the son who had been born to him on the

same day. That Maria Stella was not the gaoler's daughter is more than likely; but her claim that her real father was the vicious Egalité, and that she was sacrificed for the boy who lived to become Louis Philippe, can never be proved to everyone's satisfaction, however firmly she may have convinced the ecclesiastical tribunal of Faenza on the subject. No fact which she adduces in these romantic memoirs is so stubborn as that which places Maria Stella's birth in April, 1773, while Louis Philippe, according to all accredited history,

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

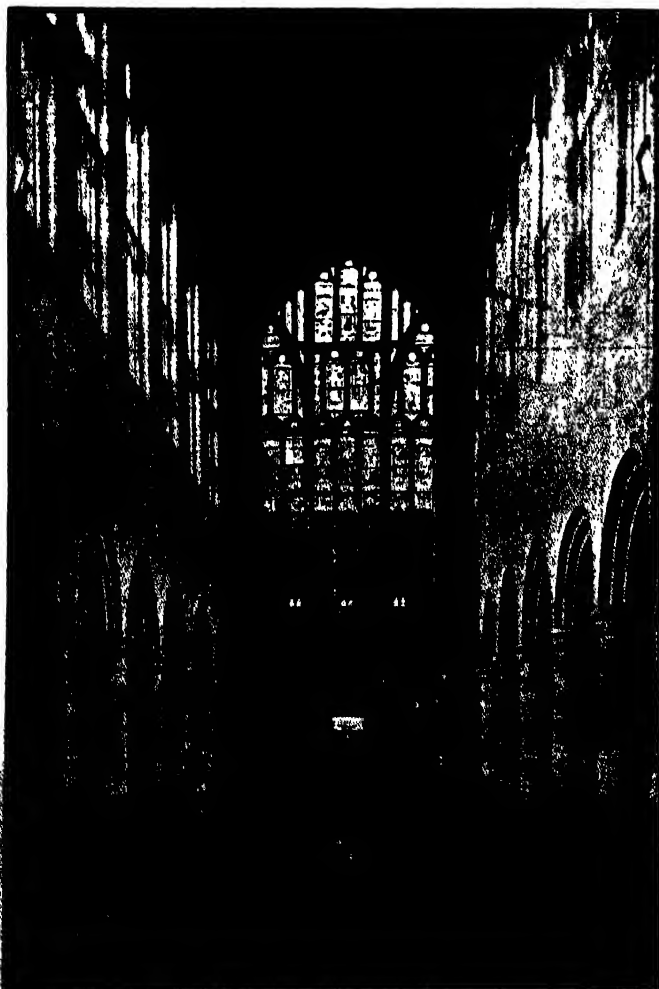
By P. MACGREGOR CHALMERS.

GREAT MALVERN PRIORY CHURCH.

By the REV. CANON ANTHONY DEANE. (Cathedral Series.)

Illustrated. 1s. 6d net each. (G. Bell & Sons.)

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of our ancient churches either as works of the supreme art of architecture or as epitomes of history and of reverence. To-day we give them more discerning honour than they had too often in late generations, when the hand of the well-meaning restorer lay heavy on them, even to the obliteration of much irreplaceable dignity and beauty. So much for the stone and lime, but the breath and spirit of the place is no less truly esteemed. Learned and painstaking enthusiasts sift out their history, search through old documents, charters, public and private archives, and rejoice in restoring a true tale. Glasgow Cathedral, with a physical history dating from the twelfth century, and its site hallowed from the sixth, when St. Kentigern was in Galloway; Malvern Priory, with its eight hundred and thirty years of story; both still shrines and centres of active Christian work, are among our best legacies from the Middle Ages. And these little books give full and serious accounts of their foundation and history, and complete description of their structure and architecture. It is a matter of regret that Glasgow has none of its ancient glass, while Malvern is to be congratulated on having so much of its magnificent stained glass, dating from the fifteenth century, still in its lovely windows. Both books are most carefully written and copiously illustrated, and are fit and worthy recruits to Messrs. Bell's Cathedral Series.



From Great Malvern Priory Church

INTERIOR. WEST VIEW.

BEAUTIFUL SWITZERLAND:

Villars, etc. Chamonix and its Environs.

Painted and described by G. FLEMWELL. 2s. net each. (Blackie & Sons.)

Switzerland becomes every year better known and nearer to us in Great Britain. Messrs. Blackie have

recognised and helped this enterprise by arranging a series of excellent books on different districts of the country, written by Mr. Flemwell, who has a peculiarly intimate knowledge of Switzerland, and who is famous for his paintings of its striking scenery. His descriptions are exceedingly happy in style and in selection, there is nothing of the commonplace guide-book about them, but an intimate personal handling of matters that he has enjoyed himself, and that he enjoys writing about. Local history, local legends, gossip of famous people who have visited the various places mentioned, tales of mountaineering, bits of plant and flower lore, passages from great writers, all delightfully chosen and put together, make pleasant reading, while the illustrations in colour give an excellent comment and supplement to the text. Those who have been to Villars, Bex and Champéry and Morgins and Chamonix will be glad to have so agreeable a reminder of the scenes they knew and rejoiced among. Those who have not seen will believe and look forward to visiting so lovely a country.



From Greece of the Hellenes
(Pitman).

THE THESEUM.

the pages of the book, and chronicles the children's doings. They have their adventures and their pleasures and squabbles; and the style of life has freshness and interest to an English public of young people. We get an outline of a grown-up romance now and again. There is nothing markedly impressive about the volume, which is a chronicle rather than a story, but it has a certain homely

DAYS IN ATTICA.

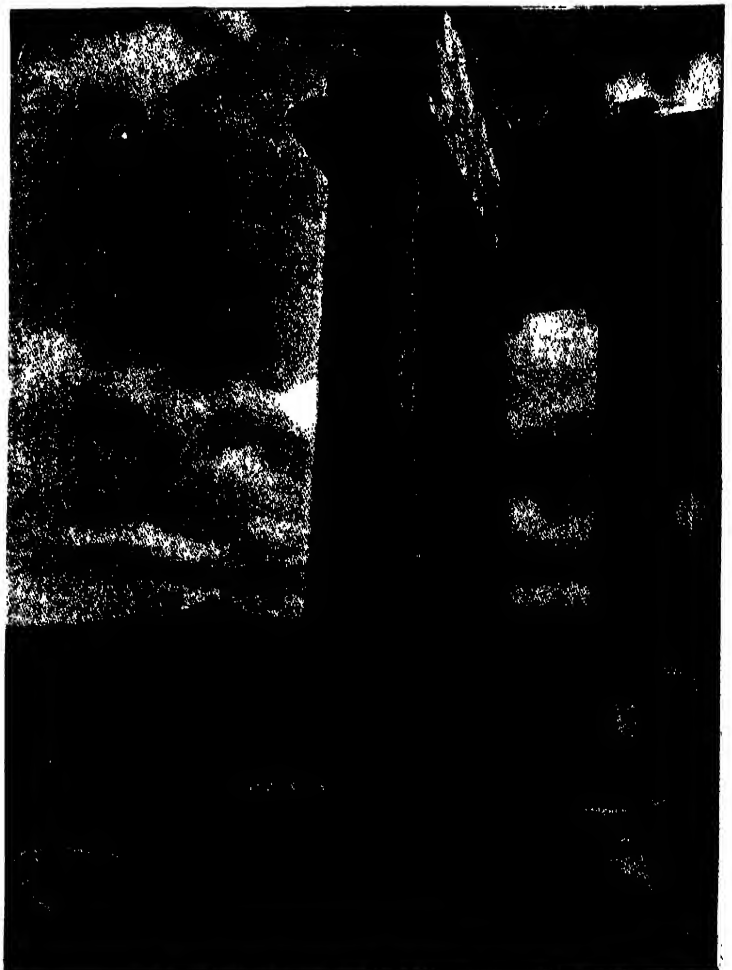
By MRS. R. C. BOSANQUET. With 20 Illustrations (1 in Colour) and 3 Plans. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The scope of this attractively written book is sufficiently elastic to allow its author to collect a large number of varied impressions of life in Greece as it is to-day while comparing it with the Greece of past ages, to study the history of Athens and Attica, and to give some useful advice to travellers in Greece, both as to what to see and as to how to see it. Yet now, with the Balkan War finished and the triumph of the Greek arms secure, it is possible that no more than a phase in the development of the nation is here recorded. "Even the extension of the kingdom," Mrs. Bosanquet tells us, "is of secondary importance when compared with the provinces which recent years have added to the national character—reserve, forethought, self-denial. These qualities are not the results of the war. The successes of the Greek nation, when suddenly called to take up arms, were the fruit of a preliminary period of self-discipline. It was the new Greek who heralded the new Greece." "Days in Attica" derives importance from its pleasant and varied account of many different aspects of the Greek character.

THE GOLDEN ROAD.

By L. M. MONTGOMERY. 6s. (Cassell.)

On "The Golden Road of Youth," which is the road of which Miss Montgomery writes, we meet the little group of boys and girls who have already seen light in a former volume, we understand. They live on Prince Edward Island, in Canada, and have a happy, unconventional life together. This narrative begins with plans for the starting of a monthly magazine among themselves; and the magazine appears at intervals in



From Days in Attica
(Methuen).

NORTH-EAST ANGLE OF THE PARTHENON
WITH THE HILL OF LYCABETTUS.
(Photo: Allnart.)

THE LAND OF OPEN DOORS.

By J. BURGON BICKERSTETH, B.A. 7s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Wells Gardner.)

It is, of course, Canada that is meant by "The Land of the Open Door" of Mr. Bickersteth's title, and in this case more especially the Canada of the Far West, through which the new Trans-Continental Railway runs, the Canada which lies to the north of the great highway of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has hitherto represented, as it were, the very centre of Canada for those who have journeyed from Quebec to Vancouver. Mr. Bickersteth spent two years as a layman on the staff of the Archbishop's Mission at Edmonton, and his district took him up to the ever-advancing railhead which was pushing the new highway at the rate of a mile a day through the new country. The letters which he wrote home—simple, vivid, impressive—form the basis of a book of remarkable interest to all who are in any way concerned in the extraordinary building-up which is still going on, and likely to go on to an end which no man can foresee. These letters are written in a frank and engaging fashion and, while they do not minimise the difficulties awaiting the settler, are more impressive than the highly-coloured invitations of immigration agents. Perhaps the best recommendation of the book is to be found in the fact that those who have themselves been in the Far West recognise at once its fairness and accuracy; it is one of the very best volumes of its kind, and well worthy of the warm commendation it receives in a prefatory note from Earl Grey. The numerous photographs with which the work is illustrated will show at once the nature of the country in northern Alberta, the rapid growth of settlements into towns, and the conditions of railway-laying. It is a book which, without any stressing of the advantages, any minimising of the difficulties, is likely to turn the attention of many of its readers to the "open door" of the West.

From Henry II.
(Constable).

THE MURDER OF BECKET.
From Harl. MS. 5102.

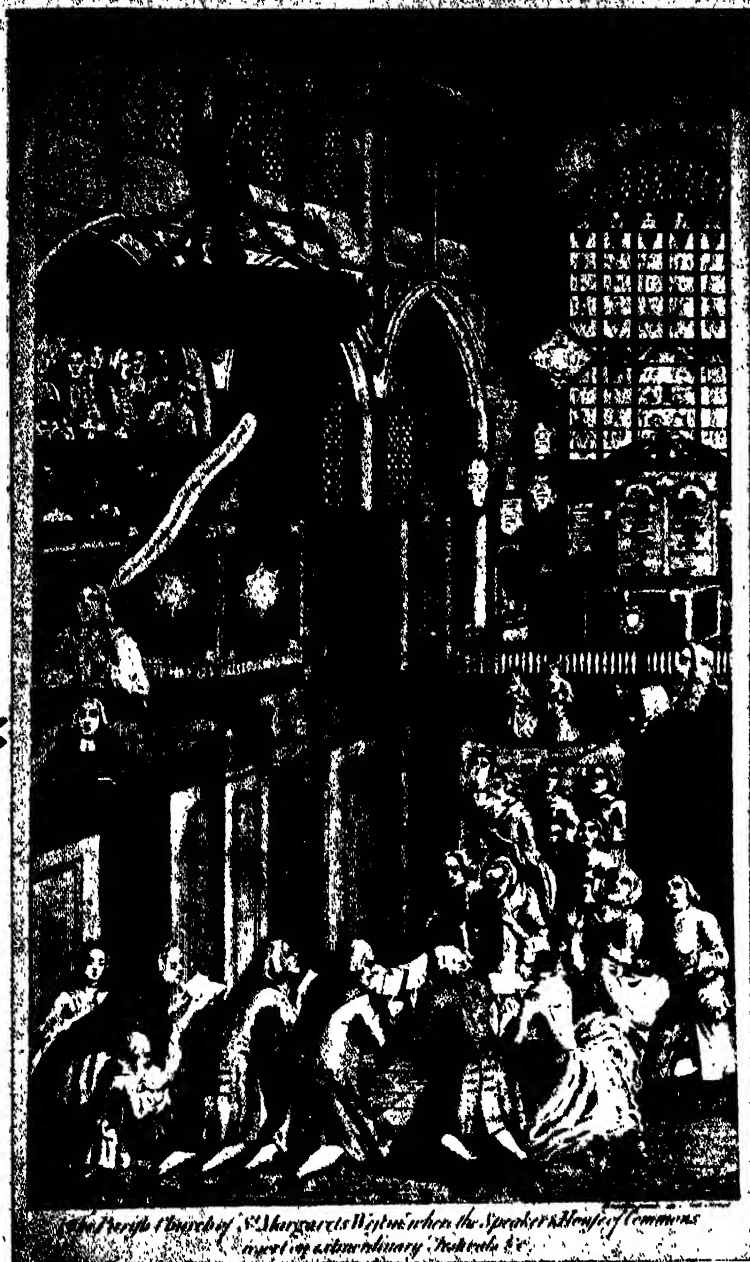
appeal, and is successful in its characterisation. We are sorry that we could not rid ourselves of the impression that it is all told by a girl, instead of by a boy.

ages, any minimising of the difficulties, is likely to turn the attention of many of its readers to the "open door" of the West.



From Napoleon in Exile at Elba (1814-1815),

A CONTEMPORARY CARICATURE



From St. Margaret's, Westminster
(Smith, Elder).

THROUGH JUBALAND TO THE LORIAN SWAMP.

By I. N. DRACOPOLI, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 16s. net.
(Seeley, Service.)

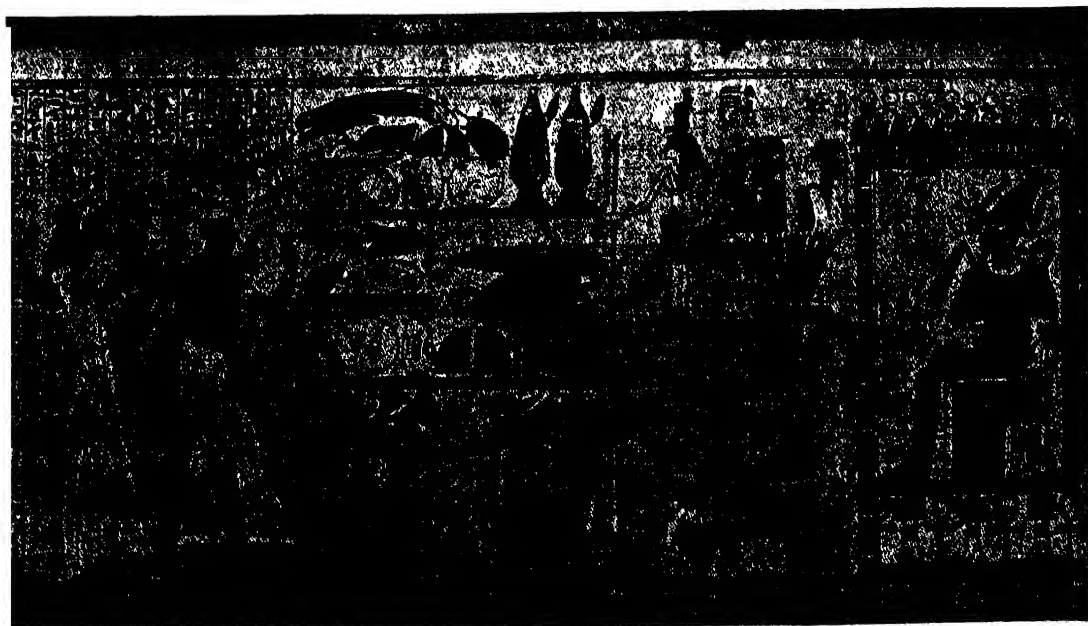
The pioneers of European civilisation are gradually pushing their way into almost every unexplored part of the earth's surface. Africa, in particular, is receiving so much attention that, as M. Dracopoli points out, the days of adventurous exploration there will soon have gone for ever. There are some spots at present, however, such as Jubaland, which are unexplored, and where the inhabitants are living in the same fashion that their

ancestors lived in centuries ago, and it is thus possible to get a record of their habits and customs before the onward rush of the white mass obliterates all old marks. To gather facts anent Jubaland, M. Dracopoli then set himself. He paid special attention to the geography, the people, and the natural history of the country he traversed, and one of the results is this most interesting and useful book. His photographs of, and his remarks upon, the game and the wild life he encountered are particularly interesting to the student of natural history. The difficulties and annoyances—apart from the dangers—attendant upon such an enterprise may be gathered from the author's account of his entrance into the Lorian district: "At every step, thousands of mosquitoes and biting insects of every kind were roused, whilst I sank continually to my knees in the soft clinging mud." The final chapter of the book contains some excellent hints on outfit, and rules of conduct so far as treatment of the natives is concerned, and concludes: "To penetrate into the little-known regions of Jubaland requires a great deal of hard travelling; many a weary hour must be faced. Hunger, heat, fatigue, illness, and especially thirst must be endured almost daily, and, in the far interior, there is always the danger of an attack by the natives. But, on the other hand, Jubaland contains a variety of game unobtainable elsewhere, and the melancholy of its scenery cannot but attract those who appreciate Nature in her sterner moods." The book is well illustrated with interesting photographs.

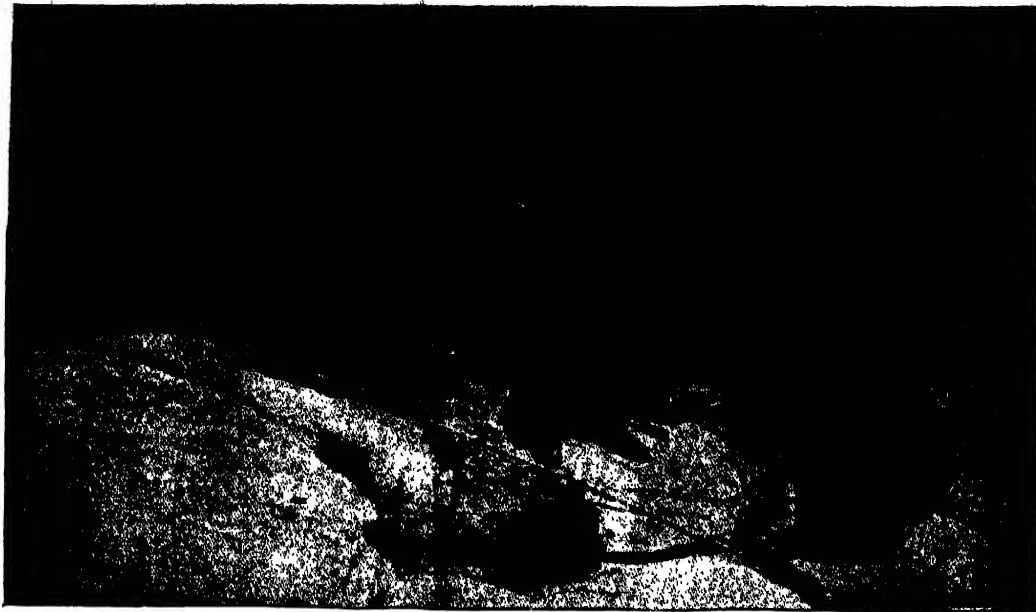
IN FAR NEW GUINEA.

By HENRY NEWTON, B.A. With 47 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Mr. Newton has an insider's knowledge of New Guinea—a thing which cannot be said of very many people—and he has, moreover, the power of putting on paper in an attractive fashion the things that he knows. There should, therefore, be an appreciative public for this "Record of work and observation amongst the Wedaun people of New Guinea, with a description of their manners, customs and religions, etc., etc."—the sub-title describes the nature of the book tersely and accurately. The illustrations are numerous and well produced.



From The Literature of Egypt,
by E. Wallace Budge, which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly.



From African Camp Fires,
by Stewart Edward White, which Messrs. Nelson will publish shortly

SPYING FOR LIONS FROM THE KOPJES.

THE ODD MAN IN MALTA.

By JOHN WIGNACOURT. With 55 Illustrations from Photographs by T. M. SALMOND. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Wignacourt is a civilian—that is the reason for his oddity, in Malta, where almost every English inhabitant is connected with the Army. Perhaps—we hesitate to put it more definitely—this gave Mr. Wignacourt a broader outlook upon Maltese life. Anyhow, it gave him a different one, of which this book is a very attractive record. It is at once a guide-book to many interesting antiquities, a study of Maltese life, and a volume of pleasant chatter. And there are many amusing anecdotes, principally centring upon the naïve or indifferent use of English made by Maltese writers. Here is the Maltese journalist at a reception: "Up those hallowed steps, there crowded beauty, wit, industry, pride, modesty and desert in commotional enthusiasm to catch a glimpse of semi-royal favour. . . . Nor were the viands and decorations of a mean order; in the bounteous generosity



From Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp
(Seeley, Service.)

A MARABOU, STORK.

MODERN MEXICO.

By R. J. MAC-
HUGH. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

THE REAL MEXICO.

By HAMILTON
FYFE. (Heinemann.) 6s. net.

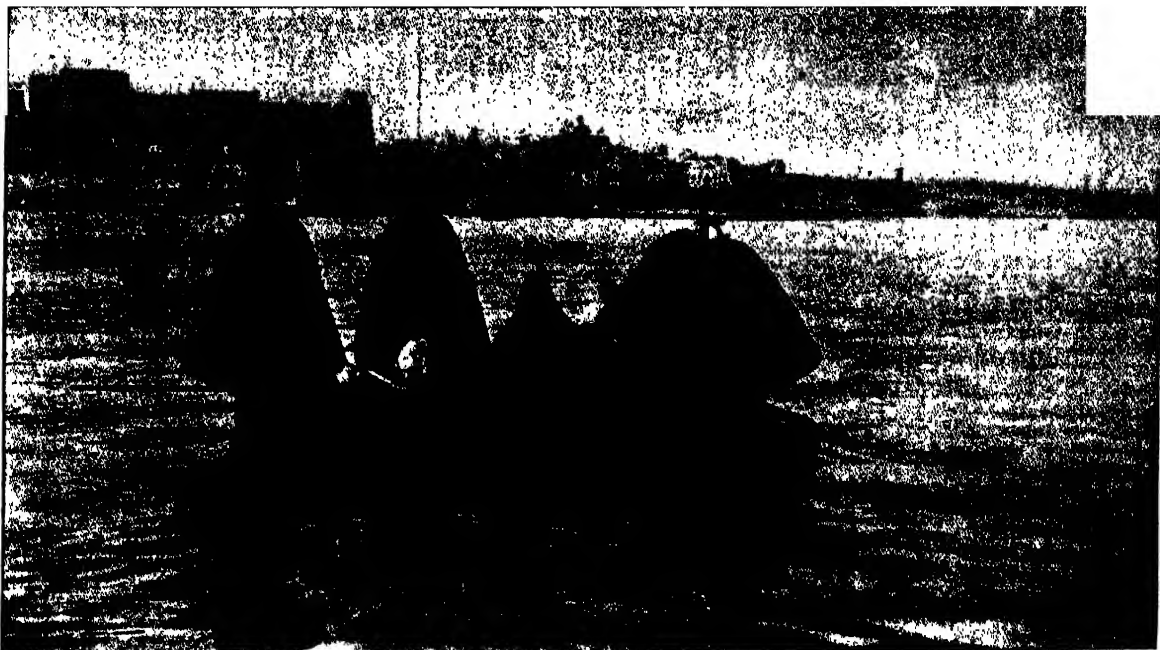
There is not very much in Mr. MacHugh's book that will be unfamiliar to those who have read the numerous non-political volumes which, in recent years, have been written about Mexico. "This volume," says the publisher, "deals with the conditions which have



From The Land of Open Doors
(Wells Gardner).

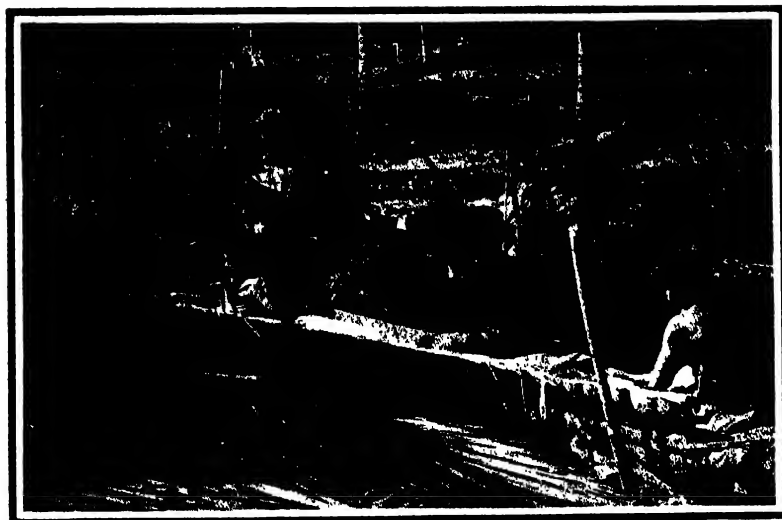
STEEL ENTERING TÊTE JAUNE CACHE, JULY, 1912.

prevailed in Mexico since the resignation of Diaz, with special reference to the effects of the policy of his successor, Madero, and of the revolution of February, 1913. In addition, there is a full discussion of the political problems which disturb Mexico at the present time." It is unpleasant to have to criticise adversely the work of a



From *The Odd Man in Malta* (Ghaphman & Hull)

GOING A-FISHING.

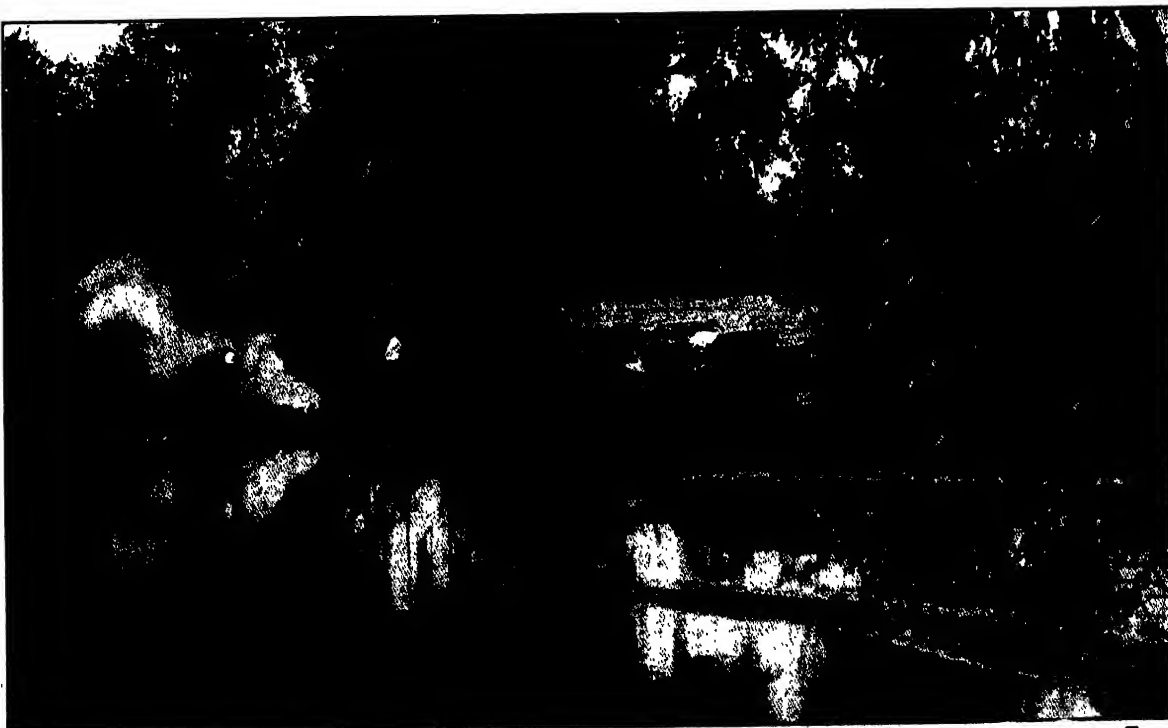


From *In Far New Guinea*
(Seeley, Service).

HOW SAGO IS PRODUCED.

the more worth having. Anyone can see how careless is Mr. MacHugh from the fact that Señor Lascuran, the Mexican ex-Foreign Secretary and President, is called in one place Lauriscan and in another Laurican, while in the index he does not appear at all. General Miramon, who was shot by the side of Maximilian, is throughout spoken of as Miramar, perhaps in confusion with Maximilian's castle on the Adriatic. The ex-Empress Charlotte is alive, whereas Mr. MacHugh says she is dead. Most of this book consists of descriptions of various aspects of Mexico, which have nothing whatever to do with the political problems that one looks for in a book produced to-day on the Republic. If one sets out to describe a meeting of the unemployed in Hyde Park and a considerable portion of the article be devoted to the flower-beds and the trees, it can, of course, be maintained that we must regard the unemployed in their proper perspective; and if Mr. MacHugh believes that he will have readers who abjure all other books on

writer in one's own field, but Mr. MacHugh's harvest is really too scanty and too hastily and carelessly collected. His efforts may, to some extent, be applauded by those who have read no book on Mexico, and who have never undergone the thrill of that fascinating country; but, on the other hand, the praise of those who have some previous information is



From *Round the World in a Motor Car*,
which Messrs. Bell will publish shortly.

THE CAMP FIRE.



From Modern Mexico
(Methuen).

VISNAGO OR "BARRELL" CACTUS.
(From a photograph by C. B. Waite.)

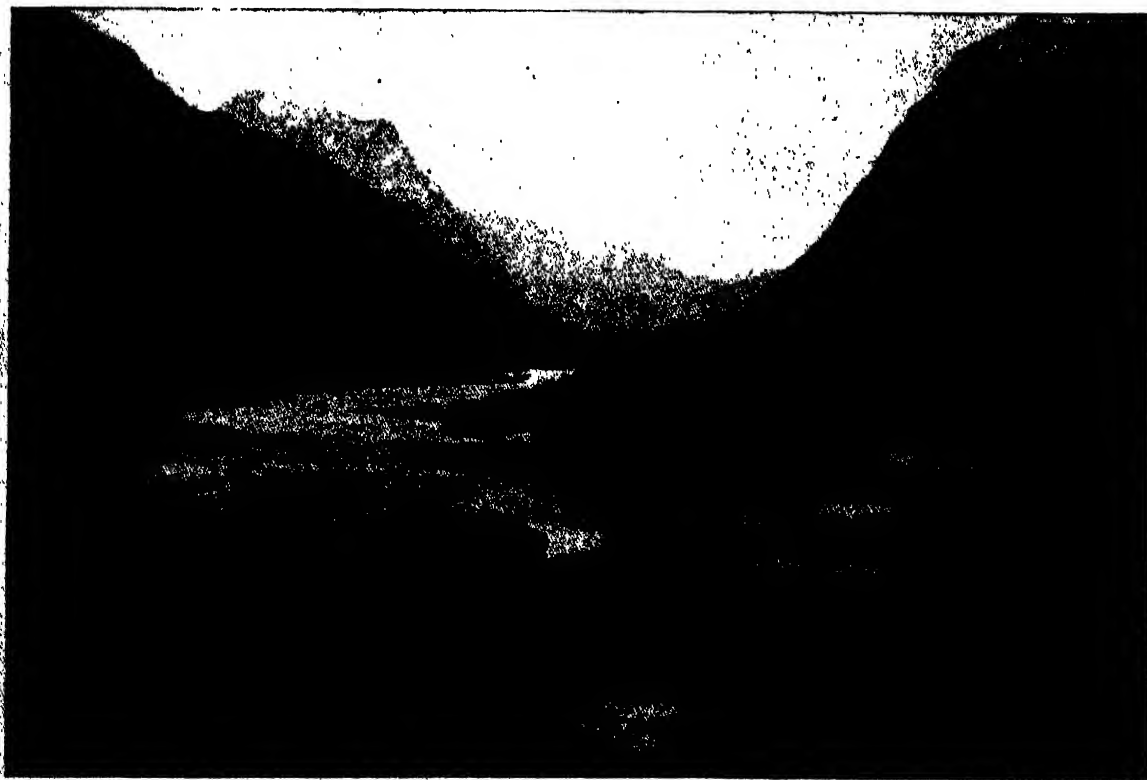
Mexico, then no doubt his book is fairly useful; but for anyone who knows anything about Mexico, far too much of it is superfluous and irritating. The illustrations will

show what I mean. Mr. MacHugh does not give us one single photograph—and in Mexico the everlasting sunlight makes photography so simple!—he does not give us a single picture that has anything to do with the present political problems. His index is indifferent; he contradicts himself in the most exasperating fashion, saying three times that General Reyes was killed at the beginning of the fighting last February, and then saying that for ten days he was at the head of the rebels; and the map with which this book is furnished is really not a good map.

Much better than this is Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's little book. In the time at his disposal he has managed to obtain a very fair knowledge of the complicated conditions, and he presents his knowledge in a fresh and interesting manner. There are no illustrations, and perhaps the book is too unpretentious to require an index, but the map might with advantage have been in various colours, and have included not merely those portions of the Republic which Mr. Fyfe visited, but the whole country. On the other hand, Mr. Fyfe writes in a sympathetic manner; now and then he illustrates his argument with anecdote, and even if he is a trifle apt to regard the whole affair in the light of *opéra bouffe*, it must be acknowledged that the ludicrous is often on the surface in that blood-thirsty land. An anti-Maderist, Mr. Fyfe is a little wanting in generosity towards Madero, and a little eager to excuse his murderer and successor, General Huerta. When, for example, it is gravely laid down that Madero could not be allowed, as Huerta would have wished, to leave the country, because both the Governor of Veracruz and the local Federal commander would have insisted on paying him Presidential honours at that port. Mr. Fyfe does not explain why Tampico or Acapulco or any other port, or a stretch of uninhabited beach, could not have been chosen for the embarkation. Moreover, when Don Porfirio Diaz

departed on the *Ypiranga* from Veracruz, it was General Huerta himself who saw him off, and who accorded him these illegal Presidential honours. And what has come

of them? No, it was not the plan of Huerta that Madero should survive; and though Mr. Fyfe says several times that there is no evidence whatever of his complicity in Madero's death, it is not to be supposed that President Wilson, whose wife has become the intimate friend of Madero's widow, has remained in ignorance as to the manner in which Madero, lying in his bed, was slaughtered by a certain



From My Happy Hunting Grounds
(Longmans).

LOW WATER ABOVE STAR POOL: SALMON TRAPS.

afterwards became Huerta's Minister of War. Very truly Mr. Fyfe points out that the problem which Huerta has had to face has been a more arduous one than that which ever, except at the end of his career, confronted Diaz; for the question of agrarian reform is in the forefront and the new middle class has arisen. What is the particular value of this book is the picture it presents of a distracted country. No names are given when various acts of corruption are described, although the names of prominent Mexicans and Englishmen, not to mention other nationalities, would have made the story more interesting; but the account of the Catholic party is good. If this party could secure a fair counting of the votes it would elect practically the whole of the Congress; but so long as Huerta now and then assassinates a deputy or flings them wholesale into prison, it is not of much importance whether they belong to the party which supports or which does not support him.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MY HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

By A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Truly Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's lines have been cast in pleasant places. Even the chapter headings of his book are alluring. They tempt one to envy his good fortune, for he has ranged from Shrewsbury to Colonsay, and from Sark to the upper waters of Norway, in search of sport, and he has invariably found and enjoyed it. He writes quite charmingly about it all. There is a certain "chatty" element in his narratives of adventure and travel that suits this type of book admirably. One is warmed and elated when reading it, just as one would be warmed and elated if listening to the enthusiastic traveller telling his tales over the fire at the end of the day. Perhaps the most interesting and entertaining part of the book, however, is that dealing with Norwegian experiences. The author first visited Norway in 1865, and there caught his first salmon—a most memorable experience. It is comforting to know that, in Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's opinion, at any rate, Norway is still as charming a place for a holiday as it was fifty years ago. The "march of progress" in the modern world has not spoiled this land of mountain and streams. We cannot find space to deal with the particular incidents of the author's sporting excursions. There are records of grouse shooting, deer stalking, yachting, seal shooting and fishing of every kind. Not the least interesting part of the book are the illustrations, many of which are from drawings and pencil sketches by eminent artists. Sir John Millais and Sir Edwin Landseer have both contributed sketches to the Braemore visitor's book, some of which have been used. "My Happy Hunting Grounds" is an excellent, eminently readable book of the "light" type.



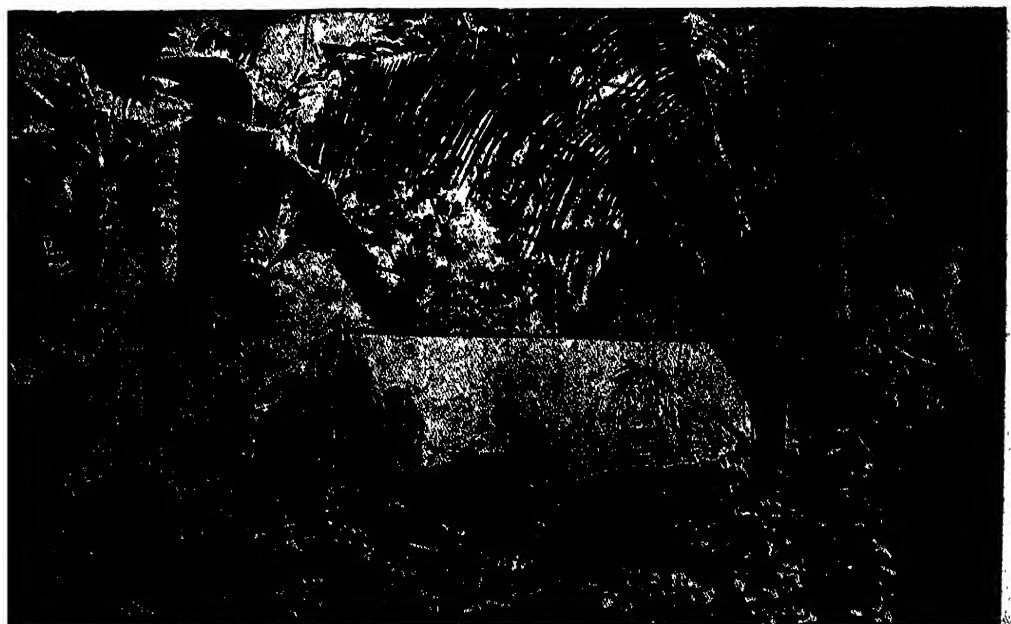
From *Random Recollections*
(Nash).

GENERAL BONAPARTE AT
ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

By R. CATON WOODVILLE. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

The generation which has discarded the suppers of kippers and haddocks at the old Pelican Club for those at the Savoy will not mourn with Mr. Caton Woodville over the memory of those vanished Bohemian days. It will only marvel that the artist is still alive to tell the tale,



From *African Camp Fires*,
Stewart Edward White, which Messrs. Nelson will publish shortly.

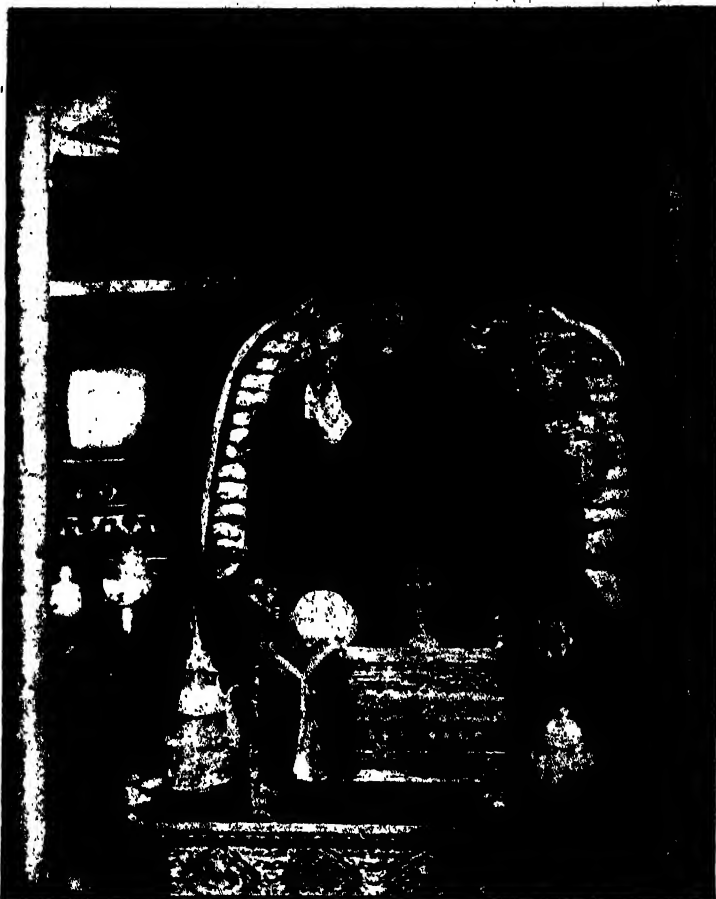
THEN SUDDENLY WE FOUND OURSELVES
IN A STORY-BOOK TROPICAL PARADISE.

after all the suppers and adventures which fill the lively pages of his "Random Recollections." Everyone on board the *Heatherbell*, for instance, deserved to go to the bottom, if we are to believe the whole of his flamboyant account of that champagne cruise to the Mediterranean, towards the end of 1888. No doubt, however, Mr. Woodville tells his stories as he paints his pictures, with a keen eye to effect. Like the sketches from the front which used to stir our young souls when he re-drew them in the pages of the *Illustrated London News* of our boyhood days they lose nothing in the re-telling, accentuating the truth just as the old campaigning pictures were a thousand times more vivid than the monotonous photographs with which the illustrated Press is nowadays content to fill its pages in war time.

It is a pity, by the way, that Mr. Woodville says nothing regarding the revolution effected by the camera in every branch of illustrated journalism. Probably he could be as eloquent on that subject as on the lack of public appreciation of battle paintings in this country, a deficiency at least partly atoned for in the admiration excited by his own works in more exalted circles. Several of his pictures hang on the walls of Windsor Castle, and he has many intimate stories to tell of the various members of the royal family who have sat to him. One of the saddest pictures he had to paint was an equestrian portrait of the late Emperor Frederick.

"It was shortly after his death," writes the artist, "and the Empress Frederick was very particular about the colour and the shape of his eyes. She wore a bracelet with a miniature of his eye painted on ivory in a medallion upon it, and stood beside me the whole time, holding the bracelet so that I should see it in the best light, and not miss any of the details."

Mr. Caton Woodville is a cosmopolitan by hereditary instinct. Although a Londoner by birth, and an English



From With the Russians
in Mongolia
(Lane).

THE HU-TUK-TU OR LIVING BUDDHA,
SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL SOVEREIGN
OF MONGOLIA.
(Photograph lent by Dr. G. E. Morrison.)



From The Gods of India,
by E. Osborn Martin, which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly.

subject, his father was an American — claiming descent from handsome Elizabeth Woodville, who captured the hand and heart of Edward IV. — while his mother was of Russo-German parentage. After being educated, or, as he says, "dragged up" in Russia and Germany, he studied art at Düsseldorf, like his mother and father before him. His rollicking student days over, he lived for a while among the cheerful scoundrels of Albania in the aftermath of the Russo-Turkish War, and gives an amusing account of his experiences. One wicked Pasha whom he came to know, an ex-military *attaché* of the Turkish Embassy in London, regretted his old careless days there in words which read curiously like a Turkish paraphrase of the most familiar quatrain in "Omar Khayyám." "Ah, London," he remarked to Mr. Woodville, "I was there perfectly happy when I had one of your beautiful English ladies by my side, your *Punch* to read, my cigarettes to smoke, and a d—— good bottle of champagne." Life, sport, war and art in many lands make up the bulk of a book which overflows with entertaining anecdotes. The author was in Egypt in 1882, when he received the Order of the Medjidieh for designing the uniforms of the Egyptian Army; he accompanied the Duke of Clarence to India, where he painted portraits of native princes who did not appreciate them unless they paid more than double his usual fee in England; and he had the time of his life in Morocco, when he joined Sir W. Kirby Green in an official tour through that debatable land in 1886.

Some of Mr. Woodville's most interesting experiences, however, have been in the Bohemian world at home. When he had a studio and flat in Tite Street, Chelsea, his neighbour on the floor above was Whistler, "and a great nuisance he was, too," we are told, "as he was trotting all day long across the floor of

the studio, putting a few touches on his canvas, and trotting back to see the effect." The most Bohemian den he ever knew was that in which W. E. Wills, who was a good portrait painter, as well as a popular playwright, lived with his secretary, Russell:

"Steaks were grilled on bent wires, toast made on the point of cavalry sabres, and champagne drunk out of empty lobster tins. Wills had a curious habit of sending Russell out to buy comestibles, mostly with a sovereign, and when he brought the change Wills placed it in most curious hiding-places, and always forgot where they were. So when cash was short, Russell began poking about on the top of doors, under rugs, and in empty water-jugs, and nearly always collected enough to keep matters going for a time."

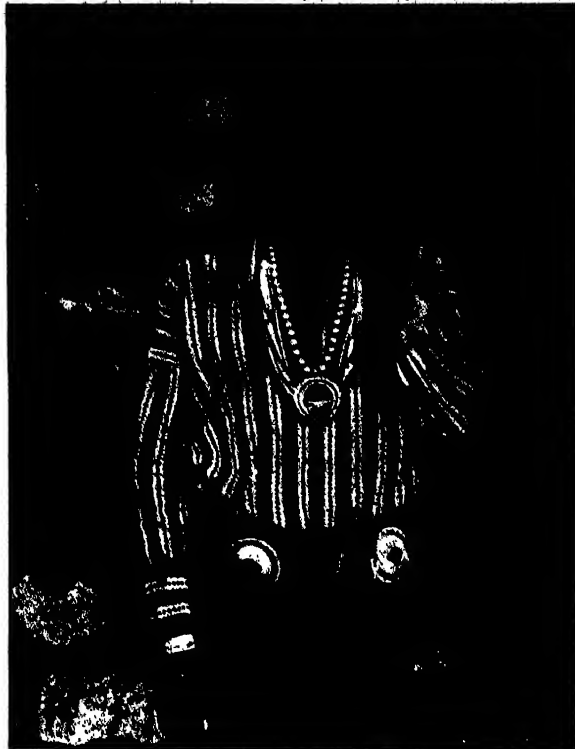
I wish the artist had included a sketch of Wills in the very worn and dirty ulster, thrown over a short nightshirt, which he generally wore in this studio, his toilet perhaps, completed by a boot on one foot, a slipper on the other, and an old solar toupee, mostly worn back to front, on his head. The majority of the illustrations are reproduced from the artist's best-known battle pictures, including one or two of the 'Napoleonic paintings for which he has lately received from the French President the Palme Academique.

F. A. M.

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN MONGOLIA.

By H. G. C. PERRY-AYSCOUGH, M.A., F.R.G.S., and CAPTAIN R. B. OTTERBARRY, F.R.G.S. With a Preface by the RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., etc., 53 Illustrations from Photographs, and a Map. 16s. net. (Lane.)

While the attention of Europe has been fixed upon the Balkans, a movement that is possibly destined to become of almost equal importance has been taking place quietly along the northern and north-western borders of China. Mongolia is becoming Russianised. Already the Russian influence is so strong that the Mongolians will probably never be able to throw it off, even if they wish to do so, and the authors of this book consider that it is only a question of time before Mongolia will become openly a dependency of Russia. That, they



From *Imperial America*, by J. M. Kennedy, which Messrs. Stanley Paul will publish shortly

TYPE OF MOQUI INDIAN (N.E. ARIZONA).

think, may not be altogether a bad thing; it may, indeed, improve the condition of a people which is gradually dying out and over whom the Chinese have always tyrannised. The authors' advice, however, is that England pursue the same methods as Russia in this matter towards Tibet, a country which is very similar to Mongolia, in religion, population, and methods of government. This, they say, is what the Russian diplomats expected us to do. This volume has, therefore, a more definite interest than that of the ordinary book of travel. Its purpose is to give the British Government a hint. For the rest, however, it is well worth reading for its intrinsic interest as a record of travel in a little-known country and one which is capable of very considerable development. A large number of illustrations are an attractive feature of the volume.

THE WEEK-END GARDENER.

By F. HADFIELD FARTING, F.R.H.S. 8s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

As the author truly says, there is an ever increasing number of amateur horticulturalists who regard gardening as a most interesting hobby. They do not treat the subject lightly, as something of no consequence; on the contrary, they are quite serious and earnest in their efforts to bring forth beautiful flowers and luscious fruits. Besides this, they have another end in view, they are in pursuit of health. Their effort may be put forth on an extremely modest scale; they may be confined to a diminutive villa or cottage garden, or even within the narrow limits of a backyard, but they are regarded none the less seriously on that account. The quest for knowledge, and the desire for expert advice, are perhaps more ardent and eager in the breast of a tiller of a small garden plot than in the case of the rich owner of many acres. And it is to this type of gardener that this book appeals. It does not claim to be a complete or exhaustive study of the subject. It simply



From *Kazan*, the Wolf-Dog (Cassell).

"'COME, BOY-COME!' SHE SAID GENTLY."



From the new and revised edition (with new illustrations) of *Roses and Rose Gardens* (Headley).

sets forth the weekly tasks with which the amateur gardener is confronted, and explains how they may best be accomplished. There are thus fifty-two chapters—one for each week-end, and flowers, fruit and vegetables are dealt with. In addition to the letterpress there are a series of plates and diagrams which will be found extremely useful, every detail of the work of planting, pruning, potting, grafting and the like is given.

ELIZABETH AND MARY STUART:

The Beginning of the Feud.

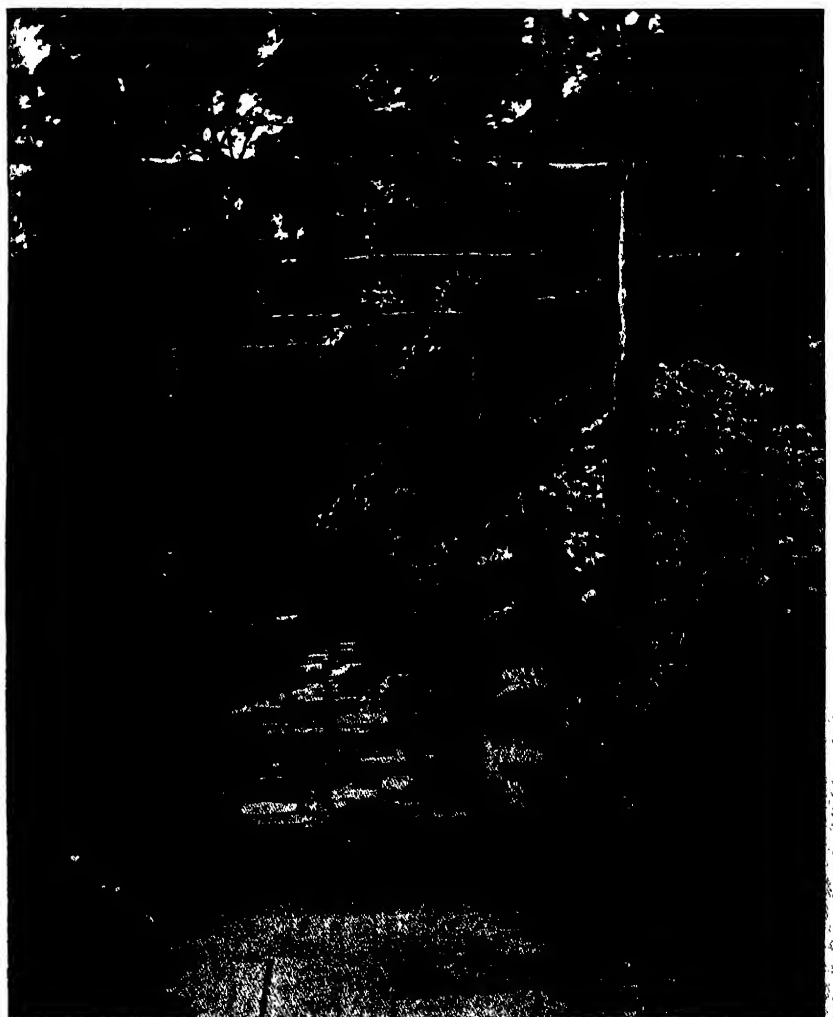
By FRANK ARTHUR MUMBY. Illustrated.
10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

In the remarkable series through which he hopes "eventually to illustrate the history of England by means of contemporary letters," Mr. Frank Mumby has now carried us over the early reign and courtships of the great Elizabeth to the second marriage of her brilliant, enigmatic rival, Mary Stuart, amid the bells of which can be detected the note of doom. It is a volume of extreme and varied interest, in which comedy blends with the darker purposes of fate. Coffers stored with secret letters are unlocked for us; intrigues of love, politics and religion unfold themselves; august persons have their solemn audience of Majesty, and pass from it to the inditing of epistles wherein Majesty is talked of with the scantiest respect. It is history from the inside; history from the depths of the royal cabinet, and the quiet writing-closets of ambassador and secretary of state. It

is highly entertaining, sometimes also profoundly tragical. The narrative by which Mr. Mumby connects the multifarious and well-selected letters is compressed, thoroughly informed, and exceedingly judicious. So good is it, indeed, that Mr. Mumby might with advantage have given us a little more of it.

Elizabeth is still youthful, but astute; inexperienced, but infinitely wary; and visibly enjoys intriguing her courtiers, counsellors and lovers, her Protestant and Catholic subjects. A born statesman and a born flirt, she plays off Catholic against Protestant, and one lover against another. Her Majesty and the very dangerous and gifted rival Majesty, Mary Stuart, were presently "among the world's richest prizes in the matrimonial market"; but whereas—save upon occasion—it is difficult to glimpse the real heart of Mary, we need never blind ourselves to the fact that Elizabeth has no serious notions about marriage for herself. Had she private and incommunicable reasons of her own? It may very possibly have been so. Mr. Mumby bestows a hint or two in his diplomatic way; the Queen herself, both in letters and in audience, bestows a hint or two in her own way. But the secret—if such there were—has lain inviolate.

Up and down Europe at this day, no doubt, ambassadorial gentlemen are confiding to paper the intimate things that will be precious to historians of a later generation, and fun to their readers. They were busy at it in the days of "this Queen," Elizabeth, and



Frontispiece to *The Week-end Gardener*
(Grant Richards).

A SHADY PATH. PERGOLA WITH
VIBURNUM PLICATUM PLANTED
AT THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE.
(Photo: J. A. James, Enfield Wash.)

we are but now getting the benefit of their impressions. Philip II.'s ambassadors, the Count de Feria, and his successor, Bishop Quadra, are terribly puzzled over the Queen—her religion and her lovers—and as a rule very irate with her.

Feria :

"It is very troublesome to negotiate with this woman, as she is naturally changeable."

"I should be glad if that woman (Elizabeth) were quite to lose her head and bring matters to a point, although when I think what a baggage she is, and what a crew she is surrounded by, there is little probability enough of my wish coming true."

Quadra (who in the long run has to admit that Elizabeth is altogether beyond him) :

"Your lordship will see what a pretty business it is to have to treat with this woman, who, I think, must have a hundred thousand devils in her body, notwithstanding she is for ever telling me she yearns to be a nun, and to pass her time in a cell praying. I have heard great things of a sort that cannot be written about, and you will understand what they must be by that."



From All About Leaves
(Williams & Norgate).

HONEYSUCKLE.

"She talked all manner of nonsense, as usual, but I told her that she knew she did not believe what she was saying, and I was fully informed that her real object was to make herself Monarch of all Britain by marrying the Earl of Arran."

Touching the love affairs of Elizabeth, and the question of a husband for her (a question which, of course, she could only settle for herself, and which she seemed never in any way minded to settle), Mr. Mumby remarks that

"Elizabeth was either an abandoned flirt or a victim of cruel circumstance which she was able to turn to England's great advantage. The truth seems to be that she was not as other women," as Mary Stuart wrote in years to come on the authority of both Lady Lennox and Lady Shrewsbury. . . . Whatever it was, her secret suited England's policy as none of her statesmen at the time could realise. It enabled her to play the lover



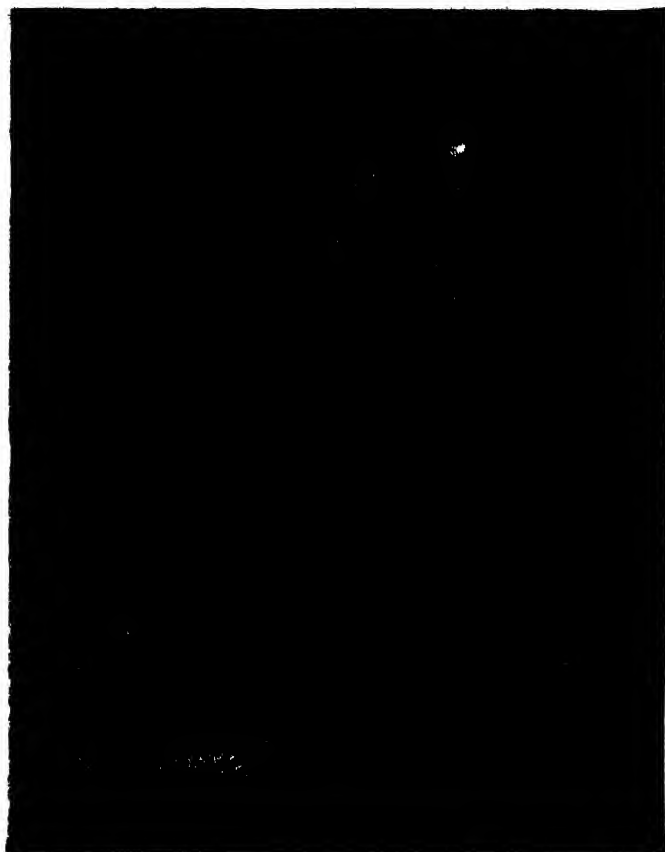
From Rock Gardening for
Amateurs
(Cassell).

WATERFALL IN THE ROCK GARDEN.



From Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two
(Smith, Elder).

MISS ETHEL CASE
AT RED HAZEL.



From Elizabeth and Mary Stuart
(Constable).

MARY STUART IN WIDOW'S DRESS.
(After the portrait by François Clouet in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.) From a photo. by Mansell.

with impunity until every marriageable prince in Christendom had been tempted with her hand, and until England's two great rivals, France and Spain, were so crippled as to leave the balance of power in Elizabeth's hands. Perhaps also it accounts for her reckless conduct with such licensed favourites as Dudley, presently the Earl of Leicester, whose familiarities with the Queen scandalised people who in those coarser times were not easily shocked."

There is due discussion in its place of the persistently mysterious tragedy of Amy Robsart, Dudley's wife. On September 8th, 1560, at the foot of a staircase at Cumnor

Hall, near Oxford, this lady's lifeless body was found, with the neck broken. How is the affair accounted for? There is, apparently, no accounting for it at all; and in Scott's fine novel of "Kenilworth," the mis-statements on the subject outnumber those that are accurate. On September 8th Dudley was with the Queen at Windsor, but

"Popular opinion, always ready to believe the worst, at once jumped to the conclusion that he had murdered his wife by proxy, and that Elizabeth was a willing accessory. There was good excuse for the supposition, for the sinister rumours that Dudley meant to remove his wife in order to marry Elizabeth had been public property for months."

But, as Mr. Mumby points out, this fact in itself suggests the total improbability of so clumsy a plot. Elizabeth was not the most delicate of women, nor Dudley the most sensitive of men; but the Queen was a clear-headed woman of genius, and her gallant a man with his share of wits;



LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.

From The Berry Papers,
edited by Lewis Melville, which Mr.
Lane will publish shortly.

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.

"and to have done the very thing which they must have known would recoil upon their own heads would surely have been the height of folly." Moreover, if Elizabeth were resolved not to wed, she was under no necessity of ridding herself of the lady; and if Dudley knew his royal mistress's mind, he was under no necessity of murdering his wife. To this day, none the less, historians have interrogated in vain the problem of Amy Robsart's death.

Space here failing us, to Mr. Mumby's own pages we must send the reader for his valuable record—as far it as has advanced—of Mary Stuart. The strangest, most dramatic, and most poignant parts of her story are yet to be presented; but we have here the affair of Chastelard (victim, according to Swinburne and Froude, of one of the tragic love romances of history; "villain of the most despicable type, according to his critics"); while, with Mary's marriage to the boyish Darnley, we reach the turning-point in her career.

Enough has been said, we trust, to show what rich historical stuff is comprised in this substantial, comely volume.



From Russia: The Country
of Extremes
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

ALEXANDER I. IN HIS YOUTH.

REMARKABLE WOMEN OF FRANCE:

From 1431 to 1749. By LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O. With 17 Illustrations. 16s. (net) (Stanley Paul.)

Among the purveyors of bright and popular history who have come so much to the fore of late years, Lieut.-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard takes a prominent place. His speciality is French history, and he always writes with confidence and ability. "In the present volume he gives more intimate sketches of the remarkable women, who by their direct or reflex action, either ruled . . . or, by their talents, profligacies, and extravagances, affected the whole course of public affairs." The "subjects" treated comprise, among many others, Joan of Arc, Marie de Médicis, Anne of Austria, Madame de Montespan, Madame de Maintenon, Marie Leszcynska, and Madame de Pompadour.

ROCK GARDENING FOR AMATEURS.

By H. H. THOMAS. Assisted by S. ARNOTT. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

Nobody with a garden, however strong his distaste may be for the labour of our first parent, can open this book without being filled with a desire to create a rock garden. The twelve direct colour photographs by H. Essenlugh Corke, which reproduce so beautifully a number of rock plants, constitute in themselves a bait to the most sluggish gardener. The book is indeed wonderfully illustrated. Besides the direct colour photographs referred to, there are sixty-four half-tone plates, and sketches too numerous to mention. Here you may find the most complete directions as to how a rock garden should be made and planted. A place in the sun is the first essential. If your garden has no bank or natural slope, then it is advisable to make a sunk garden. The stones to be used should be porous and absorbent, but very soft stone and what geologists call crystalline rocks should be avoided. Weather-beaten stones from which all suspicion of newness has

been removed by long exposure, are best. The fullest and most complete instructions are given as to how and when to plant the roots or sow the seeds of the beautiful Alpine plants, how to increase your stock by cuttings, and the nature of the manure to be used occasionally. There is a chapter, too, on how to construct a bog garden, which makes a most delightful addition to the rock garden. The different flowers



MARIE DE MEDICIS, BRONZINO, FLORENCE.

(Photo, by Brogi.)

From *Remarkable Women of France* (Stanley Paul).

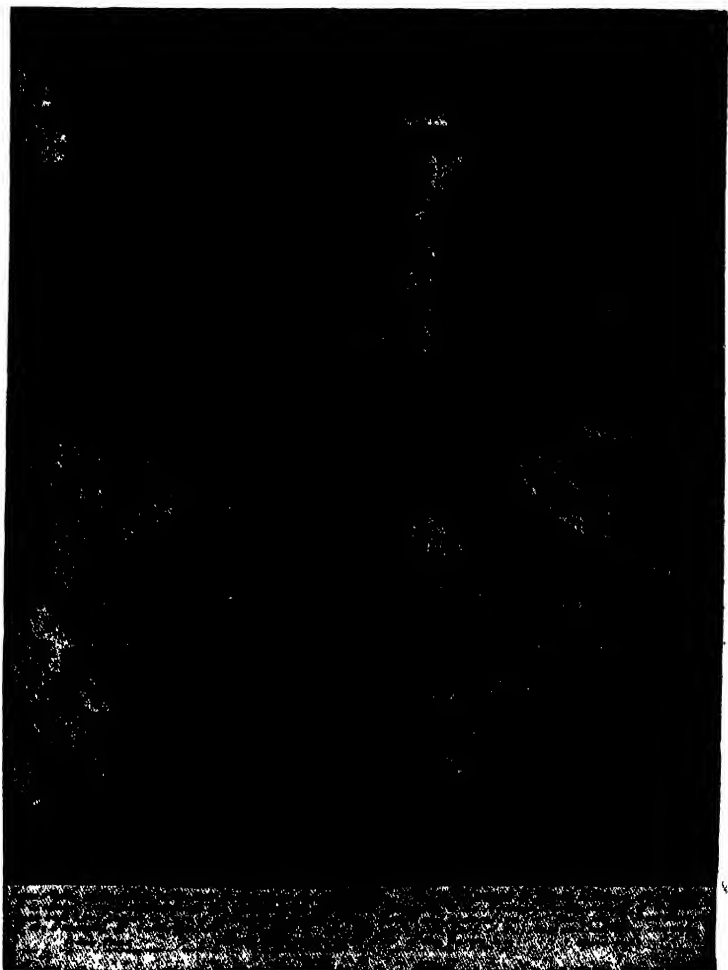
are dealt with exhaustively both in illustration and in print, and at the end of the book there are some nine pages devoted to helping the amateur gardener to instruct himself readily on such points as what plants like or dislike lime, what plants are benefited by glass covering in winter, what to plant in peaty soil, and what plants thrive in ordinary well-drained soil. There is also an exhaustive index, and with this book to guide him the most downhearted gardener ought to take courage, and be able to fashion into reality the pictures of his dreams.



From *An Elizabethan Cardinal* (Putman).

CARDINAL ALLEN.

By kind permission of the Rt. Rev. Abbot of Douai Abbey, Woolhampton.



From *On the Left of a Throne.* (Lane).

JAMES DUKE OF MONMOUTH.



From Honoré de Balzac
(Stanley Paul).

BALZAC.
From a sepia drawing in the
Museum at Tours.

ON THE LEFT OF A THRONE.

By MRS. EVAN NEPEAN. 10s 6d. net. (John Lane.)

It has for some considerable time been quite the thing to garnish history into popular acceptance, and by process of whitewashing or irrelevancy to make black look white or at least a dingy grey. In other times the historical novel was forgiven its glowing indifference to facts by the slender claim it made upon history. It was intended to

tell a story—to present a point of view—to arrest—to stimulate. But within quite recent years the pseudo historical work has pushed its way between the legitimate and the romantic—and with an impressive appearance of credibility and research has given us the *vis intime* of persons best left to a welcome repose or the Napoleonic qualities of gentlemen of complete historical obscurity.

In "On the Left of a Throne" Mrs. Nepean has endeavoured at any rate with sincerity to present a personal study of the Duke of Monmouth. Now whether the subject of her book was worthy of the time spent upon it, and whether such a study was called for, must rest subordinate to the manner in which she accepts the verdict of history. The personal aspect of Monmouth is admittedly imperfectly treated in history. There are only two histories of his career, both more academic than personal. One knows little enough of his early surroundings and his manner of life. But the balanced judgment of history upon the Duke of Monmouth is unfortunately not acceptable to Mrs. Nepean, nor has she patience for just those random pictures of youth and its associations that show the making of a man. To the student of history Monmouth was a vain and presumptuous young man, of average ability, and lacking in character, whose preposterous and tragic fling for a throne ended in ignominy for himself and a terrible reckoning for his foolish supporters. "The Protestant Duke" may have persuaded a few hundred rustics to take the field. He persuaded no



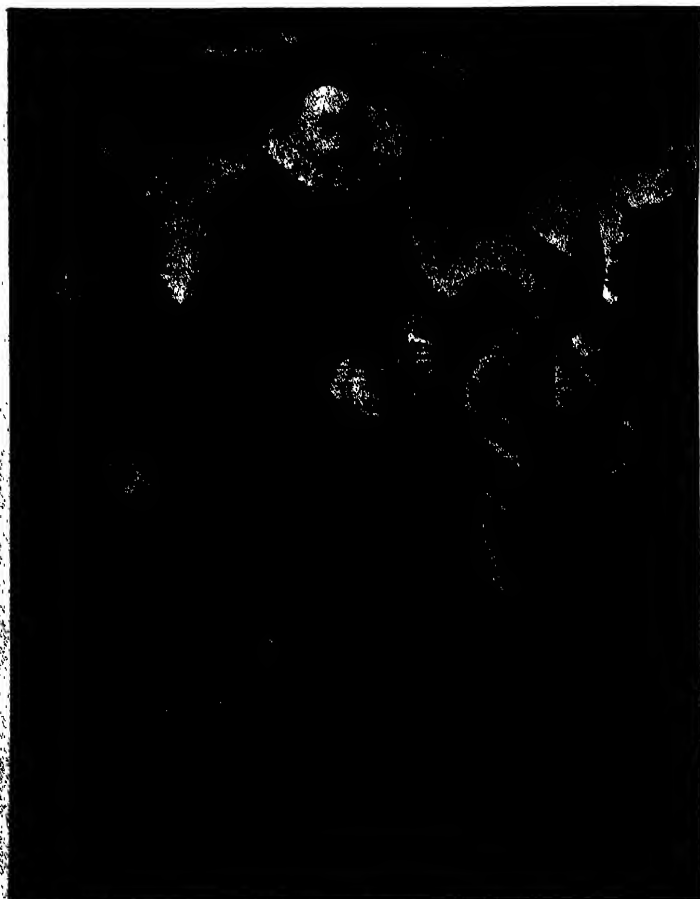
From Nollekens and his Times,
edited by Wilfred Whitten, which Mr.
Lane will publish shortly.

JOSEPH NOLLEKENS
AND HIS BUST,
by Charles James Fox.

one else. He was Protestant by policy and a Duke by courtesy of Charles.

Now to turn to Mrs. Nepean. She has set out to deal with the personality of Monmouth. She has included a large number of most interesting and hitherto unpublished portraits of him and of his mistress, Henrietta Lady Wentworth, and others. There is much that is new and interesting. Many readers, for instance, will hear of his five months' harbourage after the Rye House plot with curiosity. There was romance there, and no one can read of the love of Lady Wentworth for Monmouth without fresh wonder at the loyalty of women in times of affliction.

The fault that deprives Mrs. Nepean's book of much value even from the leisurely point of view is the partisan note throughout. There is also much need of compression. That Monmouth was handsome we are as ready to believe as we

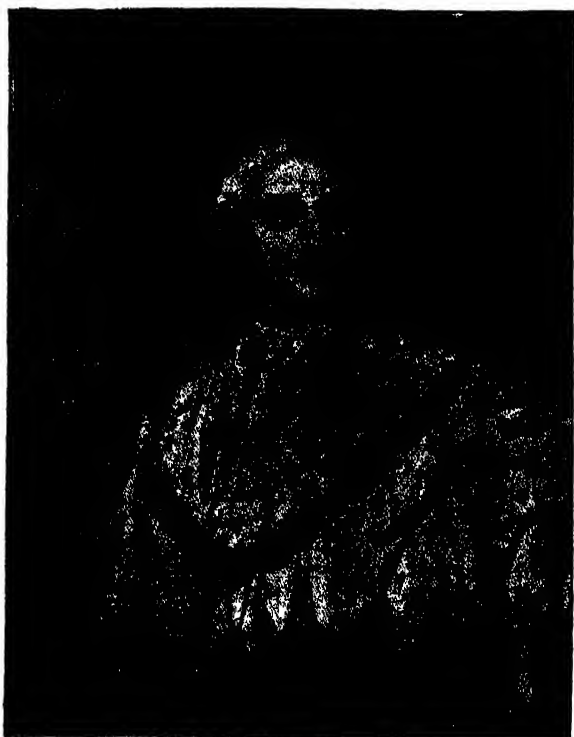


From The House of Cecil
(Constable).

WILLIAM, LORD BURGHLEY, K.G.,
RIDING ON A MULE.
(From the picture in the Bodleian Library.)

are to accept "Bonny Prince Charlie," whom Mrs. Nepean considers overrated. But there was more in the Young Pretender than mere good looks. He was brave in adversity where Monmouth was a craven. He was without doubt legitimate where Monmouth had no claim to the throne. He was sincere in his belief in the Divine Right of Kings. Monmouth was merely having his fling and very unready to pay for it. One must have more than "Stuart eyes" and "Stuart hands" and what not. The following is a picture of Monmouth:

"Dancing, riding—he was amongst the finest dancers and gentlemen jockeys in the kingdom—hunting, running"—history has supported that—"raking with the best (or worst) of them. Drinking doubtless, but in spite of nearly every modern novel in which he figures as a sot, in spite of a thousand and one contemporary fault findings (how Pepys shook that hypocritical peruke over him) we have failed to find Monmouth drunk on any single occasion. . . . There were wild doings, of course, and worse than wild. A night of it in Whetstone Park resulted in "the three Dukes killing the Beadle—Monmouth, Albemarle (son of sturdy old Monk) and Somerset," etc."



From Madame du Barry
(Long).

LOUIS XVI.

Now it is all very well to say that he did not drink, but if he was sober when he and his breezy friends and the "son of sturdy old Monk"—surely as sturdy as his father—killed the unfortunate beadle, supposing that they did so, one feels that he acted in a manner shall we say somewhat cold-blooded? He was not so reckless at Sedgemoor.

Mrs. Nepean is amazingly prejudiced in favour of Monmouth. She waxes hilarious over his shortcomings—she grows immensely grave when she says that at the last "he was sure he was going to God." She confesses, for instance, that she has "laughed till she cried" over a letter from Monmouth to Lady Wemyss. Now for fear of appearing unjust and anxious to shoot arrows in the dark let us read the letter in an impartial manner.

"You cannot imagine," says Monmouth, "how troubled I am that you should believe it possible for me to forget you. I do assure you that it would be one of the last things I should ever do. But you have drawn upon yourself such a trouble that I cannot imagine how you will ever get over it, for now there will not be a post go for Scotland but will have one of my letters with it to show you how much I am and will ever be your most obedient and humble servant, Monmouth."

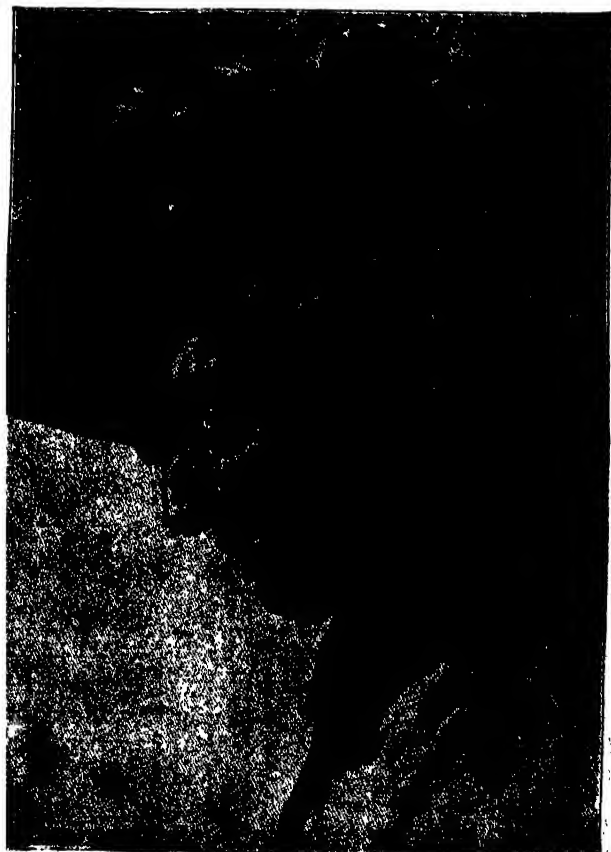
Now in all seriousness is that a triumph of humour? Did Lady Wemyss expire? Is Mrs. Nepean not over



From A Little Journey in Spain
(Grant Richards).

THE INFANTE DON CARLOS—
SON OF CHARLES IV.

anxious to find an Admirable Crichton where there was only a pleasant enough young man? It is a minor point, but it illustrates how the author loses her heart to Monmouth. The ordinary reader is keenly alive to bias.



From Germany

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

By A. W. Holland, a new volume in Messrs. Black's "Making of the Nations" series, which will be published shortly.

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1914

It is this personal note that overshadows the book. It is full of little quotations—little touches of personal colour—little side issues such as "She got her way with Cromwell, she outwitted Lord Tweeddale (we marvel that he could spell his own title; surely was never a name, unless it be our own, that presented more difficulties to correspondents)," etc.

That kind of thing bracketted with the editorial "we," which runs throughout—is a pity. It mars a sincere and patient work of love.

One can only wonder why none of the persons mentioned in the preface did not utter one or two words of friendly counsel instead of leaving it to the unfortunate reviewer,



From *The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph*
(Nash).

THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

whose task would be made the happier could he praise unreservedly and with a lavish hand.

F. W.

HONORE DE BALZAC:

His Life and Writings. By MARY W. SANDARS. With an Introduction by W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D., and 9 Illustrations. 5s. net (Stanley Paul.)

This is a very welcome reprint of a valuable and extremely interesting book, of which two points deserve particular attention. The first is the long and finely critical introduction—which is new—by Mr. W. L. Courtney, in which the writer endeavours to fix the place of Balzac in the world's literature and discusses his curious and complex character. The second is the fact that this volume belongs to the Essex Library, which is designed to "include works of outstanding merit dealing with biography, literature,



From *The Women of Egypt*, **A WATER CARRIER.**
by Elizabeth Cooper, the first volume of the "World's Women" series,
to be published shortly by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

history, art and science." Exceedingly well produced—especially when the low price is taken into consideration—and of a format which is at once convenient and dignified, there should be a large public for this volume and its companions, Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd's "Dostoieffsky" and Mr. Sabatini's "Life of Cesare Borgia."

THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. With 17 Illustrations.
16s. net. (Nash.)

Mr. Gribble's life of the Emperor Francis Joseph is at once sound contemporary history and engaging reading. The aged Emperor—a dignified and solitary figure—is one of the most important personalities in the history of the present day. While he lives it is presumed that the Austrian Empire will remain intact. What will happen when

he dies no one can pretend to guess with accuracy. Even now Francis Joseph holds his country together. That, no doubt, is because his country has grown accustomed to him, and perhaps partly, as Mr. Gribble thinks, because his country likes him and thinks that he has had enough troubles already. But all his life it has been a struggle to keep up appearances. There are the troubles of the Hapsburg family, for instance, the murder of the Empress, the Meyerling affair, the



DR. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT,
translator of "Princes of the Stock
Exchange" by Nemirovich-Danchenko.
(Holden & Hardingham).



From *How to become an Alpinist*
(Laurie).

MR. FREDERICK BURLINGHAM.
("The man who Kinematographed the Matterhorn.")

disappearance of "John Orth"—these and a hundred other things of only slightly less importance. All this Mr. Gribble gives to the reader in a manner that is equally succinct and entertaining—once more he has written a really good biography.

HOW TO BECOME AN ALPINIST.

By FREDERICK BURLINGHAM 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Burlingham is "the man who kinematographed the Matterhorn," and he tells us how he did it in this useful and entertaining book. Many other things besides this wonderful enterprise on the Matterhorn are told, stories tragic and heroic of the great mountains and their climbers, anecdotes of the foolhardy; much wise counsel to beginners and to all who feel the lure of the mountains, is also in these pages, and the practical hints are first-rate. There is a good chapter, too, on "Famous Women Alpinists," for in this matter of

mountain-climbing women have proved their powers of endurance to an extent few realise who are outside the brotherhood of climbers. "How to get killed in the Alps" contains some of the best things in the book. Only last year, Mr. Burlingham reminds us, 165 tourists and guides somehow managed to break their necks in Alps, "while the number of wounded, those who managed to break arms, legs, or ribs is quite beyond compute."



MR. ERNEST A. VIZETELLY,
translator of "Blush Rose," by A. Achard
(Holden & Hardingham).

Those who contemplate Alpine climbing this coming season for the first time, and others who are already experienced in this fascinating pursuit, cannot do better than read Mr. Burlingham's book. The many pictures made by the author are themselves a delight to all lovers of the high places of the earth.

BLUSH-ROSE.

A Soldier's Romance in the Days of Louis XIV. By ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY. Based on the French of A. ACHARD. 6s. (Holden & Hardingham.)

For many years "Belle-Rose" has been a very popular romance in France, and as it is an excellent example of the

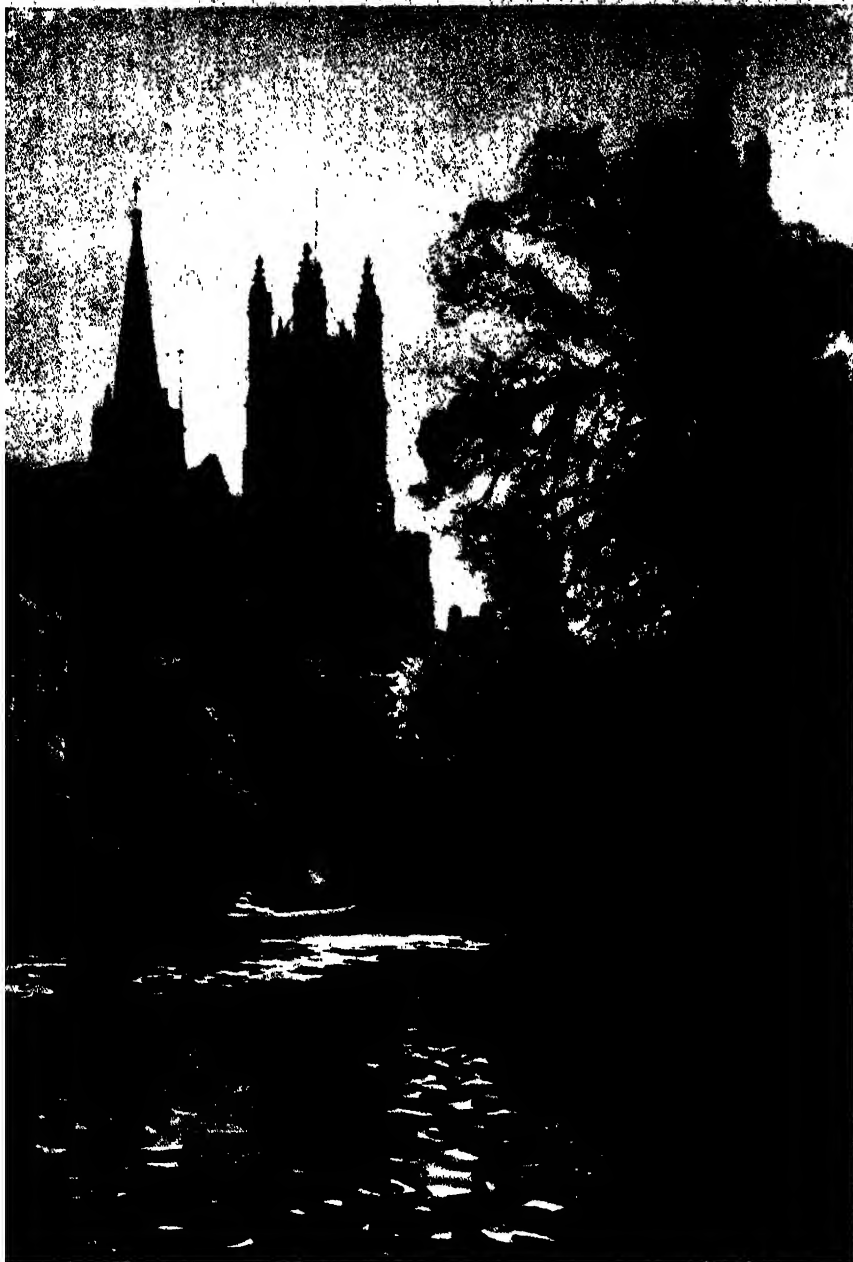


From *Egypt in Transition*
(Smith, Elder).

FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM, G.C.B., O.M.

Reproduced from a painting by the Hon. John Collier by arrangement with the Fine Art Society.

novel of historic adventure, it is somewhat remarkable that it has been left to Mr. Vizetelly to translate it at this late date. Seeing that the vogue of the historical romance still obtains over a wide public in our country, Achard's work will probably win its way to a large and lasting popularity. It is written in a spirited, entertaining manner, and is packed with exciting and picturesque incidents, none of which lose any of their force in the workmanlike and pleasant translation by one of the best of our French scholars. It is a book that all boys and girls will be enraptured with, and a good many older readers, with a sound taste for a story of love, fighting and adventure, will keenly relish it. The author was one of the most brilliant disciples of the romantic Dumas, and his work is placed by French critics almost on a level with the "Three Musketeers." Based on an eighteenth century tale of a peasant boy who rose by his fighting ability to a high position in French society, it gives a clear, vivid picture



From Warwick and Leamington
(Beautiful England Series.)
(Blackie).

THE LEAM AT LEAMINGTON.

of life in northern France and Paris in the days of Louis the Great. The English title strikes us as the only feeble thing about Mr. Vizetelly's admirable version: it is rather too pretty and sentimental.

EGYPT IN TRANSITION.

By SIDNEY LOW.
With an Introduction by the Earl of Cromer, G.C.B.
7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Lord Cromer, in his introduction to this thoroughly well written book, says rightly that its "most instructive

and interesting portion" consists of the letters from the Sudan. For we all know less of that vast territory, which is neither Ottoman nor British, but Anglo-Egyptian, governed by British officials under the two flags of England and Egypt, than we do of the country where the Khedive is still the nominal ruler. Mr. Sidney Low is an accurate and sympathetic observer, with a wide experience of many lands. During his travels in the Sudan and in Egypt—he wisely begins with the more remote region—he seems to have noted everything of importance, and his comments are lucid and unprejudiced. The "existence and prevalence of the Mohammedan religion" impressed him, and we learn that Lord Kitchener determined that the new Sudan "should not be troubled by religious dissension." Therefore "missionary effort is not encouraged."

On the question of domestic and agrarian slavery—"dying but not dead" in the Sudan, Mr. Low warns us of the difficulties of speedy abolition. "To overthrow it in haste necessarily produces grave economical disturbance. . . . With the slave trade we can have no compromise. But with the emancipation of the slaves actually held as servants or dependants we need not hurry matters unduly." Slavery is a vested interest, a most respectable form of private property in the eyes of the great chiefs who "are not powerless now," Mr. Low reminds us. Of the "State Socialism" in operation in the Sudan under the direction of British officers, and of the problems of the Capitulations in Egypt, the existence of the Nationalist agitation, and the reasons why, for all England has done to promote law and order, the British are still disliked, Mr. Low has much to say that should be pondered. The light it throws on our responsibility in these lands which are not nominally part of the Empire, and may never be, is clear and strong.



From The Chronicles of Erthig on the Dyke,
by Albinia Lucy Cust (Mrs. Wherry), which Mr. Lane will publish shortly.

ERTHIG HALL, ARTIFICIAL

FIVE PLAYS.

By LORD DUNSANY. 3s. 6d. net.
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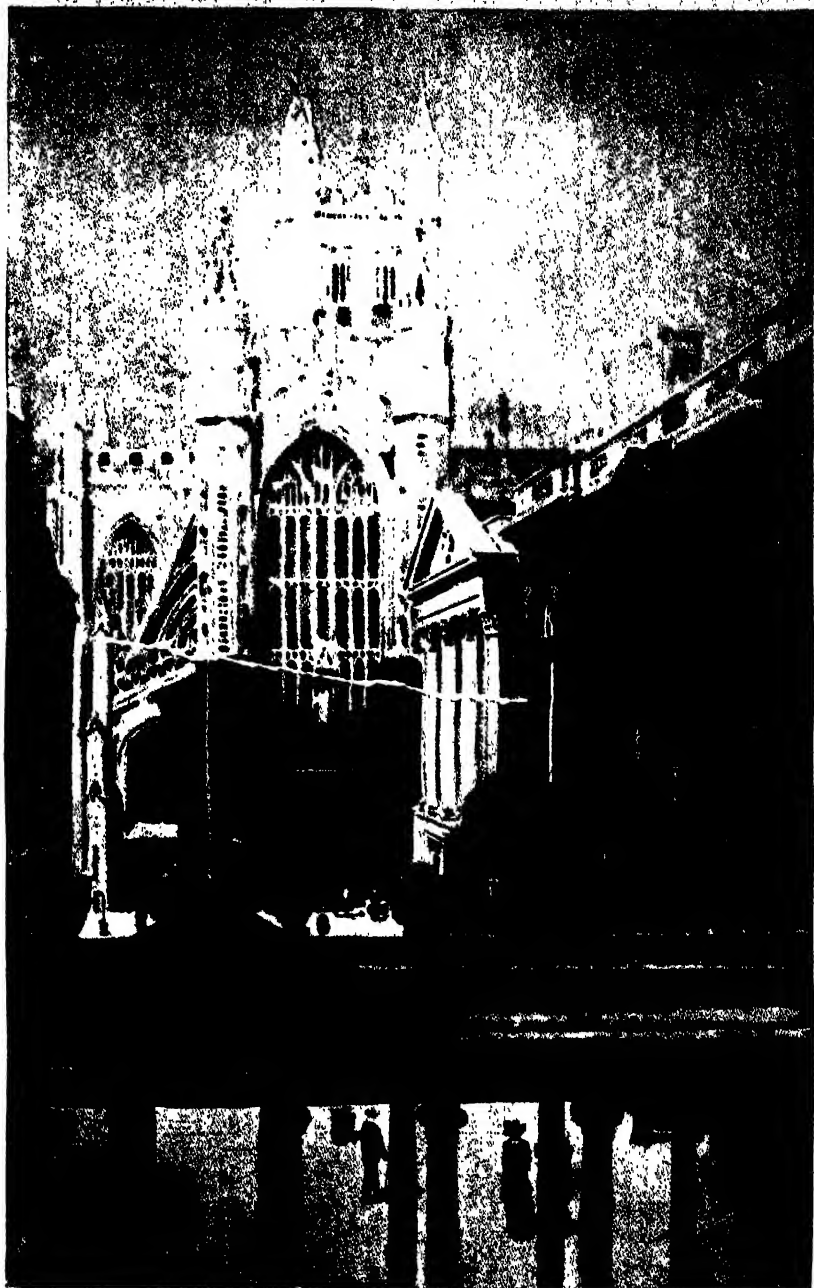
Produced during the last five years in London, Dublin and Manchester, Lord Dunsany's strange, romantic dramas have already excited the attention of all playgoers concerned about the finer elements of our modern dramatic literature. The writer is one of the most purely romantic of our new school of playwrights: neither the realities nor the romances of the broad panorama of life interest him. He wants a strangeness and a beauty of unearthly character, and after going on remote adventures among the pictures and legends of the Far East and the records of ancient civilisations, he returns at last with some curiously original ideas of wonderfully imaginative charm. The five plays are picturesque, bizarre, touched with irony and grim humour, and written with a sure instinct for drama.

BATH AND WELLS.

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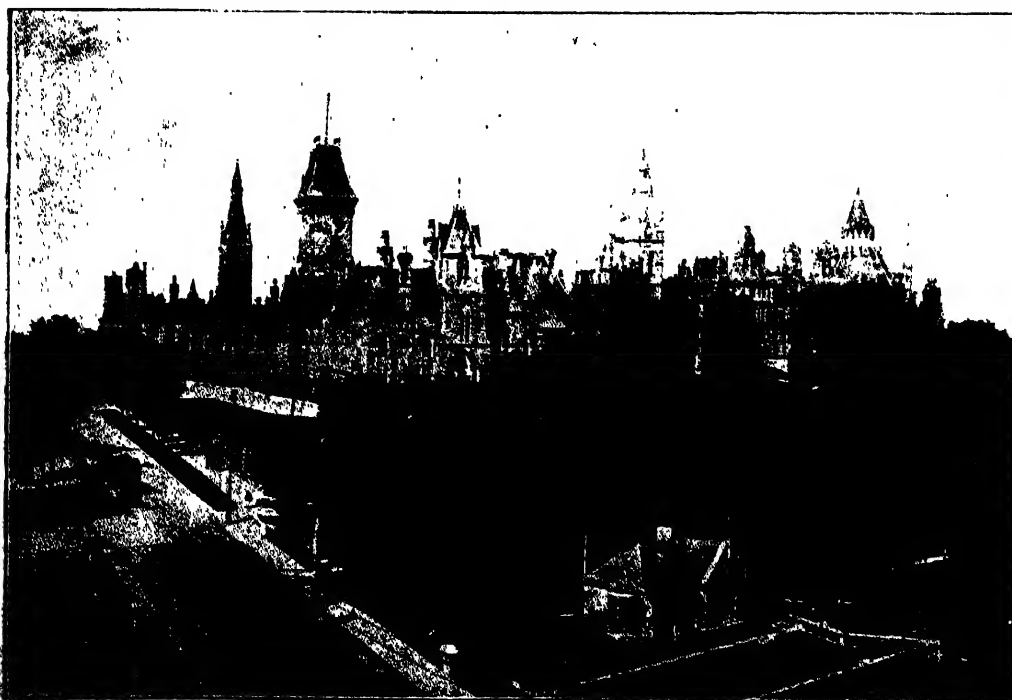
2s. net each. (Blackie.)

Somersetshire and Warwickshire—two lovely counties and historic with the oldest and most deeply-rooted history of England, with the Celtic days of Arthur, the Saxon times of Alfred, and Guy of Warwick, and Shakespeare himself. Pictured by Ernest Haslehurst and described, Warwick and Leamington by Mr. George Morley, Bath and Wells by Mr. Arthur Salmon, they give us two agreeable volumes, not very serious or epoch-making, perhaps, but chatty and readable, and succeeding in conveying the charm and sweetness of the ancient places. The Bath and Wells volume is the more



From Bath and Wells
(Beautiful England Series.)
(Blackie).

THE GRAND PUMP ROOM
AND ABBEY, BATH.



From Homes and Careers in Canada.
(Tamas Clarke).

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA.

interesting, for, not counting Bath and its celebrities, it includes Wells and that loveliest of Early Gothic minsters, and, above all, Glastonbury, with its magical, incredible legendary history. The mere word is a charm, and all its associations cast a glamour. In each volume the illustrations are well chosen, and as a rule well reproduced, though it is not easy to hold the pure sweet colour of English landscape through even the most careful process. Messrs. Blackie have now issued nearly thirty volumes in this excellent series.



Frontispiece to *The Littlest One*,

by Marion St. John Adecock (Mrs. Sidney H. Webb) with
Messrs. Harrap are publishing next month.

HOMES AND CAREERS IN CANADA.

By H. JEFFS. 2s. 6d. net. (James Clarke & Co.).

Although Mr. Jeffs cannot advise intending emigrants from the standpoint of a man who has himself "made good" in Canada, he does furnish some very valuable information and statistics with regard to the development of the country and the chances of the fortune-seeker. In collecting his information the author had the assistance of Ministers of the Dominion and Provincial Governments, state officials, and men of all classes among native Canadians and British settlers. As a journalist and National President of the Brotherhood movement, which advises Brotherhood emigrants going out, and arranges for their welcome by Canadian Brotherhood men, he "found all doors open to him." His conclusion seems to be that: The man who succeeds is either the man willing to go on the land and who is prepared to stand the racket of a little hardship until he has learnt the ropes, or else the man—clerk, mechanic or what not—who is willing to take the best job that offers and to work at it until something more congenial and offering greater opportunities turns up. It is the author's conclusion that men such as these, granted that they have good health and a reasonable amount of intelligence, simply cannot fail in Canada.

THE HOUSE OF CECIL.

By G. RAVENSCROFT DENNIS. 10s. 6d. net.
(Constable.)

Not everyone will agree with Mr. Dennis that the record of the Cecils is a powerful argument to use against those who regard the "hereditary principle" with democratic scorn. The late Lord Salisbury was undoubtedly a great statesman and above reproach, but for two hundred and fifty years before he came to the front the family did little to justify that principle, while the man who first made its name illustrious sprang straight from the middle classes--the only instance during Elizabeth's reign of the ennobling of anyone who was not an aristocrat by birth. For Elizabeth, as Fuller says, "honoured her honours by conferring them sparingly." Tradition had it that William Cecil, who thus became Lord Burghley, was grandson of a worthy landlord who kept the best inn in Stamford, and though this story touched his lordship, as Mr. Dennis says, in his most sensitive part, it seems to have had some foundation in fact. Burghley was a genius who helped as much as did Elizabeth to build up England's greatness after it had been left by Mary Tudor "like a bone thrown between two dogs" to quote the contemporary comparison of an English agent in Flanders; but he was also a time-server, who played for safety all his life. His son, Sir Robert Cecil, who succeeded him as Elizabeth's right-hand, was cast in even less heroic mould. Those who knew him best trusted him most, and suspicion hints that he wormed his way to the highest place by undermining the positions of such men as Raleigh, Essex, Northumberland and Bacon. Elizabeth found him more useful than ornamental. His enemies called him hump-backed, but that was a lie, though he was ill-formed enough to warrant the titles of "pigmy" and "elf" bestowed upon him by the Queen herself, when she happened to be in one of her railing moods. The chapters devoted to Lord Robert are the most valuable in a book which traces the whole fortunes of the family with scholarly care down to the present day.



From *Picture Tales from the Russian* (Blackwell).



Cover design of *Unto Caesar* (Hodder & Stoughton).

UNTO CÆSAR.

By BARONESS ORCZY. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Rome in the wild, violent days of the maniac Emperor Caligula is the scene of Baroness Orczy's new romance, and by foregoing the now hackneyed theme of the persecution of the Christians and their sufferings in the arena, she is able to reveal a fresh and vividly interesting aspect of the earlier conflict between the pagan pride of life of the lordly Roman and the spiritual virtues of the lowly, scanty band of Christians. The hero is an English freedman who has risen to power under the Emperor and worked as an administrator in Judæa during the ministry of Jesus. He



Cover design of *Three Men on the Bummel*, by Jerome K. Jerome, of which Messrs. Arrowsmith have just published a shilling edition.

is not entirely converted after listening to the words that our Lord utters, but one sentence dwells strangely in his mind: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Long afterwards, in the hour of extreme temptation, the power of this sentence enables him to conquer both his love and his ambition, and to remain faithful to his despicable imperial master. Then, meeting on the hill of Calvary, where the Cross still stands, lonely and broken, the proud, beautiful lady of the Augustan house whom he has led into the Christian Church by his acts of self-sacrifice, he goes with her to preach the Gospel among his own countrymen. There is a wealth of colour and picturesque incident in the story, which is one of the writer's best works.

A LITTLE JOURNEY IN SPAIN:

Notes of a Goya Pilgrimage. By J. E. CRAWFORD FLITCH. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

We do not know whether Mr. Crawford Flitch has any friends. Judging from the first chapter of his book, we should deduce that either he is quite friendless, or else



Cover design of *The Chief of the Ranges* (Hodder & Stoughton).

the friends he has and their adoption tried (by the usual infliction of proof-reading) are no good to him in the literary sense; otherwise, they would have pointed out, gently but firmly, that the success of his interesting and rather pleasant book would be seriously handicapped by an opening so full of pose and affectation—to say nothing of bad French. Cancel that first chapter, Mr. Flitch, and write a better, or your prospective travelling companions may desert you at the beginning of the journey. The plan of the volume is simple. Mr. Flitch purposed to write a life of Goya, and went to Spain for material. Having abandoned or changed his large intention, he now offers us a series of chapters descriptive of his leisurely and discursive pursuit of the painter's footsteps, from Fuendetodos, his birthplace, to his last house, with its sinister decorations, across the Manzanares. The book, as we have said, is interesting, and, with qualifications, quite pleasant and stimulating. Our hesitation is due



From *By the Waters of Germany*,
by Norma Lorimer, which Messrs. Stanley Paul will publish shortly.

to the acuteness with which Mr. Flitch makes us feel our inferiority. We gather from his frequent lofty references to democracy, agitators and other low things, that he must be connected with the best ducal families, and the humble reader begins at last to fidget with some discomfort over a book that ought, above all things, to be comfortable. Of course, the defect is really ours, and other readers will probably like Mr. Flitch the more for his distinguished superiority. Further, when Mr. Flitch assures us that, as a result of modern democracy, with its machine-made elementary education of the same sort of people who live in the same sort of jerry-built houses, and go to the same sort of picture-palaces, we all more or less resemble each other facially and thus offer no material to the portrait-painter, we begin to doubt whether a man who uses his eyes to so little advantage in England is really a very safe guide when he deals with pictures in Spain. We shall not press the point. The indulgent reader, who is not put out by such little prepossessions, will enjoy this well-served and well-flavoured record of a sentimental journey.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIXTY YEARS.

By the Right Honourable SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Bart.,
G.C.M.G., C.B. With 17 Illustrations. 16s. net.
(Cassell.)

Born in 1821 of a sturdy Canadian stock, Sir Charles Tupper now, at the advanced age of ninety-two, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest living statesman in the world. This, however, we are told in a short biographical foreword to his book, does not affect his outlook upon life. "Sir Charles still feels the pulse-beat of the world day by day. His mind is as keen and plastic, his memory, even of recent happenings, as clear as it was during his early manhood. He is at once a surprise and a revelation to friends and relatives. He is a constant reader of the magazines and newspapers, watching with deep interest the progress of events at home and abroad." Practically the whole of Sir Charles's life, and certainly all his important political work, has had Canada for its scene of action. He has taken a prominent position in the politics of the Dominion almost since his entry into Parliament, and he has, of course, seen a marvellous growth and development in his country. His recollections give a most interesting insight into this long period, and they should be read by all who are in any way concerned in the well-being of one of the most important—if not the most important—of British possessions overseas.



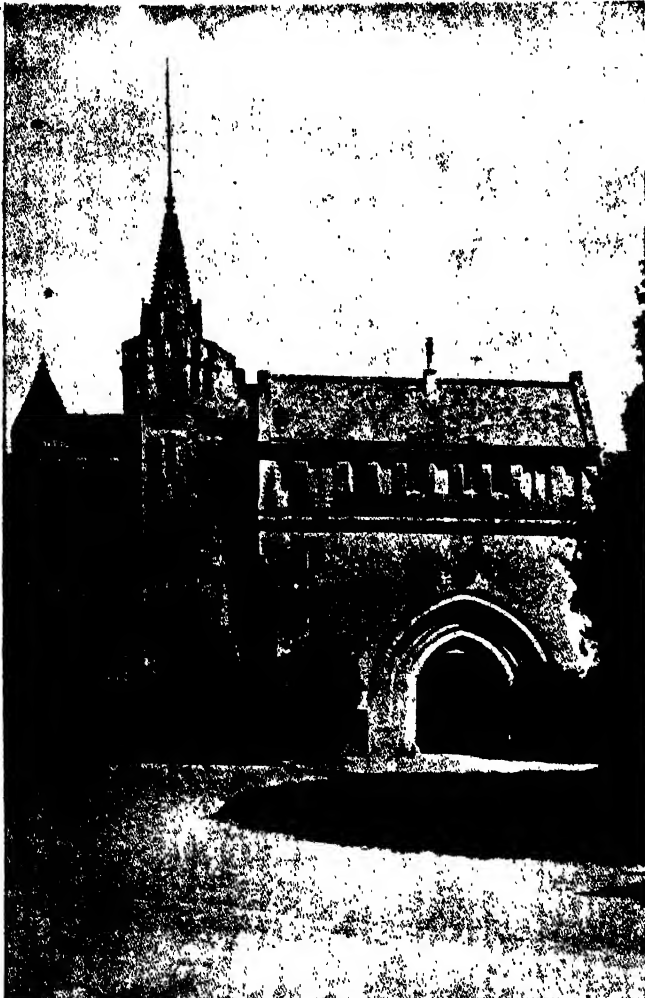
From *Recollections of Sixty Years*
(Cassell).

LEROCQUE'S HOUSE AT PEMBINA, IN WHICH CAPTAIN
AND MRS. CAMERON STAYED IN DECEMBER, 1866.

MOTHER MABEL DIGBY:

Superior-General of the Society of the Sacred Heart, 1835-1911. By ANNE POLLEN. With a Preface by CARDINAL BOURNE, 8 Illustrations and a Facsimile. 12s. net. (Murray.)

The career of Mother Mabel Digby was unusual from the outset. Converted to Catholicism when eighteen, she entered into her novitiate when twenty-one, and became a Mother Superior at the early age of thirty. Thence-



From Mother Mabel Digby
(Murray).

MARMOUTIER, PORTAIL
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forward her progress in the Church was rapid and eventful, while her career came to its climax in the expulsion of the religious orders from France, when Mother Digby contrived to remove the whole of her Order, consisting of over two thousand persons, into convents which she founded in Belgium and England. Miss Pollen tells the story sympathetically and well, and every reader will agree with the words of Cardinal Bourne in his preface: "All, whoever



From In the Old Paths
(Constable).

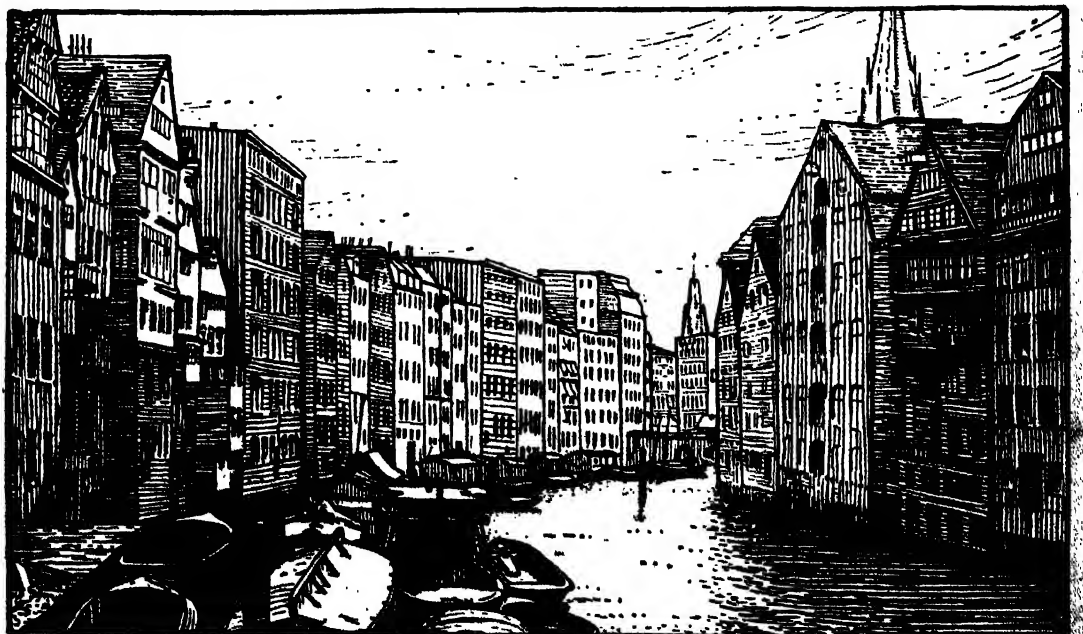
THE OLDE SHIP

they be, will read the Life of Mother Digby with interest and with profit. . . . It depicts for us one who in any position could have taken a leading place. Above all it shows us a noble, courageous woman with all her great natural gifts strengthened and enhanced by the Divine gifts of grace which she strove to use with all her energy. Such a life has in its remembrance a mighty power to lift us to higher thoughts and render easier the accomplishment of whatever task God may have entrusted to us in things both great and small."

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By F. DORMER JORDAN. With 4 Illustrations. 6s. (Nisbet.)

"Heirs of the Ages" begins with an account of the love of an ancient Egyptian priest for a beautiful princess, and the tragic result of its discovery by the princess's father and her more aristocratic suitor. Then it skips ten thousand years, and becomes a modern love story, in which all the original Egyptian characters recur, though this time the ending is happy. It cannot be said that Mr. Dormer Jordan works out an impossible plot with any great show of probability, but he keeps the pot boiling cleverly and tells his story well. The book is amusing enough if you demand no more from it than thrills of an unusual kind.



From Three Free Cities: Being the Chronicles of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck,
by Wilson King, which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly.



From *Trader Carson*
(Ward, Lock).

"ARE YOU IN LEAGUE WITH THAT
BLACK RASCAL, MR. CARSON?
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"



From *Recollect*.

"A HAND CAME ROUND THE
CORNER OF THE BLIND."

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By JOHN BARNETT. With 8 Illustrations by CYRUS CUNEO.
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Trader Carson was known locally as Blue-funk Carson. This was on account of "his habit to speak of himself as a shivering coward. Time and again he journeyed almost alone in search of trade where no other white man would have thought of venturing without an armed escort. And when he returned from one of those wild expeditions, and was for once persuaded to speak of some exploit in which a cruel death had literally grinned at him, he would invariably say: 'I was in no end of a funk, you know—a real blue-funk——'. . . . It was a title of honour." Mr. John Barnett here details some of the more exciting of



From *The Wanderer's
Necklace*
(Cassell).

"DOWN THE SLOPE THEY WENT
BEFORE OUR RUSH."

Carson's exploits. He rings the changes deftly and with much ingenuity, gets in a good deal of excellent local colour (West African), and ends up happily and romantically. Readers who like excitement cannot possibly ask for anything more—or anything better.

THE PATHWAY.

By GERTRUDE PAGE. With 8 Illustrations by A. C. MICHAEL.
6s. (Ward, Lock.)

You can always depend upon Miss Gertrude Page for a good strong story of Rhodesian life, and "The Pathway" is no exception to her rule. Perhaps it is not particularly original in a few of its situations, but it makes up for this—and more than makes up for it—by its fine knowledge of the condition of affairs among the settlers of a semi-civilised country, and especially by its sympathy for the lot of the woman pioneer. Not that it is a depressing book in the least—Rhodesia seems to be as good a country to live in, on

the whole, as it is to write about. Besides, everything comes out well in the end, and before that is reached you will have been introduced to a number of very pleasant characters and at least two whole-hearted and highly-effective villains. Healthy, direct, and admirably told, "The Pathway" is certain to win its way into the hearts of a large circle of admirers.

AN ENEMY HATH DONE THIS.

By JOSEPH HOCKING. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

No words describe Mr. Joseph Hocking's latest novel so adequately as those he puts into the mouth of one of his characters: "Mystery, mystery, everywhere mystery." With an exciting, well-constructed plot, crowded with thrilling incidents, he holds the reader's unflagging interest



From *The Master of Merripit*,
by Edna Phillpotts
(Ward, Lock).

"ON HE CAME AND HE WAS
WITHIN TEN YARDS OF
JOHN WITH HIS PISTOL
DRAWN TO SHOOT."

to the end, passing from mystery to deeper mystery, placing his hero in most perilous and precarious positions; and then with his well-known dexterity unravelling the secrets one by one and explaining away all that seemed obscure and inexplicable. Driven on a stormy night to seek shelter in a lonely old house in Cornwall, David Launceston finds himself involved in a startling conspiracy, and endeavours to save two women who are held prisoners, for what reason, and by whom, he does not know. How he is thwarted, and yet because of his love for one of the women perseveres in his quest, and finally risking all dangers, and overcoming all obstacles, does rescue them at last, forms the chief thread of interest in this capital sensational story; but the author, ever resourceful for ideas, introduces various minor plots, and creates situations both novel and dramatic. It is an excellent mystery and will be welcomed and thoroughly enjoyed by Mr. Joseph Hocking's many admirers.



From *The Pathway*
(Ward, Lock).

"THEY WENT DOWN TO THE QUAY
TOGETHER THE NEXT MORNING."



From *An Enemy Hath
Done This*
(Ward, Lock).

"I DREW A CHAIR NEAR THEM, AND
SAT DOWN, EAGERLY WAITING FOR
WHAT THE WOMAN MIGHT SAY."

THE BOOKMAN SPRING 1914

CAVOUR AND THE MAKING OF MODERN ITALY.

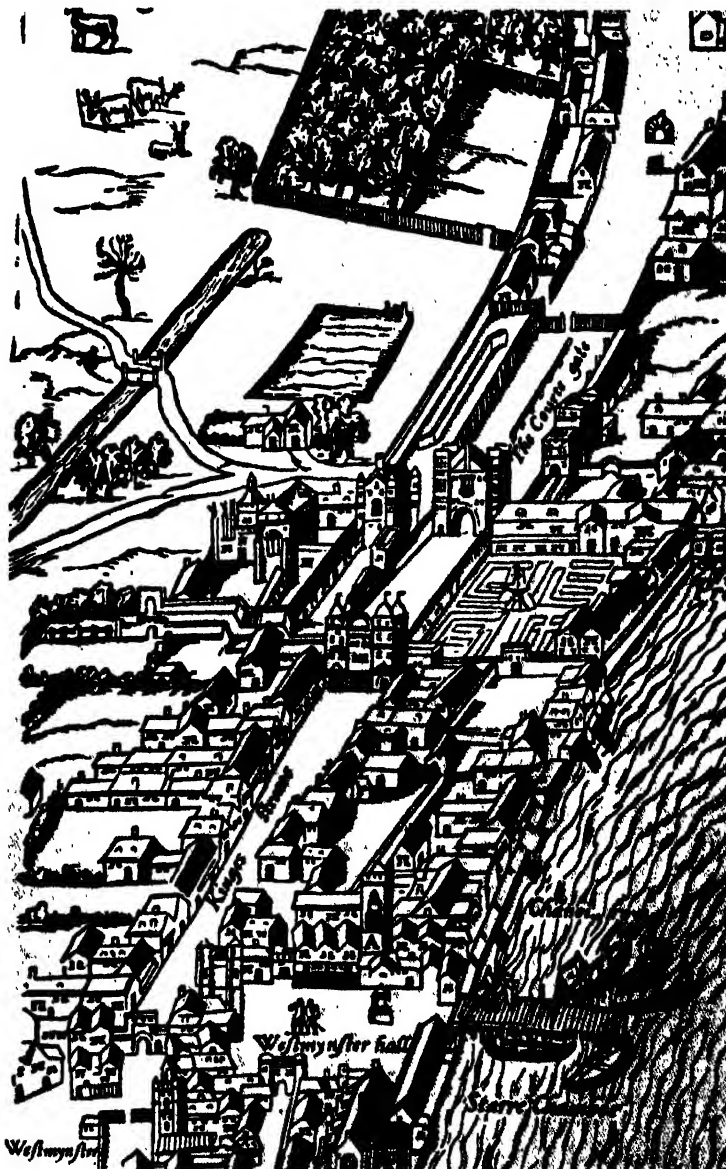
By PIETRO ORSI, University of Padua, Deputy in the Italian Parliament. "Heroes of the Nations" Series. 5s. net. (Putnam.)

The author of this fine, if somewhat uncritical, appreciation of Italy's political hero, rightly judges the three eminently patriotic men who were mainly responsible for the unity of Italy in the nineteenth century: "the thinker and apostle, Joseph Mazzini; the statesman, Camillo Cavour; and the popular hero, Joseph Garibaldi, who was the highest expression of what is most generous in the Italian character." Mazzini, in his exile, became "easily deceived as to the real state of things" as years went on, and his "continuous incitements of

trinaire. Yet an idealist, too, for this idea of a united Italy possessed his public life as certainly as it possessed Mazzini. It is strange that between the two no meeting ever took place. "How many mutual prepossessiones would have been dissipated, how many false judgments avoided, by personal contact and the frank exchange of ideas!" From the sacrifices and martyrdoms of young Italy Cavour turned to seek in diplomacy—he was a born diplomat—and in international alliances, a way out. Not that loss of life frightened him. The sending of a Sardinian army to the Crimea was wanton destruction of human life but for the end in view, the recognition of Piedmont as an European State, and the admission of its representative to the Congress of Paris. Cavour knew that war



BEAR BAITING.
From Chapter House MS. Liber A.



WHITEHALL AT NIGHT 1560.
From Ralph Agas' Map.



ROMAN KEY FOUND
IN LONDON.

insurrections that were visionary rather than practicable, and the wasting of so many valuable lives, alienated many people from his ideas." The Mazzini of the apostolate, which began in 1831, at the very time when Cavour was beginning to study Liberal politics, was the inspiration of the movement; but for all his loftiness of soul, perhaps indeed because of this high idealism, he was a hindrance rather than a help when the making of a united Italy was a question of practical politics. Cavour, statesman, diplomat, the hero as politician, always stood midway between the revolutionists and the reactionaries. As Signor Orsi reminds us, Cavour, in his own words, adopted, "cette politique qui consiste à accorder aux exigences des temps tout ce que la raison justifie, et qui leur refuse ce que n'est fondé que sur des clameurs des parties ou la violence des passions destructives."



ANCIENT SEAL

with Austria was inevitable before the white-coats would withdraw from Lombardy, but he wanted to put Austria in the wrong in the eyes of Europe before war was declared, and he succeeded. To few statesmen is it given to see the triumph of their cause as it was given to Camillo Cavour.

THE WONDER YEAR.

By MAUDE GOLDRING.
6s. (Erskine MacDonald.)

Miss Maude Goldring deals with a large subject in her new novel—and not only that, but she deals with it in a manner that is, to say the least, ambitious. We do not intend to attempt an account of her story, but at least we can say that the subject is "the awakening to new ideas of a village apparently fast bound in the old traditions." Miss Goldring introduces us to a large number cleverly contrasted characters, while

descriptions of nature are of much grace and beauty. "The Wonder Year" is a book to read.



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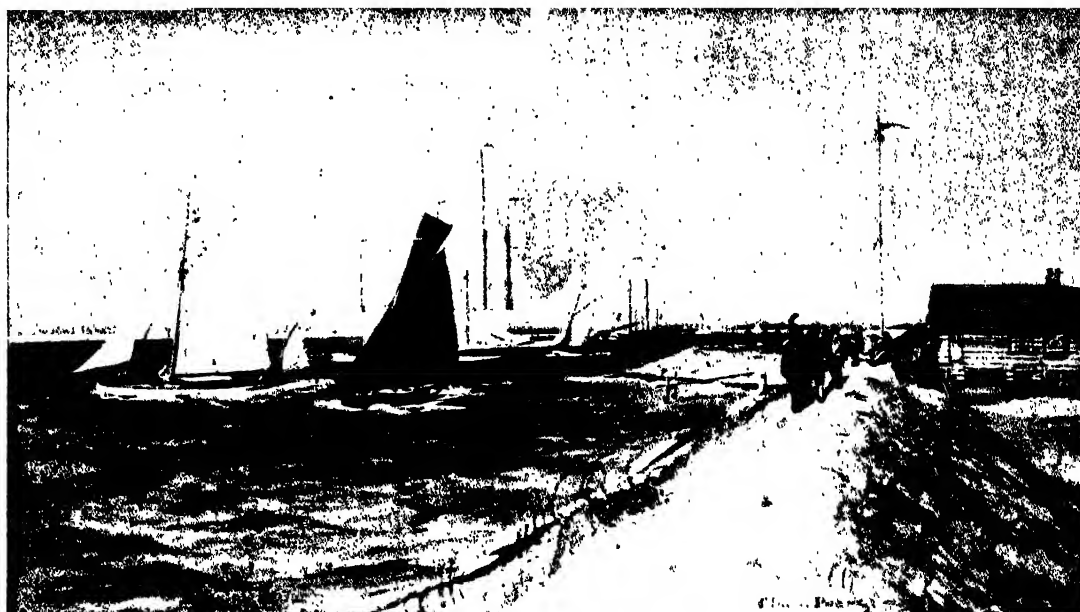
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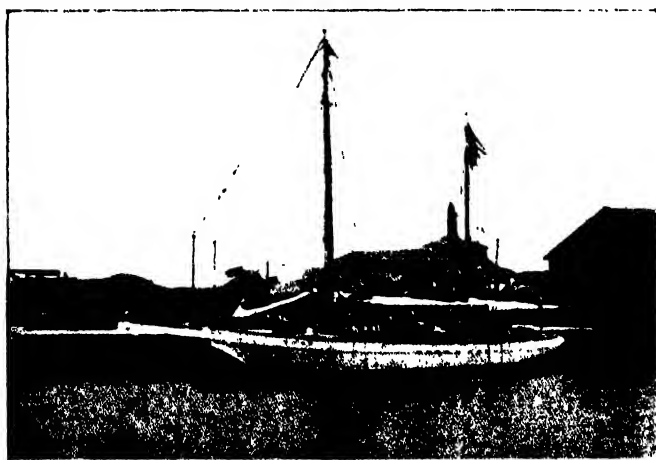
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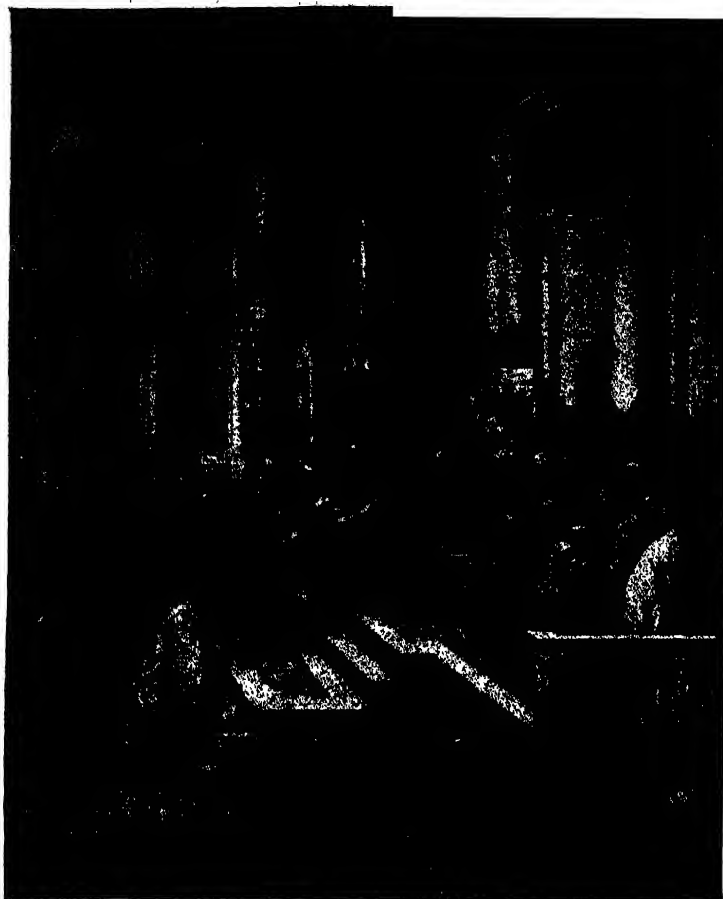
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From the painting by P. Bordone in the Accademia di Belle Arti, Venice. (Photo. Breg.)

a forty-five-foot ketch—and something of the story of the two years' wandering in the South Seas Mr. London has already given to the world in his "Cruise of the Snark." Mr. Martin Johnson—an adventurous youth—joined the yacht as a cook, but soon became the close friend and chief companion of his host and hostess; in fact, he alone of that small ship's company stayed the whole two years out with the Londons, only parting from them in Sydney when sickness made further voyaging impossible. Mr. Johnson, besides keeping a diary, took a large number of photographs of the places and persons visited, and these pictures, excellently reproduced, add considerably to the

interest of the narrative. Honolulu, the Marquesas, the Society Islands, Samoa, and the Fijis, were the chief places explored by the "Snark." The extremely favourable account given by Mr. Johnson of Molokai, the Leper Island—which Mr. London was allowed to inspect closely—is important, for even now there is comparatively little known of the place where Father Damien gave up his life. Of some of the missionaries encountered Mr. Johnson's report is less favourable, but he has high praise for Dr. Drew, of the Melanesian Missionary Society. "When we of the 'Snark' went among his four hundred Christian natives, we were treated better than any natives in the South Seas had ever before treated us. . . . If there were more such missionaries in the South Seas, cannibalism and heathenism would soon be a thing of the past." But then Dr. Drew has taught his flock English and cooking, and house-building and boat-building, and the elements of decency and health, to say nothing of cricket and football. Mr. Johnson is plainly without any bias to Christianity, and therefore his approval of missionary work is not easily earned. There were many hardships during these two years in the South Seas: at one time a scarcity of water, and later the ravages of disease. But the voyagers saw numerous things in those far-away islands that were worth the pains of the journey, and it was all a high adventure.

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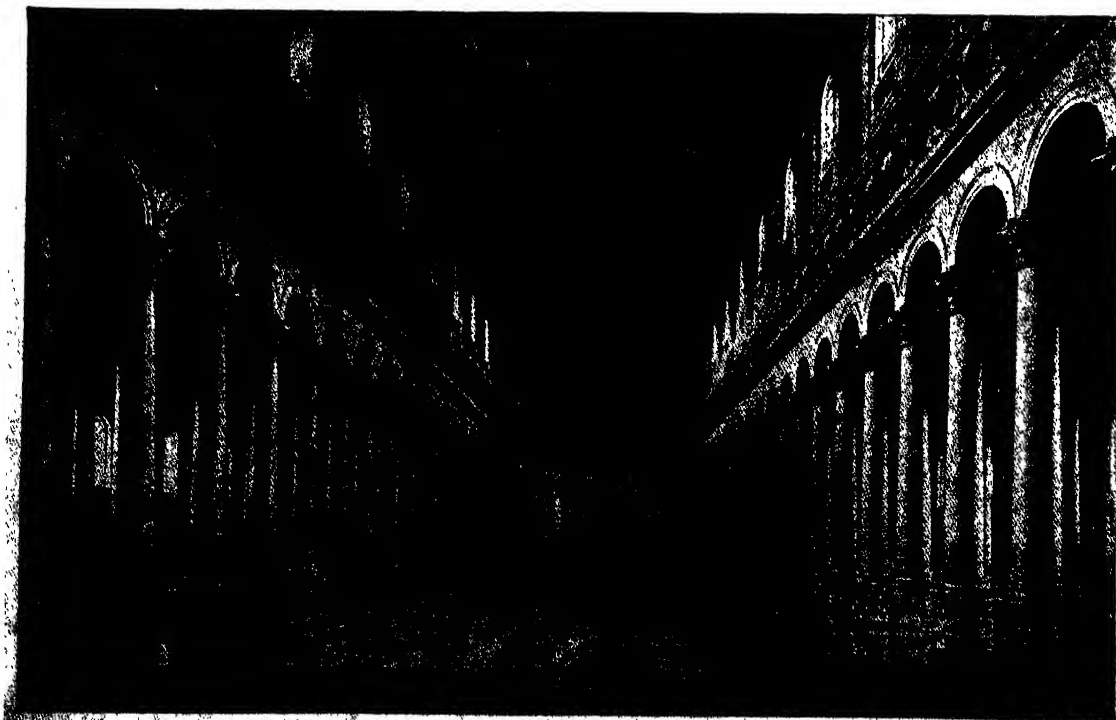
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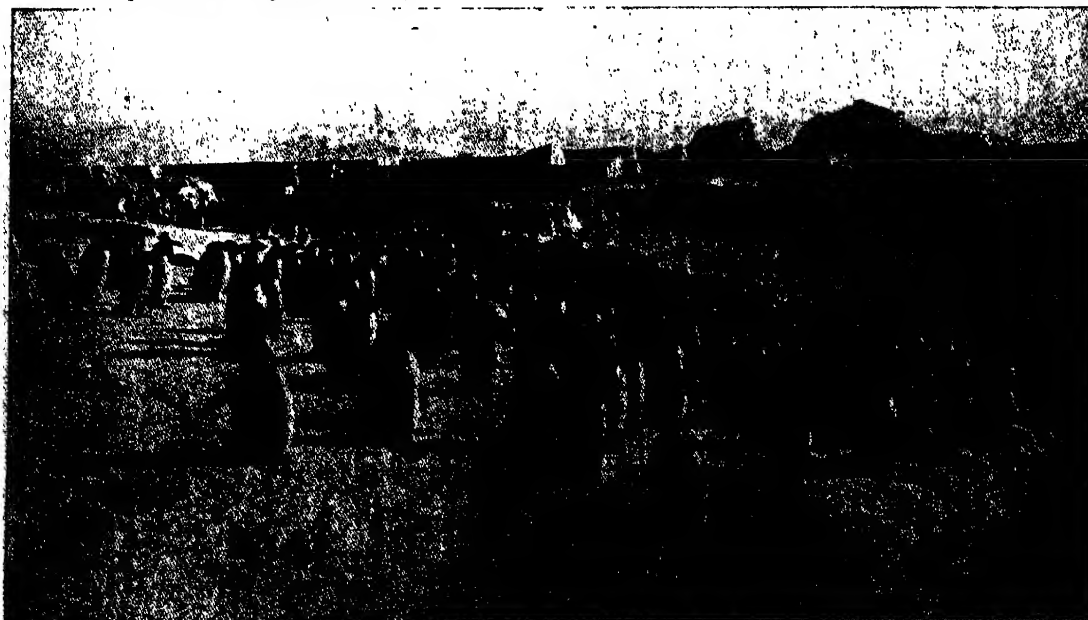
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*All communications intended for
the Editor must be addressed to
the Editor of THE BOOKMAN,
ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK
SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.*

*A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before
any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.*



I. Zangwill.

Kailyard school of fiction;
since then he has written
some thirty novels, the
latest of which, "Silver
Sand," was issued by Messrs.
Hodder and Stoughton

on the same day as the report of his death reached
England. We hope to publish a special article on
Mr. Crockett and his work in our next Number.

News Notes.

News reaches us, as we go to press, of the sudden
death of Mr. S. R. Crockett at Avignon, at the early
age of fifty-three. Twenty years ago Mr. Crockett
rose into prominence as a member of the famous

Miss Mary Kernahan (Mrs. Charles Harris) whose
first novel Messrs. George Allen & Co. are publishing,
is a sister of Mr. Coulson Kernahan. She has con-
tributed to the magazines and is also the author
of a little book of amusing verse, "Nothing but
Nonsense."

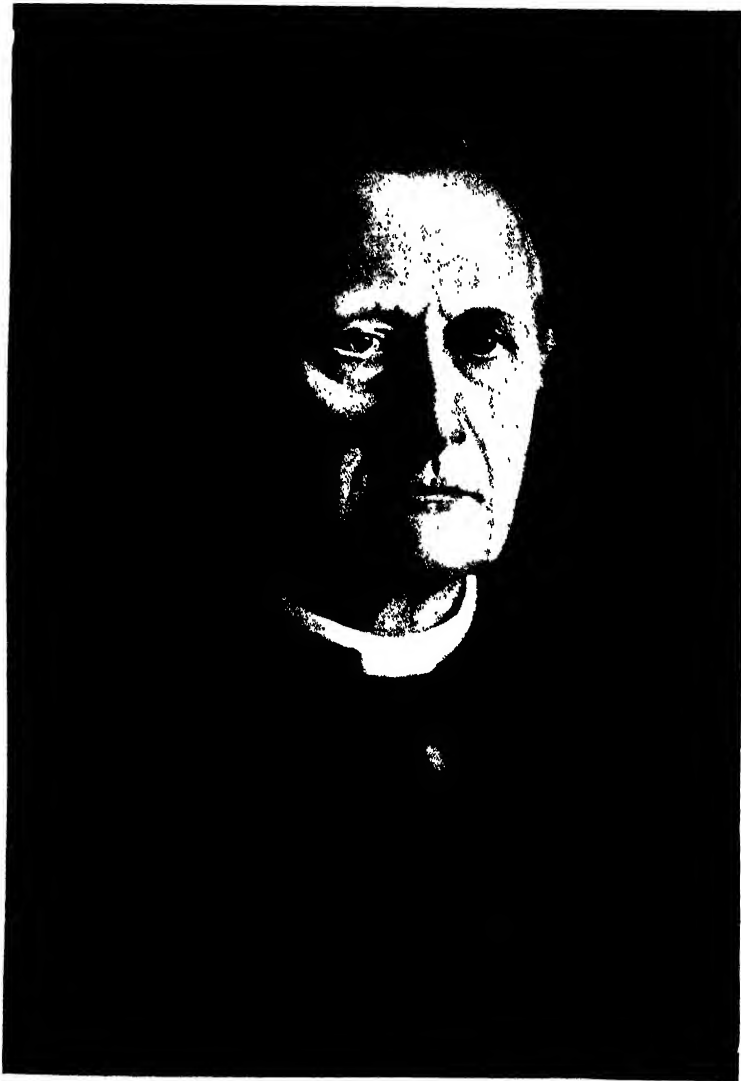
Messrs. Putnams are publishing "An Autobiography of Thomas Jefferson," to which Dr. George Haven Putnam has contributed a foreword. It has also an Introduction and notes by the late Paul Lester Ford.

author's "Bunter's Cruise," which is already in the same series, has been selling in various forms since 1899 and "The Nancy Manœuvres" since 1905. A new novel by Mr. Gleig will be published this year.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has written a preface on "Parents and Children," to which he attaches considerable importance,

"The Runic Roods of Ruthwell and Bowcastle," by the Rev. Dr. King Hewison, the well-known archæologist, will be published early this month by Messrs. John Smith & Son, of Glasgow.

for the new volume of his plays that Messrs. Constable are just issuing. The book contains two full-length plays, "Misalliance," and "Fanny's First Play," with "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," a shorter piece written to aid the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre in its appeal for public endowment. In a preface to "The Dark Lady" Mr. Shaw discusses and rejects the conception of Shakespeare as the illiterate nobody of the wild Baconian theory. The publication of this volume has been delayed so long for the preface on "Parents and Children" that Messrs. Constable have already in the press three of Mr. Shaw's later plays, "Androcles and the Lion," "Great Catherine" and "Pygmalion."



S. Baring-Gould

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould,

whose new book, "The Church Revival" (Methuen), is reviewed in this Number.

Publishers who write books are getting comparatively plentiful; but the publisher as dramatist is something of a rarity. Mr. Herbert Jenkins, after mitigating the rigors of publishing by writing for the magazines and reviews and giving us a notable biography of George Borrow, has written a one-act play, "With Her Husband's Permission," which is to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, under the management of Miss Muriel Pratt, the young actress who achieved so great a success in "Hindle Wakes" at the Play-

house. It will first appear in the same bill with Mr. John Masefield's "Nan," on the 13th May; and will later be produced at a West End theatre.

Mr. David Nutt is publishing this month "North of Boston," a new volume of poems by Mr. Robert Frost, whose first volume, "A Boy's Will," met with a most favourable reception last year.

By

ue **W.** popular naval yarn "The Nancy Manœuvres," Charles Gleig, is reissued this month in

MACMILLAN & Co.'s sevenpenny series. The

Messrs. Constable are publishing a collected edition of the works of the late Stanley Houghton. In addition to "Hindle Wakes," "The Younger Generation," and the plays already familiar, it will include two unpublished long plays, a new one-act play, a selection of his articles and criticisms contributed to the *Manchester Guardian*, some unpublished stories and an unfinished novel of Manchester life

which Houghton was working on in Paris when he was taken ill and died. The edition will be in three volumes, and will have an introduction by Mr. Harold Brighthouse.

Mr. W. H. Helm is giving a lecture-recital on "Charles Dickens and his Novels" at the Grafton Gallery on the 12th of this month. In his lectures on Jane Austen, Mr. Helm proved himself an informing and delightful lecturer, and the admirable introduction to his Anthology from Dickens's works is one of the best of the many critical studies that have been written on the personality and the writings of the great Victorian novelist.

The doyen of London publishers, Mr. Edward Marston, for so long associated with the firm of Messrs. Sampson Low & Marston died on the 6th of last month in his ninetieth year. He was author as well as publisher, and of the dozen little books into which he put records of his angling expeditions, his holiday rambles, his thoughts on life and his recollections of his own career one has pleasant recollections of *By Meadow and Stream*, *Days in Clover*, *Fishing for Pleasure*, *After Work*, and *Easy Chair Memories*. "Thirty years ago I came into touch with him for the first time," says Mr. F. J. Rymer, the manager of the firm. "He was then a young fellow of sixty, and the business of the firm was conducted at Crown Buildings, in Fleet Street. There he would pass me, flying up the stairs two at a time, whilst I toiled up under the weight of my twenty-five years. Nearly twenty years later, at St. Dunstan's House, he did precisely the same thing,



Photo by Miss M. Gray.

Frederic Mistral and Madame Mistral.

Taken at Maillane, April, 1912.

remarking at the time, 'I can still beat you on the stairs.' It seems to me that the dear old 'Guvnor' must have been always young—young in heart, young in aspirations, young in sympathy, young in endeavour. His memory was wonderful; his judgment was so sound that he did not make many mistakes, but he made one that he regretted. I remember him saying to me once, 'Well, what is selling in the book line?' I replied, 'The market seems to be held just now by the new two-shilling edition of Mrs. Henry Wood's works.' 'Dear me!' he replied, 'that reminds me of one of the mistakes of my life. I recollect a lady calling at the office of Sampson Low

& Marston, then at 47, Ludgate Hill, and leaving a manuscript. I took it home and read it. It was a very nice story, but the authoress was almost unknown, and it did not seem to me to be anything out of the common, so when the lady called, as she had arranged to, I had to disappoint her by declining it. Her name was Mrs. Henry Wood. Now guess the title of the work she submitted.' '*East Lynne*,' I hazarded. 'No,' said he. 'I don't think that even I could have turned down *East Lynne*. The

book I refused was *The Channings*, and I have always felt that had I had the sense to accept it instead of rejecting it, it would have made all the difference to the history of the firm of Sampson Low Marston, Searle & Rivington, as it afterwards became.' He enjoyed his later years of leisure as he had enjoyed his long years of work. He lived a quiet, useful, happy life," adds Mr. Rymer, "spreading an unconscious influence for good far and wide, and many besides myself have reason to bless the day on which they first came into contact with Edward Marston, 'The Amateur Angler'."



Photo by Miss M. Gray.

Mas de Juge.

The birthplace of Mistral, the famous Provençal poet, who died last month.



Photo by
W. G. Parker.

Miss Rosina Fillipi,

whose new novel, "The Heart of Monica,"
Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

"A Daughter of Debate," a novel by Mrs. Ambrose Harding which Mr. Werner Laurie has just published, is a vivid and powerful study of the colour problem as it exists in the West Indies to-day. Mrs.

Harding has herself lived for many years in the West

Indies and writes with a first hand knowledge of her subject.



Mrs. Ambrose Harding,

author of "A Daughter of Debate"
(Werner Laurie).

A novel by Mr. John Haslette, "Johnnie Maddison," will be published this month by Messrs. Smith, Elder. It is concerned with the difficulties of an honest man who thinks it his duty to warn a woman that her prospective husband is not all that she believes him to be, and his own later love for this woman complicates the problem on which the story



Photo by Henry F. Coats.

Mr. Rafael Sabatini,
whose new novel, "The Gates of Doom," is published by
Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

turns. Mr. Haslette has written short stories for the magazines, and serials for various periodicals here and in America. Two of his six novels, "Desmond Rourke" and "The Mesh," were published in England by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., and in the United States by

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. and Messrs. McBride, Nast & Co.

Yoi Pawlowska, the author of "A Year of Strangers" and "Those that Dream," has gone to Walt Whitman for the title of her new book, "A Child Went Forth," which Messrs. Duckworth are publishing. It will be illustrated by the author's



Miss Meriel Buchanan,

daughter of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, in Russian costume.
Miss Buchanan is the author of "Tanla," a novel recently published by
Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

husband, Signor Antonio Marini, whose monument to Ristori was recently set up in Cividale.

We regret that there were two small misprints in Mr. Herbert Trench's "Bitter Serenade" last month. In the line :

"A man can take the buffets of the journey"
the last word should have been—tourney ;
and in the line :

"Starred on your face as though a crystal burning"
the word "though" should have been—through.

"The Woman's Law," by Maravene Thompson, which Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing to-day, is a frankly but powerfully melodramatic story—the first novel of a new writer.

Frank Danby (Mrs. Julia Frankau) has become known to us as a novelist of town life and smart society; in "The Heart of a Child" she touches a more romantic idealistic note, but as a rule her twelve novels take us among the garish lights of cities and into the company of very sophisticated men and women. In her new story, "Full Swing" (Cassell) which we review elsewhere, she makes a departure and gives us a charming romance of country life. Mrs. Frankau's childhood was passed in Dublin, where the near neighbours of her artist-father were Lady Wilde and her sons Oscar and Willie. At the precocious age of thirteen she wrote a parody of a vilanelle by Oscar Wilde which was published later by Edmund Yates in the *World*. That the pictures of mean life in some of her books are vividly true to life is not to be wondered at when one considers that in her earlier days she earned a livelihood by law writing, by addressing envelopes, and by embroidering for a West End shop. At the age of nineteen she married Mr. Arthur Frankau, and one of her two sons, Mr. Gilbert Frankau, is the author of that brilliant



Dr. Maria Montessori.

whose new book on the training of children, "Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook," was published last month by Mr. Hemmell.

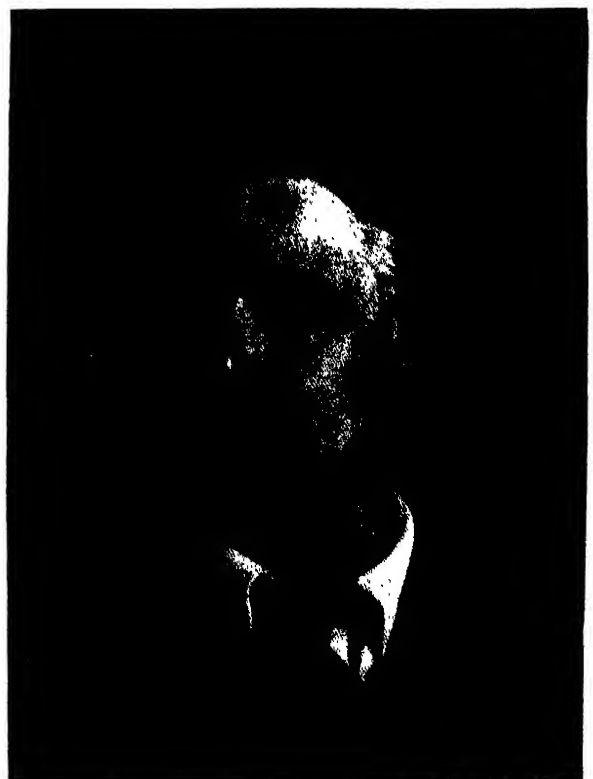
post-Byronic rhymed novel, "One of Us." To her brother, the late Owen Hall, she owed the theme of "The Heart of a Child"—the result of a discussion on musical comedy morality. Her sister Mrs. Aria is well known as a society journalist. Mrs. Frankau's earliest novel, "Dr. Phillips," has reached a sale of a hundred thousand copies, and probably "Pigs in Clover" was one of the most successful as well as one of the ablest of her other stories. In addition to the novels which have appeared under her pseudonym of Frank Danby, Mrs. Frankau has written certain books of art-history—a "Life of John Raphael Smith," "Lives of James and William Ward," and a volume on "Eighteenth Century Colour Prints," in her own name.

Messrs. Holden & Hardingham are publishing shortly a book by Mr. Walter M. Gallichan on "Woman Under Polygamy," a careful study of the history of plural-marriage. Mr. Gallichan is keenly interested in the feminist movement, and his "Modern Woman," lately reissued by Mr. Werner Laurie, has



Mr. Geoffrey Norton Farmer,

whose first novel, "Quella," has just been published by Messrs. Alston Rivers.



Mr. Walter M. Gallichan.

had a large sale here and in America. He began his career as an author at the age of twenty-six and has written, in all, thirty-four volumes, including four novels and several books of travel. Some of his earlier work was published under the pen-name of Geoffrey Mortimer, and his subjects range from ethics to trout fishing. His wife (well known as C. Gasquoine Hartley), whose volume "The Truth About Woman," is now in a third edition, has completed a new book on "The Position of Woman in Primitive Society." It will be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash in England, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., in America.

The Annual Meeting of the Associated Booksellers' of Great Britain and Ireland will be held in Edinburgh this year from the 5th to the 8th of this month.

If "The Uplanders," of which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have sent us an advance copy, is Mr. Walter Bamfylde's first book, as we believe it is, we should say it will not be long before he figures in the lists of popular novelists. He writes well; has a light attractive style, and his pictures of English country life and character are uncommonly well done. He possesses a real narrative gift and not only has a good story to tell but knows how to tell it.

Mr. Max Weber, whose "Cubist Poems" have just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, is an American of Russian descent, and it is as a painter that he has so far been known, but finding there were certain things that lent themselves more fittingly to expression in the medium of poetry than of painting he has, in the last year or two, sought to express himself with the pen as well as with the brush, and the marked characteristics of his poems are, as one would expect, their appreciation of form and colour. To some of us he may appear fantastic whose poetry and his paintings, but he claims

to be a realist presenting life as he sees it. He is one of the most remarkable painters of the much-discussed cubist school, and however strongly one may question the beauty of his designs, there can be no doubt of the beauty of his colour schemes. Here are some of his views on the art he practises: "The artist should have a range within from tears to laughter, from visible to invisible, from obvious to infinity . . . In plastic art I believe there is a fourth dimension which may be described as the

consciousness of a great and overwhelming sense of space-magnitude in all directions at one time, and is brought into existence through the three known measurements. It is not a physical entity or a mathematical hypothesis, nor an optical illusion. It is real and can be perceived and felt. It is somewhat similar to colour and depth in musical sound. It arouses imagination and stirs emotion. It is the immensity of all things. . . . I depend greatly upon that which I do not yet know."

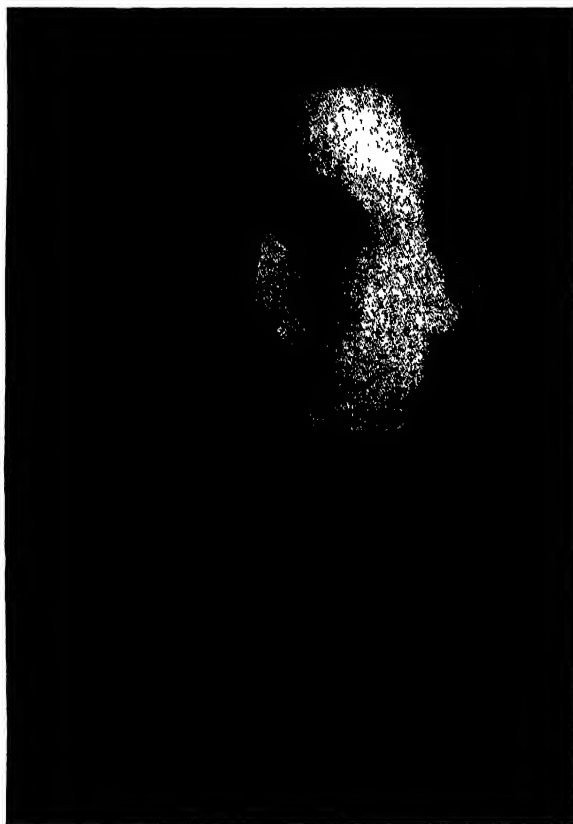


Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

Mr. Max Weber.

Our portrait of Mr. Max Weber is by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, one of the most enthusiastic of

his admirers. "Art is a serious and vital matter with Max Weber," writes Mr. Coburn, "not the amusement of an idle hour; and life is still more important; and they blend imperceptibly. If Weber were cast upon a desert island he would find some way to go on expressing himself. Naturally a primitive, he would hew himself a carving in stone or wood, for the creative impulse is unquenchable. A short time ago I sent him the Oxford edition of Blake's poetry, as I felt that there was much in common between these two. In thanking me for the book Weber has written things which I cannot resist quoting: 'A very rare visionary! He made spiritual the dynamics of the earthly as they are perceived by and through the senses. He touches the Unknown and he reveals. He is a poet for the philosopher of truth, not fact. He is wise without caution or precision. He gives, he helps, he enriches—he does not merely entertain.'"



Dr. Saleeby,
author of "The Progress of Eugenics" (Cassell)

lamentable ignorance of the environment [at which he tilts." Our reviewer asserted that "the Master of the college is not abruptly addressed as 'Master' . . . nor is a senior Fellow [addressed colloquially as 'Senior,' but, strange as it may appear, by his name." No doubt, as Mr. Jordan observes, "there are, strange as it may appear, several colleges in Cambridge and several different usages," and he goes on to say that "in three colleges, at least, the Master is addressed abruptly as 'Master,' and that so frequently and clearly that the circumstance could not escape the most unobservant listener. Again, there is still

living in Cambridge and dining, I believe, almost nightly in hall, an old gentleman, the senior Fellow of his college, who is addressed invariably as 'Senior,' whose name, although I have met him several times, I have never

heard spoken. This may appear strange to your reviewer. It is familiar to those 'who know Cambridge.'" Well, it happens that our reviewer is also a Cambridge man and knows it fairly well. In reply to Mr. Jordan's letter he can only say that it is not the general practice to call a senior Fellow "Senior," and he never came across the exceptional old gentleman of Mr. Jordan's acquaintance, and that he regrets Mr. Jordan did not name the three colleges to which he refers, as he knows of no college at Cambridge where the Master is addressed as "Master." It is a small matter, anyhow; what is of more importance is that, apart from the little points in dispute, our reviewer warmly testified

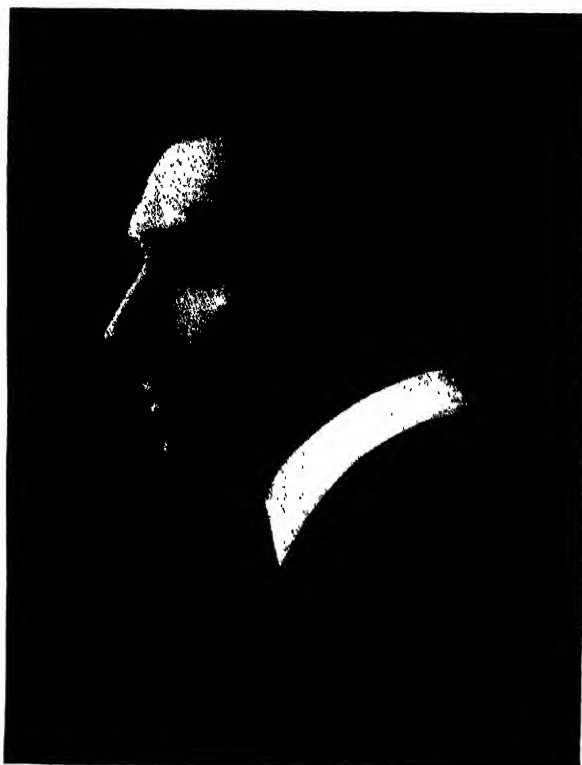


Photo by Vandys.
Mr. J. D. Beresford,
whose new novel, "The House in Demetrius Road," Mr. Heinemann is publishing.

to the skilful character drawing in "Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust," and praised the story as a delightful one. His sin was limited to the setting up of his own experience against Mr. Jordan's.

We record with much regret the death, after a short illness, of Mr. Walter Gowanlock Anderson, of the firms of Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, publishers, London and Edinburgh, and of Messrs. Anderson & Ferrier, bookbinders, Edinburgh. He died on the 9th April, at his residence, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, in his forty-eighth year. Mr. Anderson was the elder son of the late Mr. Robert Anderson, J.P., who for several years represented one of the City Wards in the Edinburgh Town Council. Coming to the firm in 1886, he joined his father and the late John Scott Ferrier as a partner



Mr. W. G. Anderson.

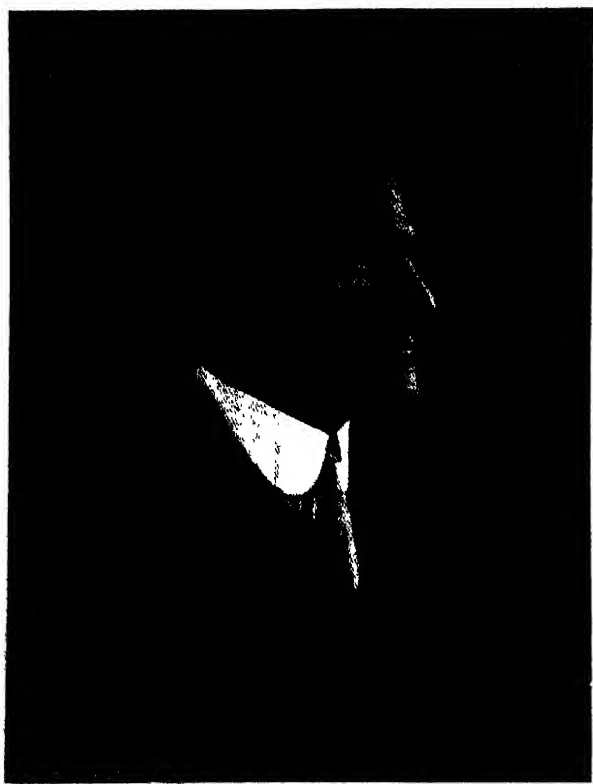


"Anna Bunston"
(Mrs. de Barry),

whose new poetic drama, "Jephthah's Daughter," Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing.

in 1893. On the death of Mr. Ferrier in 1910 he became senior partner with the late Mr. Ferrier's son, Mr. Angus Ferrier.

Captain Frank H. Shaw, whose new novel, "The Haven of Desire," is published by Messrs. Cassell, is a very popular writer of sea stories. A love for Clark Russell and Captain Marryatt had much to do



Captain F. H. Shaw.

with sending him to sea, and he followed that career from 1895 for eleven years, during the last few of which he took to writing stories in his spare time. His first literary success came with the publication of a short story in the *Captain*; after that he went sailing for another eighteen months, still writing in such leisure as he had, and having in that period earned about fifty pounds he decided that if he gave all his time to working with his pen he could make a living wage by it. In the first year after he became an author by profession he earned some two hundred pounds; then came what he considers the turning point of his career when his work was taken up by the house of Cassell with which he has been associated ever since. His journeyings about the world, his experiences on sailing ships, tramp steamers, and liners are turned to excellent account in his novels, and to a large extent his new book,



Miss Helen C. Roberts.

whose new novel "A Free Hand" (Duckworth) is reviewed on page 101.

"The Haven of Desire," is autobiographical, though he confesses he has given to his hero many adventures that in reality happened to other people he has known.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's second £1,000 Prize Competition, which has just closed, was confined exclusively to Colonial writers—the first competition of its kind to appeal directly to colonial talent. The results—which will be published shortly—should prove decidedly interesting. They now announce a third great Novel Competition in which prizes to the total value of 1,000 guineas will be awarded. It is open to all writers, and a special prize will be awarded to the best "first" novel entered. The adjudicators will be Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Full particulars and entry forms may be had on application to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS ETHEL SIDGWICK.

THE revelation of woman to woman is often just as remarkable, for all the truisms on the subject, as the revelation of woman to man." That sentence of Miss Sidgwick's is, not the motive of, but the key to, the younger woman's fiction. At least, it is not always a motive. It is not, that is, always paraded as a definite thesis, something to be defended, something provocative; but very frequently it is the quite unconscious view of many modern novels. The old "new woman" had little if any of this. The group of the 'nineties Sarah Grand, George Egerton, "Iota," Miss Robins, Mrs. Schreiner were still adherents of the masculine view of the world; unwilling, struggling, but in spite of all effort, still viewing the world, and particularly woman in the world, from a standpoint essentially belonging to the old masculine order of things. They were rebels, and admitted, by rebellion, the existence and the power of the masculine ideal. On the whole, too, they gave that ideal the value which men give it; what they disputed was the rightness of it.

Now, all that is changed. The younger women—and a few who have been writers for some time—are incredibly careless about the masculine ideal. It is no longer treated seriously. It is scarcely allowed to exist. It is parodied, misunderstood, ignored, soothed, smothered—anything rather than attacked. Young women of to-day are no longer occupied in arguing with such ideas as you find in Strindberg. They regard them as too futile even to be discussed. They win by evasion—win, for when you really exclude a dissonant view of life, evict it without any hankerings or back-thoughts, you have the victory. The enemy may go on digging and blasting and firing—but if you really treat him as a cross between a myth and a pismire, you are securely and serenely conqueror.

Only your victory has cost you something. And one can see in Miss Sidgwick's work what the price is likely to be. For myself, in politics and social ethics, I am a whole-hearted feminist. I have no doubt about the ideal to be aimed at; but I can see objections to the habit of behaving as if the ideal were already here. Such a habit has its awkwardnesses in actual life, but in art it seems to me to be fatal, and especially in the art of fiction.

We have had in the past a succession of novelists who have drawn men, with more or less success, as they

are; and women as men like them to be. Even the bad woman has to be bad in a likeable way; your minx, or your virago, has to be thoroughly womanly. She exaggerates, that is, certain characteristics which men insist on regarding as peculiar to women. Of course, there are exceptions. Richardson certainly has a claim to be regarded as at least willing to draw woman as she is; and both Meredith and Trollope were not always content to take the ordinary man's part of aversion or affection.



Miss Ethel Sidgwick.

The first women novelists scarcely attempted to alter this convention. The trick of adopting a masculine pseudonym has its real significance. I doubt if any woman, before this century, would not have preferred a man's approval of her work to a woman's. That, of course, was bound to alter; but there were two possible modes of change. One was that a new school of novelists, men and women, would try and get at the reality both of men and women—give us woman as reflected in her own glass, and man in his. The other, which has occurred, was that the new novelists should treat man as the old treated woman—give us, not the reality, but man in woman's mirror. Of course, the resultant work, especially as seen in Miss Meynell's and Miss Sidgwick's novels, has its excitements. It forces one's attention. In

"Promise" and "Succession" the two books dealing with the musical prodigy, Antoine Edgell, there sometimes seem to be no men at all, except perhaps Jem. One asks, plaintively or eagerly, or with a smile, if men have really so soft an outline, make so vague an impression, talk so much and do so little as this crowd of musicians, Lemare and Duchatel, and Levinski and Charratteur? Then, if one is wise, one remembers that these are men as a very clever woman sees them; that for years we have admired men's women, accused of bias women who complain that this or that author does not really know women—and we read the new books again not so much to get conviction as information!

Yet I think the mistake made by these new "new women" is more serious than that made by the old-fashioned novelist. And the reason is simple. There is no question that the man's woman, either Dora or Becky, did and does exist in large quantities. The "masculine" view of man and of woman is upheld by the vast majority of women; we may dislike that fact and seek to alter it, but it is fatal for the novelist to

ignore it. And ignore it Miss Sidgwick does in her last book "A Lady of Leisure." There is no sign that she intends the people in the book to belong to any narrow, or elect coterie. Violet Ashwin's father is a great physician—not, I am glad to say, quite so magical as Savigny in "Succession," but still a little superhuman—her mother is a society woman of rather dangerous habits; her uncle, at whose vicarage much of the action passes, is a benevolent parson; and her work lies among the ordinary lower-middle class of London. Now Violet, living a curious, active life, was bound to meet some quite ordinary young men. There are still a number of them about; yet never one crosses her path. The hero is Charles Shovell, and his rarity is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he only knows one ordinary young man, and to him he scarcely ever speaks.

It is easy to get interested in Miss Sidgwick's characters. They have a certain nattiness, an intellectual nimbleness which makes them amusing to watch; but they do not move us. Mrs. Ashwin, who has no purpose save to be flippantly sensuous, somehow never contrives to be more than flippant; and indeed, one could say of many of Miss Sidgwick's characters that they fulfil their epithets and yet never achieve their destiny. Of Violet Ashwin herself this is not true. The new outlook does at any rate do this, it gives us an incomparable picture of the modern girl as she strikes herself—but does she so invariably have the luck (or the misfortune) to convert every one to her own views? Claude Ashwin, her father; Charles Shovell; Arthur Gibbs, the clerical uncle; even his practical second wife, and finally Alice Eccles, the respectable, downright lady in the dressmaking business, do not merely fall under Violet's spell, but accept her valuation of things. There are struggles. Charles has a period of heady love for Alice and Mrs. Gibbs is suspicious; but the only one who remains untouched is Violet's mother, and she seems so stupid to me that Violet's failure with her is a tribute to her charm. For charm must repel as well as attract. Yet while I believe firmly in Violet's reality, I cannot believe in her friends; and that is, I think, because Miss Sidgwick has not detached them enough. They are emanations of Violet. Perhaps this is best illustrated by the complete failure of the Vane-Peacock and Margery episode. Margery is Violet's cousin, Arthur Gibbs' daughter. Vane-Peacock is the vicarage gardener, "a tall imposing figure of a man." Margery uses Vane-Peacock as a model and falls violently in love with him. Miss Sidgwick makes no excuses for her; Margery, she writes, "was basely in love with a beautiful animal, and many have been likewise; men very openly and exultantly, and women in secret, and tormented."

The situation is a possible one. The reverse—the squire and the housemaid is commonplace enough; and I admit it is masculine prejudice which regards the one imbroglio as not unnatural and the other as degrading. But a novelist must do something about a situation of that kind. Miss Sidgwick merely states it, and at the crisis runs away from it by making Margery happen on her true lover at an opportune moment. I believe

the reason is simple. Most men novelists—and a good many women—have often seen young men lose their heads over housemaids, and they know the housemaid's attitude. But Miss Sidgwick does not know what Vane-Peacock thought of his young mistress; she hasn't even observed such a situation, and she cannot imagine it, and so poor Vane-Peacock remains a kind of monster.

In his way Charles Shovell is a monster, too. His mother's verdict "You would really think Charles desired to be thought half-witted," may err on the side of harshness—yet in practice no one is harsh to Charles. That is the strangest thing in the new fiction: no young man gets the rebukes and the snubbings which would surely meet him in real life. Miss Sidgwick overrates the power of men's charm, just as she rather overdoes the conversational "foible" which is Charles's one accomplishment.

"A Lady of Leisure" is in atmosphere and treatment more akin to Miss Sidgwick's "Le Gentlemen" and "Herself" than to the books about Antoine Edgell. It deals mainly with superficial people, occasionally with their deeper emotions; but it avoids directness as much as its heroine. That it is a one-sided book is not to be taken as too violent an objection to it. We still need one-sided books. In the latest novel of one of our younger men, a character says "I can only speak as a woman, of course, but I know that what every woman ever born into this world has wanted is just to be taken by some one stronger than herself, and to be beaten or kissed, loved or strangled, as the case may be." So long as the masculine tradition is expressed in the pretentious insolence of such a speech as that, we do need that the feminine view should be stated as emphatically. Not, of course, that Miss Sidgwick indulges in such vulgar bravado; she does not even think that Claude Ashwin's conduct in marrying his wife is parallel to Margery Gibbs' passion for Vane-Peacock. No, she is content to show us woman in singular completeness—a completeness a little foreign from reality, for there is scarcely any conflict in "A Lady of Leisure," but still a completeness that leaves even prejudice no room to doubt woman's separate existence. Yet I hope she will remember that while the aspect she gives us is true enough, there is a good deal left out of the picture. No one wants men's men any longer—tiresome, noisy, with an Olympian habit of occasional condescension; but we do not want too big a gallery of women's men either. Let the new "new women" profit by the mistake of the old novelists. Let them try and catch man in his non-social moods, and remember that he is a fellow-creature who in the past has done a good deal in the world.

Miss Sidgwick has given us here, in the portrait of Violet, a splendid example of "the revelation of woman to woman"; is it too much to hope that she may give us a revelation of "man to woman"? For that is what we want, and what, except in broken glimpses, we have never yet had; man, and not woman's idea of man, shown us with sympathy and truth by a woman.

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THE READER.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON.

WRITING is endless and multiform, and we are aided little by discussions as to what is best and worst, what highest and lowest, what ephemeral and what immortal. Such considerations too often begin as quibbles and end as squabbles. But it matters all the same whether the writings of a man are useful or not, whether they contribute to the greater or the lesser needs of mind or imagination or soul, or all three if all three are one, which is probable, even though none can vouch for it. When, therefore, I say that in the present age (when everybody writes or would like to write) that writing has a fuller chance of being useful and even valuable which runs the risk of being sacrificed to action, it must not be concluded that I am attempting to belittle literary achievement. Literature needs no defence; it carries its own commendation to be appreciated by those concerned in the fullness of time. Criticism neither speeds nor retards its acceptance. But in the present age, when, as I say, there is superfluity of writing both actual and potential, it is virtuous of a writer who has written well to refrain from writing, or to limit his writing, that he may do more disinterested work in another sphere of activity. Such virtue is the reward of Israel Zangwill, novelist, playwright and wit, who now gives to humanity much of what he previously gave to art. Neither is his literary work stifled by the sacrifice; what little he now writes is broader and deeper, and the larger creativeness of his earlier years invites renewed acquaintance far more than if he had been a writer who writes and writes and does nothing between whiles. The utility of literature depends finally upon the quality of the thing said rather than upon the manner of saying it. Those who are in peril of coming to love literature better than they love life must learn that lesson. It is the doer, not the thinker or even the dreamer, who has the best things to say, could he but say them. Unfortunately it is only in rare instances that he can do other than say them by the proxy of a skilled writer, for whom doing is inconsistent with being. But it is the rare exceptions, wherein ideas and art unite with dynamic personality, that our bewildered and apathetic age is most in need. We return to the work of such writers with ever-new curiosity and hope at times when the need of action exceeds that of dreaming, for where there is no action vision perishes.

I.

Readers of Israel Zangwill's earliest books might have been forgiven if they had prophesied for him a dazzling career as a literary entertainer. It is not easy to find in English literature such abundant wit and humour, such unabashed delight in mental quips and cranks, puns and tricks of thought and phrase, as you find in "The Premier and the Painter," "The Bachelors' Club" and "The Old Maids' Club." These books gush with that intellectual cleverness which came to be known as "brilliant." Whistler invented it; Oscar Wilde translated it into literature; Bernard Shaw still wields it as a sword, and Gilbert Chesterton as a prestidigitator of Notre Dame. With Zangwill it was different. He seemed, in these early books, to be doing nothing more serious than having a good time. But the critic with half an eye might have detected a higher seriousness behind the exuberant merriment of "The Premier and the Painter," written in collaboration with Mr. Louis Cowen, but bearing what we now recognise as the Zangwill touch on every page. Here is no mere Merrie Andrew, but one who comes in cap and bells because he likes the tinkle of the jester's head-gear and is not blind to its value as a means of attraction. There is nothing original or unusual in such a method. It was old when Shakespeare adopted it, although in his day authors had not discovered the art of playing Touchstone in person on the platform and in the Press.

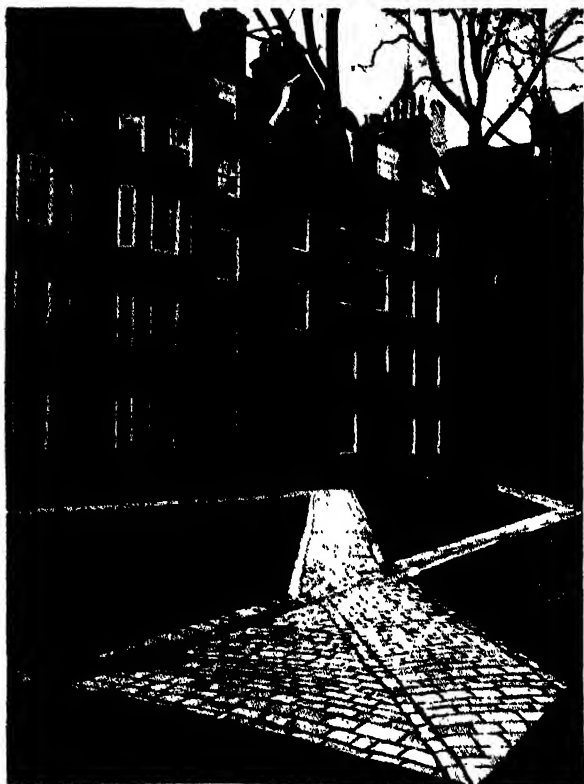
With the exception of a few early adventures Zangwill's wit is as purposeful as Shaw's. He baits his earnestness with merriment hoping to make you laugh,

or rather, smile and grow wise. And if he himself is under no illusion as to the limitations of fun—"To start anything exclusively funny," he says, "is a serious mistake"—there are times when the readiness of his wit overbalances his sense of proportion. His cleverness verges on the prodigious and the prodigality of his wit is always astounding and often disturbing. He has put enough of it in "The Premier and the Painter" to make three reputations, but too much to make one. The mind can stand an orgy of anything but wit. Wit must be the salt, not the dish: Zangwill has made it the feast. In several of his earlier books and in the more recent volume of shrewd and wise essays and comments, "Without Prejudice," you never feel safe for a moment, the



Israel Zangwill.

most innocent of sentences may end in an explosion. The experience is like being perpetually awakened out of pleasant dreams by warning detonators. Perhaps that was Zangwill's intention, but I suspect he was just enjoying himself. At the same time he does not attempt to sustain the interest of his finest books by facile brilliance, he can be as proportionate and as reticent as Meredith, and his comic study (comic in the Meredithian sense) of a Hebrew beggar in "The King of Schnorrers," is a masterpiece of comedy approaching humour, but too subtle to be labelled humorous, although you have to go back to such great humorous conceptions as Sir John Falstaff and Mr. Wilkins Micawber to find



Mr. Zangwill's Chambers,
3, Hare Court, Temple
(on the fourth floor, to the left
of entrance).

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

the equal of that luxuriously named mendicant, Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo da Costa. But, after all, he only came to the great public in cap and bells, Israel Zangwill's natural seriousness found earlier expression in several short studies, perfect of their kind, which were afterwards collected in a volume called "Ghetto Tragedies," and are now included in "They that Walk in Darkness." These first appeared in an obscure Jewish "Annual," and were hopelessly veiled from the ken of all but a few readers of his own race.

II.

There is something fitting in this first flight of a Hebrew genius in his own world bearing inspired records of the tragic life of his people, for the outer happiness of the Jews is often the cloak of sorrow; their jests are masks. By writing in English Israel Zangwill has not only revealed the tragedy and the comedy of Jewry to the English speaking members of this race, he has also revealed it to a nation which still took its knowledge of the Jew from the *naïveté* of Shakespeare's Shylock and the stale buffoonery of the comic papers.

Rarely has destined task fallen upon better shoulders. Zangwill is adapted by birth, experience, gifts and temperament to communicate between ineradicable Israel and absorbing England. He was born in London fifty years ago of parents to whom England spelt sanctuary. His father, Moses Zangwill, burdened with dreams and race-consciousness, escaped from a Russian military prison, where he had lain under sentence of death for refusing, whilst in the army, to eat food which had not been consecrated according to Jewish rite. He arrived in London about the year 1850, and married a woman of his own race, who although born in Poland was of remote Spanish descent. There were five children, three boys and two girls, all of whom possessed more than the average mental gifts, and both of Israel's brothers. Mark and Louis, have artistic claims to recognition, the latter especially who, under the pseudonym "Z.Z.," has written "A Drama in Dutch" and other novels. Israel Zangwill was educated, for the most part, at the famous Jewish Free School in Whitechapel, where in the race for honours he left all behind him, winning the principal scholarship three years in succession, graduating at London University with triple honours. After leaving school he became a teacher, but with the full intention of getting into journalism as soon as possible. This occurred sooner even than he expected, for friction arising over a point of school discipline, Zangwill resigned; but not before he had proved his efficiency as a teacher by seeing every one of the sixty boys in his class pass in every subject at the annual examination.

Thus equipped with ability and a mind of his own, Israel Zangwill came to art. He did not come, however, as a business man marketing a gift. He had something to say and he desired to say it in the most effective manner; so he became a writer, recording at first the tragedy and achievement of the Jewish people and, later, interpreting the spirit of the age apropos of Hebrew and Christian morals and mysticism. Bare historic or philosophic statement could not have achieved his aim; indeed, that aim has been to give artistic form to the existing records of historian and philosopher plus the results of his own observation of ideas and happenings; where the former worked to impress the mind by intellectual processes, Zangwill sought to move the imagination by artistic processes. He goes so far as to distinguish, in a double sense, artistic from scientific truth. "Artistic truth is for me," he writes, "literally the highest truth: art may seize the essence of persons and movements no less truly, and certainly far more vitally, than a scientific generalisation unifies a class of phenomena. Time and space are only the conditions through which spiritual facts struggle." The spiritual facts of Jewish history and of modern Jewish life have received their highest and most convincing expression in English, in such books as "Children of the Ghetto," "Dreamers of the Ghetto," "The King of Schnorrers," and "They that Walk in Darkness." From the point of view of art his great achievement is the re-statement of the seemingly eternal tragedy of Israel in the light of modern experience and modern culture. And he has done this with fitting seriousness and a most gracious and refreshing sense of humour.

It is impossible to read this remarkable cycle of Jewish studies without being moved by the mastery of the

Jews over life—yes, and death. Shakespeare, who had probably never seen a Jew, makes Shylock the mere symbol of an exacting business man who is permitted to claim relationship with the rest of humanity on the grounds of senses which are possessed in common. But there is nothing in Shylock's claims to human kinship which might not with equal logic have made him kin with cat or dog—nothing, save the claim that if a Jew is tickled he will laugh. It is clear that Shakespeare did not visualise the Jew as fully human. When he made Falstaff plead, "I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew," he associated himself with the popular conception of the Jew as rogue and outlaw. Dickens probably held a similar view when he created Fagin, but he sought to make amends in a later book by fashioning a Jew as impossibly good as Fagin was impossibly evil. Zangwill, on the other hand, having had the most intimate experience of Jews, and possessing both a sense of humour and a sense of fact, gives us a more convincing idea of his compatriots than we have yet had or are likely to have. But he does not give us only realistic portraiture, after the manner of the newer novelists of his early days; nor does he strive particularly to see the good and bad, and to apportion praise and blame, after



Mr. and Mrs. Zangwill.

From a photograph taken in the balcony of an hotel at Basle in 1900, during the Zionist Conference there, at which the Jewish Territorial Organisation was founded.

beings; that he is in short compact of good and bad like the rest of us. But he does not commit the opposite folly of concluding therefore that the Jew is not different. That would have left us where Shakespeare and Dickens stood. He knows the Jew is different and that this difference is surmounted only by a genius for adaptability.

These differences are revealed in his Jewish studies, which have always astonished Gentiles by their fairness in recognising the evil as well as the good among Jews. But that is no more an example of fairness than similar qualities in English or Scotch novelists. It is simply the faculties of observation and visualisation crystallised

in art. Israel Zangwill sees the Jew steadily and sees him whole. Any equally capable artist might have done the same; any equally capable artist in letters might have wrung our hearts with the pathos, or moved our souls with the tragedy of Jewry; just as any equally capable writer might have raised



Mr. Zangwill in his Study at Far End.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN on 9th April, 1914.

our eyebrows or our laughter by records of Jewish cunning or humour. Zangwill has done all of these things and more. He has realised the irony of the age-long drama of Israel in a world to which she has given inventors and scientists, philosophers and artists, poets and prophets and Gods, but without, as a race, providing herself with a place to lay her head. He draws the modern Jew in all his squalor, whether of poverty, in Whitechapel, or of luxury, in Park Lane (both squalors having sprung from like causes), on a background of race-splendour. He communicates to us his vivid consciousness of the tragedy of this dream-fed race which has poured into the world treasures of the spirit and the imagination, whilst forging the metal of its permanence in bondage, migration and oppression.

The literary portrayal of an absorbing race-passion was not enough for Israel Zangwill, so he turned from the luxury of composition and personal expression to the exacting work of the practical reformer, with its unsparing demands upon time and energy, its disturbing differences of opinions, and its hungry cry for diplomatic and administrative genius. The constant migration of Jews from European countries to America and other lands and the growing tendency towards restrictions against alien immigration, have given a new and urgent meaning to the problem of Jewish emigration. Attempts to settle the problem are being made by three different organisations. The first, known as the Zionist Movement, seeks to re-establish the Hebrew race in Palestine—the ancient and original land of Judæa—and still the Promised Land. The second is the Jewish Colonisation Association, to which the late Baron Hirsch bequeathed a vast fortune; and the third is the Jewish Territorial Organisation, whose President is Israel Zangwill. The first of these associations



Mr. Zangwill's residence, Far End, East Preston, Sussex.

From the garden, south-east, windows overlooking the sea.
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Jewish colonial reservations in countries such as Argentine and other accessible realms. There are differences of opinion as to the value of this work, the chief of which is based in the argument that colonisation without territorial autonomy does not provide sufficient safeguards for the permanent protection of the settlers. Zangwill and the Jewish Territorial Organisation (called the "ITO" for short) hold to the view that there is no final hope for those Jews who cannot or will not remain in the lands in which they at present live, except in the establishment of an autonomous territory, in which they may live as free citizens responsible only to their own laws and customs, and working out their own political and social redemption.

"The territory," says Israel Zangwill, "chosen for the concentration of our emigration must be of such a nature that, provided the masses emigrate to it, nothing but their own fault shall prevent its growing up into a Jewish homeland. Dirt has been defined as only matter in the wrong place. That which in the house is mud, is, in the field outside, beautiful soil. If the Jew has been treated as dirt, it is because he has drifted into somebody else's house instead of remaining soil for his own fruits. Since the days of Pharaoh—as we have seen—the Jewish problem has come from the multiplication

of the Jew in the wrong place. Let this multiplication but take place on the right soil and under the right conditions, and instead of creating a Jewish problem it creates a Jewish country. 'Lest they multiply!' That is the dread, not only of Pharaoh, but of our Jews themselves, in London, in New



From the north-east, showing part of garden and tennis lawn.

Far End, East Preston:



Mrs. Zangwill.



Mr. I. Zangwill.

York, in Paris, in Berlin, and 'Scatter the Jews' has long been their one scheme of salvation. While the followers of other faiths say that their *faith* must be spread abroad, the Jews say that not their faith but *they* must be spread abroad. This is an idea so opposed to the common sense of mankind, which knows that union is strength, and that safety lies in numbers, that it is the best evidence of the mental malady that results from having no roots in a soil of your own. In ITOLand we shall not say 'Lest they multiply!' but 'Let them multiply!'

But in spite of the munificent material expressions of race-consciousness on the part of many wealthy Jews, and the enthusiastic support of those who are not wealthy, there is much apathy among all classes, and the President of the ITO has had to thunder against the indifference of those members of his race who have been strong enough or lucky enough to save themselves.

"Do you not remember," he said, at the close of his Presidential Address at the

Manchester ITO Conference in 1907, "how in this country only a few years back, men, young, noble, rich, were throwing away their lives for England, how the stateliest homes were like those Egyptian houses over which the destroying Angel had passed, leaving no house without its dead? But where is the Jew, young, noble, rich, who will throw away his life for his people? In the Japanese war the highest ladies of Japan spent their days, shut up in wards and roughly-clad like convicts, making antiseptic bandages for the wounded. Where is the noble Jewish lady who spends her days making bandages for the wounds of her people? Hunting and horse-racing, balls and dinners and operas are legitimate enough in the piping times of peace; but when we are on a war footing, when the agony of our people cries to us from the shambles of Russia to the *Mellahs* of Morocco, and from the *Hara* of Tunis to the ruined villages of Roumania, then I say that if our upper classes do not pause in their pleasures and make a supreme effort of salvation, the blood



Mr. Zangwill's two eldest children, aged 3½ and 7 years.
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

of their brothers will cry out against them from the ground. And not only against them, but against every Jew, however lowly, who has done less than his utmost. Judea expects every man to do his duty."

At the same time a vast amount of work has been done by the ITO. Commissions have been established for

territorial investigation, and elaborate reports of the findings of these Commissions in reference to Cyrenaica and Angola have been issued. But whilst every chance is taken for the promotion of the ultimate aim of an autonomous Jewish Homeland, the immediate needs of emigrating Jews are not overlooked and much valuable work is done for the convenience, comfort and safety of the eternal army of wandering Jews, most of whom look to America as the land of Deliverance.

Zangwill has interpreted this passion for American freedom in "The Melting Pot." That play, with its prophetic ardour and its abounding human love, has moved the heart of Jew and Gentile on both sides of the Atlantic. Critics have argued whether it is a good play or a bad play from the point of view of dramatic art—but such considerations in the light of the uplifting tragedy of a race could only occur to whippersnapper minds. "The Melting Pot" succeeds by power of impression and not by approximation to canons of art. It is not a problem play even, it is a message-play, a modern gospel of race-fusion. Not since Walt Whitman wrote "Leaves of Grass" have we had so inspiring a picture of America—"God's Crucible, the Great Melting-Pot, where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming!" Out of this crucible wherein the warring nations are purged of their feuds and hatreds and vendettas, will arise the real American—"the fusion of all races, perhaps the coming superman."

IV.

It is characteristic of the eternal paradox of the human mind that one of the most distinguished and race-conscious members of the most indestructible of races should be the advocate of race-fusion. Yet it is not so strange as it may seem at first. The Jews are a race and not a nation, and fusion is the destiny of all races. That is how races live. The Jews have always survived by their genius for fusion. There is as much difference between a



Mr. Zangwill in his Study at Far End.

From a painting by Polowetski.

French Jew and an English Jew as there is between a Frenchman and an Englishman, yet the Jew is no less a Jew for all that. Wise nations do not destroy race characteristics, they use them. The Jew is generally a good patriot if patriotism be permitted him. In England his patriotism is so enthusiastic that it runs to

Jingoism, and for the same reason that David Quixano's American patriotism in "The Melting Pot" ran to prophetic idealism. The support of the Jew may therefore be depended upon in all efforts towards practical internationalism. America is not the only melting-pot. The world is a melting-pot to-day, and the Hebrew no less than any other race, is in the crucible—but as a leavening medium. From causes such as these Israel Zangwill, son of a Russian Jew, has become an English Jew, not only interpreting his race to the English, but to the Jews; mastering English life and literature, and taking his place in English letters and controversy, whilst retaining his racial characteristics, and developing in himself and others a new chivalry of the Brotherhood of Man. His novels, "The Master" and "The Mantle of Elijah," are English works holding their own in the great tradition of the English novel; as his practical sympathy with the demand for Women's Enfranchisement is in the tradition of English political evolution; whilst his plays "The War God," "The Next Religion," and "The Melting-Pot," and his latest prose work "Italian Fantasies," reveal the universalism of the prophet of world-peace, which long since ought to have won for him the Nobel Prize.

Books live not because of any knowledge they contain, for knowledge soon becomes outmoded; neither do they live by reason of exquisite finish of workmanship, for art dies when the thing it meant is no longer a human need. Longevity is no test of art; a work of art should fill its time whether that time be a moment, an hour, a year, a century, or any number of centuries. But a book has a greater chance of life if it is a work of art revealing some unfathomable source of human ecstasy or power. Race has nothing to do with this, neither has nationality, nor religion. The thing that makes a work of art live is the same as that which determines the life of a race, or a nation, or a religion. It is spiritual power. Applying this test to the works of Israel Zangwill,

and after making every allowance for what may be called the temporal delight one may glean from any or all of them, the laurels might be awarded to the following in the order named: "They That Walk in Darkness," "Dreamers of the Ghetto," "The King of Schnorrers," "Children of the Ghetto," and "Italian Fantasies." Here are books drawn from the spiritual deeps; they reveal the soul of a people and the soul of a man. More, they add something tragic, something humorous, something carefully observed, and something honestly thought, to a literature already rich in these things, but not so rich as to be weary of receiving fresh treasures. There is equal art and fine intent in his other books, and they are as alive to-day as when they were first published, but the best things in them are better in the books named, and what remains remains for our day, and not for the far-away day when people will yet stay the tear over the "Diary of a Meshumad," "Satan Mekatrig," and "Incurable," and stop to marvel over "Joseph the Dreamer," "The People's Saviour," "From a Mattress Grave," and "The Joyous Comrade," and to laugh over Manasseh da Costa and his subject, Yankel.

There is a prefatory sonnet to "Dreamers of the Ghetto," in which Zangwill describes how he saw two Jews in a dream:

"One old, stern eyed, deep browed, yet garlanded
With living light of love around his head,
The other young, with sweet seraphic glance."

They were Moses and Jesus, and they stood askance

from one another, regarding the "Town's satanic dance," when:

"Sudden from Church out rolled an organ hymn,
From synagogue a loudly chaunted air,
Each with its Prophet's high acclaim instinct.
Then for the first time met their eyes, swift-linked
In one strange, silent, piteous gaze, and dim
With bitter tears of agonised despair."

Israel Zangwill, realising the pathos of godliness, realises also the camaraderie of all religions and the fraternity of Judaism and Christianity. I have placed "Italian Fantasies" among his greater books because, in a welter of scholarship, observation, criticism, wit and wisdom, he reveals the processes of the mind which imagined, with so much Christian love, those Ghetto tragedies which express the fulness of his genius. This book, masquerading as a travel-book, is really a confessional, an autobiography, the record of a soul's adventures among master-ideas. Many years hence it will be read as we read Montaigne and Sir Thomas Browne. To-day it is a commentary on contemporary life; modern, yet ripe; conservative among the verities, yet abundant in provocation; generous to the past, yet lavishly seductive of the future. And over-glamouring every page there is an irony which answers many a crude hope by tickling the reader into charity with all men. These Italian fantasies are Israel Zangwill's apologia conceived, not in the spirit of contrition, but in the spirit of interpretation; he has used Italy as a lay-figure, and made her the symbol of the world's glory and folly—but, as in all his works, it is the glory that survives in promise of performance.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best rhyming alphabet of living British novelists, on the lines of "A was an Archer"—the second half of each line giving some idea of the character of the author's work.



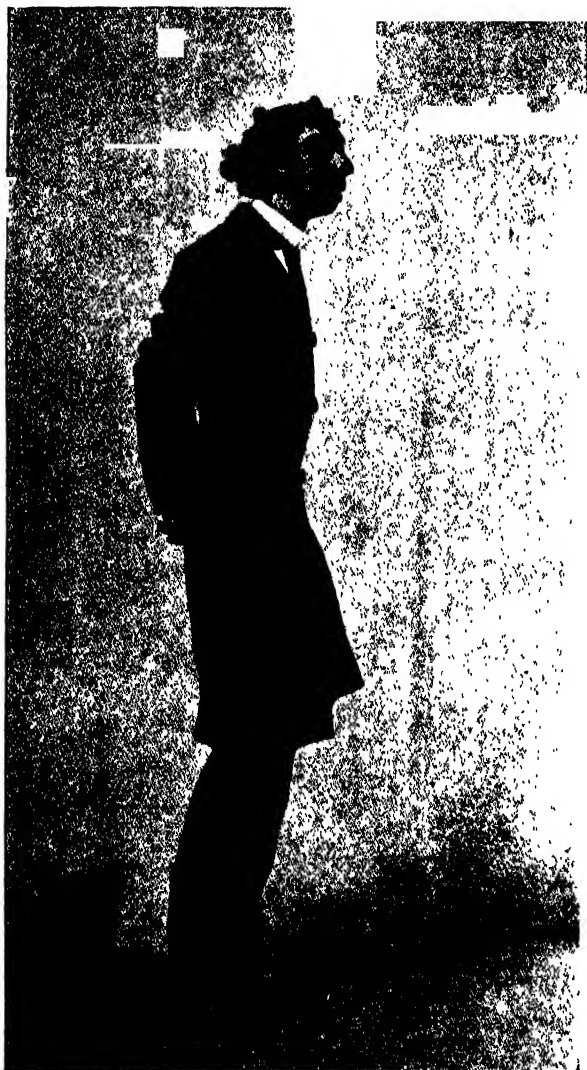
Photo by Wreather & Buys.

Scene from "The Melting Pot."

Miss Phyllis Relph.

Mr. Walker Whiteside.

The Melting Pot at Work



"A Child of the Ghetto."

Reproduced from *Vanity Fair* of 25th February, 1897, by permission of the proprietors.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Mr. Cyril G. E. Bunt, 101, Ravenslea Road, Balham, London, S.W.

TO MY BABY IN HEAVEN.

Dear Baby eyes
So blue, now blessed to see
God's Paradise
Of love eternally
Look from thy sphere
Of angel ministry,
Upon thy sorrowing mother here,
And me.

Oh Baby ears
Now open to receive
The sighs and tears
Of all on Earth who grieve,
Give heed, and take
Thy mother's sighs to be
Prayers from a heart that's like to break
For thee.

Dear Baby tongue,
That could not speak on earth,
Pray for the one
Whose pure love gave thee birth;
Speak thou apart
To God, whom thine eyes see,
Ask Him to heal thy mother's heart
For me.

We also select for printing :

THE HOME GOING.

I will go my way, ere night, to the grassy places
And lay my head in the lane, where the soil smells sweet,
Where the bindweed climbs pale-lipped to the dwale's embraces,
And the thorn's a great white lamp for my coming feet.
I shall stanch my tears once more with the scent of clover,
I shall bathe my wounds again in the healing showers,
When the careless, stintless cup of the dawn runs over—
Yet, no! I would not go in the time of flowers.

I will take the road, ere long, to the orchard-closes,
Where the light goes thickened and soft through the laden
boughs,
Where the ripe red gathered heap on the ground reposes,
And the air's like wine that's spilt at a king's carouse.
I shall find the rest that I lack here, waking or sleeping,
While my heart keeps measure again with the blackbird's
flute,
And the far-off unseen sound from the fields of reaping—
Yet, no! I'd not be there in the time of fruit.

But I'll bide I'll bide my hour till the last leaf's crumbled
And the harvest's over and gone with its noisy zest!
For there never was pride like his whom the world has humbled,
And I'd have no jewel or cloak on my mother's breast!
The earth must be bare, like me, to the stark stern weather,
The earth must be done, like me, with the trouble of growth;
And, with never a word or a wish, we will wait together
For whatever it was God meant when He made us both.

(G. M. Hort, 12, Cecil Road, Harlesden, N.W.)

A LOVE LYRIC.

Butterflies gold and red
Fly to her, fly to her,
Hover around her head!
Cry to her, cry to her
Sweet-throated thrushes!
Sigh to her, sigh to her
Whispering rushes!

Scent of syringa-trees
Blow to her, blow to her,
Soft on the morning breeze,
Go to her, go to her!
Bow your small faces
Low to her, low to her,
Delicate daisies!

She's a child, waterfall
Leap to her, play for her!
She is the Queen of all,
Creep to make way for her!
But that she's womanly
Weep for her, pray for her
Willow and yew-tree!

(Gerald Venning, 5, Stanley Mansions, Park Walk, S.W.)

SEPTEMBER 20TH. 9.30 P.M.

Last night I heard the "Last Post" bugle-call
As you have often heard it with me too.
It sounded clarion-sweet across the park,
But then I did not know it called for you.

Dear, you were wise to rest when you were told,
And I am wise to work, where work must be;—
But when I think of all the empty hours,
It makes me wish "Last Post" would sound for me.

(C. M. Ritchie, 14, Church Terrace, Blackheath, S.E.)

We specially commend the lyrics sent in by M. Hayward (Brockham Green), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Frank Savage (Ramsgate), M. E. P. (Wimbledon), F. P. Plummer (Ontario, Canada), Mrs. M. C. Turner (Betchworth), Mrs. Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), K. Royds (West Hampstead), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Marjorie Winifred Crosbie (Herne Bay), Mrs. Gordon Lawne (Glasgow), B. Malim (Grantham), O. D. (Leigh), Mrs. Edith Furniss (Meols), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Goole), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Eveline Emily Iffe (Plumsted Common), Launcelet H. Stackey (Lambeth),

John Beverley (Croydon), Helen Cooke (Croydon), Arthur S. Wilshere (Dalston), Thomas Law (Lanarkshire), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), W. G. Greig (Whetstone), M. A. Newman (Brighton), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Doris Rochefort (Stoke Newington), Mary M. Wilshere (Victoria Park), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), Walter C. Wilson (Luton), Eleanor Butt (Ludlow), Alex M. Reid (Motherwell), T. D. I. Waugh (Tottenham), Sydney Ralph Noves (Paris), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Frank N. Jellicoe (Stockwell), Miss Jean Wilson (Hale), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), S. H. Thabvala (Bombay), Frederick Victor Branford (Edinburgh), A. E. Pearson (Nottingham), A. W. Jay (Devonport), E. Fray (Upper Norwood), C. A. Bright-Donovan (Wexford), Emily Kington (Perthshire), Robert D. Roomsale-Cocq (Sandown), Arbel M. Ardous (Hendon).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

THE COST OF WINGS. BY RICHARD DEHAN.
(Heinemann.)

"The cats in all the country side
Were sleeker than before."

R. C. BOSANQUET, *The Dean's Story*.

We also select for printing:

THE WAR OFFICE, PAST AND
PRESENT. BY CAPTAIN OWEN
WHILLER. (Methuen.)

"You mustn't ask no questions, and you
won't be told no lies."

W. S. GIBBERT, *Bab Ballads*.

(Miss C. M. Ritchie, 14, Church Terrace,
Blackheath, S.E.)

THE WAY OF THE STRONG. BY
RIDGWEIL CUTLUM. (Chapman & Hall.)

"And when I had what he had not
He always took it on the spot."

FREDERICK F. WEATHERLY, *Man and
(Elsie R. Dickson, 84, Kensington
Park Road, W.)*

THE WIFE IN ANCIENT AND IN
MODERN TIMES. BY E. SCHUSTER
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Something between a hindrance and a
help."

WORDSWORTH, *Michael*.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester
Road, Bath.)

WHY SHE LEFT HIM. BY FLORENCE
WARDEN. (Long.)

"Was there a nearer one
Still, and a dearer one?"

THOMAS HOOD, *Bridge of Sighs*.

(Muriel Jones, 2, Mirador Villas,
Uplands, Swansea.)

WHY SHE LEFT HIM. BY FLORENCE
WARDEN. (Long.)

"I have no other but a woman's reason."

SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.
(Louis E. W. Raeton, Douai Abbey,
Woolhampton, R.S.O., Berks.)

PRISONS AND PRISONERS. BY LADY
CONSTANCE LAYTON. (Heinemann.)

"Swallow, my sister, O sister, swallow!"

SWINBURNE, *Hylas*.

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road,
Manchester.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE BOOKS for the best four-line epigram supposed to be written by any famous character in fiction, on the author who created him is awarded to Mr. William Sutherland, 2, North Grove, Roker, Sunderland, for the following:

EPIGRAM BY CHARACTER ON AUTHOR.
PROFESSOR CHALLENGER ("The Poison Belt," etc.)

Of Doyle I have but this to state—

Fools only disagree—

The man must be supremely great,

For he created *m*.

The best of the many others received are those by Ewing T. Ritchie (Blackheath), Robert B. Boswell (Southampton), Miss A. Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Philip A. Hall (Beaconsfield), Kitty Cairns (Dublin), E. A. Rowe (Gt. Yarmouth), Bertha Deane-Freeman (Kingstown), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), James Robertson (London, S.W.), Robert Veitch (Penicnik), Miss Ritchie (Blackheath), Marie Russell (Glasgow), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), C. A. Bayley (Bangor), Rev. F. Fern (Rowlands Castle), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Thomas Law (Holytown), L. Bayley (Bangor), Alice Wise (Leicester), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Agnes Glynn (Gort), J. C. Church (Castleford), Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (Birmingham), G. M. Northcott (Birkenhead).

IV. The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mr. W. E. George, of 80, Queen's Drive, Crosshill, Glasgow, for the following:



I. Zangwill.

From a caricature by J. W. Ginsbury.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AN AUTHOR. BY ARNOLD BENNETT.
(Methuen.)

This book will henceforth be indispensable to a proper understanding of Arnold Bennett. Shamelessly autobiographical, it traces his literary career from the paragraphist in a provincial paper, through years as occasional contributor to newspapers and journals, editorship of a ladies' paper, dramatic critic and reviewer, sensational serialist and novelist, to a secure position in the world of letters. We may regret that the eye has always been to the main chance rather than the highest literary ideal—yet novelists must live! Admitting that, we can enjoy this insight into the author's character, and revel in literary life behind the scenes.

We also select for printing :

DODO THE SECOND. BY E. F. BENSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Most of us have forgotten Dodo; even meeting her again as a very charming woman of forty-five may not recall her, but it is worth while to meet her like this for the first time. Also her daughter is an interesting person, and Mr. Benson is at his very best in this atmosphere of keen-witted "ego-maniacs" who say anything to each other, and follow their own sweet will with no ill-feeling either expected or ensuing. No one without a sense of humour should read this book and no one with it should on any account miss it.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

ON THE STAIRCASE. BY FRANK SWINNERTON. (Methuen.)

Mr. Swinnerton succeeds in delighting, because he is above everything else a student of human nature, and presents to us eminently living people. Whether he is drawing a successful man or a failure, a suffragette or a whining wife, a happy girl or a self-effacing mother, he is equally at his ease, and produces really brilliant studies. His last book centres round two men of totally different types; one is morbid, egotistical, a failure;

the other, cheerful, unselfish, successful. The contrast is excellently maintained throughout; the many interests of the tale well-balanced and cleverly interwoven. A really brilliant novel.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Hilda Ridley (Buffalo, U.S.A.), Margaret L. Murison (Gorakhpur, India), L. R. Krishnaswamy (Bangalore, India), Violet A. Sullivan (Woodbridge), Mary J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), Miss A. G. M. Sopwith (Handsworth), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Kelvinside), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), J. Brian folkes (Bromyard), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), J. G. Stanton (South Wigston), Philip A. Hall (Beaconsfield), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), T. Disney (Clifton), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Miss Ritchie (Blackheath, S.E.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), "Mauve Shirt" (Chestertield), Annie L. Beal (Barnes, S.W.), Katharine Abraham (Devizes), Dorothy F. Ticehurst (Cheltenham), H. Ellis (Leicester), Miss Evelyn Winterton (South Hampstead, N.W.), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Ronald H. Ridd (Hampstead, N.W.), E. Christina Lewers (Berry, N.S.W.), Mrs. W. L. Saunt (Kensington, W.), Dorothy Ensor (Cardiff), and Leo Delicati (Bristol).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.

A. K. H. B.

INSPIRED by Mr. E. V. Lucas, and propped on either hand—if we may believe the publisher's note—with the counsel of Sir William Robertson Nicoll and Professor Hepburn Millar (on one side the literary parent of the famous Kailyard school of fiction and on the other their profane critic now *rangé* and repentant), a son of the late Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews has dipped a pious cup in the considerable stream of his father's writings, and this Messrs. Nelson, in their shilling series, are holding to the lips of the present generation. So far as can be judged from the tone of the reviewers, the little volume has found a welcome. The most influential of living critics pronounces it "a shillingsworth of ripe and genial wisdom rarely to be found." The *Spectator* hopes that "this pleasant book will go far to revive the reputation of 'Boyd of St. Andrews.'" Probably in choosing from a vast mass of writing, the quality of which is level, it was difficult to go wrong. But whatever may be said of the papers selected they are at least characteristic of the author. On the fly-leaf Bishop Wordsworth's beautiful lines in Latin address his friend and neighbour as *Rustice Pastor*, felicitating him on how many weary men and how many sad hearts, he, seeking his own recreation, has "recreated." Follow two of the best-known essays from the first series of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," the first of all Dr. Boyd's essays, that "Concerning the Country Parson's Life" with its picture, perhaps somewhat idealised, of Kirkpatrick Irongray, the author's second parish; and another on that "Art of Putting Things," of which the essayist is himself believed to have had the secret. These illus-

trate the author's method in the book which made him known beyond the confines of the Scottish parish. An essay on Professor Buchanan, of Glasgow, is the first and probably the best of certain personal sketches, which include Charles Kingsley, Lord Chancellor Campbell, Archbishop Tait, and Dr. Norman Macleod. All are drawn from life, and the vein is one in which the author, it is admitted, excelled. A separate volume might be made of these and of "The Critical Essays of a Country Parson," none of them included here, but praised, we remember, years ago by Sir William Nicoll, as perhaps the author's strongest work. They represented indeed a line from which he had voluntarily turned aside. "Among South-Western Cathedrals" is one of many holiday sketches interspersed throughout the author's writings; if not the best of these it is the shortest. Here, too, his readers may be pleased to accompany the "Country Parson" by Chester and Wrexham "with its grand and massive church tower," and renowned Shrewsbury on the famous Severn, and Hereford and the Wye, and so come to "Wells amid the hills of Somersetshire, reached as the sun is declining in glory one October evening." With what gusto your guide sits down "quite alone in a shabby little room dimly lit by two candles, not of wax," and since there is an hour before he "can well go to bed," begins his faithful record of "events which happen in a period reaching from Monday morning to Saturday night early in this month of October. At six o'clock this evening, I was walking along a gravelled path, leading through fields, to the west. The grass was very rich and green: far more so than I am used to see. There was a magnificent sunset: the air was bright blue overhead, but

* "A. K. H. B. A Volume of Selections." Edited by his Son, Nelson, 1s.



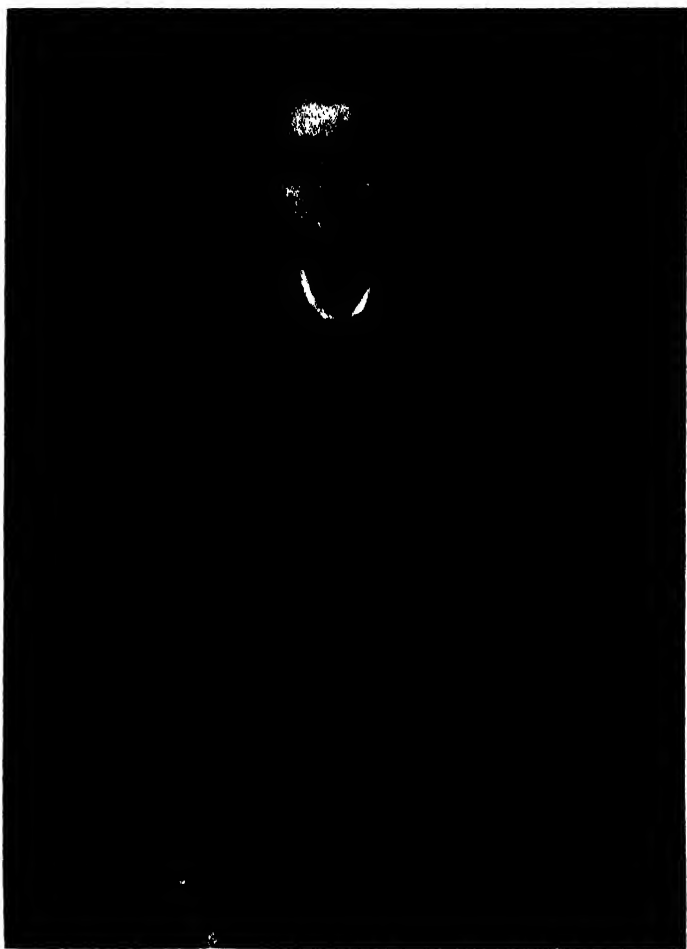
somewhat thicker in the western horizon, where all was glowing red. Around, everywhere, noble trees; and the scene was shut in by wavy hills. A solemn bell struck the hour, in deep tones. Look out towards the sound, and there, in the twilight, you may see three massive square towers. Let us go on a little, and we approach an ancient dwelling surrounded by a wall and a moat. The wall is ivied: the moat is broad: the water clear as crystal, and not deep. Two swans, who are floating about on it, by turning themselves up in an ungraceful manner, can reach the ground with their bills. The water comes brawling into the moat by a little cascade, and it escapes by three sluices on different sides of the large square space it encloses. Pollard elms of great age, the leaves thick and green as at midsummer, are on the further side of the broad walk which here skirts the water. This moat was made five hundred years ago. Pass on under an ancient archway: pass into a great square expanse of green grass, with many fine trees. The grand cathedral rises in the midst: all round the Green (that is the name here) are antique houses. There is a charming deanery: you enter it by passing under an arch, and find yourself in an inner court, quaint and ivy-grown. No words can express the glory and quietness of the place: for this is the ancient city of Wells, amid the hills of Somersetshire." We take this little picture quite at random. It is not even at all the best. But the zest and loving care (to say nothing of an eye and mind for detail) with which this Scottish clergyman—come indeed from the ancient 'city of his heart,' as Andrew Lang, writing after Dr. Boyd's death, called St. Andrews, but from a land where scenes like these are not—commemorates his holiday impressions—this is what speaks to the comprehending reader. And brief and far between were the holidays in that busy life. "Concerning Scylla and Charybdis: With Some Thoughts upon the Swing of the Pendulum," and "Concerning Things Which Cannot Go On," in these and in similar papers we are back in the familiar reaches of the "Recreations" and the other volumes, written in the author's spare time, essay by essay and month after month for *Fraser's Magazine*, and to some extent governed by the conditions under which they were written, deliberately prolix at times, yet composed with a closeness and cunning art which we have heard Mr. Lucas commend, and written with that extreme simplicity of style which looks so easy to emulate and is, in fact, so difficult. There is the sympathy, the shrewdness, the qualities and their defects, which are indeed too well known for us here at this time of day, to consider. *Pro captu lectoris*, according to the reader's taste or temperament they hit or miss. Much, but not all by any means, of the author's personality was in them. Perhaps it is true to say that they are charged with the personality, not of Dr. Boyd the man, but of A. K. H. B. the essayist. And personality which attracts must also repel. There was an immense popularity, and of necessity there was early subsequent reaction. But from the first the essays had brought the author many friends, alike intimate, personal, and unknown, and in both sorts the friends remained. "Perhaps the most beloved of any of the Victorian essayists," is the judgment of the *Spectator*. And those who were drawn to the "Country Parson" by his writings were friends of whom any man might

legitimately be proud. Froude, Charles Kingsley, Archbishop Whately, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, are names that occur to the mind. In each case the act of introduction was achieved in the same way. One after another these busy and conspicuous people wrote, with curious candour as from their hearts, to the inconspicuous clergyman and unseen friend whose writings in some manner had reached them, to touch, and to console them. On page 143 of this volume a singular letter from Charles Kingsley is published. The fact is politely evaded, but obviously the letter was written to Dr. Boyd, and a strange and moving revelation of Kingsley's soul is that document of "Eversley, February 15, 1860." "I write to you openly, as to a brother," he concludes, "for I long to know you more than any man whom I find writing now." The quality which, in one unseen and unknown, beyond what certain desultory papers revealed of him, gave out such attraction and made such men his friends need not be further emphasised; surely it must have had, may still have, in it something vital. Mr. Froude has been mentioned. That great writer—in his day admired, but perhaps only now beginning to enter his kingdom—was a most formidable personality as well as a man people used to compare him (well behind his back) to Milton's Satan, and indeed Froude could have played the part. The only time the present writer saw the great historian, A. K. H. B. was mentioned. It is not forgotten how the stern, defiant face softened and the disquieting dark eyes beamed. That represents one generation. It was a critic and a writer of a much later one, Mr. Filson Young, who tells us how in youth he made a long pilgrimage to St. Andrews to speak with the author of "The Recreations." It were rash, then, to say that these essays may not still make friends. In addition to the longer essays, the author's typical work, with their not infrequent tinge of what the French call *malice*, one or two papers are included from the gentler later writings. "On Growing Old" was written when the author was in fact young; but papers like "On Parting Company" are steeped in the mature experience of "Our Little Life." Another essay on "The Ideal of a National Church," again, is out of its author's habitual vein. "An Unpractical Imagination" he calls it, a daydream born of long solitary walks about his parish "when from a certain height one has looked down upon the solemn city, the red roofs, the dark spires and ruins cutting against the purple sea." Then he would picture "the vast cathedral restored to glory, the place of a worthy worship, purified from all taint of error, sincere and sublime: daily thronged by devout multitudes, each soul finding help, guidance, and comfort: as, in fact, never cathedral was, here or elsewhere." The vision passed, he tells us, and there were the desolate fragments, windswept and mournful beyond words. Yet the temper of the dreamer—if he dreamed—might reconcile extreme Churchmen and extreme Dissenters—the temper and the strong good sense. He desired a National Church recognising the great varieties of taste that exist in a nation, and embracing the children of Wesley and Whitfield. "One Sunday afternoon, being in a little cathedral city, I went to the cathedral—one of the noblest in England, with a truly grand service, most carefully and reverently performed. There was hardly

any congregation in the magnificent place. There was no sermon: the sermon in the morning had been incredibly weak and stupid. Coming out of the church, and passing through a dirty by-street, I saw a large crowd pouring out of the very shabbiest little conventicle I ever beheld. So there were Christian people in that little city that May Sunday, ready to go to church if they were interested in what was done there, yet who plainly were not at all attracted or interested by the worship of the minister. Why were these poor people driven out of the Church of England to get what they wanted?" The argument and illustration may be followed in an essay calculated to remove misconceptions about the author which once, but long ago, misled even Clandius Clear. There was a time indeed when certain Nonconformist writers took him up wrongly. It need not have been so: there was misconception. In his own esteem, no greater honour ever befell this good churchman than when he was invited to preach at a great celebration of Weslevans. But men must be careful how they joke in public. In one of his essays A. K. H. B. describes certain holiday surroundings so peaceful that he was moved to feel friendly unto all Dissenters: "this morbid feeling" he adds "soon wore off." If you say these things in print you must be sorrowfully content to be misunderstood. Lastly, to have done with this review, we must mention a little paper which stands by itself, entitled "Beaten." "A man," says the *Spectator*, "who could write such true and touching words ought not to be forgotten."

So much for the selections: Now of the author, of whom those who knew him best must persist in feeling that his writings were but a small part of what he was. Mr. Froude, when he stayed with Dr. Boyd first at Edinburgh, was "surprised to find how essentially a clergyman you are." A devoted parish clergyman he was; and the writings which made his popular reputation were but an accident, a side interest, after all.

Few men can have made more sacrifice than he to the Church of his fathers in which (though that is now-a-days forgotten, as the young men whom he helped to form are now mainly in authority) he had his share of unpopularity and misunderstanding. Born at quiet Auchinleck in Ayrshire his youth had its romance and its experience beyond the average luck of his contemporaries. An uncle, in his day an eminent Chancery solicitor, who had made his way to wealth and influence unaided, as Scotsmen do, or did, chose to adopt him; and to London as a boy young Boyd was transferred, to share the solitary and rather bloomless life of an elderly bachelor. A hard man and able, of grim family pride and family affection, was Andrew Kennedy Hutchison, the uncle: there were whole chapters of his psychology in his nephew's unwritten memoirs. The law and his office were his sole passion, though he spent unavailing thousands in trying to get into Parliament; his only "recreation" was to entertain great lawyers at dinner; and by the uncle's side in court or at his table the nephew had glimpses of Bethell, Follet, Wilde, and the other great names described in more than one of these essays.



I. Zangwill.

in a painting by Louis Leeb, the friend to whom Mr. Zangwill's "Italian Fantasia" is dedicated.

It would seem an astounding opportunity and intellectual atmosphere which opened for the youth; but there may have been a side to it all which repelled. One thinks of young Weir of Hermiston, a shrinking auditor of Lord Hermiston and his fellow judges in George Square. He conceived a distaste for the law officially and in private. Home, the manse, and the life and work of a Scottish country parson beckoned to him with a blessed sense of peace and rescue; and while Oxford was waiting had he remained, and after that the Bar, with a backlog ready made for him, the youth made his election. Already a member of the Middle Temple he gave up his prospects in the South, and went home to Scotland and Glasgow University and the kirk.

Was it a mistake? If it was he never regretted it. The work of the Bar he might have coveted for that work's sake. His keenness and clearness of mind, and grasp of detail, with an admitted gift of speech and natural turn for legal work, must have made him a formidable counsel. As some one observed once, he had not a nose like Sir Charles Russell for nothing. And at committees and church courts he had more than one opportunity to show this quality. In a St. Andrews sermon, in which the proper training of men for the ministry or some kindred topic was considered, he remarked as in an aside, "I have known clergymen who were lawyers spoiled." The congregation smiled but sheepishly. It was a mythical ploughman, we fancy, who came in from an outlying village to be chastened or admonished on a point of kirk discipline, and said



Drawn by Phil May.

**"Pray be seated yourself,"
said the ghost simply."**

From "The King of Schnorrers," by I. Zangwill (Heinemann).



"At last I said 'Good Morning.'"

From "Ghetto Comedies," with illustrations in colour by J. M. Amschwitz (Heinemann).

afterwards: "I tell't the Doakter this, and I tell't him that," and when his auditor looked sceptical, "I mean I wad hae tell't him a' that, but I was that fleggit I ran a' the way back before I could think at 'a.'" That was one side of "the Doctor." But in touching this change of profession, one notices the complaint of a very kindly and distinguished critic that in his early essays the author refers too constantly to his own comfortable place in life. And we fancy he was making the best of it, that was all. It may be "tiresome" for even the best of Christians with children to be less well off than other members of their own family, though in truth not his own experience of *res angustæ*, but that of others plagued Dr. Boyd. He had an anxious mind, and was careful and troubled far more than was needful, spending not a superfluous sixpence on himself and too many sixpences on others. Yet the lessons and discipline of real poverty he learned and suffered vicariously. "Nearly every married man of limited means above fifty years of age is broken-hearted!" he quotes. His was a heart and an imagination to be wracked by other people's troubles.

In 1849 Mr. Boyd was ordained, and was first an assistant at St. George's, Edinburgh, and presently had his own parish, first at Newton-on-Ayr, and then at Irongray, rendered happy to him by his exceptional fortune in marriage. "Here," he wrote long afterwards, "came the girl wife, here the first child." He saw the place afterwards through mists of opal. And here he began to write reviews, first of all for *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Saturday Review* in its trenchant youth. Douglas Cook, the first editor, wrote to him, a complete stranger, his first letter beginning "My dear Boyd." For the early *Saturday Review* convention was one of intimacy. Presently the editor of *Fraser's* - John Parker the younger, followed by Froude - wrote suggesting that he should try his hand at original essay, taking his own way and his own time. He wrote the paper "Concerning the Life of the Country Parson"; and others followed. They "caught on" with editor and readers, and presently the writer was caught. That was the beginning. Was he in a measure "side-tracked" (in our modern phrase), as one of his old Glasgow professors suggested, who would have had him follow up the severer promise of a career at college? We do not think so. But it was curious at Oxford once, when the talk ran on St. Andrews, to hear an eminent Scottish metaphysician describe the surprise with which, at some luncheon party at the Principal's, he had heard the venerable parish minister greatly rout a celebrated Scottish academic figure on some point of mental philosophy. "'The Doctor' was, of course, correct and charming, but it was a bad time for—" said the Professor. "One somehow didn't expect a man so facile and accomplished to have these weapons." Nor did the Professor know till then that Dr. Boyd, in the Glasgow of an earlier day, had been first in the subject which he himself, with much distinction, "professes."

The vein discovered was pursued. No doubt it had its temptations, its disadvantages. Men had to fill their forty pages in those days with a single magazine article. Matter inevitably came to be beaten out thin. But the public was pleased, and so may the author have been—

first in the acquisition of a new interest, then as a salutary addition to a country parson's resources, but not least, when he found that he helped people and had in truth enlarged his pulpit. If he was pleased as well as amazed by his popularity (which was something between a miracle and a family joke for his parents and brothers) he was not perturbed by any subsequent lessening of his vogue: quoting a reported remark of Mr. Carlyle—"One good cup of tea, but he seems to be watering the tea-pot"; honestly doing his best with his means, working always with the utmost care and labour and, in the face of occasional detraction, reminded that the friends among his readers were numerous and steady. First and foremost he was preacher and parish minister. No man in that capacity ever worked harder at the collar. From Dumfries he passed to St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, where he tasted the successful preacher's reward, and eminent southron visitors were common apparitions; and then came St. Andrews, from which he never could be moved. "He was part (it has been written) of the charm of the place—a part of the shaded, stately street, of the solemn dignity of the little town"; and he knew everybody and everybody's troubles, "always understanding," as Principal Tulloch said to Mrs. Oliphant.

Grief for him when he died was universal, wrote Andrew Lang, but "he was most sorely missed by the poor of his parish." *They* knew him. But others got to know him (or fancy that they did) in his pulpit. Shrewd is the *Times* reviewer who, contrasting the more critical work in these selections which he prefers, with the more familiar essays, says that Dr. Boyd's profession determined the character of his writings. His heart was with the Church of Scotland and his work therein. As a preacher he held people . . . "That man gars ye listen," was a homely comment quoted by Professor Cowan, of Aberdeen, in dedicating a window to Dr. Boyd's memory in the beautiful parish church which he longed but never lived to see restored. "But all," added the preacher, "felt the power of the magnetic current which sped from pulpit to pew." . . . The hush, the rapt look, the tension of the congregation are recalled, and the deep sigh when the tension ceased, and the solemn ascription followed.

Preaching like this takes much out of the preacher. Years before in St. Bernard's a brilliant young student of medicine, sitting under Dr. Boyd, Sunday by Sunday, remarked in him "high pressure, but also a remarkable power of inhibition—i.e. self-control." That was the Sir Lauder Brunton of our own day. Dr. Boyd had a fine constitution, but wear and a highly strung temperament exacted their price, and he knew what it was to be

often deeply overcast. His remedy then was to go and help someone else in worse case. He enjoyed his annual too brief periods of rest and refreshment with Bishop Thorold in the South, and at home in St. Andrews the occasional evening of re-union with old friends like Dr. Story and Dr. Burns. Never were boys more cheerful than these doctors of divinity, and as a raconteur the parish minister is recorded by Sir Edward Russell, to have had in his experience no better. He did not, it is feared, suffer fools gladly, but humour divorced from its occasion and context, can be misrepresented. Mrs. Story in her reminiscences speaks of a "flimsy veil of cynicism that hid him from so many . . . below lay the crystal clearly shining." But when Dr. Boyd died on March 1st, 1899, at Bournemouth, where he was recruiting after an illness, it is written that "the earnestness, kindness and solid worth of his character were recognised by men of all schools." *Id est opportunitate mortis* perhaps. He died by misadventure this most precise, clear-cut and accurate of men drinking in mistake for his sleeping draught a corrosive fluid which caused instant insensibility and then death. But his prayer had been Lord Campbell's: "from all lingering illness."

Those old St. Andrews students who recall March 6th, 1899, are not likely to forget the leaden day, the tolling muffled bells, the procession of professors and students in bright scarlet contrasted with the crowds clad in black, the tramp-tramp of the volunteers, to whom he had been so many years a chaplain, the muffled drums and the pipes playing the "Flowers o' the Forest." And one thing would have pleased the dead minister. In the Cathedral churchyard, "an open place among the ruins," like another, the addition overlooking the sea is approached by a side gate giving directly on it. But on March 6th, the western gates were opened and Dr. Boyd was carried to his rest down the whole length of the Cathedral as once it stood. Before the funeral, which was semi-official, those in charge were approached by a well-known citizen, perhaps something "blate," who stated that his own father, a famous worthy of the town, its trusted friend, joiner and general "doer," had before his own death laid this injunction on his successor: "When the Doctor goes I'll no be here. But you'll be here. And you'll see that the Doctor is not taken in at the side like, but carried down the Cathedral at the western door, the same as those old Bishops lang syne back."

His message was reverently considered, and as William Doig directed the thing was done. The flowers of loyalty and poetry in that old carpenter's soul had blossomed to moving purpose.

WALT WHITMAN.*

By DIXON SCOTT.

MR. DE SELINCOURT has done it! He has written a whole book about Whitman and never once called his man "the good grey poet." This has never been managed before. Cries of "*camerado!*" and of "*allons!*"—a general roisterous open-roadiness.

* "Walt Whitman: A Critical Study. By Basil de Selincourt. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

have always hitherto been thought essential to Walt's welcome; for Criticism, despite its protests, has never, in its heart of hearts, felt entirely comfortable in the old boy's shirt-sleeved presence, and so, like a flustered host, has tried to hide its consternation and show its fine superiority to convention, by plunging ponderously about in a state of earnest joviality, pumping up a

·dreadful form of free-and-easiness. (Even young Stevenson's essay—he was very young when he wrote it—is an example of this upside-down snobbery: "the best-dressed young man in the Burlington Arcade," in all the brightness of his patent-leather periods, pretending there to be a sort of simple, sunbaked cowboy.)

But Mr. de Selincourt displays a subtler courtesy. Instead of trying to put his guest at ease by tearing his own collar off, he has surrounded the whole occasion with the stateliest forms and ceremonies. "Well, he looks like a man anyway," was Lincoln's testimonial to Walt, and every biographer has quoted it with pride. Mr. de Selincourt never mentions it; he prefers to pay Whitman the compliment of treating him simply as an artist. "He set out to discover a means of direct personal appeal, capable of ranging from the levels of the merely conversational tone, familiar but always ardent, along the broad and copious lower slopes of vivid description and specification, and up the steps and steep slopes of impassioned argument and persuasion to those heights of prophetic ecstasy and assurance where speech itself is a song. And this he actually achieves." "The whole course of Whitman's life," he says again, "shows that he was at the furthest remove possible from the crude animal man, whose conduct he sometimes seems to glorify. He is, on the contrary, of the shy, brooding, impassioned, devotional type." "Among his greatest gifts is his command of the music of words, the freedom with which he can throw off phrases equally remarkable for their significance and for their beauty. His successes, and the fact that his successes include some of the longest and most audacious of his works, suffice to establish his power in conception and creation, and the equality of his touch as an executant." It is as a supreme virtuoso, then, a master musician, that Mr. de Selincourt receives him. And to the task of estimating his powers and measuring his performances he brings a critical apparatus more elaborate and sensitive than any I have seen employed since Arthur Symonds valued Blake. It is with æsthetic spirometers and stethoscopes of the most beautiful fragility that he tests the lungs that let out the "barbaric yawp."

And he is perfectly right—this is exactly what we need. It clears the air of insincerity, it steadies all our nerves, it wipes away those agonizing grins; and it places us, possibly for the very first time, in the perfect attitude for receiving the full force and swing of the man's extraordinary powers. And this isn't only because Whitman was of course, in reality, every bit as self-conscious as Byron, as incapable of impulsiveness as Poe; it is also because we readers are self-conscious souls too, because we are only natural in these matters when we are elaborately artful, quite incapable of properly appreciating poetry of any kind (but especially experimental poetry like Whitman's) unless we approach it with some sort of deliberation and ceremony, keying our senses up with some kind of ritual. The simpler the reader, the more artificial the process of perusal; but there probably isn't one of us yet, highly civilized though we are, with a brain convoluted sufficiently to enable him to enjoy a poem as naively as he does a sunset or a swim. Pretend that it

isn't so—strike an elemental attitude—insist that the joy you get perusing Walt's democratic pages is as primitive and spontaneous as the natural pleasures which they praise—and you only produce a sad distortion, very damaging to the digestion, precisely as though you had practised mental tight-lacing, adopting a corset warranted to produce a natural shape.

And what makes this truer of "Leaves of Grass" than of almost any other book of verse, is the fact that, in spite of all their boasted barbarism, they are not atavistic at all, they are really a final product of culture. The grass is not prairie grass; it is that of immemorial lawns, following the lines of the soil with silken closeness. The figure is a fair one—for what these surging recitatives really sought to attain was simply a greater suppleness, flexibility, and responsiveness than was allowed by the older modes of rigid bars. "I believe myself he chose his style because it was easy to write," said Stevenson, boyishly sentimental, clinging to his picture of a slap-dash simplicity. But he was demonstrably wrong. The poems Whitman wrote "easily" are not only immensely his worst, they are also the poems which employ conventional metres. One of his greatest difficulties was to avoid established lilt: the old-fashioned music kept tapping at his brain, begging his thoughts to accept its assistance, offering them a ready-made road. He had to beat it back with his left hand, doggedly and desperately, whilst his right, often weary, was patiently encouraging the little new-born idea to grip and clutch. And sometimes he surrendered; when he lay weak and ill, crushed by the paralysis that was perhaps the result of his efforts in the War, he still tried gallantly to celebrate the great national occasions, fulfilling the duties of laureate—and it was then that the importunate echoes had their way. They may be heard, pathetically enough, cruelly misleading his weakened voice, at the very hour when he most longed for independence—the hour when Lincoln's death gave him his supreme opportunity and he strove to write our first exultant dirge. The result, "When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed," is still beautiful, there are lines in it that break nobly away, the tired head lifting itself proudly; but when all is said, the submissive couplet which closes it:

"Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim,"

comes to remind us that Whitman needed even all his immense strength to withstand the ready-made poetical, and that his best music was the result of the exercise of indomitable self-denying will.

And the reader who wants to feel the full "urge and ardour" of that will must also be prepared for conscious effort: to ramp through "Leaves of Grass" with an easy animal avidity is only to succeed in making hay of them. To extract their full herbal value needs delicate handling—nor must we be afraid of imputing too much, of crediting the poet with subtler tactics than he ever dreamed of, for it is only a display of such credulity that will win us permission to pass to the point where we can watch the tremendous manoeuvres of the forces Walt unconsciously served. Let me give one instance of these benign admittances—a very simple one, but it will do—it is easier to summarise than those displayed by Mr. de Selincourt.



Photo by Henry Dixon & Son.

From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon R.A.

I. Zangwill.

Take any characteristic leaf, and then attempt, by close analysis, to trace the sensual, technical, secret of its charm. You will find, almost invariably, that the source of its grip on the mind is a definite decorative contrast between some spray of lace-like detail, and a dim, vast, abstract wash which serves as background. Go far enough west, and you find yourself in the east—and it is a fact that this extravagantly Occidental art of Whitman's has often a quality completely Oriental.

"Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my male!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer."

That stanza (from "Out of the Cradle") might be a word-for-word translation of a Japanese *hokku*. This again (a complete poem) might be a description of a drawing by Hiroshige:

"Lo, the unbounded sea,
On its breast a ship starting, spreading all sails, carrying
all her moonsails,
The pennant is flying aloft as she speeds, she speeds so
stately—below emulous waves press forward,
They surround the ship with shining curving motion
and foam."

Now, focussing on this single quality, make a list of its occurrences. Instantly, you detect it supplying the virtue of poems you had thought of as totally dissimilar. It is the presence, for instance, of precisely this contrast that gives this famous tag its special thrill:

"In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection."

It is this again that gives their poignancy to his many pictures of sea-margins ("On the beach at night alone") with their small sharp figures thrown up against the empty waste. It was the same decorative principle that attracted him so often to nocturnes—he loved to punctuate the infinite night with sprays of stars. And it dawns on you, as you dog it this way, that it emerges yet again in his very choice of words—that the apparent discord of the astounding style which he called "melange mine own," is really at bottom but another variation of the self-same device of making a pattern of the particular on the universal. His favourite words in that medley—his *omnes*, *omnes*! his *ensemble*, his *En-masse*—what are they but attempts to concentrate that contrast by describing the universal in a patois, locking up the infinite and the local in one word? Terms mystical and terms medical—the august and the intimate—words barbarous and words Frenchified—words lusty, words elegant—phrases from

bibles and bills of lading—clauses legal and lyrical—their cheek-by-jowl jostle through his catalogues and orisons is but an endless repetition of this trick of general-and-precise. Just as with the opening line of a poem he will sweep in a vast spread of plain and sky:

"I hear America singing."

and then, with the next, begin to diaper all that impersonal space with homeliest detail:

"The varied carols I hear,—

The woodcutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, the delicious singing of the mother, or the girl sewing and washing . . ."

—so too with some single word of invocation, something apostrophic or oracular, he will fill the mind with a proud vague sense of signs and wonders, and then, with the next, a word of graphic idiom, will lift clear against this brooding grandeur some object tiny and familiar, so that it holds the sight invested with a strange significance, like a little figure made momentous by appearing on a skyline—dignified generously, not contemptuously derided, by the measureless curtains of empty air beyond.

And of course it was precisely such an ennoblement that Whitman desired for the men he pitted against the immensities.

"One's self I sing, the simple separate person
Yet utter the world democratic, the world *En-masse*."

All his work was an endeavour to make the individual feel momentous; remembering that now, is there not something deeply stirring in the sight of that moral message being translated involuntarily into the special terms of graphic decoration? This unconscious unity and harmony, an actual inability to betray themselves, is indeed the final mark of men of genius; but it was probably not in Whitman we would expect it to be found. Perfectly homogeneous, however, in spite of its mad "melanges" and mixtures, is the entire mass of his work. "I am large," he said; "I contain multitudes," and the line that bound them was unbroken. Nothing is more absorbing, more exciting, than to trace these infallible correspondences. I know of no better stimulant or aid to such experiments and researches than this remarkable new book. Nor is its value limited to the light it throws on Whitman. Mr. de Selincourt's theory of "substantial equivalence" alone has importance enough as a contribution to the science of verbal structure to entitle his book to a place on the shelves of every writer and every lover of good writing. It is distinctly the pluckiest and most interesting of the books so far included in Mr. Martin Secker's courageous and exhilarating series.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK: AN IMPRESSIONISTIC PHOTOGRAPH.

By E. O. HOPPE.

BY degrees I am beginning to find out some of the secrets of a Craft—for I do not pretend that it is an Art, in the sense in which we speak of the great recognised Arts—a Craft that is still, I hold, but crossing the threshold of its possibilities. No sensible person claims that photography can ever become a freely creative art, since it cannot give form to the mind's imaginings

but can only copy and reproduce the visible world. Nevertheless, it may in the highest degree be made expressive not only of the personality of its subject, but of the man who handles the tools. Whether or not anything of the personality of the sitter is lured into the portrait depends entirely on the skill and temperament of the photographer. Anyone can secure a slavish,

lifeless sun-picture; only the man who is himself an artist can study, watch for and get into his work those subtle, illuminating touches of life and character that give it a certain artistic quality. All true art is fundamentally a matter of feeling, and, each using the same vehicle of expression, the man who brings feeling, sensitiveness, some imaginative insight to what he is doing is always bound to do better work than the man who is nothing more than an impassive, technically expert operator.

I think it is just this: that whatever you intensely love will reveal to you its secret inner powers in a way that is never opened to you if you treat your medium solely as the mechanism of expression. Of course, the camera is a purely mechanical device, but in the hands of the artist it becomes a means of accomplishing what is, within its limits, true art. In Munich I had my training as a painter from Lenbach and Kaulbach, and I had gained much valuable experience in drawing and painting before I ever touched the camera. The little black box has been to me simply the tool with which I have found out how to express my ideas and convey to others the impression I have formed of the character and most characteristic appearance of my sitter.

Never did I feel this motive-force more strongly than when I made my first portrait of Maurice Maeterlinck, the man whom I had already grown to reverence, through his works, as one of the greatest of poets and dramatists, mystic, symbolist, an idealist, a realist—at once a dreamer and a philosopher. For years I had desired to meet the man who had for so long been one of my literary gods. But it was not until 1911 that chance brought about the fulfilment of my wish. Then, on a visit to Paris, I met for the first time Maeterlinck's gifted wife, Georgette Le Blanc—the woman who has revealed the full genius of Maeterlinck to the world, for it is under the fostering promptings of her devotion and the influence of her fine personality that the fire and passionate force of the dramatist's art have been added to the meditative quality and dream fantasy of his earlier work. Because of her pleasure in a series of camera portraits I had made of herself, Madame Le Blanc said she would like her husband to sit to me, assuring me at the time that she thought no existing photograph of him was really satisfactory—that in some way they all lacked the spirit and character of the original. Her suggestion delighted me. Maeterlinck was then staying at his mother's house just outside Ghent. I set off at once to the sleepy little Belgian market-place in an actual fever of excitement and anticipation, Madame Maeterlinck's warning that I should find her husband a most difficult and evasive sitter adding to the keenness of my interest in him and in my undertaking; and as I stepped from the trap that carried me to the poet's house I felt that I was on the eve of a new, a unique experience.

I was on the alert for evidences of his idiosyncrasies and environment. The first sounds that greeted me were the growls of a dog—a bull-dog of an extraordinary ugliness that affected me almost in the same way as would extraordinary beauty: that is, by force of its own intense singularity. Then, I noticed that the room into which I was conducted was in no way distinguished from those ordinarily inhabited by the French bourgeois; the furniture belonged to no marked period and had no

speciality of design, nor were the pictures and ornaments of any but the usual conventional and uninspiring order. I confess I was a little taken aback, for I had mentally associated the poet with surroundings more in keeping with what I knew of his temperament. The one vivid impression the room made on me was that it was flooded with light.

But the moment Maeterlinck entered everything seemed to change its aspect; I was no longer conscious of anything commonplace or conventional around me; the accidental setting became in a flash as nothing: the master-spirit filled the place and transfigured it. My immediate impression of the man I held in such reverence was of his extreme simplicity and sincerity. His deep blue eyes, the straight brows, the strongly moulded forehead, all of the typically Flemish type, accentuated this impression, as distinctly as the tall, strong body radiated a suggestion of abounding health. He is of a remarkably shy nature, and his quiet, retiring manner confirmed for me the truth of those rumours that credit him with detesting notoriety. I had heard that he was a mighty smoker, and was delighted to find my proposal that he should fill his pipe met with instant response, since it paved the way to ease of intercourse.

Whilst he smoked I led him into converse, studying every change of his baffling but frank, expressive features, and waiting till the moment came when I might get him in some characteristic pose, with some revealing, characteristic look upon his face. He spoke thoughtfully and with much earnestness of his love and admiration for Carlyle and Ruskin, and was quietly eloquent in his praise of Shakespeare. As our talk grew more intimate he touched on his own tastes and habits of life, his pleasures and everyday employments, and his themes were as numerous as they were extraordinarily varied. Beyond his many-sided interests in literature, he talked familiarly and with evident interest of boxing, motoring, bull-dog breeding, botany, bee-keeping and many other kindred and alien topics. He has the figure of an athlete; there are hints of the open-air in his manner and complexion; a curious sense of strength in his modest reticence; his features in repose are somewhat sombre, somewhat heavy, but as he talks and you note the kindling thought, the eager interest and emotion play over them, and the sleeping fire in his eyes flash and glow, he impresses you involuntarily as the high thinker and delicately imaginative poet that we know him to be. Those who have read his books know that the poet is never lost there in the apiarist, the botanist, the dog-lover, but I realised, during that privileged interview, how entirely all these might be lost in the poet they helped to make. Simple, natural, wholly himself in all he said and did, he seemed too great to affect any greatness, perhaps even to be conscious of it; but to me his very presence was an inspiration. My knowledge of his works helped me to understand him, I waited and watched, and listened, prompting him with a question when he was inclined to fall into silence and abstraction, until the psychological instant came—and I think I may say that the portrait I then made of Maeterlinck is one that does most vitally, most revealingly represent him. I shall scarcely be accused of vanity in making this assertion, for when a man knows that his work is good there is no reason why he should hesitate to say so.

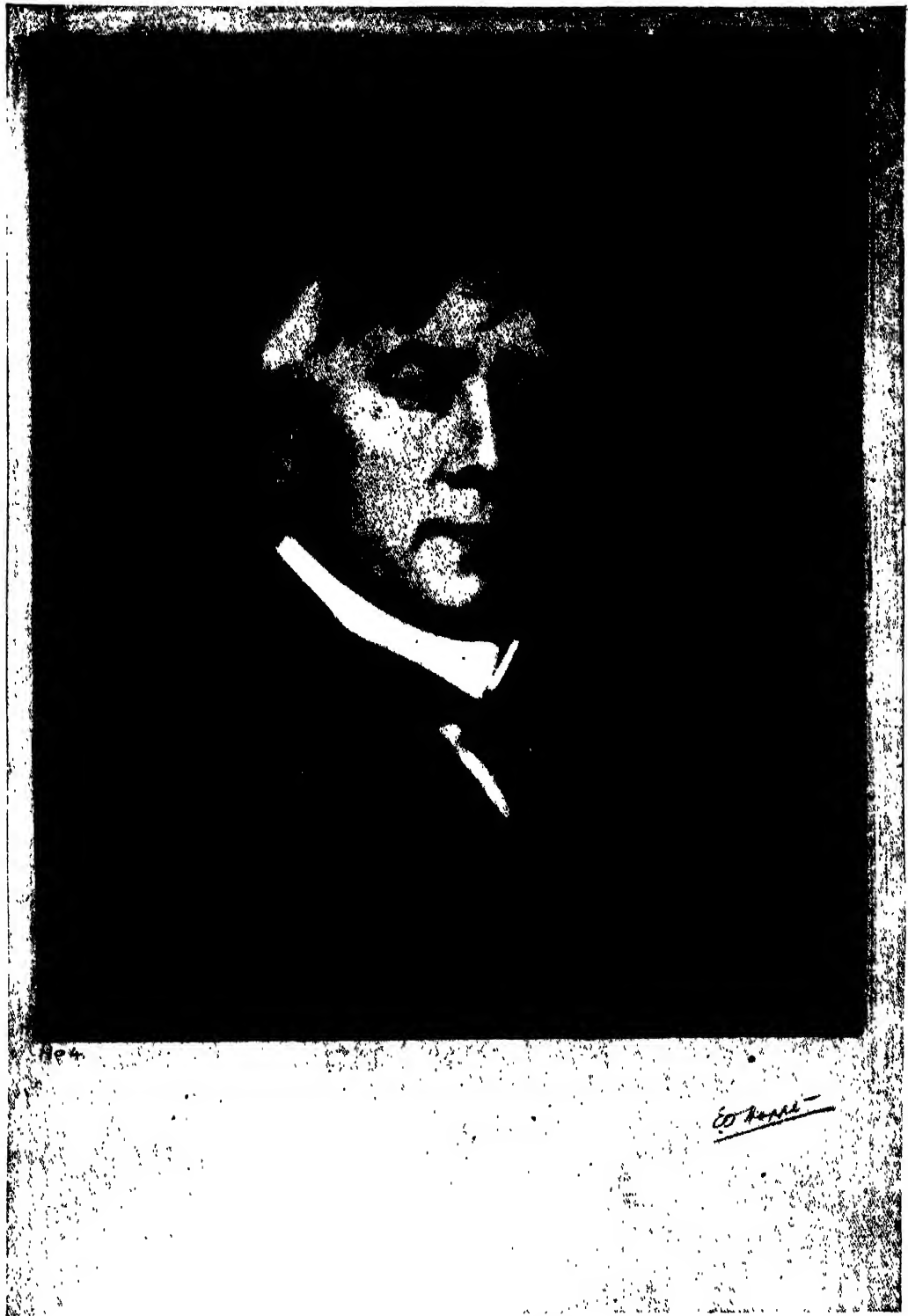


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

New Books.

PLAYS BY LEO TOLSTOY.*

This edition of Tolstoy's plays is the first complete one in English. It contains the three plays published in Tolstoy's lifetime, "The Power of Darkness," "The First Distiller," "Fruits of Culture," and the three posthumous plays, "The Live Corpse," "The Cause of It All," "The Light that Shines in Darkness." Therefore it is sure of welcome, especially as such competent, painstaking, and exact translators as Mr. Maude and his wife are responsible for the work.

Of the six plays, "The Power of Darkness" is by far the most famous. It is a peasant play, dealing with the hideous effect of vice and greed upon the untutored Russian mind. This story of besottedness and double murder is sordid and agonising in the extreme, but its power of terror and pity does not come out satisfactorily in the reading. For its true development it requires the stage.

"The First Distiller" is a mere trifle—a kind of allegory of how man first thought of making intoxicating drink. A Satanic imp was at the root of the mischief. Tolstoy's satire of man's fall is clumsy and even stupid.

"Fruits of Culture" is a long and very incoherent comedy on the subject of spiritualism. The central idea is the fraud practised by a servant girl on her master to get him to sign a land agreement with her village elders, through a pretence that the spirits are telling him to sign it. Far too many people are introduced, and most of them are unconvincing. Here, again, the satire is heavy and ineffective.

"The Live Corpse" is a play dealing with the stupidities of the Russian divorce law. A man leaves his wife, but cannot face the ignominy of allowing her to divorce him, and therefore pretends he is dead. She marries the man she loves, but some time later the first husband reappears, and, of course, painful confusion ensues. But to save them in their distress he really does shoot himself at last. The opening scenes of the play are very good and lifelike, but it tails off towards the close. It shows clearly enough the want of final revision.

"The Cause of It All" is a short piece, showing how drunkenness is the curse of the Russian peasant. It has no plot to speak of, and is a tenuous affair altogether. Still, it has a certain air of reality and atmosphere which makes it of some interest.

"The Light that Shines in Darkness" is a curious, impressive, and irritating play dealing with the mind and life of an ideal Christian as conceived by Tolstoy. The chief actor is obviously a portrait of Tolstoy himself—a rich man, father of a family, who suddenly conceives it his duty to give all to the poor and to live as a true Christian. But, just as Tolstoy did, he finds himself faced with the hundred complicated difficulties of society. He is hampered and thwarted on every side. His good is turned to evil and his life to bitterness. This is perhaps the most interesting of all Tolstoy's plays and as obviously autobiographical as anything he ever wrote. If it annoys the reader by its almost mad lucidity, it must also move him by its profound sincerity.

Tolstoy was not a great dramatist. Apart from the fact that he treated plays almost entirely as media for special pleading, he had not the concise mastery which gives form and coherence to a play. He did not begin writing plays till art had taken up a very secondary position in his outlook. None of his dramatic work, not even "The Power of Darkness," is really first-class. In the midst of powerful passages you are constantly running up against crudities and *longueurs*. He lacked the ability to condense and to suggest. Intensely serious, his tragedy is too unrelieved and his comedy too heavy-handed. Moreover, there seems to be little personality in his figures.

The "Plays." By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and the Maude. 5s. net. (Constable.)

They are decidedly wooden for the most part. His appeal as a dramatist is more through the force of his beliefs than through his ability to depict them convincingly.

RICHARD CURLE.

HUMAN QUINTESSENCE.*

Herr Ibsen's book is not what one would call an achievement in philosophy. It does not open out virgin territory, propound a new system, or provide original interpretations to the accepted data. It is in no sense a pioneer work. Its justification is rather that it gathers into readily definable and intelligible limits the tendencies of modern philosophic thought, and that it corrects certain esoteric errors which the progress of man's experimental and inquisitive attitude to the universe has now rendered anachronisms. Its most valuable work in this sphere is, I think, in its biological survey. Modern thought is, unquestionably, more anti-monistic than it was fifty years ago, and the incompatibilities between exact scientific analysis and the pantheistic solution of the universe have become increasingly evident. M. Ibsen, in this connection, does good service both to science and philosophy by dispelling the illogical crop of theories which have grown round Darwin's discovery of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Darwin did not, of course, mean that the vitality which enables certain species in the animal and vegetable kingdom to survive those of other species less equipped to provide against adversity, is necessarily beneficial. The garden slug, for instance, owing to a combination of circumstances favourable to its existence, is in the position to destroy a highly disproportionate quantity of plants and vegetables, necessary to man's æsthetic and physical satisfaction. The fact is that the prodigality of nature does not make for harmony, and that an "external coherence" in the play of forces is about all that we can expect. Monism, which postulates a certain economy and balance of distribution in natural phenomena, takes no account of their extravagance, waste, futility and subjection to the capricious laws of circumstance. Still, Herr Ibsen's examination by no means discredits monism; it merely indicates some of the causes of a slight reaction against it.

The more precise and definitive part of his contention—if a thesis so little dogmatic and so content to sift and discuss modern generalisations, rather than to formulate new philosophic canons, can be called a contention—is concerned with the chapters, "Why Politics Lag Behind," "Human Aptitudes and Human Art," and "Of Great Men." Life, he says, is universally subject to the laws of transition and transformation, and human systems can retain only an ephemeral value. What is necessary, therefore, among conditions of constant flux is to unravel some reliable principle of human valuation, disconnected from politics, which are the prey of variations in the law of might. Indeed, Herr Ibsen's theme all through the book is undoubtedly searching for some *rapprochement* with individualism—not the old individualism of *laissez faire*, which he condemns in no uncertain terms, but that which recognises that the human element predominates over the natural, and that this element, in consequence, should seek ever wider and wider expansion. "Practically speaking," he says, "human aptitudes do not change, but the manner of procedure in their utilisation is perfectible in the highest degree." So personality, he concludes, is humanity in quintessence. Genius, he admits, is dependent on a combination not only of qualities, but, in order to make it operative, of a given coincidence of circumstances in an equally proportionate degree. Since these proportions cannot, in many cases, have been achieved, there

* "Human Quintessence." By Sigurd Ibsen. Authorised Translation by M. H. Janson. 5s. net (Frank Palmer.)

must have been a large number of "mute, inglorious Miltons" in the history of the world. But where they exist, it is possible for the genius (the most intense personality, that is to say), to unite all human qualities "in perfect harmony and in the mightiest phase of development." He appears as the supreme representative of humanity.

Herr Ibsen's study is perhaps a little vague, partly, no doubt, on account of the scope, abstraction, and elusiveness of his subject. It is not in any way a remarkable work, or one calculated to disturb the equilibrium of the orthodox in any marked degree. The attribute I should apply to it would be utility. It expounds and summarises the more enlightened philosophic conceptions of the day, not brilliantly, but adequately. It is happily free from the jargon of the schools, which alienates the layman from entering the fields of highly specialised philosophic speculation. The translation is by a fellow Norwegian and one distrusts renderings by a foreigner. But this one, in spite of some clumsiness, is better than most.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM

THE FALLEN CONQUEROR *

Strongly contrasted with these whirling times, in which the announcements of to-day follow hard upon those of yesterday, news, a hundred years ago, travelled in seemly and leisurely fashion. Three days after the issue of such an event of European importance as the triumphal entry of the Allies into Paris on March 31st, 1814, so little was known in England of what had happened on the Continent that by the 3rd of the following month the London *Examiner* of that date informed its readers with infinite concern of "the breaking up of the Conference of Chatillon, without the conclusion of peace."

"This lamentable event," it went on, "was announced yesterday, after the arrival of a messenger from France, through Holland, with Despatches from Lord Castlereagh, and the sad fact communicated in the following note to the Lord Mayor:—

"Foreign Office, April 2.

"Lord Bathurst presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor, and thinks it right to acquaint his Lordship, that despatches have arrived this morning from Lord Viscount Castlereagh, *THE NEGOTIATIONS AT CHATILLON ARE AT AN END.*"

On the evening of the date of that communication the Provisional Government of France decreed that the Emperor Napoleon and his family had forfeited all rights to the Throne. On the 6th of the month to quote the author of this fascinating book on the exile of the Dictator of Europe—

"Napoleon received Marshals Ney, Oudinot, Macdonald and Lefebvre, and again showed how he could continue the conflict against the Allies. Their reply was that if he succeeded in reaching the Loire, it would only mean a civil war. Thereupon Napoleon, with the remark, 'You wish for repose! Well, have it then!' wrote out the final act of abdication."

By the 10th of April it was known in England that the fallen conqueror had given up his claims to the throne of France, and the other countries which he had brought into subjection,

and also that he had accepted a retreat in the little island of Elba, off the coast of Tuscany.

Napoleon and his wife, the Empress Marie Louise, were allowed to retain their titles and rank, and the island of Elba was to form a separate principality, which he was to possess in full sovereignty and property. Although in theory he was to be an independent ruler, he was virtually a prisoner, and it was hoped and apparently firmly believed that his future activities as a disturber of the world's peace would be prevented. For his safe conduct to his new domain the several Powers appointed Commissioners: General Koller, who represented Austria; General Schouvaloff, Russia; Count Truchsess-Waldburg, Prussia; and Colonel Neil Campbell, England. All the Commissioners, with the exception of the latter, were instructed to give Napoleon the Imperial title and to observe all ceremonial marks of deference due to such title. It seems strange that England alone should have been chary in this respect, but it is the fact that "the Imperial title and honours were impliedly excluded" from Campbell's instructions. To a man of "unbounded stomach" such as Napoleon was, the withholding of any ceremonious titular honours must have been galling and humiliating in the extreme, and the action of the English political authorities was petty and unworthy. Napoleon's request to be allowed to proceed to his island kingdom by way of Italy, in place of leaving from the French coast, and embark at Piombino, the nearest port in Tuscany, opposite Elba, was rightly refused by the Powers, who judged his object to be to gather to his assistance the army of North Italy, which still remained loyal to him. He embarked (April 28th) at Fréjus, in Var, one of the Mediterranean provinces of France, on board H.M. frigate *Undaunted*, commanded by Captain Ussher and arrived off Portoferraio, the capital of the island, five days afterwards, on May 3rd. As a dramatic set-off to the deposed Emperor's arrival at Elba, it is worthy of note that his successor to the French throne, Louis XVIII re-entered Paris in triumph on the same day. Napoleon made his own state entry into Elba on May 4th, and was received with acclamation by his new subjects.

During his journey from Fontainebleau to Fréjus, there were many incidents which showed that his people, who had formerly been his devoted adherents, had now disavowed him, and had cast off all allegiance to their late sovereign. At several places *en route* his life was endangered. His recognition of that fact made him pusillanimously fearful; his



Bloody Boney, the Carcass Butcher, left off trade and returning to Scarcrow Island (Elba).

An English caricature of 12th April, 1814.

From "Napoleon in Exile at Elba," by Norwood Young (Stanley Paul).

* "Napoleon [in Exile: Elba]." By Norwood Young. 21s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

unworthy acts in disguising himself to escape observation and its possible consequences were pitiful exceedingly, and attest that he was not free from some strain of cowardice. True bravery would have scorned such soiling of its soldierly honour, and would instinctively have braced itself to meet unflinchingly whatever fate might decree.

Napoleon's sojourn in Elba, which lasted short of ten months, is related in full detail and most interestingly. Mr. Norwood Young seems to be acquainted with everything that has been written about this phase of his hero's career, and he has himself lived for some time on the island in order to perfect his knowledge of the subject to which he has devoted so much time and attention. A most thrillingly exciting incident in the narrative of the escape of Napoleon from Elba in his ship the *Inconstant*, is here transcribed :

"The *Zephyr* meanwhile was sailing in a direction which would bring her across the track of the *Inconstant*, and presently the two ships came to close quarters. On board the *Inconstant* preparations for defence were made, but when Taillade recognised the *Zephyr*, a vessel he knew well, commanded by Andrieux, a comrade and friend of his own, it was hoped that amicable relations might be established. The grenadiers were ordered to hide under the bridge, or elsewhere. Andrieux did not at first recognise the disguised ship; he stared at her for some time through his glass. Then he hailed, and Taillade, after an interval of silence, in which he was receiving Napoleon's instructions, replied, giving the name of the ship: 'The *Inconstant*. Where are you going?' 'To Leghorn,' came the answer; 'and you?' Still prompted by Napoleon, Taillade replied: 'To Genoa. Have you any commissions for me there?' 'No, thank you. And how is the great man?' Napoleon told him to shout back: 'He is wonderfully well.' So they separated. . . . He (Andrieux) did not know that he was being sent for the express purpose of watching and following the *Inconstant*. He was to receive that news at Leghorn."

Mr. Norwood Young is to be congratulated on having put together a vastly interesting book. We learn with intense satisfaction that he is writing another work on similar lines, dealing with Napoleon's exile in St. Helena which is promised for next year. It will be looked for with pleasurable expectation.

Mr. Broadley contributes a capital chapter "Iconography and other Sidelights"—and has allowed fifty illustrations to be reproduced from his unrivalled collection of prints and caricatures relating to Napoleon and Elba.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE SECRET OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.*

There are three personalities here: M. Paul Emmanuel, as revealed to us in "Vilette"; M. Heger, as loved by Charlotte Brontë; and M. Heger as he actually was. Obviously it is permissible, if not inevitable, that the novelist should have worked up her hero from the living model, changing his nature as she had modified the circumstances of his life; it is no less natural that her devotion to her "master" should have coloured her view of the man himself. Mrs. Macdonald, evidently, did not discover the tenderness and sympathy beneath the surface, which captured Charlotte's imagination and caused the tragedy of her life. She claims, indeed, for M. Heger the title of an "ideal" Professor; but she assures us that he never apologised for his most cruel mistakes, and even indicates that he found pleasure in playing upon the emotions of his pupils to excite their appreciation of romantic literature, and stimulate their powers of expression. He positively enjoyed tears, and hysteria, in the class-room; and where the consequences, as for Charlotte Brontë, were permanent and profound, he certainly accomplished his object.

We are disposed to accept Mrs. Macdonald's analysis; for, though her refusal to weep annoyed him, she was a favourite pupil, and writes with enthusiasm of his imperious, but inspiring, methods of instruction. She tells us, moreover, that her experience of her fellow-pupils was far more pleasant than Charlotte Brontë's, while towards Madame Heger she cannot acquit the novelist of revengeful injustice.

* "The Secret of Charlotte Brontë." By Frederika Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

If Paul Emmanuel differs, in many essentials, from M. Heger, Madame Beck bears no resemblance to his wife. It was rather her loving-kindness and devotion that made his temper tolerable.

There is a sense, of course, in which these "revelations" are not really of great importance. Neither the critic nor the reader has any legitimate concern with the private affairs of Charlotte Brontë; they should study, and admire, her creations as works of art. But human nature persists in curiosity about the lives of those whose writings have influenced us; and the false impression which Mrs. Gaskell produced, from charitable motives, that Charlotte Brontë had penetrated into the very heart of passions outside her own experience, has long led us to a false estimate of her genius. The knowledge that she was, in fact, writing under the influence of her own despair, should prove her truthfulness to human nature, and acquit her of melodrama. For we agree with Mrs. Macdonald that Mr. Clement Shorter's continued adherence to the "enthusiastic friendship" theory is untenable. There was, in fact, a "Secret of Charlotte Brontë," which may be found in this volume.

THE WELLESLEY PAPERS.*

Even to the purview of that mine of erudition, Macaulay's schoolboy, the work and personality of the Great Marquess, as India not unjustly styled him, are apt to be quenched in the dominating splendour of his more illustrious younger brother; still more effectually, for the casual student of history, does Arthur Duke of Wellington reduce Richard Colley, Marquess Wellesley, to the position of mere super upon the stage of his times. Hence we may rightly welcome, in the volume before us, a fresh and animated figure-study, limned for the most part by Lord Wellesley's own proper hand, of a hard-working, in many ways distinguished, State servant.

In handling a great mass of unpublished correspondence the Editor of these Papers frankly sets himself the task of presenting the Marquess as he actually lived and moved, not of disquisitioning at large upon a career already fully treated of in despatches and biographies. It may be said at once that he has succeeded admirably; selecting with judgment, cementing the structure of the letters with just enough of curt plain narrative to give the work coherence. The reader can explore a carefully partitioned whole in the soothing consciousness of his guide's impeccable reticence and aloofness. The actors in the play have full leave to speak for themselves, and the mere list of their names upon the title-page—Pitt, Peel, Canning, Castlereagh, Wellington, etc., etc.—is a pretty strong implication of their ability to do so with effect.

Unfortunately—to touch his psychology first, and at once make our reckoning with his most patent and vulnerable weakness—Lord Wellesley suffered from a devastating self-esteem which, with a *naïveté* that at times sets the reader gasping, his own pen insistently exposes. Even from the start, as Lord Mornington the stripling statesman, he is in effect always exclaiming: "Behold me a man of parts and quality!" Indeed his arrogance and presumption, Pitt's freedom from which he so warmly eulogises, were not merely a drag upon his public career, but an erosive to his private happiness. As witness his anguish, with its sequel of lifelong mortification, at the reward of his Indian services by a mere Irish Marquisate—his "Double-guilt potato," as he fiercely designates it. Some Mornington of his own day, perhaps, moved the Friar-Duke in "Measure for Measure" to his trenchant:

"Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st."

Nevertheless, together with this weakness, there is packed human stuff of much finer quality, e.g. mark his stipulation, in *re* the Madras Governorship, as to the bestowal of title and pension upon the displaced Hobart;

* "The Wellesley Papers." By the Editor of "The Windham Papers." 32s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)



Sir L. Lawrence paint.

**Arthur Wellesley,
1st Duke of Wellington.**

From "The Wellesley Papers." (Herbert Jenkins).

and again (1799) when in the full flush of his jubilation over the Mysore campaign, of his own clamant demand for "brilliant honour," his stout refusal—for the sake of his army, the captors of Seringapatam—of the £100,000 proffered by the East India Company. Such incidents stir the blood. Again, take the story of his marriage and parenthood. He is living with Mlle Hyacinthe Roland, has by her several sons and daughters; yet this ambitious politician, with his career to make, marries the mistress and through life remains a devoted father to his natural children. Nay more, in his letter to Grenville in 1798 he pines for his wife. "All this vision will vanish unless you send Lady Mornington out to me by the next ship." . . . Once more, but two years later: "For God's sake bring me home. Home first, home last, home midst." Witness too his staunch friendships for Wilberforce; for Canning, to admit whom, for the strengthening of the Perceval Ministry, he offers (June, 1810) to resign his own office; for Pitt, as breathed in the noble and historic eulogy published by Croker.

In regard to his public services, as Governor-General of India, Ambassador to Spain, Foreign Secretary, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, his editor does the Marquess full justice. Beyond question he was a man of high courage and integrity; energetic, honourable, broad-minded. In politics he was a liberal, a freetrader; as resolute as Wilberforce for Abolition; a consistent advocate of Catholic Emancipation. Difficult as it is to regret his failure to achieve the final goal of his ambition, the Premiership, it puts little strain upon us, in viewing the full sum of his services, in touching the bedrock of a character marred by external disfigurements, to accord him—in heart as well as in courtesy—his high title of "The Most Noble the Marquess Wellesley."

Space forbids more than a passing reference to the *jumum* and *strepitus* of a period on fire with such names as Nelson, Wellington, Napoleon; though its atmosphere forms the

backing of these papers. The correspondence itself is often individualistic and interesting in the extreme.

The mediocre Mr. Perceval achieves, in one of his letters to Wellesley, the singular feat of packing seven "Your Lordship's" into his opening paragraph. Lord Auckland is markedly cheery and patriotic. Lady Hester Stanhope's epistle from the Bosphorus cuts, with a vivid note of feminine wit and laughter, across the rather solemn rumble of eminent masculine voices. Wilberforce commonly devotes about half his space to purring apologies for not having written sooner. The great Duke Arthur, referring to his threatened rupture with Canning, makes the quaintly solemn statement: "I never had a quarrel with any man in my life." Canning's mental brilliance gleams through every page of his writing; and Lord Wellesley's own work, notably in his sketch of the state of Europe and the objects of the Peninsular War, shows real expository talent. With Lord Brougham enters a new spirit, witty, frolicsome; strangely fresh and modern as compared with the main corpus of correctitudes, compliments, ornate felicities, word-pasturings supplied by the other—to adopt his own phrase—"Honourable Behaunders." Croker, in alluding to the Biography of Wilberforce by his sons, makes us a present of the refreshing phrase: "Shreds and patches of morbid *pietaster*."

The book must needs be of capital value to any student of the period, and of notable interest to the general reader.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

WILD LIFE.*

In its outstanding characteristics "Feuds of the Furtive Folk" closely resembles Mr. St. Mars' previous recent book, "The Prowlers," which gave him a name as one of the leading imaginative writers about animals. He supplies no biological particulars, no intimate studies of field life (as naturalists understand it); he sets out with a wonderfully exhaustive and seemingly intimate knowledge of beasts, birds and fishes, and in a series of sketches he places them in little dramas, wrought in the manner of dramas for human beings. Clearly Mr. Kipling is his inspirer-in-chief—and Mr. St. Mars would admit he is. His admiration for Mr. Kipling is emphasised by the prominence he gives to quotations from Kipling verse. But the style and method of the two writers differ, though Mr. St. Mars has a style as emphatic and direct as that of the more famous author. This passage is typical of Mr. St. Mars' manner:

"The seventh wave was bigger than the rest. It shot up the smooth, polished slope of the rock, high and high, lifting, lifting, till the gull appeared to be standing on but a foot-high lump. Came then a rush, a swirl, a cloud of flying spray, a hale of foam, half hiding some long, dark, glistening, sinuous form which shot up the polished slope of the rock on the top of the wave; a distinctly audible snap of jaws; a scream from the gull as that bird jumped and spread out its wings; another snap, and then wave, and shape and gull, and all were gone, and the rock was left standing alone and high, the water pouring off it in cataracts."

A dog-otter had caught and killed the bird. There are many spirited little pictures of this kind; and their only fault is that now and then Mr. Mars has too many adjectives.

Of the sketches, many readers will prefer "Kafoozalum," "Spirits of the Night," and "Interlopers." The first is about a raven whose subtlety with traps proves of no avail when the bait is a poisoned grouse; the second a beautiful description of bat-life; and the third a sanguinary affair of sheep and wild dogs. At the close of "Interlopers" we have the shooting to death of a she-dingo followed by the death of her partner.

"Because the spirit of love is both precious and rare, I prefer to believe," writes Mr. St. Mars, "that this dingo dog, this outlaw, this interloper, died of a broken heart. One can think

* "Feuds of the Furtive Folk." By F. St. Mars. 5s. net. (Heath, Cranton & Ouseley.)

more kindly of him if one accepts this theory, and—who knows ?—animals may love ! ”

The book has five animated illustrations in colour by Mr. Walter Starmer.

LES MAITRES D'AUTREFOIS.*

Eugène Fromentin wrote " Les Maitres d'Autrefois : Belgique-Hollande " in 1875. That date and the address of " Brussels " appear at the head of the Preface, in the first sentence of which is indicated the purpose of his travels and his book : " To see Rubens and Rembrandt in their own country, and at the same time the Dutch School in its natural setting." The field thus defined—for Fromentin in 1875 comparatively one of discovery—has since been worked over by innumerable students, many of them of indefatigable patience as well as acumen. Perhaps the most obvious change resulting from their researches is the sharpness of the distinction between the two divisions of the survey, North and South. No one now would bring the North and South Netherland painters under one rubric of the Dutch School. One does not say to-day that the Dutch School, meaning by that the North Netherland, begins with the first years of the seventeenth century, or that by a very slight abuse of dates we can fix the day of its birth. Had Fromentin written thirty years later than he did, his chapter on the origin, if not the character, of that school would have been expanded, and those on the forerunners of Rubens correspondingly modified. Both Lucas van Leyden and Jan van Scorel would have appeared more often, and more individualised, in his pages, and he would almost certainly have suggested some racial and spiritual affinity to Rembrandt in Geertgen tot S. Jans, whom as it is he does not mention at all. But the fact that Fromentin was imperfectly aware of distinctions made by recent scholarship, and wrote in ignorance of much that it has brought into the light since his day, does not affect the illumination which he cast upon the whole field as well, as upon particular figures in it. In especial, the pious and enthusiastic re-discovery of Rembrandt since he wrote, does not efface *his* discovery of him. One wonders, indeed, whether our newer knowledge is, after all, very essential. At any rate, it only brings into more relief the essential justice of the estimate which Fromentin's prescience enabled him to pronounce from the evidence under his hand.

That estimate is wonderfully satisfying—admiring, comprehensive and reasonable. Fromentin is never dogmatic. He is stimulating, by virtue of a method of raising questions suggesting answers both for and against the point he appears desirous of making. Yet he is always logical, and we must not complain if, with an artist's instinct for unity, he coerces his argument, and sometimes the facts, into a full charge in favour of a predetermined conclusion. Thus his well-known theory in regard to the domination and significance of *chiaroscuro* in Rembrandt's art rests (for him) on a series of props, not always quite secure, and the chief of them actually made a little wobbly by the restoration of the " Night Watch " and its removal from the *Trippenhius*. But even were they all to give way under it, there are others to take their place, and in any case the theory was brilliant psychology and is illuminating art-criticism. And then again, the point he makes in his character of Rembrandt, through the master's failure to found a school, is just as well as acute, even although Vermeer (under another name) is deliberately disconsidered, and Fabritius is left out altogether. Is one wrong in supposing that completely as Rembrandt conquered him, and his spirit flooded and moved him, the full homage was at first a little irksome to the author—that it chafed his professional amour propre ever so slightly to acknowledge a power which he was unable as a painter completely to explain ? If so, he made ample amends, and possibly

* " The Masters of Past Time: or Criticism of the Old Flemish and Dutch Painters." Translated from the French of Eugène Fromentin. With Coloured and Half-Tone Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

this slight constriction of his will renders in the end his elucidation of Rembrandt's difficult and original genius more comprehensive and acute. But, at the same time, we are aware how freely in comparison Fromentin moves in his survey of the genius of Rubens, whose character and work are so lucid, spontaneous and imperturbable, with nothing in either to hide, or profound enough to be hidden.

AN ANATOMY OF PAIN.*

In " Time and Thomas Waring " Mr. Morley Roberts has added an heroic chapter to that psychological history of contemporary life which novelists of distinction are writing. Page after page has the grandeur of a modern epic ; if it were not so, the manner would have fallen short of the profound theme. The old combat between man and pain is unfolded as an intense, subjective drama ; vivid sensations and thoughts assume the guise of characters, every whit as vital as Mully, Thomas Waring's inept wife, or Joyce his daughter, or Jenne, or the fragrant memory of his early love.

Waring underwent a serious operation, and recovered sufficient strength to undergo another. All that lies between those two points of experience wrought into agony, is analysed with extraordinary fidelity to truth, and a romantic story of vivid interest is comprised within those limits.

The tragedy of such torture as comes from operations, is that it has been able to give such a poor account of itself. It has been dumb, bewildered, protesting ; the patient proceeded as " a lamb to the slaughter," and generally a moan has summed up his reminiscence. Waring went into that far country, bounded by anæsthesia and convalescence, and brought back a map of those Dantesque regions, about which surgeons and anæsthetists know little. The medical profession should read Mr. Morley Roberts' impressive diagnosis of obscure mental states prior to operative treatment, and arising out of it, for such knowledge will tend to understanding. It will be especially valuable to specialists who have " knowledge but no wisdom." Theologians, too, ought to read it carefully because of the issues of conduct and destiny involved.

Waring was a proud, overbearing man, a bully to his patient family, and a journalist of savage judgments, who had believed in the existence of a God in a curiously abstract manner. But " Renshaw, whom he imagined when he was away as a mechanical surgeon of steel armed with knives, had dissected God out of him when he had him on the table. . . . Nothing, nothing is so important as I thought it was." The only godlike theory left in his universe was kindness—the only evil thing, cruelty. This conclusion, entirely brought about, apparently, by " shock," altered his whole attitude to his family and his friends, and is the direct cause of audacious developments. Nearly all the orthodoxies are defied, and there is much pungent, and some bitter criticism of accepted conventions and opinions. The only concession to the " gallery " is the contrivance of an acceleration in the plot which secured Mrs. Waring's acquiescence in her daughter's passion-driven crisis. Exquisite delicacy of feeling is shown in the portraiture of all the women. Although Waring has a dead wife to whose memory he is devoted, a second wife whom he learnt to suffer gladly, and a mistress, one breathes " the pity of it ! " rather than any harsher reflection.

Some readers, even of the better sort, may demur at the amount of abstract speculation, and complain that Waring's erudition has received too much emphasis ; and those who keep the producers of pretty stories busy, will be puzzled. But men and women who are on the look-out for literature—brave, vital, even solemnising—will find in " Time and Thomas Waring " a book of moment.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

* " Time and Thomas Waring." By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THE HAPPY ESSAYIST.*

Wit, grace and urbanity are qualities that Mr. G. S. Street has ever possessed, but on getting well into the forties he has mellowed in quite a remarkable way. With more force of mind he might have been a novelist of peculiar distinction. But perhaps it is well for us that he is one of the idle apprentices to the most popular form of literature; for, after all, we have a superabundance of novel writers, while there are very few men who are able to carry on the best traditions of the older art of prose. Blessed with a happy indolency that has prevented him from using his ideas and observations as fast as he gathered them, Mr. Street has now a rich background of thought and reflection that gives a fine suggestiveness to all his remarks on life. He writes from the fulness of experience, in the manner of the great essayists, and his early vein of satirical observation is lost in a wistful sort of kindly interest in all the pleasant aspects of human activities. He has become the most charming of modern writers of essays, with a light, graceful and easy way of expression that is as grateful as it is rare.

Naturally, there is a good deal of personal revelation in "Money and Other Essays." An essayist who does not reveal the idiosyncrasy of his mind and temperament is unworthy of his art: for him Montaigne, Lamb and Hazlitt have worked in vain. Mr. Street is almost as frankly personal in style as the great Frenchman. He is talking to himself most of the time and allowing us, in friendly fashion, to overhear the conversation. We are made acquainted with the state of his monetary affairs, and taken by him to his favourite race-meeting, or we share his misfortunes when he tries to see the flying men at Hendon on the cheap, or wastes a guinea on a seat at Covent Garden from which he cannot watch the feet of the dancers in the Russian ballet. It is amusing to learn, in the light of a recent event, that Mr. Street gave up going to theatres as a dramatic critic because most of the plays were so poor that the work became distasteful to him. As Examiner of Plays, he will now have a still larger number of uninteresting pieces to criticise. Perhaps, however, reading through everything that theatrical managers hope to produce will not be so dreary a job as sitting out the fewer plays that are actually performed.

One of the best of the essays is that in which Mr. Street dreams that he meets himself as he used to be. There is G. S. Street aged twenty-five; G. S. Street aged thirty-five, and a tolerant, humorous, sympathetic man aged forty-five. The middle figure complains that he had worked out a serene and graceful form of egotism and an ironic way of looking at things which he expected his successor to perfect. Instead of so doing, the successor, the present Mr. Street, has relapsed into an emotional interest in things and persons and found amusement in horse-racing and the popular drama. It is a piece of delightful autobiography, whimsical in tone and yet thoughtful at bottom, and it contains much comfort for readers who are also getting into the forties or even advancing still farther into life.

The paper on George Wyndham, with which the book concludes, is a beautiful, touching memorial of a rare and admirable man—of the only man of our time who retained the natural magnanimity of the happy Elizabethan age. Here Mr. Street speaks straight from the heart, without whimsy or fancy, for ties of friendship united him to the man who, in our complicated age, was "Knight and artist and scholar and statesman as well."

* "Money and Other Essays." By G. S. Street. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

We hope that Mr. Street's new work will not hinder him from essay-writing. Since Andrew Lang died there is no one to equal him, and he takes a larger view of the familiar, daily things of life than even Lang did.

THE COTSWOLDS.*

"When, I wonder, will history be taught in our village schools from the local end, as surely it should be?" So writes Mrs. Sturge Gretton in her very charming book on the Cotswolds district, and, as if by way of meeting the needs of those who would answer the question as she would have it answered, she has written this entertaining work. History is properly a collection of parish annals, and, believing this, the authoress has tried to paint for us, by gathering together the records and memories of this particular neighbourhood, a part of the picture of the nineteenth century. The "Corner" of which she writes is the table land between the Colne and the Evenlode, lying in East Gloucestershire and North-West Oxfordshire. She has gathered together a mass of information on such diverse subjects as, the domestic weavers of the Cotswolds, the machine riots, the old local fairs, the lighting of villages, the rural labour movements in the seventies, the old penal code, and hundreds of other subjects, not only from books, pamphlets and newspapers, but from personal recollections of those who were eye-witnesses of the old order of things. To all students of the great industrial movement which was perhaps the chief feature of the nineteenth century, the book must prove of the highest value. Some idea of the change that has come over our outlook during the last eighty years may be gathered from the account of the Child Labour Bill which was brought before Parliament in 1832. No children under nine were to work in the woollen or cotton trades, and while they were under thirteen years of age their hours were to be limited to nine a day. The chief opposition to this measure, which was an improvement on the state of things that then existed, came from the parents of the children. The Cotswold weavers, in their petition against the Bill, declared that their children's labour was the only equivalent they had for a large family, and they asked the very pertinent question: If the child is to

* "A Corner of the Cotswolds." By M. Sturge Gretton. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)



The Swan Inn, Tetworth.

From "A Corner of the Cotswolds," by M. Sturge Gretton (Methuen).

be kept at school until nine years of age, who is to pay for it? The book, which is illustrated with some charming photographs, has its usefulness enhanced by a copious appendix and an excellent index.

SOME NEW NOVELS.

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH.¹

There have been occasions on which Mr. W. J. Locke has seemed to offer us fairy stories of our time, so fond is he of treating of generous impulses and reckless chivalry, of friendships between men passing the love of women, of waifs adopted by quixotic guardians, of cases of sublime perjury and reproach patiently endured by innocence. Only the other day this author defiantly accepted the label of sentimentalist. In his latest novel he takes up the challenge of those critics who have judged him to be too preoccupied with romantic motives and shown them just how he would write the very thing they impute to him, a fairy tale of modern life. He has taken one of the most popular of nursery legends and adapted it to twentieth century conditions. It is the legend of the swineherd who loved and won the heart of a princess. Few heroes are so acceptable to children as the ragged youngster who reckons himself of royal stock and through the companion of some king's daughter climbs to his proper rank and station. It is such a lad's ascent of the social ladder—though he is a lad born amid modern slums and obtains his princess's hand in the hurly-burly of modern English politics—that Mr. Locke describes in his engaging chronicle of "The Fortunate Youth." As you might expect, the novelist modifies the old scheme to suit its up-to-date setting and our latter-day sentiment, but he adheres pretty faithfully to the outlines of the original fairy-tale, with the result that readers who grasp his intention and grant him his formula will find themselves no less fascinated by his version of a story that can never grow old, than they were once by Hans Andersen's familiar rendering in days when horizons were golden, life loomed still a mystery, and fairy princes might be encountered round the nearest corner.

Mr. Locke, of course, tells his fairy-tale with a difference, and it is just the difference which lends it its chief piquancy. For a very long while everything goes well with Paul Kegwarthy, quite as well as if fairy influence were really at work on his behalf. Luck is squandered on the handsome boy; he moves upward with giant strides. When once friendly Barney Bill's caravan has transported him from the atmosphere of squalid poverty and unkindness in which his childhood has passed, he expands like a flower in the sunshine and his "vision splendid" of an existence that shall be roses—roses all the way—seems in the surest way of fulfilment. If he does not stumble across the royal parents he at first counted on meeting, other dream stuff of his ambitions materialises and helpers spring up at every turn. He tries various callings and there is not one but contributes its share to the training of his mind and the refining of his manners. The instincts of adaptability and self-improvement seem born in him; he has a natural fastidiousness and taste for what is beautiful, exquisite and luxurious. Hence, when favouring circumstances open up for him the prospect of a great career in politics, he is qualified to seize the chance—qualified to be the rising hope of the Conservative party and to charm the princess whose condescension is to crown his life's happiness.

So far Mr. Locke has copied almost closely his fairy-tale model; it needs but a stroke of that pen he wields so gracefully to leave his Paul securely established on a pedestal of fame, his princess by his side. But it is just here that the element of dramatic surprise comes into the story, just at the moment of Paul's climacteric that the novelist's ironic humour obtains its opportunity. In the midst of his first election fight the fortunate youth makes an appalling discovery. The candidate who is opposing

him, a Radical of the fanatical and ascetic sort, a tradesman who has made his fortune out of fried-fish, turns out to be his father. Think of Paul's dismay. He, the instinctive aristocrat, the lover of a princess, the believer in rank and its heaven-born right to rule, learns that his origins are humble, nay, almost humiliating, for his mother is actually that virago of the slums from whose cruelty he had so gladly long ago in his boyhood made his escape. It seems to him that he is an impostor, that he has conquered his princess's affections under false pretences. And so there are trials in front of this favourite of fortune before he can justify once more his title.

That touch of tragic-comedy, that intrusion of the grotesque into what might otherwise be rather too monotonous a record of picturesque success is the very making of Mr. Locke's fairy-tale. Were not the map of malignant circumstance, the bad fairy not invited to the christening, as the old nursery stories conceive it, allowed his innings, not all the charm and vivacity of Mr. Locke's style, not all his happy descriptive power, not all the effectiveness of his character studies, notably that dear old Pagan, Barney Bill, the itinerant brush-maker, whose every sentence is a pearl of wisdom, would reconcile us to a certain strain of egoism which is to be detected in the hero. Paul forgets only too thoroughly his fellow-victims of the slum and the mill, has scant sympathy and thought to spare for the little urchins who shared his sufferings and never enjoyed his luck. So that poetic justice demands that this fairy prince who is singled out for so many blessings and privileges should endure his measure of adversity. The buffet once dealt out to him, we can admire his stoicism, his rally, his recapture of the skirts of chance. He has earned his right to good fortune just as Mr. Locke has triumphantly vindicated his ability to write a genuine fairy-tale.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE ORLEY TRADITION.²

In his new novel "The Orley Tradition," Mr. Ralph Straus has created quite a classic character and produced a very remarkable study of the English country gentleman. The great character is Mrs. Damson, who kept a sweet-stuff and general shop in the little Kentish village of Handsfield. Cast in somewhat the same mould as the Mrs. Poyser of George Eliot and the Mrs. Proudie of Anthony Trollope, the Kentish woman could have met both of these two eloquent viragos and defeated them in a battle of mother wit and vituperation. Less picturesque, but more subtle than Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede," she kept the county amused by her celebrated sayings, but came to grief at last over the remark she made when the news was brought that an heir had been born to Lord Orley: "We'll 'ope," she declared with a certain deliberation, "as 'e won't be as big a fool as 'is father."

For the boy grew up and became a brilliant, clever politician, and Mrs. Damson did not approve him, and heartily wished that he would be more like his father. Indeed, everybody who knew the younger Orley hoped that he would reform in time and acquire the proper amount of stupidity, and when at last he did so there was more general joy than there had been at his birth. Mrs. Damson was so overcome with gladness that she forgot to make one of her celebrated remarks.

Both the theme and its setting may appear whimsical and fantastic. But as a matter of fact, the novel is a very thoughtful piece of work that does not lose any of its power through being delightfully entertaining. What Mr. Straus offers us is really a fine, brilliant defence of the idea of an aristocracy. He takes a county family that for hundreds of years has been notorious for its lack of intellectual ability. The Orleys are a big, handsome race of men, good at fighting and at open-air sports, easy to get on with, and honourable in all their ways, but stupid and indolent—in short, the noble barbarians of Matthew Arnold's famous analysis of our social strata. In Mr. Straus's view, however, men of this sort form an admirable element of our society, and there is a loss rather than a

² "The Orley Tradition." By Ralph Straus. 6s. (Methuen.)

¹ "The Fortunate Youth." By W. J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

gain when one of them breaks away from the traditions of his order and tries to cultivate the hard cleverness of mind necessary in a political or business career. "Let them," he says in effect, "remain quiet country gentlemen, and provide us with our Army officers and easy-going village squires. The qualities of character that they possess are more valuable than the qualities of mind that they lack."

John Orley was crippled by an accident that put an end to his military ambitions, and settling in London he flirted with art and literature, in the person of a fascinating woman novelist of the advanced school, and entered on the game of politics and fought his first election at a town where the "Orley Tradition" still weighed on the minds of the people. But he had lost, while cultivating his intelligence, the charming qualities of character that had distinguished his family, and Mrs. Damson, who was watching over him with motherly interest, was glad to hear that he had been defeated at the polls. And when, on recovering the full use of his legs, the young man returns to the ways of his fathers, sells his books and pictures and settles down in the village to do nothing gracefully, everybody is pleased, except the woman novelist. Aristotle and Nietzsche would approve this remarkable conclusion, and though readers with a Radical turn of mind will not agree with the main idea of Mr. Straus's work, they will allow that he has stated a very interesting case in a clear and vivid manner. With the exception of the woman novelist, the characters are drawn with remarkable power and charm, the naughty lady is a somewhat melodramatic sketch of an adventuress.

E. W.

DODO THE SECOND.*

It is a rare thing for an author to write a sequel which grips and fascinates you more than the original novel, yet this is what Mr. E. F. Benson has done in "Dodo the Second." The many readers who loved Dodo in her wayward youth will have an even stronger feeling for her now maturity has developed her character. Her fascination remains; but in place of the waywardness, we find heroism, and devotion to the sweetheart whom she jilted in her youth. He has loved her for twenty years, and ultimately marries her.

And "Dodo the Second?" She is a young person, this Nadine with retreshingly original views on the world in general, and some people in particular, who makes us frequently join in her laughter, which is thus characterised: "she gave a sort of hiccup and then gurgled."

It is evident that Mr. Benson started out with the idea of writing a novel about Dodo's daughter; but it was not to be. The loyalty which kept Jack Chestertord from loving Nadine or any other woman while Dodo was in the world, prevented Benson from writing a book concerning her in which she was not the central figure; and we would not have it otherwise. The book deals with the problem of unawakened womanhood; the woman who, though loved, is powerless to love in return, until some great event disturbs the even tenor of her life, and unlocks the heart which has been closed even against herself. It is a great problem, one which becomes more vital with the progress of civilisation, and the author touches on it with vast sympathy and understanding, proving that, although she may not realise it, every woman has the power to love grandly and selflessly, which is the only true way. The whole story is finely woven, the threads are lightly drawn together—never dragged. Over the story rests an atmosphere of extreme modernity. It is modern life seen broadly and kindly, with its present glaring faults modelled in the low relief to which time assuredly will sink them. And through every page there runs a fine philosophy of life, which perhaps can be embodied in these two sentences. "Life is so short and every moment should be so precious to everybody," says Dodo, and "the only point of life is to be alive." This book is life—life which bubbles and sparkles like champagne. The joy of life is irradiated

* "Dodo the Second." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Photo by F. O. Hoff

Mr. Henry Baerlein.

from each page, that true joy which comes from within and which sorrow never dims, and as we lay it down at the end of the story we feel the world is not quite so tragic a place as it sometimes appears.

M. TOTTEN.

FULL SWING.*

A dozen novels stand to the credit of the industrious and popular authoress whose latest work is before us; and we should say that "Full Swing" will add something to the popularity of "Frank Danby" and to her reputation. It is good measure, this story of Agatha Wanstead, Squires of Marley. For it begins when she is but a child of ten, and ends with her death, at the approaching marriage of her son. She had many troubles, this unhappy Agatha. There was her father to begin with, with his passion for orchids, and his bringing a stepmother into the house. And then he died, and the stepmother died, and the stepmother's little daughter grew up to make a runaway match which turned out badly. Not so badly, after all, as Agatha's marriage with the Irish nobleman, Lord Grindelay, who, as the authoress assures us, belonged to the Ireland "of Lever's novels." Agatha was nearly forty when this disreputable Irish peer won her affections, and there was the faithful and quite wealthy family lawyer, Andrew McKay waiting to marry her all the time. But Andrew was a good friend and was with Lady Grindelay when she died. Fortunately for all parties, Lord Grindelay's death comes at a much earlier stage in the book, and though Desmond the only child has been shockingly brought up, he is his mother's son before the end comes. Poor Lady Grindelay brought most of her troubles on herself for she made many mistakes, good and conscientious woman though she was. The South African war was the saving of Desmond, and the excellent McKays, father and son, were able to deal with the wicked red-haired nurse who so nearly brought ruin upon the gallant youth. As for the love story of Desmond and Eunice, the most hardened novel reader must follow it with sympathy. There is plenty of incident in "Full Swing" and the sentiment and moralising are not allowed to stop the way.

LONDON CIRCUS.*

In this fantastic satire on the intellectual circles of modern London, Mr. Henry Baerlein reveals a fresh side of his character. He is, it is clear, a daring humourist with an

* "Full Swing." By Frank Danby. 6s. (Cassell.)

* "London Circus." By Henry Baerlein. 6s. (Fifield.)

uncommon talent for poking fun at our leaders in art and letters and politics. His plot is a wild improbability that is meant to be enjoyed for its extravagance. But it introduces into the earnest, cultivated, artistic life of London, the lifelike, amazing figure of Derunje. He is a Syrian who takes himself extremely seriously, and after acting as secretary to Abdul Hamid, he flies to England to escape from the Young Turk Party, and to make his fortune by a religious picture that he has painted. Derunje is drawn in an excellent manner: he is not a caricature but a real Oriental, with many charming qualities and a childish faith in the value of his picture which impresses all the Londoners he meets. He is taken up by a group of kindly fatuous busybodies, and an enthusiastic art critic is so won over by Derunje's personality that he writes a column praising the great Syrian masterpiece of religious art, without waiting for the picture to arrive in England. So a boom is started on work which nobody but its maker has seen, and the thing grows, owing to the rivalry of two newspapers, to a monstrous extent. One foresees that the masterpiece will prove to be something very feeble and amateurish, and this foresight of the ultimate bursting of the bubble adds to one's enjoyment of the extravagance. We suspect that some of the characters are well-known figures in London life very thinly disguised. But most of the satire is good-humoured jollying without a sting in it, and the fun of it all is very amusing. The equanimity and sweet reasonableness of Derunje in both glory and disaster is purely delightful: he is a memorable figure.

ON THE STAIRCASE.*

Mr. Frank Swinnerton has his own distinctive place among living novelists. His stories are always of the more or less seamy side of London life; he knows that side of London life as intimately as Gissing knew it, and he writes of it as realistically and as sympathetically as Gissing did, but in a more genial spirit. There are points of light in his darkest pictures; he is keenly sensible of the quiet hopes and quiet happiness that sweeten the lives of even the poorest and make them liveable. The Gretton family in "On the Staircase," the happy understanding and affection existing between the father and mother, the two brothers, and the self-reliant, very lovable sister Barbara—these and their careless, natural, pleasant relations with each other are a vein of light through whatever is drab in the tale. In some ways more charming than Barbara is Amberley's sister Susan, a very sensible, motherly young person who believes she is a predestined old maid, but becomes the heroine of a delightful little love idyll; Amberley's mother is a clever, humorous bit of characterisation; Amberley himself is a strong personality, strongly and ably drawn, and his resolute, much enduring, finally triumphant love of the independent Barbara is admirably developed. Velancourt is the least normal character in the book, but he is as true to life in his fashion, as all the rest. He is a young fellow of a poetical temperament; sensitive, brooding, selfish, passionate; but weak and unstable, born to the tragic failure in which all his aspirations and vacillations end. Lonely, unsociable, he is touched by the feminine attractions of Cissy, his landlady's niece; she waits on him, is interested in him, and he is presently fired with a blind, wild love of her. Her promptings overcome any fear and self-doubtings that would have restrained him, and they run away and are married, furnish a poor home on the hire system, and settle down to make the best of things on thirty shillings a week. His literary enthusiasms bore her; she is only keen that he should get on and earn more, and in business matters he is miserably incompetent. Their home life, with its petty discomforts, incompatibilities, disagreements, remorseful reconciliations, its squalors and humiliations and little joy is minutely and vividly portrayed; and you begin to feel that its continuance is

* "On the Staircase." By Frank Swinnerton. 6s. (Methuen.)

impossible when Velancourt meets and conceives a bewildered, desperate, overmastering passion for Barbara, who has nothing but pity for him. Mr. Swinnerton has done nothing better than the series of character studies in "On the Staircase"; it is a very notable achievement. The story has atmosphere and, for all its necessarily sordid elements, charm; it is, moreover, a story so intensely human and so full of interest that it should make the book a popular as well as a literary success.

C. W.

THE CHURCH REVIVAL.*

Mr. Baring Gould, well known as a voluminous writer who is always interesting, has given us in this book a vivid and picturesque history of the Church Revival of the nineteenth century. Probably he would admit that it is rather more a partisan statement than a sober history. Mr. Baring Gould has lived through an exciting time, and though he holds that he has won in a noble fight, the warlike spirit is not yet dead within him. We start with an account of the "Protestantising" of the English Church by foreigners and alien dogmas from the year 1547 to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Actual church doctrine, with its suitable forms of worship, are to Mr. Baring Gould of supreme importance, Calvinism, Evangelicalism and Puritanism are equally anathema. We have had many pictures of the moribund condition of the English Church in the eighteenth century, some of the most striking can be found in Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's novels, "The Tramping Methodist" and "Starbrace"; but Mr. Baring Gould puts down the lack of zeal and moral laxness more to false doctrine than many of us would. The chapter on Victorian Bishops is the fiercest in the book, and on these matters much could be said on the other side, but we shall all agree with the author that his criticisms would not stand against most of the present bishops. He writes with genuine enthusiasm of the Tractarians, and shows how both by their zeal and their good works they not only played a great part in the revival of the Anglican Church, but profoundly modified the religious spirit throughout the country. Mr. Baring Gould frankly acknowledges the sincere and often self-denying religion of the Evangelicals, but he rather exaggerates the tendency of the more devout amongst them to ultimately go over to the "Catholic faith" and is quite unable to understand the intellectual position of the "Broad Church party," therefore fails to see the extent of their influence and their character. In conclusion, he explains that he is a loyal member of the English Church, and protests against the errors and superstitions of Rome. The book is full of many telling anecdotes, touched at times with a certain bitter humour, though the author never for long loses his natural geniality.

LIFE IS A DREAM.†

This is Mr. Curle's second book of stories. His first was a very attractive first book, of which I can now vividly remember some sensations of travel and impressions of tropic scenery, some delicious memories of a boy's country holidays on the Scottish border, and several studies of minds disordered. Mr. Curle was good at three things. He could take full advantage of the atmosphere of reminiscence, to give charm and strength to simple matters. He could paint luxuriance and gorgeousness both by colours and through the mind of an observer. He could recreate the moods of a person travelling alone in foreign places. His writing was opulent, but well considered.

The new book marks a change, not so much in power as in intention. Only one of these pieces depends much on description, and the same is the only one making use of

* The Church Revival: Thoughts Thereon and Reminiscences. By S. Baring Gould. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

† "Life is a Dream." By Richard Curle. 6s. (Kegan Paul.)

the atmosphere of memory. That is to say, Mr. Curle has neglected the sort of writing by which he might most easily have scored and indulged himself. His subjects are more various than before. There is a man who goes to dredge for emeralds in an Andean lake—"an evil place" where the niggers, maddened by the forest, unbalance and finally murder him. He leaves a diary which is just improbable enough in manner to weaken the verisimilitude. There is a little boy who cuts up a hateful velvet suit and sleeps in a wood, only to be brought back at midnight to more than forgiving parents: a look-out man who fails to put detonators on the railway line in a fog and causes the death of a gang of workmen, and commits suicide: a tipling remittance man in the East who makes the reputation of being 'in the swim': an old clerk who saves money and asks for a long leave of absence that he may see the beauties of the world, but has nothing to say when the head of the firm gives him a week and advises him to go to Margate: a man who sails home eagerly after fifteen years in the tropics but is disillusioned by the cold, etc., so that he takes the next mail out again.

The stories are in the first place readable. They are clear, free from superfluity, and continually moving. They are full not only of vivid things, like the look-out man's fear of the dead men's eyes 'creeping round the corner to him, like lobster's eyes on the end of stalks, going zig-zag, zig-zag,' but of the air of common life altogether without tediousness, though perhaps the story of 'The Emerald Seeker' is not the only one suffering from unreality. The descriptions, all strictly relevant, are excellent. But Mr. Curle is still at his best in the one story where he relates a memory that is chiefly pictorial, the least ambitious and not the most interesting in the book. The other stories demonstrate a notable but as yet imperfectly successful effort to give equal truth to the experiences and emotions of people more or less widely different from the writer. In the story, for example, of the man going home from the tropics, I see the probability that he might be disillusioned as Mr. Curle desires to show him, but I do not clearly see what was his idea of England and how the truth was brought home to him, and that in spite of the fact that the man is sufficiently introspective to see that "one can't break through fifteen years' habit like that. My God!" The old clerk is less open to objection because he is more simply a type, a ghost who can be treated sentimentally and externally. Briefly, Mr. Curle proves himself a conscientious, resolute artist, discontented with his first decided and graceful successes, but not yet at the end of his new, difficult, self-denying task. I judge him by the high standards which he has obviously before him. By any lower standards, these stories would have a right to very high praise for their beauty, insight, and workmanship.

EDWARD THOMAS.

BOOKS FOR ALL.*

The five volumes—81-85—of the "Home University Library" fully maintain the high standard set by the earlier volumes. Dr. Moore's scholarly work on the "Literature of the Old Testament" should prove of great service to the Bible student. In the opening chapter there is an admirable summary of the difficulties in the way of Biblical scholars, from St. Jerome to Luther, as to the inclusion of the Apocrypha. The chapter on the minor prophets is especially well written. "Prehistoric Britain," an illustrated volume by Dr. Robert Munro, has an almost incredible amount of information relative to its size. It is interesting to find in it an account of the Arts and Industries of the Stone and Bronze Ages. In his "Problems of Village Life," Mr. E. N. Bennett treats his

* "Books for All" "Home University Library." 5 vols. 1s. net each. (Williams & Norgate).—"The Nation's Library." 1s. net each. (W. Collins.)—"The People's Library." 12 Vols. 6d. net each. (Jack.)

subject in a masterly fashion. The book is written mainly from the labourer's point of view; the author has little patience with Sir H. R. Iaggard and his "conversations with farmers and land agents." The historical development of the land difficulties is explained, and the remedies from Tariff Reform to Land Nationalisation are discussed. The volume on "Common Sense in Law," by Dr. Paul Vinogradoff, is a lucid exposition of the aims and means of laws in general, and is well suited for the lay reader. Dr. Vinogradoff compares jurisprudence with political economy in that they both require a specialised knowledge to understand their details, although developed from general principles. "Unemployment," by Prof. A. C. Pigou, is a logical and instructive work. Under circumstances where rhetoric would have been easy, Prof. Pigou has written soberly and with judgment. His attitude is, on the whole, optimistic; he does not always expect remedies, but thinks that palliatives might be found.

Messrs. Collins are to be congratulated on the excellent appearance of their "Nation's Library." In his preface to "Burns," the Rev. L. Maclean Watt disarms criticism and claims as his only purpose "to turn those who know little of the poet to his work." It will certainly do this, and more, for the author shows a rare appreciation of his subject. There is too much epithet—"shaggy-haired survival of the goat-legged Pan"—"plaster-stripping power of Rabelais"—but the volume is most readable and, on the whole, no one could give us a better estimate of Burns. At a time when the Panama Canal is occupying so much of the world's attention Mr. Enock's book, "The Panama Canal," is very welcome. It is one of the most entertaining of books, thoroughly interesting from cover to cover. Mr. Enock deals with the history of the isthmus, the previous attempts at cutting it through, and the final triumph. Those who would have an accurate estimate of the real significance of the Panama Canal should read Chapter XIII. of this book. In the "New Birth of Ireland" Mr. Redmond-Howard is to be congratulated on taking a broader scope than the mere issue of Home Rule—his subject is the future of the Irish nation. Granted Home Rule or its equivalent, Mr. Redmond-Howard's conclusions are just. His opinions, affecting to be impartial, are not unnaturally biased, but the perusal of this book would do good to those who are convinced of the early extinction of the Irish race. The questions of "Co-operation and Co-partnership," which arouse more attention day by day, are ably expounded by Mr. L. L. Price, and Mr. Gibson has written a most fascinating book on "Twentieth Century Inventions."

It has, no doubt, been often said that the "People's Library" of Messrs. Jack is the best value for the money on the book market. The last twelve volumes are not likely to alter this opinion. In biography or historical-biography we have three names—"Schopenhauer," "Bismarck and the German Empire," and "Luther and the Reformation." Schopenhauer—not concerned with the destinies of nations—is more generously treated than Bismarck or Luther, who are obscured somewhat by the history with which they were concerned. We are given many interesting details of his life and a full discussion of his philosophy: there could be no better handbook for the beginner. We could have wished to have had more of Bismarck than of the German Empire, but, no doubt, in so condensed a library there is no room for purely personal studies. Otherwise the author has written up his subject excellently. The writer on Luther has not neglected the importance of Erasmus in the Reformation, and speaks of our owing to him "the Reformation that is to come." In reference to him, too, Mr. Agate speaks of Luther's "picturesque vituperation"—a phrase aptly applicable to Luther and Carlyle. "The Industrial Revolution" is a well-written piece of history. It would be difficult to find elsewhere a better description of the War of American Independence and the causes of the British losses. To Singletaxers, "Land, Industry and Taxation" will surely appeal; it includes a chapter of extremely practical proposals for land-reform. In "Empire and Democracy"

we find chapters on Home Rule, the Discovery of Imperialism and the Rediscovery of England—crammed full of facts and optimism—the optimism not always justified by the facts, perhaps, but always readable and yielding food for thought. Latin students will find a useful historical text-book in Mr. Giles' "History of Rome," which includes a chronological synopsis. The "Foundations of Religion" is an interesting psychological study of comparative religion, in which the writer attributes modern apathy to the sudden accession of knowledge not yet properly assimilated. The "Principles of Logic" is an excellent manual, and should prove a boon to students. Mr. Macgregor Skene's illustrated book on "Wild Flowers" should be in the hands of every nature student, and should undoubtedly arouse interest. "Applications of Electricity" has been written especially for non-technical students; it has many illustrations in the text and covers a range from electric bells to wireless telegraphy. Mrs. Arthur Bell has written an instructive history of "Architecture" from the earliest times to the Renaissance; without being technical, it expresses all that should be said on the subject.

It is a great achievement to place before the public, for so small a price, complete and critical studies on such a variety of subjects. A noticeable feature of these volumes is the excellence of their bibliographies and indexes, which more than double their value.

ANDREW BOYLE.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE.*

Mrs. Stopes reminds us that the late James Halliwell-Phillipps had two faults: he rarely gave his references, and more rarely gave them fully. For her part, Mrs. Stopes writes frequently as if all her readers were animated by her own unbounded enthusiasm (to say nothing of leisure) for the study of original documents, and her own power of perceiving their significance. Of her present volume of 272 pages, 123 are devoted to documents. She has a habit, too, of taking it for granted that her readers are well acquainted with the researches of other students. In the result, much of her work, valuable as it is, is caviare to the general, and does not reflect, as it should do, her great gift, when speaking extempore, for making her favourite topics vital, picturesque, and often thrilling. Surely, the history of the first English theatre is a topic in which the average individual may be expected to take something more than a casual interest. It is a topic inseparable from the story of the Burbages. But, as we have it, the story is full of confusion. Omitting the Collier controversy, John Addington Symonds dated the rise of The Theatre, The Curtain, and The Blackfriars, all in 1576, but added a footnote query: "Was Blackfriars rebuilt or built in 1596?" Churton Collins gave The Blackfriars precedence, but said all the three theatres named were built in 1576. Mrs. Stopes tells us that the first English theatre was The Theatre, built in Shoreditch about April, 1576; and that James Burbage also designed The Blackfriars in 1596. But, in her preface, she writes:

"It may be asked why I have made no reference to the earlier Blackfriars of twenty years before? Partly because," she adds "that was conducted on an entirely different system, it was not like Burbage's, meant for a high-class public theatre, but chiefly because the discovery was not mine."

What is the reader, coming to the subject for the first time, to make out of this? Then but little light is thrown on the relations of The Theatre and The Curtain, though we are told, as against other authorities, that the latter was a rival of the former. Referring to the duel between Ben Jonson and Gabriel Spenser, Mrs. Stopes writes: "To understand it fully we must, as has never

* *Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage.* By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. 5s. net. (De La More Press.)

"*Representative English Comedies: Vol. II. The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Others.*" Under the General Editorship of Charles Mills Gayley. Litt.D., LL.D. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

been done, go back to the story of a previous tragedy"—the affair between Spenser and Feake. Did not Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson tell this story in 1886? But, in spite of defects, we have read Mrs. Stopes' volume with increasing interest and admiration. She does bring before us the human side of the Burbages; she makes James Burbage especially live before us, in his enthusiasm for his ideal, and his constant buffetings against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. In a few graphic lines she conjures up a clear vision of the London of the time; and her documents include at least one indubitable discovery: a letter in which the Earl of Pembroke alludes to his inability to go to the play "so soon after the loss of my old acquaintance (Richard) Burbadge."

Dr. Gayley's new volume is a very thorough attempt to reconstruct the theatrical life of Elizabethan and Jacobean times, with particular regard to the comedies and the men who wrote them, their co-operation, and their companionship in misfortune. He and his contributors (who include Professor Charles H. Herford) make their exhaustive work humanly interesting no less than intellectually stimulative. Their criticisms smack not alone of the study, but of contact with the acted drama of the present day; and they carry the burden of their scholarly impedimenta with both ease and dignity. The General Editor, in his elaborate introduction of fifty-seven pages, estimates the value of the comedies of Drayton, Munday, Chettle, Porter, Haughton, Chapman, Jonson, Marston, and Field. His verdict is that "not more than ten of the comedies reviewed have intrinsic literary and dramatic excellence." Touching the so-called "War of the Theatres," he has "no doubt that it was largely a play to the gallery from the first." He thinks "The Silent Woman," "The Alchemist," "Eastward Hoe," and "The Dutch Courtesan," have possibilities yet, were our theatrical syndicates and actor-managers either less of a foreign strain, or more conversant with our racial traditions or our literature. With Mrs. Stopes he declines to be dogmatic about the alleged Cunningham forgeries. Oddly enough, he does not mention The Theatre, and his allusion to The Blackfriars does not seem to harmonise with what Mrs. Stopes says. Dr. Gayley writes:

"When, in 1596, James Burbage had undertaken to turn part of the old Blackfriars monastery . . . into a private theatre, and the city authorities . . . had protested," Queen Elizabeth "retorted by specially sanctioning the Master of the Chapel children as manager of this private theatre, and by taking under her exclusive patronage, in 1598, two public companies, the Chamberlain's and the Admiral's."

It is time someone went carefully through all the authorities and gave us a chronological outline of early theatrical history. Another point, perhaps worth notice in a year which witnesses the tercentenary of Sir Thomas Overbury's "Wife," is the relation of the poisoning represented in our early drama to the poisoning that went on in real life. Rimbault's accusations against James I. have never been satisfactorily disposed of. It remains to be said that in Dr. Gayley's volume the texts thought worth giving are those of "Every Man in His Humour," "The Silent Woman," "The Alchemist," "Eastward Hoe," and "The Merry Devil of Edmonton."

W. F. A.

Novel Notes.

A CASTLE IN BOHEMIA. By David Whitelaw. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To disappear suddenly and leave no clue as to his whereabouts was quite in keeping with the established character of the Honourable Herbert Egrave. He belonged to a type beloved in Fleet Street; his exploits in practical joking, in the field of sport, in politics, were all calculated to interest and amuse the public, and scarcely a month passed without adding to the versatile reputation of the Honourable Herbert. Came a day, however, when this

privileged pet of Mayfair yawned. "At the early age of six-and-twenty the world lay at the feet of the Honourable Herbert—a sucked orange." Over dinner at the luxurious Hotel Belvoir he drawled out his tale of boredom: "Do you know, I haven't had a real thrill for a week, not since I mis-fired over Ealing when I was flying young D'Arcy from Hendon to Brooklands. I can hear his gasp as we began to drop . . . it was glorious to see the roofs of the houses jump at us . . . then the engine starting up again. Do you know, Reggie, I'd give a hundred pounds down to anyone who could provide me with something fresh like that—a real thrill . . . new faces . . . new places. . . " And, sure enough, the waiter standing by takes him at his word, and in exchange for a hundred pounds supplies Herbert with something new in thrills. The thrill consists in attending, in place of the Polish waiter, a secret meeting of a world-society of Nihilists called for the purpose of deputing one of their number to assassinate a tyrant in Bohemia. When it is added that this pleasant little task is allotted to Herbert (under pain of death) and that the Bohemian tyrant proves to be none other than Count Boris Posneff, the guardian of Herbert's fiancée, it will be seen that the waiter more than earned his money. The plot is developed with Mr. Whitelaw's accustomed skill, and culminates in a dramatic discovery made by Herbert in the Count's bedchamber. "A Castle in Bohemia," is an enthralling romance with a remarkable plot that possesses staying power up to the final chapter.

TEN MINUTE STORIES. By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (John Murray.)

Most of us have felt the ghostly qualities of ordinary things in that strange mood when the power of the twilight seizes on the mind in some unknown, lonely country place. At the end of a day's tramp, perhaps, you grow tired, and mistake a footpath and get lost at evening in a mysterious wood full of eerie shadows and dim presences. If your brain is numbed by the fatigue of a long walk, the sleeping memories of the soul of your race seem to awaken and people the shadowy forest with the spectral forms that haunted the imagination of your remote pagan forefathers. Mr. Algernon Blackwood has cultivated this twilight frame of mind with passionate zest. He prizes it as a way of escape from the vacuum of imagination produced by modern rationalism. Rather than see by the dry light of reason, he would prefer to live in darkness. Sometimes indeed he has seemed ready to throw off all restraints and allow his imagination to wander down ways as dark as those in which a witch doctor of the Congo forest dwells. But beneath the extravagances of his attitude, Mr. Blackwood has a remarkable framework of thought which he has developed in a fine series of novels. Starting with as intense a belief in the creative force of human feeling as savages display in their attempts to bend material things to their will by rites of childish magic, he has modified and extended his central idea into quite a reasonable sort of philosophy. His new collection of tales "Ten Minute Stories," forms an admirable introduction to his way of looking at life. Some of them are based on material left over from his longer works; others are pure studies of character that reveal a new side of Mr. Blackwood's talent—his gift for comedy. But in the more important of these short stories there is again displayed the strange and impressive power of wizardry that first made Mr. Blackwood a force in modern letters. Since the days of Poe and Mérimée, the study of the supernatural has attracted many fine short story writers, and Maupassant and Mr. Kipling have, in our time, so powerfully developed the old subject-matter that they would seem to have exhausted its finest possibilities. Mr. Blackwood, however, can stand comparison with any of the older masters of supernatural effects. He is more in earnest than most of his predecessors, and he has in many cases a definite framework of thought behind his brilliant exercises in imagination. What is of much more importance from the point of view of art, is the fact that he has also a style of peculiar power and fine distinction. His subject-matter invites sensational

treatment, but he now declines the invitation and devotes himself to creating a soft enveloping atmosphere of a strange spiritual kind, in which supernatural things seem to happen in a quiet natural way. There is now more white magic than black magic in Mr. Blackwood's work, and his delight in the imaginative ways of children and the fairer influences of natural objects inspire him with many charming ideas expressed in a style of high beauty.

THE TWIN SOUL OF O'TAKÉ SAN By Baroness Albert d'Anethan. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s. (Stanley Paul)

Lord and Lady Garleston have had a serious quarrel and have parted. So his Lordship—who is not at all a bad fellow at heart, and was not primarily responsible for the trouble with his wife—goes off to Japan. There he is attracted by the beautiful O'Také San, a girl of good parentage, and the inevitable happens. Then comes the war with Russia, to which Lord Garleston goes as a newspaper correspondent. He returns to find his wife nursing the baby of the dead O'Také San—and the ending is obviously happy. The Baroness Albert d'Anethan tells this simple little story effectively and well, making an excellent use of her knowledge of Japanese life and customs. Novel-readers—especially those who have a foible for Oriental subjects—will find "The Twin Soul of O'Také San" well deserving of their attention.

JOHN BULTEEL'S DAUGHTERS. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder)

In spite of the immense amount of work Miss Katharine Tynan accomplishes—for here is yet another new novel by this well known writer—her pen loses none of its cunning,



"A Japanese maiden evidently of gentle class . . . was slowly . . . descending the temple steps."

From "The Twin Soul of O'Také San" (Stanley Paul).

her stories lose none of the freshness and charm which is peculiarly their own. There is ever an air of fragrance in Miss Tynan's books, and "John Bulteel's Daughters" is no exception to this rule. John Bulteel is a quaint character; bluff, hearty, and exceedingly stout, with a certain resemblance to "Holbein's portrait of the great Harry," and "an uncanny habit of using very strong language with a manner of the utmost gentleness, which at once frightened and fascinated the old ladies of the country-side." He is a widower, and lives with his four grown-up daughters in seclusion in the country, impressing people with the idea that he is plain farmer and a middle-class Englishman. But there is some mystery about John Bulteel—a certain aristocratic air about his daughters that belie the term middle-class. However, the daughters themselves know nothing, but "accepted the certain mystery about their father as one accepts any fact one is born to. They had no curiosity about it, whoever sought to inquire into or probe it. It is astonishing how much one will accept if one is born to it." The adventures and love affairs of the four daughters and the solving of the mystery about John Bulteel form the main theme of a very charming story. "John Bulteel's Daughters" will add yet another name to Miss Tynan's long vista of successes.

IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The author explains the title of this novel as an "optimistic phrase in common use," but when Fergus Rowley utters the words in the last line of the book, the circumstances were decidedly unusual. Rowley, the wealthy collector, with the connivance of the ship's steward, feigned suicide by jumping overboard, the object of the grim joke being to see what use his solicitors and his heir made of his money. Clement Strange, the legatee, was a city clerk at twenty-six shillings a week, and the affluence of two thousand a year produced the results that were to be expected. In the hands of the swindling solicitor and his feminine accomplice, Clement was a lamb for the shearing, and though he did in a sane interval marry his typist sweetheart of the old days, there was much to be explained and forgiven at the final return of the prodigal. The best parts of an interesting story describes the vain efforts of the supposed dead uncle to re-establish his identity, and his claims to his own property. Mr. Gallon has contrived this portion of the plot very plausibly and with some neat, dramatic episodes. Fergus Rowley has to pay for his saturnine joke by serving as butler in his own house. The vanity of riches is well and truly preached, but lovers of melodrama will grieve that the solicitor and the lady should escape unpunished to South America.

CRYING FOR THE MOON. By Nancy Pain and Winifred Rose. 2s. net. (T. Werner Laurie)

This is an unconventional story of two unconventional girls who live by themselves in a cottage at the foot of the Chiltern Hills. The girls, Julia and Gwen, are naturally and vividly drawn, the humour delightfully vivacious, and the novel itself wholly refreshing and alive with the spirit of youth. Through a suggestion of the vicar's wife, Julia and Gwen purchase a man's hat to hang just inside the door of their lonely cottage, as a protection against tramps. This is the beginning of "Reginald"—a sporty youth who springs from their imaginations. He is provided with a room, with an armchair and cigarettes, with the Cricketer's Calendar and an assortment of other luxuries pertaining to young men; he is provided with everything except a positive existence. And then—a real Reginald, meeting with a motor accident outside, is brought suddenly into their little home. The novel is described as a love story, but it is a veritable tangle of love stories, and with the charming originality that is the hall mark of the book, they do not all get straightened out in the end. It is to be hoped that the authors will collaborate over another story in the near future, for they have created a novel quite out of the usual run; it is as fresh and wholesome as a gust of wind across the Chiltern Hills.

THE WAY OF THE STRONG. By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum has devised a more than usually elaborate plot for this well-stocked novel, which abounds in dramatic incidents and powerfully limned Canadian vignettes. The story opens in the wilds of the Yukon, and gives a memorable description of a sled-party overtaken by a blizzard while braving the hazard of the winter trail to the coast. The party comprises a man, a woman, and an Indian guide, and the cause of this perilous dash for civilisation is an unborn child. For the woman is shortly to become a mother; help will be needed, and the marriage service is yet to be read. Leo, the father of the child, is the outstanding figure of the novel; not altogether a pleasant man in spite of his magnificent physique and indomitable will; he is in fact a relentless, unscrupulous schemer, whose one consuming ambition is to force his way by fair means or foul into the ranks of his country's millionaires. He comes to the Yukon gold district to seek his fortune, and his character is well typified in the brutal frankness with which he addresses the poor, fascinated woman who has attached herself to him: "... I never calculated to marry you ... I have no real love to give any woman ... My whole mind and body are absorbed in another direction, which is utterly opposed to all sentiment." The first part of the novel tells how Leo abandoned the mother of his child for the sake of a "wad" of gold, and how the woman died in child-birth, leaving the infant boy to the care of her seventeen-year old sister, Monica. The plot hinges on the solemn pledge which the dying mother extracts from Monica. The novel spreads over a large number of years and deals largely and critically with the clash between capital and labour, capital being epitomised in the person of Leo, who "makes good" as a wheat king, and labour in the person of his son, who matures into a socialist orator. This incomplete outline hardly does justice to a story which shows signs of having been constructed with uncommon care, and contains much that is characteristic of the author's best work in forceful melodrama.

THE CITY OF HOPE. By C. Fox Smith. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

This is Miss Fox Smith's first novel and it proves the author to be a writer of great ability. It conveys a vivid impression of life in a Canadian prairie city, where Mark Russell, a young Englishman dissatisfied with business life in England, goes to seek his fortune. Vigorous, willing to work, he determines to show the Canadian farmer that an Englishman is his equal, and his successes, his misfortunes and disappointments are related by Miss Fox Smith with striking realism. Her clear, concise descriptions bring that vast land of promise vividly to our apprehension, and her characters have that element of reality which makes them seem something more to us than merely people in a book. Mark falls in love with his employer's daughter, and, though she loves him, grave difficulties bar their way to happiness, and he is doomed to lose sight of her and wander through many surprising experiences and exciting adventures before he gains a greater wealth than he had striven to win, and the City of Hope leads him at last to the City of Love.

A HEATHER MIXTURE. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A new story from Mr. Morice Gerard's facile pen is always sure of a wide welcome. In "A Heather Mixture," Hugh Dalrymple, arriving in Italy after a tour round the world, gets suddenly entangled, by reason of his singular resemblance to his brother Fraser whom he has not seen for years, in a love affair, with which he has no concern, and learns that the passionate jealousy of an Italian Count places Fraser in great peril. Determined to save his brother's life, he goes in pursuit of him and follows him to a wild, rugged island of the Hebrides—only to find he is too late; Fraser Dalrymple has been shot dead on the

cliff. The author clouds the murder in mystery, introducing many bewildering and thrilling incidents, and making the story from start to finish keenly exciting. It is only at the end, after the involved plot has been cleverly worked out, that the misunderstandings are cleared up and Hugh learns the secret of his brother's death, finding for himself in the "far-off, wind-swept island" that which he had never come to seek, but which, having found, he can never live without. Mr. Gerard is one of the most ingenious of sensational story-writers, and his powers of imagination and invention were never used to more effective purpose than they are in "A Heather Mixture."

A FREE HAND. By Helen C. Roberts. 6s. (Duckworth.)

In her new novel of Sussex life, Miss Roberts is very daring. For she not only portrays a man's character in an intimate manner, but she traces its development from boyhood to middle age in a long, detailed study. It is not often that a woman writer sets herself so difficult a task as to compete with the great male novelists' knowledge of the thoughts, feelings and instincts of their own sex, but Miss Roberts is successful enough in her adventure to justify her in undertaking it. She manages to keep her hero handsome and attractive to various kinds of girls, without robbing him of some fine, manly qualities, and she makes him interesting and likeable, without endowing him with anything remarkable in the way of intelligence. But if we understand aright the idea underlying the title of the tale, he scarcely possesses anything more than an average strength of character, and if he had been able to use "a free hand" in shaping his own life, he would have made no great thing out of it. As it was, his mother and his first wife, his daughter and his second wife kept him working in harness as a seaside dentist, and except in one moment of extreme temptation, he stuck to his given job with a certain amount of quiet heroism. To our mind, the unusual talent of Miss Roberts is best displayed in her study of her hero's first wife. The full length study of her hero is praiseworthy, but the sketch of the strange heroine has more of real power of vision in it.

KITTY BELL THE ORPHAN. With an Introduction by Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. With Six Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

This story was first published in 1847, when it appeared serially in the *London Journal* as part of a long novel called "Mary Lawson," by Eugene Sue. Mrs. Ellis Chadwick made reference to it in her recently published volume, "In the Footsteps of the Brontës." She now re-issues the tale, which makes a book of nearly a hundred and fifty pages, and claims that it is possibly an earlier version of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre." Charlotte Brontë had as little in common with Eugene Sue as Shakespeare had with Bacon, and at first blush one is disinclined to take the suggestion seriously. Mrs. Chadwick's theory is that having written the story, Charlotte Brontë sent it to M. Heger, at Brussels, and that Sue obtained the MS. from Heger, and incidentally gathered from him something of her life-story which he introduced into the novel with which he incorporated "Kitty Bell." But there is absolutely no evidence of all this—it is all just ingenious guessing. If Sue took the story, it is to be assumed that he translated it into French when he used it as a tale told in his own novel; therefore Mrs. Chadwick's observation that, as it appeared in the *London Journal*, "obviously 'Kitty Bell' is an English story, written by an English writer, for there is not a single translator's note all the way through, whilst in 'Mary Lawson' there are several translator's footnotes," is not quite convincing. There are things in "Kitty Bell" that vaguely suggest "Jane Eyre," as there are things in some of the later Georgian farces that suggest "The Sketches by Boz," but in the absence of any shred of tangible evidence we hesitate to accept Mrs. Chadwick's proposition as anything more than an interesting, occasionally plausible but quite unsubstantial theory. The story is worth reading for itself, however, and Mrs. Chadwick's suspicion as to its origin adds piquancy to its attractiveness.

The Bookman's Table.

CUBIST POEMS. By Max Weber. 1s. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Cubes, cubes, cubes, cubes,
High, low, and high, and higher, higher,
Far, far out, out, out far,
Planes, planes, planes,
Colours, lights, signs, whistles, bells, signals, colours,
Planes, planes, planes.
Eyes, eyes, window eyes, eyes, eyes,
Nostrils, nostrils, chimney nostrils,
Breathing, burning, puffing,
Thrilling, puffing, breathing, puffing
Millions of things upon things,
Billions of things upon things,
This for the eye, the eye of being,
At the edge of the Hudson.
Flowing timeless, endless,
On, on, on, on, . . ."

This is the first poem in the new volume Mr. Mathews has just issued in his famous "Vigo Cabinet Series," which has introduced so many interesting poets in the past. Max Weber is a painter of the modern school, expressing himself in the medium of words, or you might say that he is a poet using the brush and pigments. He believes that a change of medium is a recreation, but in both you find the same outlook on the world, a vision which may at first impress you as strange, but which gradually, with sympathetic study, gives one a sense of the great joy of beauty appreciated. Weber has a sincere respect for the primitive art of the past, you feel it strongly in such poems as "Bampense Kasai," and "Chac-Mool of Chichen-Itza," but he also has a vital interest in the present. Unusual things, but all real and personal, he has taken for the themes of his poems: a red Chinese teapot, a cinema theatre, and frost-patterns on his window-pane, but in each you feel and share his pleasure. To those who have a heart "Love Refreshed" will strongly appeal, with its fresh spontaneous charm; to those who have lain "in the silence of the night" pondering on the unaccustomed aspects of familiar things, the poem "Silence" will come as the voice of a friend; and to the dreamer of dreams, in one who has paused to think of the infinite quality of space, the poem "I am Meteor" will find a kindred spirit. Would you like to cling to a falling meteor? This desire to participate to the fullest in all life's mysteries is, perhaps, one of the strongest characteristics of Weber's work. Nothing is too infinite or too infinitesimal to interest him keenly. He is fully alive to the beauty and sorrow and strangeness of life, and it is his eagerness to share his vision with us that gives to his work its direct personal appeal.

MADAME DU BARRY. By Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. 12s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

This is a scholarly and picturesque English version of the well-known book on Madame du Barry by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt; and so excellent is the translation that it is a pity the translator's name is not given. On a score of badly-made translations each season the names of the translators are given as much prominence as the names of the authors. The new life of Madame du Barry is a large but compact volume; and while the dramatic story as told by the brothers de Goncourt is printed in its entirety, there are also the appendices they themselves prepared. These add considerably to the value of the book, from the point of view of the historical student—and also, it may be added, from the point of view of the student of humanity, for they are appendices instinct with human touches and noteworthy for much out-of-the-way information. Madame's accounts, for instance, are given with detail, such as: "Furnished to the Comtesse du Barry by Bertin of the Great Mogul, Jan., 1784. A chemise trimmed with *crêpe*, the facings lined with black velvet . . . , an under petticoat of *crêpe*, trimmed in the lower part with a flounce edged above and below with black velvet." The translator in a footnote remarks that this fancy of Madame du Barry reminds us of the fact that Queen Elizabeth wore a black velvet nightgown.

SONGS FOR MUSIC. By Fred E. Weatherly (37, Woburn Square, W.C.)

There is a pathetic interest attached to this latest volume of Mr. Weatherly's songs. The introductory poem was written for his old friend, Stephen Adams, to set. Stephen Adams never set it, he was dead when the poem appeared, and this volume is dedicated to his memory. The poem is called "Friend O' Mine," and the last verse holds a sad appropriateness.

"So when the night falls tremulous,
When the last lamp burns low,
And one of us or both of us
The long lone road must go,
Look with your dear old eyes in mine,
Give me a handshake true;
Whatever fate our souls await,
Let me be there!—with you!"

Mr. Weatherly knows the joys and sorrows common to all of us, rich and poor; and it has been his privilege to translate them into songs—songs that hold haunting cadences and impressive rhythm; songs that fall into a natural melody before a note is struck. The present volume, in addition to the Songs, contains a vividly pretty cantata, "The Coming of Spring," and some "Song Cycles."

WINCHESTER. A Sketch Book by Gordon Home. 1s net. (A. & C. Black.)

This is an admirable addition to an admirable series. Mr. Home gives us twenty-four pencil drawings of the cathedral and the ancient city of Winchester, delicate in drawing, exact in detail, mellow and right in atmosphere. The theme was, of course, an inspiring one, but the artist had to prove himself capable of receiving the inspiration, and it has been triumphantly received and interpreted. Temple and Town present themselves to us with all their true old-world magic, the magic and glamour of their legendary and historical past, captured and reverently understood. The size of the pages is well planned to give reasonable scope to the artist's work, and in sum nothing could be better as a souvenir of a visit to Winchester, or to give a true and sympathetic idea of the city to those who have not yet seen it.

CORNISH CATCHES AND OTHER VERSES. By Bernard Moore. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Mr. Moore is a lover of Cornwall, and seldom keeps away from his beloved county. Many of the most interesting and significant poems in this volume are in dialect. As is fitting the dialect poems are very simple, touched with a certain sentimentality and lightened at times by spontaneous humour. The following lines will strike any one who knows Cornish men as "merely natural":

"I've knawed a many o' Devon maids with cheeks merry and red,
They'm pleasant an' 'ansum singl, an' homely and cosy wed;
But I shan't marry a Devon maid; I reckon I'd rather be dead."

But the poem "Jenny" reaches a higher level. We give one verse:

"When Jenny goes a m'ikin' in the dewy time o' morn
I always be contrivin' to be callin' at the farm,
For her cheeks be red as roses an' her hair like rippled corn,
An' I be fairly mazed to kiss the dimple on her arm.
"Jenny, Jenny, won't 'ee let me love 'ee?
You'm brighter far than any star
That's shinin' up above 'ee.
Sartin sure, you make me mazed,
Iss, me deear, a' whisht an' crazed;
Jenny, Jenny, won't 'ee let me love 'ee?"

We are tempted to go on quoting, to give examples of Mr. Moore's humour and pathos, and even a few of his poems on general subjects. But we shall be paying him a higher compliment, and earning more gratitude from our readers, if we recommend them to read the volume itself and to select their own favourites.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

The central figure of Miss Amy McLaren's sympathetically told story *Through Other Eyes* (6s.) is an invalid—a frail, gentle woman, called by the appropriate name of Sunshine. From her couch she watches the lives of those around her in the peaceful countryside where she lives, suffering in their sorrows, rejoicing at their pleasures, and bringing with her soothing presence a subtle happiness to all who come in contact with her. From her couch she sees Maisie, the Squire's daughter, luring the heart out of a careless young man who comes to stay in the village. It amuses her at first, till she realises that Johnnie has grown serious while Maisie is only flirting with him. Then Maisie goes away and later the news comes that she is engaged to somebody else. Sunshine knowing what this means to poor Johnnie, grieves for him, and grieves the more because she cannot help him; but in spite of all the doubts and darkness the story ends on a happy note, and Sunshine too has her own private friendship with a man who brings gladness into her quiet life. She is a lovable, unselfish character, and the simplicity of the novel is its charm. Some of Sunshine's peacefulness seems to have passed into the pages, and her sweet personality shines behind the story like a soft, glowing light.

MR. JOHN LONG.

From Pillar to Post, by Alice M. Diehl (6s.), is an interesting story, in which Betty Chevallier and her mother, on the death of Betty's beloved father, are suddenly left alone and destitute, except for the charity of some unknown benefactor. For some time, shut out of the world in the solitude of a country cottage they sink into the state of apathetic melancholy which frequently follows on the heels of great grief—when a new interest comes into their lives. There is a motor-car accident on the highway close to their cottage, and a strange, handsome man is carried insensible into their little parlour. The moment he opens his eyes Betty's days of youth and peace are over, and a wild passionate love stirs within her, a love that he reciprocates. But all too soon her dream of happiness fades, for he tells her he is already married to another woman, a woman for whom he has never felt the slightest affection; and he leaves her to a world of darkness and despair. The story is briefly told, but it is well imagined and it holds the reader's interest throughout.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD & SON.

Mr. Harris Deans is so light-hearted that it is difficult to take anything he says seriously. The result is that it is difficult to know whether the walking feat described in the latter half of his new book, *Looking for Trouble* (6s.), is fact or fiction. Probably it is fact, and if so Mr. Deans has stronger claims to be of a sporting and athletic nature than the Hungarians who watched him shoot or drive may feel inclined to believe. The feat consisted in walking from Vienna to the Hook of Holland at an average of thirty miles a day and an expenditure of six shillings per diem. Mr. Deans did it and thus won a pair of boots. The first half of his book tells of experiences of a less consistently strenuous kind in Hungary, but it makes just as good reading in its way. The book intends first of all to be funny, and it succeeds, though it does seem to us that Mr. Deans is queerly uncritical of his fun. Both good and bad jokes are cracked almost in the same sentence in very much the same way as they are in the "patter" of a music-hall comedian. But very likely Mr. Deans is wise: probably other people will appreciate what we don't, and *vice versa*. Anyhow, there are very good things in "Looking for Trouble."

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Mallory's Tryst, by Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny (6s.), is a story of mysteries and mistakes. In the first chapter Evan Mallory, a young author, who under the pseudonym of Belshazzar has recently boomed, gets lost on Dartmoor, suddenly overtaken by a fog. With tantalizing skill Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny contrives to shroud the whole of her novel in an equally dense cloak of mystery, and the reader gropes his way out of one mist to be plunged into another. The fame of this book has brought into Mallory's life his first glimpse of romance, for it awakened a correspondence between "Belshazzar" and an unknown woman. The correspondence led to a friendship which ripened to something warmer until Mallory suddenly finds himself in love with a woman he has never met. How he does meet her in the end and whether his hopes are realised or wrecked, is the author's story—a very natural and very interesting story. Mrs. Champion de Crespigny's ingenuity lies in the direction of character study. The people who figure in her novel are human beings with ordinary virtues counteracted by ordinary faults and failings which serve to make them only the more lovable and appealing. It is the entire lack of affectation and artificiality that gives this book its distinction; the tale holds the reader's attention to the end, yet not in one incident does it overstep the barriers of probability.

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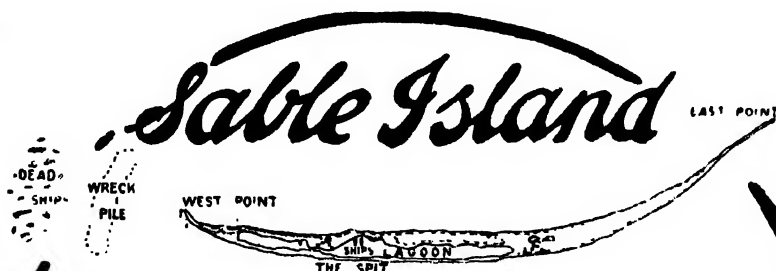
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The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for January next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.

George A. Birmingham (Canon Hannay) had a great reception in America last year, and has broken new ground with his impressions of the United States, which Messrs. Nisbet are publishing under the title of "Connaught to Chicago."

"Justice of the Peace" is the title Mr. Frederick Niven has given to a new novel which is to be published shortly by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. It is a story of manufacturing trade and art, as a novel of Glasgow life should be. His novel of Edinburgh life, "Ellen Adair," met with a strikingly appreciative reception last year. Mr. Niven is still only

thirty-six, in spite of the fact that we made him thirty-seven in our last year's note concerning him. He was born at Valparaíso in 1878.

"The Sea's Anthology," an exhaustive collection of sea-poetry selected and edited by Mr. J. E. Patterson, will be published by Mr. Heinemann this month. Mr. Patterson spent much of his life at sea, as one



Photo by Edwin Neen

Miss Gertrude Robins,

whose new volume, "Living As We Do, and Other Plays," has just been published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

gathers from his "My Vagabondage," and besides taking a special interest in the greater literature of the sea has made a unique collection of naval ballads and old chanties.

Sir A. Conan Doyle has undergone an experience that comes to all successful novelists sooner or later—he has been accused of plagiarism in connection with his powerful novel, "The Poison Belt," and the following is a translation of a letter on the subject from Mr. A. P. Watt, which appeared last month in *Le Temps*:

"TO THE EDITOR,—

"The *Temps* has on two occasions, in its literary chronicle and in an article by M. Paul Souday, called attention to the strange imputations made against Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in connection with his latest book, 'The Poison Belt,' by M. J. H. Rosny, senior, at the beginning of the novel 'The Mysterious Force.' While acknowledging the impartiality with which, from the critical point of view, M. Paul Souday has thrown light on certain matters, I venture, as the literary agent of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, to appeal to your courtesy and beg you to be so good as to reproduce the following letter which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, as soon as he was informed of the facts, addressed to the French translator of his latest works:



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Miss May Sinclair.

whose new book of short stories, "The Judgment of Eve" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

" 'DEAR MR. LABAT,—I have other things to do in this life than to keep watch on the works of M. Rosny, in order to endeavour to copy them. The first chapters of "The Poison Belt" were written almost a year before the book was finished, before I dispatched the manuscript, and before it began to appear in the *Strand Magazine*. M. Rosny relies on the fact that he had already published at

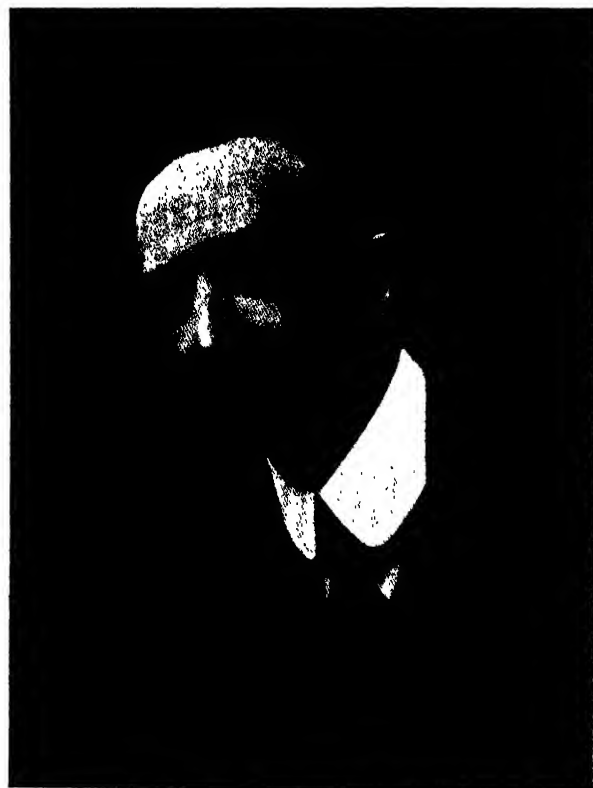


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng.

whose new book, "A Feast of Lanterns," Mr. John Murray is publishing in the "Wisdom of the East" series.



Photo by C. S. Sargis

Trowbridge Parish Church.

this time two parts of his book ; but common sense ought to tell him that even if I had wished to imitate him, it would have been impossible not only to write my story, but also to have the illustrations ready for a similar production, in an interval of two months. My agent, Mr. Watt, and the editors of the *Strand* can testify that they had my manuscript in hand more than two months before its publication. It only remains then for M. Rosny to express his regret for an injurious insinuation which I should not have thought worthy of consideration if it had not been calculated to cause you some uneasiness.

" ' Believe me, yours sincerely,

" ' ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE."

" Although Sir Arthur's word needs no confirmation from me or from the proprietors of the *Strand Magazine*, I may add that it is clear, from the verification which I have made of the dates, that the manuscript of the first part of 'The Poison Belt' was in my hands about six months before this novel began to appear in the *Strand*.

" Thanking you in anticipation,

" I am, etc.,

" A. P. WATT."

On the 14th of this month a centenary celebration will be held at Trowbridge to commemorate Crabbe's association with the town. He entered upon his living

there on June 14th, 1814. It would be difficult to imagine circumstances of locality more different than those amid which he commenced his life and those in which he closed it. The offer of the Trowbridge living came to him opportunely, after years of much vicissitude. He had lost his wife, was, by the action of his Bishop, in almost enforced residence (following many years of absenteeism) in his rural Lincolnshire parish, and was keenly feeling the isolation of his situation. Trowbridge was far removed from being

" . . . a large town, a wealthy thriving place," and was, indeed,

" A place of small resort and no renown,"

yet, in contrast to Muston, from which he removed, it was suited to Crabbe's nature and requirements ; and its nearness to Bath brought him into touch with the intellectual life of the period--for almost all men of letters and taste were to be found sojourning in that city for at least a portion of every year. Crabbe's literary output was rather irregular. Twenty-two years elapsed between the publication of "The Newspaper," and "The Parish Register," in 1807 ; though the earlier period of his career as a writer was more prolific, "The Library" having been fairly closely followed by "The Village." The success of "The Parish Register," which made Crabbe popular, spurred him on to the completion and issue, three years later, of "The Borough," which enhanced his fame. The "Tales" followed in 1812. Having been fortunate enough to secure the patronage of Burke, and the friendship and admiration of Fox, Reynolds, and Dr. Johnson, his reputation was established in literary circles fairly early ; it was not, however, until the publication of "The Parish Register" that he became very widely read.



Photo by C. S. Sargisson.

The Rectory.

Where Crabbe lived at Trowbridge.

He never really improved much on "The Village," which, with its sad, almost repellent settings-forth of the life of the poor, was a strong poem, and a wonderful sort of foreshadowing of the quite modern inquiry into the lot of the rural labourer. After his settlement at Trowbridge, he did not publish much, though he left a large quantity of material, a good deal of which was afterwards issued by his son, as "Posthumous Tales." Possibly part of "The Tales of The Hall," issued in 1819, was written in his quiet rectory, which still remains



Miss Muriel Pratt,

the young actress who made a name for herself as Fanny, in *Hindle Wakes*, and plays the leading part in Mr. Herbert Jenkins's play, "With Her Husband's Permission," at the Bristol Repertory Theatre.

almost exactly as he left it—entirely so as to the study and his books.

A new volume of poems, by Mr. Tinsley Pratt, "Wayfaring: Ballads and Songs," will be published this month by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Mr. Pratt, who is a prominent figure in Manchester literary circles, was born at Leicester in 1871. He was engaged in business in Manchester until a few years ago; in 1911-12 he was on the literary staff of Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, and wrote a long article on "Drama" and numerous literary articles for their "New Encyclopædia." He is now librarian of the Portico Library, the famous old library referred to by De Quincey in his "Opium Eater." He has made a special study of Naval history, and is a frequent lecturer on literary topics. Among his published books are three other volumes of poems: "Wordsworth at Rydal," "Persephone



Photo by C. Ireland, Manchester.

Mr. Tinsley Pratt.

in Hades," and "Harold the Saxon." Mr. Pratt is at present engaged on a book dealing with the Elizabethan Admirals.

We congratulate Mr. C. A. Bang, who is connected with the firm of Mr. Heinemann, and who, during the King of Denmark's recent visit to London, was decorated by His Majesty with the Order of Knight of the Dannebrog.

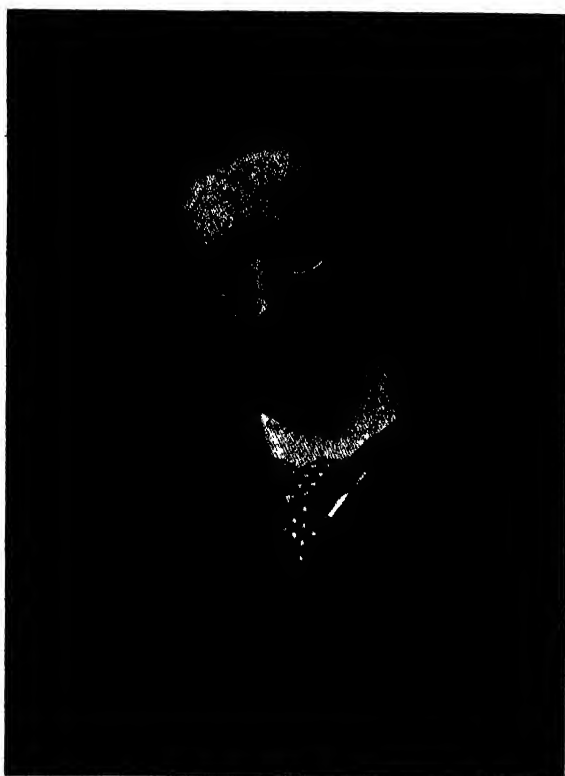


Photo by Ewart Miller.

Mr. Reginald R. Buckley.

"Arthur of Briton," a legendary drama of very modern application will be published shortly by Messrs. Williams & Norgate. The author, Mr. Reginald R. Buckley, has combined narrative and dramatic styles and has adopted a vigorous rhythmic method in place of more orthodox blank verse. A musical and stage version is to be performed at the projected British Bayreuth at Glas-tonbury. Mr.

Buckley, who was born at Mossley, near Manchester, in 1882, is the son of the late J. C. Buckley, J.P., a cotton manufacturer and spinner. After some little experience in a banking business, he became secretary to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons. About four years ago he joined the staff of *T.P.'s Weekly*, and has written personal studies, reviews, and articles on music and the drama, and on social subjects for *The World's Work*, *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Manchester Guardian*, and other periodicals. He recently published a children's operetta, "Walooki, the Bear," and has just completed a novel, and a comedy on a serious subject.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé

whose new novel, *Maria*, Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

Baroness von Hutten,

tells a perhaps more generally interesting tale.

Mr. Wilkinson Sherren's new novel, "The Marriage Tie," which has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards, treats sympathetically and realistically of the eternal problem of the union between man and wife. Mr. Sherren's earlier story, "Windfrint Virgin," was a strong and well imagined piece of work, and from a first glance we should say that "The Marriage Tie" is an equally able book, and

The portrait of Ouida on our cover and on page 117 is enlarged from a portrait in "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee, and reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin, to whom we are also indebted for permission to use most of our other Ouida illustrations in this Number. For permission to reproduce illustrations from two of her books, our thanks are due to Messrs. Chatto & Windus, the publishers of all her principal works.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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W. L. GEORGE.

IT is, perhaps, the greatest tribute to Mr. W. L. George's talents as a writer that you either admire his work very much or dislike it with corresponding fervour. To those comfortable, easy-going, often smug-minded people, whose apparently happy and kindly disposition springs in many cases from a wilful refusal or sheer incapacity to recognise the social evils in the midst of which they lead their own lives of bland complacency, he is a positive bugbear. And naturally so. For Mr. George is nothing if not a man of strong convictions, high sociological ideas, and powerful far-reaching thought. There is nothing negative about him. When you meet him either in person or in his writings you cannot, as it were, sink comfortably into him as into a luxurious sofa. If you do not agree with him he will spur you on to fresh vistas of thought; if you disagree with him you will part amid the clash of steel. He is a born fighter, and because he is a born fighter you cannot, if you are his adversary, afford to spar away at him with platitudes. He will administer the dialectical knock-out blow as rapidly as Carpentier vanquished Wells.

Nor has he fought his way to his position among the younger school of writers simply by sheer force. Like "Joey B." he is "tough and de-vilish sly." And, being "de-vilish sly," he has been quick to find out, like several of his contemporaries, that if he wants to reach the greatest possible public for his ideas there is no better weapon to his hand than the novel. Apart from those comfortable people who will not tolerate him at any price—and least of all at 4s. 6d. net—there are many persons who are prepared to take their liquorice powder so long as it has a layer of strawberry jam. They rather shrink from the out-and-out sociological book or pamphlet, but they have a serious part of their minds which they can be coaxed into developing. To them Mr. George is making his primary appeal. In doing so, of course, he is making no literary innovation. To be precise, no novel is written without some central idea; but the modern school of fiction writers are more insistent upon their ideas, more keen on driving home their gospel than such authors as Scott, Thackeray, or Meredith. With these men one feels—though no doubt to a varying extent—that whatever serious purpose lay at the back of their books, the "story" was the main consideration; and even Dickens himself was not so

manifestly the preacher and pamphleteer as are Messrs. Wells, Galsworthy, and many other modern writers. In Mr. George's books this earnestness of purpose has been especially marked, and has, perhaps, tended sometimes to overwhelm the more purely artistic aspects of his work. But there is good reason to think that this will not always continue so. Mr. George's books reflect very fairly the material facts of his life and his intellectual development, and we may reasonably expect that as each tends to become more settled his work will

appear less that of the Crusader and more that of the genuine and finished artist.

Born in Paris of English stock, in 1882, Mr. George was educated in France and in Germany. He originally intended to be an engineer, and later had thoughts of becoming an analytical chemist. Later again he worked in the legal and political economy branch of Paris University. Then in due course he served his term in the French army and for a while dallied with visions of taking up a commission. Finally, in 1902, he came to London and did three years of sheer commercial work in the city, which he followed up by six years' work as assistant to a mining engineer. From the time that he landed in England he dabbled more or less seriously in journalism. From 1902-5 he acted as London correspondent of *Le Voltaire* and *La Politique*

Mr. W. L. George.

Coloniale, Paris daily newspapers, and from 1905-6 he was the London correspondent of *Les Arts*. Nor did his activities end here. From 1906-9 he did a large amount of work in politics and economics, being especially interested in the land, emigration and housing questions. His first book "Engines of Social Progress," appeared in 1907, and aimed at presenting a general survey of the various organisations which are trying at present to deal with certain social evils. He set out in it the results of his own first-hand investigations into the working of Model Villages, Co-operative Societies, the Trust Public-House system and so forth, and he justly won general commendation for his rejection of obviously impracticable theories so dear to the youthful enthusiast and for his direct and strong appeal to common sense. In the following year he published "France in the Twentieth Century." The book was remarkably good, and it enhanced its author's reputation as a man of candour and of well-balanced judgment. The scope of "Labour and Housing at Port Sunlight" (1909) is sufficiently



indicated by its title, and we then pass away from works of a purely economic and sociological character to Mr. George's first novel, "A Bed of Roses," which was published in 1911. The appearance of this book marks one of the distinctive periods in Mr. George's career. It showed definitely his realisation that serious work, if administered neat by a comparatively unknown man, does not touch a large public. This novel—now in its forty-second thousand—created no little stir and was pronounced to be too strong meat by the libraries. And strong meat it certainly is. The story is that of a lady who, being left a poor widow, returns home from India and seeks honestly to make a living for herself. She tries one thing after another, she acts as governess, waitress, and so forth, and then she becomes an "unfortunate." Ultimately she acquires the means of giving up the loathsome trade, and we leave her settled in the country and on the point, so far as we can judge, of regaining a place in society by marriage. The story like "Das Tagebuch Einer Verlorenen" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," is frankly "unpleasant," and gives a remorseless and blistering picture of certain aspects of our social structure. It was a daring *début* for a young writer, for any trace of mawkish sentimentality would have proved irretrievable. Mr. George, however, worked out his story with grim sincerity, and his message is to be found in the words of the "heroine," if one may so call her:

"So long as your economic system is such that there is not work for the asking, work, mark you, fitted to strength and ability, so long on the other hand as there is such uncertainty as prevents men from marrying, so long as there is a leisured class which draws luxury from the labour of other men, so long will my class endure as it endured in Athens, in Rome, in Alexandria, as it does now from St. John's Wood to Pekin."

If, then, Mr. George had now become a novelist he was still essentially the preacher. His next book, "The City of Light" (1912), marked a considerable development of his artistic capacities. Like all his other books it embodies his theory that life is a perpetual contest, and that struggling alone ennoble life which would otherwise sink into stagnation, but his argument is put in a much more artistic form. The story, which is that of a French marriage, works out his thesis on psychological lines, and illustrates the revolt of the younger against the older generation in its picture of an average Frenchman and French girls as they appear in an emotional crisis. There are passages in the book of genuine tenderness and charm, and despite its power, the story gives the impression that even yet Mr. George has not "unbent" so far as he might legitimately be expected to do. Despite its interesting representation of what he has himself described as "the facets of the anarchist mind," I have never been able to grow enthusiastic over "Israel Kalisch" (1913). There are people, I know, who have been strongly attracted by the creation of this handsome young Polish Jew, whose hard life amidst his brutal companions in Hungary, England and the United States is ultimately thrown away and wasted. I cannot realise that this picture of the anarchist or extreme individualist is probably much more true to the facts than are the stock melodramatic stories upon this subject; but the novel as a whole does not seem to bear the distinctive touch of Mr. George's other work, and this touch is, after all, one of his principal assets.

It is far otherwise with "The Making of an Englishman." This novel, which was produced within the last few months, is certainly the finest thing which Mr. George has yet done. The story tells how a young Frenchman comes to London and works in the city in what is nominally a branch, but has really become the main office, of the shipping firm started by his father. His gradual approximation—at least in externals and also in some more intimate respects—to the standards of his adopted countrymen is worked out with a sure touch. At first Cadoreau flounders hopelessly about; his clothes, his manners, his outlook are all irretrievably "not the thing." Many circumstances combine to give him his necessary education. He flirts, and ultimately goes even further, with the pretty and vulgar daughter of the house in which he lives; above all, he meets Edith Lawton, the youngest child of the head of his office, and, by learning to love her, whom he marries in the end, he comes into contact with the great, prosperous, middle classes and their social and political ambitions. The contrast between the sayings and doings of Cadoreau and English manners and customs is admirable throughout, and from what has been said of the facts of Mr. George's life it is, perhaps, hardly an undue assumption that the tale is in large measure autobiographical. Mr. George's gift of irony has never been displayed to better advantage. He criticises severely the proud, calm, stupid, unimaginative self-sufficiency of the English public-school man as typified by Hugh Lawton, and he castigates almost as mercilessly the superficially cold and over-obedient manner of the young English girl. But his sarcasm, though bitter, is never purely malicious, and his comparisons between France and England are by no means favourable on the whole to his native country.

Nor is it only in choice of subject that he has been particularly fortunate. Mr. George has now shown himself master of a distinct style. In his early days—days, in which, as he will tell you, he devoured no books but some 1,500 newspapers a year—his style was at times awkwardly precise. He has now acquired a style reminiscent of that of Mr. Wells, and he shows a consciousness that he dares to take liberties. Certainly he has worked hard enough in his apprenticeship. His miscellaneous activities have been prodigious. Foreign politics, dramatic criticism, reviews, plays, short stories, articles upon the finance of railways, education, feminism (his "Women of To-morrow" has been hailed as the best presentation which has yet appeared of the feminist movement), all these are subjects upon which he is accustomed to write. But it is, after all, as a novelist that Mr. George must now mainly be judged. His confessed object is that his novels should grow still more literary and less sociological in cast. In this, no doubt, his instincts are correct. His cast of mind will always prevent him from degenerating into the clever word-spinner, and one may be sure that the lessons he wishes to inculcate will be present as strongly as ever in his works even though they may not be thrust upon us quite so obviously as they have sometimes been. The great success of "The Making of an Englishman" should fill him with encouragement. He has made his name as a young man. He can afford now to follow the path along which his artistic feelings beckon him.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

RAFAEL SABATINI.

I.

I DO not think I ought to have seen Mr. Rafael Sabatini in that dingy office in the Adelphi. It was quite out of the picture, although romances lay everywhere in profusion, and portraits of famous authors looked down on us reprovingly as we sat and discussed the follies of the hour. It was not the setting for a man like Mr. Sabatini. I ought to have waited till he had gone to Paris and then had our little talk over a cigarette, despite the prowling authorities, in a discreet chamber of the Louvre, crammed with relics; perhaps we even might have gone to Versailles, if the weather had been fine, and sat in some pink-and-gold boudoir of a duchesse of old France and had a walk afterwards in the trim parterres of the "Tapis Vert" among the sculptured nymphs. *Hélas!* we can only be romantic in our dreams. Fate led me on, drab and grey, to the Adelphi, the haunt of publishers, the abode of Mr. Shaw, and so it was I came to meet the creator of "Bardelys the Magnificent." I have a slight grievance with Mr. Sabatini. I had at least expected that he would have worn ruffles and dangled a rapier and "made a leg" to me in the approved romantic manner. I had thought he might have offered me a pinch of snuff, with an air, from a golden snuff box elaborately chased with the fleur de lys or the crest of the Borgias.

I had fed my soul on such romantic politesse—but, no, the Adelphi was too much. We were too near Mr. Shaw, whose heavy hand has crushed the frail wings of romance. We were not at Versailles, not even at Vauxhall. We shook hands in the absurd manner of the twentieth century, I to ponder on my lost romance, Mr. Sabatini to be "interviewed."

II.

There is a type of novelist who must always command our respect and admiration. Mr. Joseph Conrad is a Pole, who has taught more than one English writer the rudiments of his trade; Mr. Maarten Maartens, a Dutchman, is one of our most distinguished English novelists; and finally comes Mr. Rafael Sabatini, an Italian,

master of the romantic novel. These three writers are each distinct in methods and in language. The greatest of these as a stylist is Mr. Conrad; Mr. Maartens has the most comprehensive grasp of actualities, the largest canvas for his play of human emotions; but in the rare and peculiar *genre* of the romantic novel Mr. Sabatini easily bears the palm. In his hands the thing comes very near to artistic perfection. He makes the romantic novel the very handmaiden of art. It is primarily a thing made to please, to lull us into a pleasant forgetfulness, but it achieves distinction and even greatness because the tricks of the novel are in his hands also the graces of the novel. They are not only welded together by the imagination of the novelist, but by the fine restraint and delicacy of the artist. "Bardelys the Magnificent," besides being an excellent story, is as fine artistically as a chastened goblet. There is not only the "dash" of Dumas in it, there is also the debonair high spirits of Rostand. "Bardelys" is on a smaller scale a prose "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Mr. Sabatini is, as we have said, an Italian. He was born in Jesi, Central Italy, in 1875; this in itself probably accounts for his fine feeling for romance and

for his warm imaginative temperament. He was educated in Switzerland and Portugal—a cosmopolitan—and coming to this country after a training and experience of the world that could not have failed to equip him admirably for the business of romantic novelist, he settled in Liverpool. He was for a time on the *Liverpool Mercury*, then began to write short stories, and now at an age when most men have scarcely crossed the threshold of their career, Mr. Sabatini has reached the meridian of success, and can look back on his busy and triumphant past with pride and satisfaction. It is a record of work and achievement worthy of sincere congratulation.

Having thus satisfactorily disposed of our facts, let us get back to our fancies and the more important business of criticism. Mr. Sabatini represents that rare thing in modern fiction, a



Mr. Rafael Sabatini.

From a drawing by Doyle Jones.

man with a distinct individuality of method, a light and graceful style and a fine gusto of romantic narrative. He is no mere purveyor of light literature for the toiling millions—pray do not think so—there is nothing of the “coated lozenge” about his work; besides being a skilful and distinctive novelist he is also a serious historian. In his pages the whole pageant of mediæval Italy lives and moves before our eyes in a manner that for want of a better word we might call “kaleidoscopic”—but the soul of the thing is there as well as the picture. It is his supreme art to make history a living and luminous picture on the background of his romantic imagination. There is here the “dash” of Dumas and something even more precious. Dumas could write spirited and enthralling romances; none knew better than he the fine art of telling a story; he had a prodigal imagination, a riotous sense of colour and movement, could at least paint a portrait if he could not probe a soul like Balzac and Walter Scott, but he failed signally as an artist. He was too exuberant, his prodigality was a burden that crippled him and kept him to the earth. His brain was a garden in which weeds and roses grew in rank profusion. Mr. Sabatini is not a disciple of Dumas—far from it; occasionally his methods recall those of the French romanticist, but there is something far more subtle in Mr. Sabatini’s work than the dash and braggadocio of Dumas. There is something more here than the clatter of a cavalcade on a dusty provincial high road, the noisy brawling of cavaliers in a country inn and the melodramatic mysteries of that supreme master of mystery. Mr. Sabatini says he is not influenced by any of the Latin writers, and I can well believe it, but the spirit and the temperament of the Latin writers are in his blood—he can no more escape it than he can escape his meridional nativity. There is certainly more than a touch of Dumas in that high-spirited tale of how Bardelys set out to win a wife for a wager and its joyous ending, but there is also the spirit and atmosphere of Boccaccio in that superbly coloured romance of how the Lord of Mondolfo, the “Strolling Saint,” went out into the wilderness to purge his soul of a sin of the flesh committed in the heyday of his young blood. This is Boccaccio to the core; rich, sensuous, delicate; a wonderful tapestry of mediæval Italy, glowing like a prism. All the myriad threads of romance are here caught up and woven into a perfect skein. “The Strolling Saint” is a masterpiece of narrative prose, and gives us a minute and detailed picture of Italy and the times that recall the lively paintings of the Umbrian School. There is another influence still in the work of Mr. Sabatini. It is brought to perfection in “The Justice of the Duke”—

a series of tales woven round the diabolic career of Cæsar Borgia—the Mephistopheles of Italian history. We pass from the naïve charm of Boccaccio and his golden “days” to the picaresque wit and gallantry of Cervantes, not so much the Cervantes of “Don Quixote” as the Cervantes of the “*Novelas Ejemplares*.” These little novels that Mr. Sabatini has woven round the personality of Cæsar Borgia recall insistently to me this minor masterpiece of Cervantes; but whether they are “exemplary” or not—either these “contes” of Mr. Sabatini or the “novelas” of Cervantes—that is a question that must be left to the discerning reader. We should not like to venture an opinion. Mr. Sabatini is such a blend. He has not studied the masters of Spanish and Italian literature for nothing.

We have come to the end of our space without saying one half of what we wanted to say about Mr. Sabatini’s work. We had intended to touch upon his other novels, such as “The Lion’s Skin,” and his new book, “The Gates of Doom,” and more serious works like “Cæsar Borgia,” and “Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition.” We cannot close without at least one quotation. It will give one an idea of Mr. Sabatini’s methods of painting a portrait. It is from that brilliant satire on the folly of human ambition, “Gismondi’s Wage”:

“Benvenuto ambled on, cursing the cold and emptiness of his stomach, and thrusting his numbed fingers first one hand and then the other into his capacious mouth for warmth. His garments that had once been fine were patched and shabby; his boots were ragged, and in places a livid gleam from his sword peeped through the threadbare velvet scabbard. On his head he wore an old morion, much dinted and rusted, by which he thought to give himself a military air; from under this appeared long wisps of unkempt black hair, to flutter like rags about his yellow neck. His white pock-marked face, half-hidden in a black fur of beard, was the most villainous in Italy.”

François Villon to the life in an Italian setting. We must go back to Robert Louis Stevenson for a better portrait.

III.

I have not done with Mr. Sabatini. There are lots more to be said about him and his work. He is now writing a play in collaboration with Mr. Henry Hamilton, who was part author with him in the dramatisation of “Bardelys the Magnificent,” and when I see him again it will not be in the drab and grey purlicus of the Adelphi, but in some corner of old France, a garden of Italy, and then we shall meet on romantic terms and “make a leg” to each other, remembering Bardelys, and doff our feathered hats as was the fashion in the Golden Age.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

THE READER.

OUIDA.*

BY WALTER SICHEL.

IT has been the fashion to decry Ouida, who with all her drawbacks was one of the most original and romantic presences of her day. Her fantasy was eminently romantic, though with the true romance of it a strain of sham romance was doubtless blended. But this arose from no falsehood. Rather it was the outcome on the one hand of a glowing intensity cooped up and cramped in a narrow room, on the other, of a proud, ambitious independence that exaggerated the range of her powers while it disdained to modify their extravagance. She became the fanatic of her feelings. But everywhere she created an electric atmosphere of her own; even in her scented boudoirs you can hear something of the thunderstorm. Everywhere it is audible, whether in the world of her invention, or in the successive, narrower worlds of her sojourns—the small, provincial world of her childhood, the small London round of her girlhood, the Tuscan world of her fame which she took for all Italy, the fitful metropolitan world of her parties at the Langham Hotel—finally, the sad, ruined, defiant world (at Viareggio) of her struggle with fate and the keeping up of appearances. Her critics were often not worthy to fasten her shoe-strings. They saw (as who could not see?) the disarray of her thoughts, the over-colour of her style, the occasional coarseness of her delicacy, the taste that traversed theirs, and the fangs of her many prejudices. But they were blind to her wonderful grasp of life, and her vivid sympathy with every phase and form of being, brute as well as human.

The melodrama of her own career inspires that of her works, and we have only to read "Friendship"—the best, I think, of her compositions—to know "Ouida." There we can discern the woman at once, generous and unjust, sensitive beyond measure to kindness, maddened beyond measure by rebuff. She is a tissue of contrasts. We can mark a nomad by sentiment and instinct, yet the loyal adherent of lost causes and lovely traditions; the attractor of notice, yet the shrinker from intrusion, a fighter for freedom, but a detester of the crimes and follies constantly committed

in its name; the strong patriot, yet the born cosmopolitan; the daring, yet never the despairing, or dogmatic doubter. Indeed, Ouida was a sort of Pagan in a feudal setting, for she loved equally the Gothic church and the Pagan temple. What she abhorred, were drabness and abstractions. Above all she was a priestess of intuition. Has she not herself declared that to understand intuitively is the breath of a poet's life? She gravitated to a distinction high or low, and in

these respects there is a link between her, Bulwer Lytton, and Disraeli. Like a provençal troubadour she roved from the crowds of beggars to the Courts of Love. And yet to the upper middle-class (perhaps by her unlikeness) she appealed as George Eliot could never do, just as to-day Marie Corelli arouses the lower middle-class as Mrs. Humphrey Ward has never done. It is not by quick railways, so to speak, up the "problem" Rigis that the crowd is stirred. It is by passion and emotion, by pronounced types and effects, by sounding conflicts. Every vagrant on the highroad wafts a message, and when Adventure mounts the pulpit, somehow the sermons live.

Who but Ouida could boast an intermittent father

—that soldier of fortune, who came and went, and went and came till he perished—who knows how—at the time of the Paris Commune? This mysterious Louis Ramé played hide and seek with his home. A scholar and a wit, the friend of Louis Napoleon, with whom he quarrelled after the *coup d'état*, absent or present, he exercised great influence over his only child. Once he took her to France and conversed with her as he alone could. For though but a French teacher at Bury St. Edmunds when he married, by all reports it is more than plain there was a dash of the fairy prince about him. This political conspirator and member of secret societies, always airily accomplished, always a fascinating riddle, early riveted his queer, dreamy, quaint, worshipping, yet self-centred child. Years afterwards, when she had published "Idalia," he was said suddenly to have reappeared and met her in Kensington Gardens. And then, after a most affectionate talk and walk and congratulations on her fame, rumour has it that he vanished like a dream. When "Friendship" came to be written, with its self-portraiture of



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Ouida.

* "Ouida: A Memoir." By Elizabeth Lee. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)



Ouida in 1878.

From a crayon drawing by Alice Danyce

From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher U)

her as "Etoile," the wistful, wayward genius, that father figures as Count Avesnes—"a black bead in the golden rosary of the happy childhood"—the high-born wanderer. She turned him into an aristocrat and "de la" was soon added to Ramé. But it is under her childish lisp of "Louisa," it is as "Ouida" that she knew herself and will always be known. Her devotion to her mother—the pretty Miss Sutton who saw so little of her husband—was the passion of her life. Never were they parted save by death. How bitter must it have been for Ouida, who had delighted in housing and clothing that mother so sumptuously, perforce at the last to have laid her in a pauper's grave.

Miss Lee has new matter for her "Life," which is no mere record, but a real picture, skilfully limned. It could be wished, however, that the materials could have been even ampler, especially for the earlier seed-time of that strange existence. And there is a slip or so. Ouida's first novel, "Granville de Vigne," written when she was but a girl, was surely not published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, but in a *Military Magazine*, as she affirms in a preface. If there be further letters or diaries elucidatory of Ouida's childhood, they would be entrancing human documents—a pendant to "Contarini Fleming." Miss Lee has told us of the Deanes and the Lockwoods, of Wadhurst Castle and Lee Lodge where she could pay country visits, of the Hardwick House close by the Ramés' abode, and its beautiful park and gardens, where Ouida, "a lean, lanky girl with her father," used to walk

every day. She has told us, too, how early her passion for animals began, how she took even a pebble home with her, and cared for it because she pitied its loneliness. And this was no maudlin tenderness, for she was active and vigorous, as well as pensive and retired, a good rider as well as a good reader. Everything she read, everything she remembered, though not always with the correctness required (for others) by critics. And Miss Lee has well insisted on the receptivity which absorbed all her surroundings so quickly, so pointedly, so picturesquely. In six weeks she was to master Tuscany as she showed in "Pascarel," while her bizarre apotheosis of the guardsman as a Sybarite-hero, seems to have appealed to the army; "Under Two Flags" was



Villa Farinola.

From a drawing by Arthur Danyell.

In 1874 Ouida took up her residence at the Villa Farinola. It was situated at Scandicci, about three miles from Florence." From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin).

indeed dedicated to a gallant officer, and it was published before she was twenty-nine. This shy, awkward, ruminating child, with no education but that of "local schools," could early receive impressions of English country life—the life so soon to pass out of hers—which have often the sympathy and sometimes even the touch of Ruskin. The foundations of her rhapsodies were quite sound and simple. Miss Lee rightly emphasises the following from "Puck," in which the "Suffeck" labourer speaks out his mind to a Derbyshire miner. Only a part can be given:

"'Tis all buttfull and and flat as yor hand theer, none o't broke up into these nasty mounds o' yourn as is ony made to lame man and beast! . . ." By reason of machinery "There's many more men than theer be things to dew. I'm better off nor most . . . But there's a swarm o' men in the parish as dunno more'n their beasts in sty. Dunno their God; dunno their letters; never heard o' tha Queen, never put a mossel o' mutton in their mouths dunno nothin'. Field-work is sickly-like, 'cos o' the wind and weather, and when yer comes to trampin' six mile out, and six in, and ditchin' and ploughin' all day i' the wet, it stan' to reason as how the rheumatic come hot and heavy arter a bit wi' nun and wimmin tew. . . . You see that the lands is too small and min they're too many. That's wheer it be."

But the conclusion is not at all *à la* Lloyd George:

"Gentry take up sa much o't wi' woods for shooting," grumbled the miner in answer. . . . "Nay, nay," objected the Suffolker, "that woan't dew. Woods is health to land; in field-work ye maun gie an' take as wi' yer fellows. If you doan't gie timber elbow-room, yer soil 'll be parchin' wi' dry loike a duck in a hay-loft. If ye tell yer wood every wheers tha' land she'll gape with cracks."

Ouida knew what she was talking about. The heart of the peasant in all countries she read thoroughly. And equally (though she veneered her views, and sharpened her prejudices) she knew about Society at home and abroad, the gentleness of the really gentle folks whom it often treads down, its destruction of bird and beast, and saints, and the women who abandon themselves. Vulgar she could be (as perhaps most in bits of "Strathmore," and much of "Ariadne"), but none knew better what breeding meant. There is a delightful passage of hers somewhere about an old peasant-woman of her childhood who displayed the perfection of old-world manners.

Harrison Ainsworth helped the girl when she and her mother came to live in Hammersmith, where his cousin was their doctor. Her talent soon showed itself, unusual, sometimes perverse, but ever with a voice of its own. Always there emerged the

My dear Sir
Pray do not bracket
any books of mine
with others that
they work a little
thing more than novels
of a season. Yr
I have lived in vain.
Sincerely yr
Saturday Ouida

Facsimile of letter to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.
From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin).



Ouida in 1896.

From a chalk drawing by Sarmiento in the possession of the artist.
From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin).

types of the woman who gives, the man and the woman who exact, all. When Italy came into view, the artist-Bohemian-troubadour type followed, the charm of dog-humanity, and, later, the specialised cruelty of the adventurers, whether in vice or virtue. This culminated in "Friendship," which resulted from her passion for and suffering from the Marchese Della Stufa.



The Figure of Ouida on her Tomb at Bagni di Lucca.

From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin).

Italy was an accident. In 1871, she and her mother had been in Brussels, where "A Dog of Flanders" was written. They journeyed to Florence and remained in the realm of romance till their deaths. Ouida has left many and intimately beautiful descriptions of English park and greensward, of Tuscan village and homestead. But in her lights and shadows of landscapes has she ever excelled the picture of Florence in "Pascarèl"? Miss Lee quotes it, and it is long:

"Very fair indeed she was, the Lily Queen, that evening. There had been shadows all day, and in the west there were masses of cloud, purple and blue-black, spreading away into a million of soft scarlet curri that drifted before a low wind from the southward, tender and yet rich in tone as any scattered shower of carnation leaves. Through that vast pomp of dusky splendour and that radiance of rose the sun itself full shone; shone full upon the city. Leaning on the broker edge of the watch-tower and gazing down below, all Florence seemed like the seer's vision of the New Jerusalem; every stone of her seemed transmuted, she was as though paven and built with gold. Straightway across the whole valley stretched the alchemy of that wondrous fire glow, and all the broad level lands of the Validgreve were transfigured likewise into one vast sheet

of gold, on which the silver olives and the dim white villages and villas floated like frail white sails upon a sunlit sea. Farther—still farther yet, beyond that burnished ocean—the mountains and the clouds met and mingled, golden likewise, broken here and there into some tenderest rose-leaf flush, miraculously lovely, as a poet's dream of nameless things of God."

Here let us leave her before the tragedies and comedies of a life

at war with much and many, culminated in debt and lawsuits, in the sad and lurid catastrophes of her latter years, and in the lonely dignity of her death. That was but seven years ago, but another age of more hysterical endeavour and a less robust humanitarianism seems to have set in. Independent if perverse, disillusioned if cheered by the newer friendship of the Visconde di Sarmento, robbed of the sight of one eye, battling to the end, she was indeed a militant. But all along she received the homage of distinguished friends and foreign countries. That she overwrought herself and overrated her mission and her importance is only to say that she felt acutely the contrasts of her circumstances with her spirit. Surely Ouida had always a touch of the poet in her. Why should she not have thought so, however aggressive she may have been? Miss Lee seems, if I may say so, to over-apologise for these failings. Ouida loved the gorgeous hues which she has declared to be inherent in nature; Titian also loved them. "Yet (she exclaims) the pictures that are painted in sombre semitones and have no positive colour in them are always pronounced the nearest to nature." Such is the North.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appeal, in eight lines of verse, to the Holiday Burglar.



From a photo by Adolphe Beau.

Ouida.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best lyric is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA to Miss Violet D. Chapman, of "Sorrento," Burnham, Somerset, and HALF A GUINEA to Miss R. D. Power, of University Hall, St. Andrew's, N.B., for the following :

THE ISHMAELITE.

An outcast I from the haunts of men,
And the red hearth-fires of home,
The brown-thatched roof-tree shall know me never,
No ties have I that the world can sever,—
A wanderer ever by moor and fen,
But the world is mine to roam !

Scion am I of an ancient line,
On me is the dread decree,—
Long centuries hence God's word was spoken,
"This shall be ever thy sign and token,
Every man's hand shall be against thine,
And thine against man shall be !"

Though son and heir of a captive race,
A world-wide heritage mine—
On sea or land where I will, I wander,
And Nature's riches are mine to squander,
For me no limits of time and space
The bounds of my soul define !

Nothing I claim from the hand of man,
As far from man's ways I roam,
God is my Father, the Earth my mother,
Nature my sister, and Life my brother,
And Death, whose features afar I scan,
A friend who will lead me home !

VIOLET D. CHAPMAN.

BALNACOR.

O the pale shades of twilight are stealing through the trees
The old trees, the gaunt trees that sadden in the town—
And the tired noise of traffic comes floating down the breeze,
Murmurs, re-echoes and rumbles up and down,
While past the weary hedgerow the carter comes and goes,
And the dusty road is grey and never still ;
(*But far away on Balnacor the golden gorse-bush grows,
And the rabbit-folk are scudding up the hill.*)

O the wee stars are hidden, almost hidden by the flare
Of big lamps, of bright lamps that glitter in the town,
And the moonshine of silver is lost amid the glare,
And great buildings, black-browed, they hide the sky and frown.

(*But far away on Balnacor when dusk comes creeping round,
The pallid fox-glove shuts her crimson hood,
And rustling eerie noises, make a fustive, windy sound
And little queer things scuttle through the wood.*)

O take, take me back to Eire and my home
The old hill, the wind hill, the hill of Balnacor,
Where the Four Winds of Heaven murmur as they roam,
And wee things with big eyes come whisp'ring at my door.
For far away on Balnacor, when all is gloom and still,
The Hidden People leave the haunted glen,
Come riding, riding, till they're lost behind the hill,
O Eire, Eire call me back again.

R. D. POWER.

We also select for printing :

TO MY LADY.

A song of the sea, my Lady,
For thee I fain would sing :
A song of the sea, where mermaids dwell,
And deep in the heart of its rosy shell
The pearl is glistening.

A song of the field, my Lady,
Fain would I sing for thee :
Where the daisy shy, by the morning kissed,
Her sweet face lifts to the dewy mist ;
And the lark soars, glad and free.

A song of my heart, my Lady,
That claims thee for its own :
A song of Love that is calling to thee
From the heart and the field and the tossing sea ;
Of these my song shall be !

(Willis Boyd Allen, 477, Commonwealth Avenue,
Boston, Mass.)

LIGHT LOVE.

With careless arms you drew me close,
Nor troubled overmuch ;
But I—I hid my face in fear,
And trembled at your touch.

With careless lips you stole from me
A moment's fleeting bliss ;
But I I gave my soul to you,
And thrilled beneath your kiss.

With careless laugh you turned away
Another love to meet ;
But I— I saw my kingdom fall
In ruins round your feet.

* * * * *
Before the glowing sun arose
For ever we had parted,
Ah God ! you went untouched by care,
But I was broken-hearted.

(Ina S. Dabbs, 14, Bradshaw Street, Moss Side,
Manchester.)

LOVE'S WINE.

O, Love ! life's little earthen bowl
Is far too small to hold the wine
That, from the vessel of the soul,
Thou pourest through this heart of mine !

And all that sparkling overflow
I catch in dainty flasks of song :
The coming world will surely know
Good wine that has lain dark and long !

And O, sweet magic of the toil
That art employs to fill her store :
As once the widow's cruse of oil,
These flasks will never cease to pour !

(W. Siebenhaar, Perth, Western Australia.)

DOROTHY.

Dorothy is walking in the pleasant, daisied meadow,
Young June incarnate in her pretty lilac gown ;
Little breezes, playing, show a dainty silken stocking
Peeping 'mong the ladysmocks and soft thistledown.

Dorothy is hastening up the fern-banked moorland highway,
Mauve-winged butterfly she floateth lightly past,
Airy as the cotton-grass that June's sweet breath is blowing,
Bright among the shadows that the dark rocks cast.

Dorothy is standing 'mid the fragrant, purpling heather,
Poised like a sweet-pea in her pretty lilac gown,
Fresh as simple lavender that sweetens shady gardens,
Dainty as the ladysmocks and silky thistledown.

Somebody is watching as she wanders thro' the meadow,
Somebody is waiting as she flutters lightly past,
One who wants her fragrance to refresh life's lonely highway,
Her brightness 'mong the shadows that the dark days cast.

(Hylda C. Cole, Annfield, Kilmacolm, near Glasgow.)

We specially commend the lyrics sent in by Arthur Powell (Stratford, Con., U.S.A.), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Maud Goring (Montreal), Hugo Irvine (Peterhead), Ethel Talbot (Edinburgh), Dorothy Plimpton (London, S.W.), E. Tabor (Thornton Heath), Henry B. Tierney (Missouri), Enoch Daniels (Stafford), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Edmund C. S. Duval (Finsbury Park), Lois Payne (Edgbaston), Frank Dale (Woodbridge), B. M. Skeat (Guernsey), Winifred A. Cook (Birkenhead), E. M. de Foubert (Edinburgh), Horace Fort (Westminster), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesbrough), M. C. A. (Glasgow), C. M. Ritchie (Blackheath), Muriel E. George (Lewes), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Olive Turpin (Birkdale), Leopold Spors (London, W.), E. R. (Hull), John Macmurray (Oxford), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), Dorothy Dean (Bromley), W. H. Littlejohn (Ravenscourt Park), N. Grieve (Herne Hill), W. Saunders (Bradford), T. Disney (Clifton), A. G. M. Clellan (Edinburgh), R. W. King (Catford), Mary M. Wilshire (Victoria Park), E. W. Lockey (East Dulwich), A. D. H. Allan (Wimborne), Marguerite Wilkinson (San Diego), V. Simpson (Birkdale), Edith Brill (Harrogate), Vera Wentworth (St. Andrew's), C. W. Kent (Alderley Edge), A. M. Nadin (Cheltenham), Jas. Duncan (Rothesay), T. H. Storin (North Shields), Frank Savage (Ramsgate), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham), P. W. Jew (London, S.E.), Clarice M. Covell (Arinley), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Florence E. Boag (W. Ealing), Marjorie Winifred Crosbie (Herne Bay), Alice M. Winlow (Vancouver), Selene (Headley), M. F. Atkinson (Glasgow), Leo French (Headley), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), G. Thring (Dunmow), George Fletcher (Jarrow-on-Tyne), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), S. S. (Bournemouth), H. B. (Studley), Mrs. McAllister (Birkenhead), N. B. Laughton (Edinburgh), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), Agnes Dickie (Aberdeen), H. W. Shrewsbury (Alford), Dorothy M. Rawcliffe (Haigh), Rev. John Hudson (Camberwell), Agnes Lockhart Hughes (Seattle, U.S.A.), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Mr. Scott Shaw (Sydney, Australia), R. J. Childress (Chicago), Bessie Salmon (Croydon), P. B. Goetz (New York), Halbert McGowan (Edinburgh).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. Collard, of 1, Rutland Road, Hammersmith, W., for the following :

CUBIST POEMS. BY MAX WEBER. (Elkin Mathews.)

"In spring, when woods are getting green,
I'll try and tell you what I mean."

LEWIS CARROLL.



He knelt down on the ground—
there lay the little lambs.

From a colour illustration by Maria L. Kirk in "Blind, a Story for Children," by Ouida (Chatto & Windus).



Then little Nello took his
place beside the cart.

From a colour illustration by Maria L. Kirk in "A Dog of Flanders and other Stories," by Ouida (Chatto & Windus).

We also select for printing :

CRYING FOR THE MOON. BY NANCY PAIN AND
WINIFRED ROSK. (Laurie)
"Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?"
LORD BYRON, *Don Juan*.

(K. Cairns, 20, Sandymount Green, Dublin.)

THE JOB. BY ELIA MACMAHON. (Nisbet.)
"Oh, how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind!"
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

(Miss Theodore M. Fagan, Middlegate, Northwood,
R.S.O., Middlesex.)

THE WAY OF THE STRONG. BY RIDGWELL CULLUM.
(Chapman & Hall.)
"His energetic fist
Should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word."
W. S. GILBERT, "*H.M.S. Pinafore*."

(Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent,
Sheffield.)

CUBIST POEMS. BY MAX WEBER. (Elkin Mathews)
"Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

(Katharine C. Hopkinson, Ferns, Alderley Edge,
Cheshire.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT AN AUTHOR. BY ARNOLD BENNETT.
(Methuen.)

"I speak so much more than I first intend,
Describe so many things I never saw."
R. BROWNING, *Mr. Smudge, The Medium*.

(Doris Dean, 55, College Road, Bromley, Kent.)

THE WOMAN'S WAY. BY CHARLES GARVICE.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Yes!" I answered you last night;
'No!' this morning, sir, I say."
E. B. BROWNING, *The Lady's "Yes"*

(Gwendoline Jones, 2, Mirador Villas, Uplands, Swansea.)

III.—This Competition has brought in a very large number of rhyming Alphabets on living British novelists, but most of them are rather disappointing. The best is sent by Mr. George Duncan Grey, of 67, High Street, Weston-super-Mare, to whom the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded for the following :

A stands for Askew, both Alice and Claude,
B is a Barclay whom clergymen laud.
C is Corelli—more able than Caine,
And D's Conan Doyle, who dabbles in brain.
E indicates Eccott who dreams of old France,
And F's a "Forman" of modern romance.
G is a Gallon—full measure he gives,
And H is for Hardy—a classic who lives.
I's for Iota—a lady of worth,
And J is for Jacobs with cargoes of mirth.
K is a Kipling whose light never fails,
And L is Le Queux of intricate tales.
M is Neil Munro and "Splendid" his best,
And N is for Norris outlasting Time's test.
O is an Orczy that Dumas can't beat,
P is a Parker and mighty his scat.
Q is the Quiller whose quill's at Troy Town,
And R Richardson of whiskers renown.
S is a Snaith whom "Fortune" well "Fitz."
T is a Tracy of versatile wits.
U is an Upward whose tales are of courts.
V is a Vachell whose schoolboys wear shorts.
W is Watson a wizard of skill,
X is an extra not charged in the bill.
Y is two Yeats; S. L. I shall choose,
Z is for Zangwill—most charming of Jews.

The best twelve of the other Alphabets received are those by Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Miss S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), I. P. White (Bedford), M. H. Menzies (Hampstead), Frank Dale (Woodbridge), M. Godfrey (Chelmsford), Mrs. Oliver Lodge (Upper Norwood), C. M. Hall (London, W.), E. J. Martin (Dewsbury), Bertha Deane-Freeman (Kingstown), Robert B. Boswell (Southampton), W. H. Stratton (Fulham).

IV. The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss Annie E. Littlejohn, of 9, Albion Gardens, Ravenscourt Park, W., for the following :

CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NAVVY. BY PATRICK MACGILL. (Jenkins.)

This is a most arresting autobiography—a poignantly human book. It discloses in its naked reality the weary life of the navvy and his comrades, and the poverty that often leads these children of the road to sin. Mr. MacGill is a skilful writer; he tells of the hardships of the navvy with an astounding force, and yet when dealing with the glories of the open road he writes with a charming naivety. Through the pages flits the tragic figure of a young girl, whose sad life enrages the reader against the injustices under which these workers groan.

We also select for printing :

THE MAKING OF AN ENGLISHMAN. BY W. L. GEORGE.
(Constable.)

Mr. George has written a very striking book. His observation is accurately critical, and his use of it is ruthless. The contrasting points of view of the young Frenchman in the English branch of his firm and the two English families, one upper and one lower middle-class, with whom he comes in contact, are not only convincing, but illuminating. No better study of a common-minded young woman has possibly ever been given us. It is by no means a delicate book; it does not deal in nuances, but it is vigorous and, with immaterial exceptions, true to life.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH. BY W. J. LOCKE. (Lane.)

Romance is essentially a part of Mr. Locke, hence his wonderful gift of "colour." Here, the theme—the old story of the Swineherd and the Princess—lends itself to his characteristic airy humour and delightfully whimsical fancy, beneath which runs a more serious vein. Even the favoured of the gods—the ragged urchin who ascends the social ladder until at long last he wins the love of a real princess—is, in time, confronted by cold fact. Full of wit, wise philosophy, and clever character-drawing its improbabilities pass us by—so subtle is the charm of this most modern of fairy tales.

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plas Buihth, Llandudno.)

ÆSOP IN POLITICS. BY IAN W. COLVIN.
(Blackwood.)

The essentials of topical verse are that it shall be written by a man who is "in the know," and shall have the elusive quality of "snap." Added to these may be the requirement that it shall, so to speak, be eaten hot. Mr. Ian Colvin's well-known connection with the *Morning Post* is a guarantee that he will write of politics perhaps one-sidedly, but as an expert, and his verses here collected are crisp and witty enough to make the Tory slap his leg and cry "That's good," and even to bring a sarcastic smile to the lips of a Liberal.

(Edna Smallwood, 133, Highbury Quadrant.)

THE ROAD. BY JACK LONDON. (Mills & Boon.)

Wanderlust—a word of inexpressible beauty, yet pregnant with unutterable sadness. It was wanderlust that sent Jack London out on The Road as a tramp—a hobo—a "stiff"—and the record of his wanderings makes fascinating reading. In a series of brilliant impressionistic sketches he tells of his tramp from California to Boston, returning to the Pacific coast by way of Canada, where he served a term in jail for vagrancy. He traces his rise from a road-kid to a real "blowed-in-the-glass profesh"—an absolute monarch of the highway. "The Road" is a fine story and passionately alive.

(F. Heathcote Briant, 109, Braidwood Road, Catford, S.E.)



Ouida.

A portrait bust in plaster by Giuseppe Nordin (in the possession of the artist).
From "Ouida: A Memoir," by Elizabeth Lee (Fisher Unwin).

THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONS. (Hutchinson.)

History, no matter of what country or people, to the man in the street, is usually something too dry, detailed and wearisome for him to trouble about. Messrs. Hutchinsons, however,

have, in publishing their "History of the Nations" in fortnightly parts, made the ordinary man interested. Written in clear, plain English, and illustrated with numerous pictures, pictures full of interest, the many parts of this work should command a generous amount of support, not only from the ordinary book-buying public, but from the social reformer, student, and the masses.

(H. S. Pridham, 301, Queen's Road,
Portsmouth.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by John A. Walker (East Sheen, W.), Reginald P. Connell (Kennington Park, S.E.), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Batheaton, Bath), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss Ritchie (Blackheath, S.E.), S. Macnamara (Dublin), Ernest C. Tanton (Leeds), Dorothy Ensor (Cardiff), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), Rose Jessop (Kensington, W.), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Miss F. Bosworth (Yardley, Birmingham), Frank Haigh (Halifax), Miss B. H. Harting (Chiswick, W.), F. W. Palmer (Shepherd's Bush, W.), P. William Jew (Old Charlton, S.E.), Mrs. T. Ferguson (Clydebank, N.B.), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Miss E. Webster (Bristol), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall, Cheshire), Miss M. Troughton (Cape Town), Mrs. Ludolph Spilhaus (Rondebosch, South Africa), M. H. M. (Hampstead, N.W.), Agnes M. Macaulay (Malvern), Edna Smallwood (London, N.), Miss W. M. Comber (Knutsford), Mabel Chilcott (Eastbourne), and James A. Richards (Tenby).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. John A. Walker, of 69, Grosvenor Avenue, East Sheen, London, S.W.

DANTE'S NEW INTERPRETERS.*

By DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

WHO is sufficient for these things? I am given a comment on Dante, delivered at Harvard by the most accomplished among Anglican prelates; and before I have mastered his choice and feeling rhetoric, a new translation in blank verse, addressed from "Orotava, Tenerife," claims my reading and my judgment. I have read; not without such pleasure as would blunt a more ill-natured criticism than mine. Others, I hope, will follow my example. But, as often when a mighty name fills the text one is apt to forget preacher and sermon, so here. Dante, the symbolic single figure, standing aloft between mediæval and modern worlds, does literally strike one dumb. What have we to do

* "The Spiritual Message of Dante." By Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Canon of Westminster, late Bishop of Ripon. (Williams & Norgate.)

* "The Divine Comedy." Translated by E. M. Shaw. (Constable.)

save worship in silence this greatest of Christian prophets outside the New Testament? And who shall render into our everyman's tongue his "Comedy," which he never called "Divine"? He meant, by the strange title, to present a Mystery Play, or even the quintessence of all such plays, ranging from Hell to Heaven. While the preacher speaks and the versifier translates, I am listening to the *terza rima*, quoting it as a song of youth known to me by heart, sometimes approving what I catch from the interpreter, grateful to him always, yet feeling how beyond us all is the Catholic Virgil, the Italian Isaiah. For sheer originality, sovereign power, the "Muse of fire," ascending "the brightest heaven of invention," with whom shall we compare Dante? I have named Virgil and Isaiah, because he puts us in mind of both. He imitates neither. He abides alone.

I could surely go through his Tuscan pages once

more, glancing at this English not too scornfully, in "Orotava, Tenerife," the wide sunlit waters outspread before me. But what of Harvard? Harvard is in America; and to Americans (I die pronouncing it, yet I cannot forbear) Dante will be, as they say, literature. By literature I understand all writing that was once alive and is now dead; a thing to be set on the marble slab by examiners, then dissected out—a horrid surgeon's phrase by students. So much grammar for the text, history for the subject, psychology for the author. Unhappy poet! This medical student's attitude, with all it implies—but, mind, I am not ascribing it in the least to Dr. Boyd Carpenter—was hit off by Ruskin to his correspondent, C. E. Norton (February 22nd, 1876). He said, "Lowell's 'Dante' is very good; but the entire school of you moderns judge hopelessly out, of these elder ones, because you never admit the possibility of their knowing what we don't. The moment you take that all-knowing attitude the heavens are veiled. Lowell speaks of Dante as if Dante were a forward schoolboy, and Lowell his master."

Even so, Ruskin. To be modern, literary, Bostonian, was by no means to produce a poem outsoaring the Dantean, but to feel raised above it. I suppose that Lowell, himself no common singer at his best, did feel thus; although on what grounds he, or any man living in the nineteenth century, could vindicate that superior mood, I am puzzled to imagine. Not, as is clear, because of a grander music, a more cunning art of composition, a deeper insight into motives and character, a presentment of persons and features more lively; for in these things Dante remains supreme. Was it in spiritual vision? Alas, that vision had grown dim. Or in philosophy? The philosophy of Lowell's time was chaos, and Emerson its well-satisfied exponent. The "miracle-believing faith" which lighted Dante on his perilous way had pretty well faded back to scepticism in New England, when Lowell wrote. Is there vision at Harvard now? I cannot tell; but, if any, I am sure that it will not yield us a diviner song.

If these are bitter truths, they are wholesome. Modern self-conceit, proud of its contrivances to make bodily life easier, does not willingly own that its treasure-house of the spirit has been sacked, laid open to storms from every quarter, and often turned to a refuse-heap of sensualities, superstitions, products of hysteria, and very dismal "varieties of religious experience." Much of all that Dante would have consigned to the lower circles, in his "blind world" where no light comes. On the other hand, America breeds idealists, like the late Phillips Brooks and the founder of the "Noble" Lectures at Harvard, to whose institution we owe Dr. Boyd Carpenter's discourses. Such Americans, while most good-tempered and beneficent, move on the vague general outline of Christianity which I, for one, associate with New England worthies. The "Noble" Lectures themselves would spread abroad "the influence of Jesus," and show it in all departments of human life, taking into view history, art, letters, and whatever else. Dr. Boyd Carpenter chooses Dante, not for dilettante remark, but as exemplifying by his character and his poetry the spiritual experience of a man of genius. The bounds of treatment are set by the Bishop's audience, not less than by the simple fact that neither Bishop

nor hearers can be pictured standing at the poet's angle of vision, which was the faith of Christendom in the year of Jubilee, 1300 A.D.

To follow these contrasts up would be an enlightening piece of criticism. Space and time forbid; however, I will throw out one illustration. To the lecturer Dante is a lonely soul, whose conversion from sense to spirit, by journeying as a pilgrim in the unseen, makes the copious matter of his song; and, of course, that will be granted. But he was not alone as the Puritan is, or Bunyan's solitary pilgrim. There is the difference, vital to our story. He had always a guide—first, the classic tradition personified in Virgil, then the Catholic faith glorified in Beatrice. Dante learns as a disciple whatever he is taught, and goes whither he is led. An American pilgrim, I suspect, would not be so teachable. Under correction, it appears to me that the special form of the poet's religious discipline is too faintly marked in these otherwise beautiful and often touching addresses.

Beatrice, who cannot be resolved into an allegorical myth, as the Bishop well brings out, is in fact one of the definite Christian personalities, like St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Benedict, and St. Bernard, that meet and welcome the traveller on his upward path. She is real, as they are; and if we recognise in the exquisite womanly traits a human tenderness, our justification is at hand, not merely in the "Vita Nuova," but much more in those severely loving words with which the sinner's reconciliation is made sure, as he ends at the stream of the Earthly Paradise that long adventure. I would define Beatrice not as Theology—too cold and abstract a rubric—but rather as the living genius, the angel, of Revelation. Dante's religion is, of course, not without system, any more than the human form is without anatomy. But every part and parcel of the system takes us on to the individual persons, angels, saints—demons themselves likewise—of whom it exhibits the several aspects. Catholicism has a theology, but is far from being exhausted by system. Thus I am brought on to the keynote of the Harvard Lectures, which is the recurring word, "Love." Bishop Boyd Carpenter strikes it repeatedly with effect. "To give such a message, in such unexampled splendour of form," he considers, was Dante's vocation—a calling not to be fulfilled except at the price of exile, poverty, and seeming defeat. It is the "drama of a soul," which concludes with a song of thanksgiving. Yes, but it is something more.

As the much-discussed letter to Can Grande shows—and Mr. E. G. Gardner warrants my taking it for a genuine work of the poet—Dante had, like St. Paul, attained to some high rapture, in which the universe, bound by a golden chain of love, lay open to his sight. The burden was laid upon him in that lightning flash of a prophecy to be written. He shrank from it, for his courage was of the desperate kind (in this, Italian), alive to dangers only too well-assured. In the "Paradiso," where Cacciaguida, his ancestor, speaks with him of the sufferings in store, this proud Florentine, who was to sentence his generation without appeal, makes no boast of his fortitude. The lecturer, who has looked closely at his subject and is always gentle, gives Dante credit for a depth of affection and of pity, for a certain simplicity of heart, very much resembling Shakespeare's, as we know it from the "Sonnets." I question, however, if

the Englishman could hate as he himself loved—divinely. The Italian hated for ever. True, he would say in defence, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity." The "Inferno," which Symonds thought cruel, and which deserves the name someone has given it of a "dismal chant," is nothing else than "punishment, the other half of crime"; sin become tortured flesh, anguish of soul, in shapes as loathly as itself. The "Purgatorio," says our commentator finely, brings before us men who are anxious to escape, not the results of ill-doing, but the servitude to vice which prompted their ill-doing. When the penitent mounts up into Heaven, sphere after sphere, he learns that he is beholding symbols, not the realities of which he could not bear the brightness and live. But in the triumph of Christ an endless life, and "the glory of going on," reveal what mediæval Christians understood by Paradise with its Vision Beatific.

The soul had then supreme rights, and its demands were profoundly human. After long eclipse it is now showing, once more, I say, through the luminous photosphere of philosophy, far within it as the Life of Life. Dante, leaving a spiritual record in the music of his dream, answers to a call repeated on many a modern instrument. For he has written the story of man's progress, drawn upward by "the Love that moves the sun and all the stars"—the story which completes the Book of Job, transcends Goethe's fragmentary unsatisfying "Faust," and shines with lights of Plato, whose ideals become in the Christian empyrean at once motives and attractions, awakening desires that they more than fulfil. In terms like these I would sum up the Harvard Lectures: Admirably phrased, with perfect eloquence to commend them, such lessons justify to others than practical Americans the labour and ensuing delight of so many of us, to whom the "Divine Comedy" is our daily bread.

But what of this new translation? We have Cary, not yet antiquated; Longfellow is good in the letter; Plumptre yields a pleasant rhyming version; and for the parts best known one could cite more names. I began with a feeling of reluctance to turn over the pages of Mr. E. M. Shaw. This too was against him. He had simply printed his lines, without a note, an index, or so much as a number to them; and, of all poets, Dante requires the broadest margin for comment. I soon remarked that this was not a line-for-line equivalent; but "conciseness, the very soul of Dante's verse,"

it had, with strong English turns and strokes not unhappy. In many places, however, the blank verse halts; in some it is unfinished (a treason to the original); and, unless my ear deceives me, the Italian names are now and then falsely accented. There is also not unfrequently a lack of distinction where the Tuscan idioms have at least propriety. Mr. Shaw has resolved that he ought not to use quaint or archaic or even English biblical terms; but, after all, Dante wrote six hundred years ago; and his language sounds to Italy now much

as the Scriptures do to us in King James's recension. I have marked lines which pull one up with a jerk, when slight inversions would have made them go trippingly on the tongue. Some decided failures, I grieve to say, must be registered; the worst, perhaps, is that most difficult inscription over the gate of Hell, which no rendering I have come across gives to satisfaction. Those who put Cary's verses beside Mr. Shaw's will not, on the whole, see much reason to prefer the new attempt. Yet, if I went into details, I could point with approval to many examples of simplification. I will instance the episode of Francesca, which all the world quotes, and which is better done than by Cary. As I am precluded from the only thorough method of testing a work such as this, by specimens largely analysed, all I can do is to set down my general impression. Expecting to be turned away by the ruggedness of ordinary



Dante.

Kirkup's sketch of the Giotto Fresco from "The Spiritual Me (Williams & Norgate)

blank verse (journeyman's art, not the master's), and certainly vexed by needless modern locutions, which are but commonplaces from the street, I ended my reading of the entire volume pleased and even thrilled, as at a good clear copy taken from the unsurpassable original. Mr. Shaw, to my surprise (for I know not that he is a metaphysician) renders the abstruse philosophical passages, due in the main to St. Thomas Aquinas, exceedingly well. At certain points where I waited to catch him, and where the poetical demands are at their highest, as in the concluding section of the "Purgatorio," success attends on his efforts. By the way, translators ought to keep the Latin titles of Church hymns given by Dante, because of their suggestive association; but in an English version the Madonna should be called Mary, not Maria. These comments are endless; moreover, I have little studied Dante in other languages than his own. Here is the opening of the final Canto ("Paradiso," XXXIII.) from which any reader may judge of the qualities which Mr. Shaw brings

to so formidable a task. It is St. Bernard's orison to our Lady, Englished by Chaucer in the "Second Nonne's Tale," which please compare.

"Mother and Virgin; daughter of thy Son;
Humblest and highest of created beings;
Determined goal of the eternal counsel
Thou, thou art she who hast ennobled so
The human nature, that its very Maker
Scorned not to make Himself his own creation.
Within thy womb was lit again the Love
Whose heat has made this mystic flower grow
In an eternal peace. And here thou art

To us a noonday sun of charity;
And among mortals down below a fount
Of lively hope. Lady, thou art so great,
Thy worth is such, that whoso seeks for grace
Without recourse to thee, his wish would fly
Having no wings. For thy benignity
Not only succours him that asks for help,
But freely oftentimes prevents the prayer.
In thee do loving-kindness, piety,
Magnificence, and all there is of goodness
Within the creature meet. Behold this man,
Who, from the lowest hollows of the world
Up to this height, hath seen the lives of spirits
One after one; who supplicates thee now."

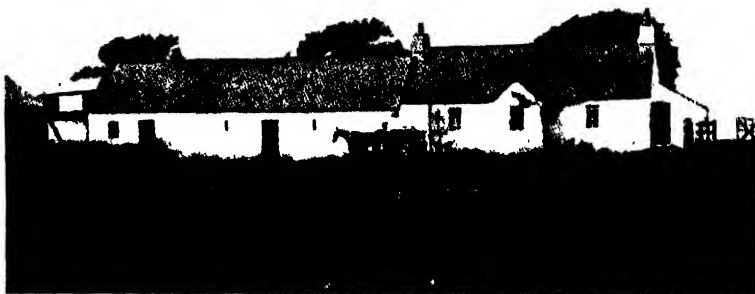
S. R. CROCKETT.

REALISM and romance are matters of temperament. Some men are born with a desire to wring the strange, bitter truth out of things: the ordinary, wholesome truth does not satisfy them. Others wish to extract from life its picturesque and wilder beauty. They, too, are discontented with the homely, work-a-day look on the world. Starve a boy's awakening power of imagination of beautiful works of art, and if he has the creative faculty he will develop into a fond lover of romance, and if he has the critical faculty he will become a violent realist. As our modern industrial civilisation does not feed the general mind with things of beauty, all our art is a vehement swing to either extreme. The romantic movement lasted longer in our country than it did in France, because we were too lazy of intellect to criticise, while the French were so busy analysing their feelings that they could not find time to give them full play.

Mr. S. R. Crockett began to look about him during the last phase of our romantic movement, when its poetic eddies were travelling to Ireland to stir the genius

of Mr. Yeats, Mr. Synge and Mr. George Russell, and when its prose eddies were circling up to Scotland to touch Andrew Lang with a yearning that he was never able fully to express, to set on fire the dilettante temperament of R. L. Stevenson, and to die away in a play of tender sentiment and fancy in Sir James Barrie. It was from Barrie and Stevenson that Crockett directly received the stimulus to express the emotions of romance which were struggling within him. The idyllic influence of Barrie seems to have been the first to reach him, but the influence of Stevenson was more congenial to him: it went deeper and lasted longer.

The strength of the native impulse to romance in Crockett was even stronger than it was in Stevenson. It was an unfastidious, uncritical passion born of the imprisonment and famishment of a young, eager imagination. Bred on a lonely farm on the rolling Galloway wilderness of heath and rock, the tall, handsome, perverid, red-haired Celt underwent the extreme rigours of ancient Puritanism. The wild waste of heather, in which he was born in 1860, was the last



**The Duchrae,
Birthplace of S. R. Crockett.**

S. R. Crockett was born, 21st September, 1860, at Little Duchrae (Black Crag) in Galloway.



Bank House.

Mr. Crockett's house at Penicuik.



The Chalet, Penicuik.

The chalet or cottage (near Bank House) in which Mr. Crockett wrote most of his books.

fortress of the bleak fanaticism of the fighting Covenanters, and his people still held to the strange fallacy that all the grace, beauty and splendour of life belonged to the devil and must be avoided as snares to the soul.

To read the plays of Shakespeare was as great an offence as to go to a theatre: and all poets and novelists were regarded by the Cameronians of Galloway with more severity than the early Puritans had regarded them. The only books the young Crockett was allowed to read were books about the Covenant and stories of the sufferings of the Covenanters. Happily the preachers of the Covenant were men with a noble way of writing. Crockett's namesake for instance, Samuel Rutherford, whom Milton so bitterly attacked, could handle English prose as finely as the great poet, and there were other men of his school with similar powers of expression. The gleams of gold in Crockett's romances are reflections of the treasures he discovered in the old Covenanting writers, when he had found a way of putting his few books of religious instruction to a strange imaginative use. The lonely boy wandered about the craigs and heather, and turned the wild scene into a theatre of romance. He was a hunted Covenanter, pursued by the murderous, ungodly troopers of Claverhouse, and any moving thing on the sky-line—a bull, a wind-shaken pine, a cloud-shadow fleeting from the brae—was Claverhouse himself, intent on spilling the blood of the last of the faithful. So the little lad was able to work himself into a frenzy of fear, and give his imagination that bent towards a love of fighting which became his chief characteristic as a novelist.

He began to work on the farm at an early age, as even a child's hands were useful to the struggling household. He was up at five o'clock, and all through his life he continued to rise at this hour, for early rising was a habit with pleasant memories. One of his cousins was a farmer-ploughman who had been to Canada and acquired larger ideas than the rest of the family; and finding in the boy an unusual play of mind, he used to take him in the fields before the day's labour began and make him read fine poetry. This illicit pursuit of the pleasures of the imagination led to Crockett smuggling a copy of Shakespeare's plays into his bedroom and liberating his soul therewith.

Then came the happy meeting, which he has told

with some fictitious colouring in "Kit Kennedy," with an admirable classical scholar, by whose help the rough, strong, ambitious farmer's boy was able to win a bursary of £20 a year for four years. At the age of fifteen he went up to Edinburgh University, and studied there on nine shillings a week. He had an attic in a house looking on Arthur's Seat, and he cultivated the muses on a little porridge, according to the best traditions of Scottish learning. Paying annually £11 away in fees, he had only

£9 left for food, lodging, clothes and books; and finding this insufficient to keep him alive, he worked at journalism, writing on everything and sending articles everywhere. At nineteen, he obtained a travelling tutorship through the kindly offices of Jowett of Balliol, and after wandering through almost all the courts of Europe with his pupil from Chicago, reached Siberia.

This was the flowering time of his passion for romance. After a long period of solitary study and hard, grinding work on oatmeal and penny buns, he moved, a happy spectator, through a world of picturesque luxury and alien charm. For the rest of his life, first as a minister of the Free Church and then as one of the most popular novelists of our period, travel in the unspoilt parts of the Continent—Spain in particular—was a necessity to him. By it he renewed

his feeling for the romantic. Several of his numerous novels are directly inspired by his rambles in foreign parts. One can see that in each case he aimed at translating into fiction the thrill of strange beauty he felt on his happy holiday tours.

But none of the tales so inspired is equal to his early Galloway romances, such as "The Raiders." The trouble with him was that he was too ready to respond to any kind of romantic atmosphere. He was like a man who had once suffered so severely from starvation that the sight of any sort of food made his mouth water. He was not critical of his own emotions, but stirred to composition by the slightest wind-ripple of feeling as well as by the deepest current. And as the deep current of his emotion ever set towards the moors and crags, where he had played at being a hunted Covenanter, the full power of his fine imagination was only provoked when he wrote about the scenes of his youth. He was the last of the old Puritans of Galloway, in spite of himself. The influence of Samuel Rutherford was profounder than



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

S. R. Crockett.

that of Shakespeare, and it is by such portraits of his own folk as "The Stickit Minister," and by such historic studies of his own race as "The Raiders," that he will live. His romances of foreign inspiration are workman-like, brilliant compositions, but they are wanting in

imaginative vitality. Perhaps he felt this; for in his last work "Silver Sand," published on the day when the news of his death at Avignon was received, he has returned to Galloway in the days of the Covenanters and written one more sequel to his best work.

SHAKESPEARE PERSONALLY.*

By DR. T. E. PAGE.

THIS volume reproduces in six chapters, of about forty pages each, the "Lectures on Shakespeare" which the late Professor David Masson, of Edinburgh, for thirty years made a part of his "Course on English Literature." During that time he "constantly revised and added to them," and in accordance with "his own wish expressed shortly before his death" they have now been published by his daughter, who states that they may be regarded as containing "the substance of her father's lifelong study of, and thoughts concerning, Shakespeare."

Taking for a sort of text the well-known saying of the commentator Steevens that of Shakespeare personally we know almost nothing, the writer sets out to show that we know a great deal. Unhappily, however, he excites rather than satisfies our curiosity. After a preliminary chapter on the importance of "Biography in General," he proceeds to deal with the "External Evidences" as to Shakespeare's personality, but except for some reference to such points as his "singular pecuniary prudence" and "care for worldly respectability," the so-called "evidence" on which he really dwells (pp. 37-67) turns out to be purely negative. He discards the sound legal maxim *de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio* in favour of the more dubious principle that *omnis negatio est determinatio*, and urges that we can form a real conception of Shakespeare by dwelling on the things we should expect to know and do not. None of his contemporaries has much to say about him, and he says nothing about them. He never talks about himself, nor makes any comment on the wonderful age in which he lived, refusing to let "the fiercest explosion of contemporary incident draw an utterance from his pen." He saw all other life with an eye that nothing escaped, and is stirred by it to utmost splendour and exuberance of speech; but when he looks upon the world around him he is dumb. Being the greatest of English writers, he is careful in his will "twice to mention" a particular "broad silver and gilt bowl," but of any regard for the future of his own works there is "not the least trace." In fact, wherever we most look for some revelation of "personality" there Shakespeare seems most exactly to evade us. "We see him," says Professor Masson, "sitting by himself . . . silent, non-obtrusive, non-opinionative," and seems to think that he has drawn a picture. But do these negative adjectives make us really "see" Shakespeare? Most assuredly not. Rather they increase our perplexity, and only make the darkness which enwraps his "personality" more sensible and profound.

But though "external evidence" fails us, though when we have gathered up the poor fragments of our

knowledge as carefully as we can, we know Shakespeare himself no better, and the gap which separates the thrifty gentleman who prosecutes "Philip Rogers for £1 5s. 10d. for corn and malt" from the creator, say, of Hamlet or of Prospero seems beyond bridging, must not the poet reveal himself in his works? Professor Masson has already stated that Shakespeare seems, in his plays, deliberately to avoid doing so, and, although in his final chapter he speaks of the sonnets as "autobiographical," revealing what he calls a "metaphysical mood" and a strong tendency to dwell on the ideas of "Death, Time, and Mortality," yet he elsewhere allows that they are "a barred antique jewel-chest which no key has been found to fit." None the less he thinks that careful study may discover much, and accordingly in his third chapter he discusses the "Chronology of the Plays," because he considers that "the chronological order of their production" will throw light on "the changes of Shakespeare's mood and the progress of his mind," while after examining them individually we may then proceed to "deduce from them collectively" what were "Shakespeare's inmost purposes and view of things, his philosophy of life and history." He holds that however "free Imagination certainly is"—and in dramatic poetry its freedom is of the largest—yet it is still "dependent on Personality," that, as Shakespeare himself says:

"Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished,"

and that, as "every play contains a *meaning*" which can be "evolved" if "all the plays are duly studied . . . and their meanings rolled, as it were, into one, Shakespeare himself may stand before us very amply indeed."

Nor can any one doubt that there is much truth in this. The works of any writer who is distinctly creative must leave a certain impression as to the personal qualities of their author. We necessarily imagine him to be such-and-such a sort of man. But obviously the image thus conjured up will be largely subjective. It will be formed of the complex of those impressions to which a particular mind happens to be sensitive, and where a writer is so infinite in variety as Shakespeare the image formed by different minds may clearly be almost Protean in its character. It can never be "Shakespeare himself," only what he seems to be to some individual. And, indeed, this is all that Professor Masson can show us. Having indicated that by some elaborate critical process we might "evolve" an exact image of his personality, what he in fact does is to point out certain things which strike himself forcibly. Indeed, he has no space for more, since what he has to say about the plays is compressed into some sixty brief pages (134-190), in which he refers to such points as the

* "Shakespeare Personally." By David Masson. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

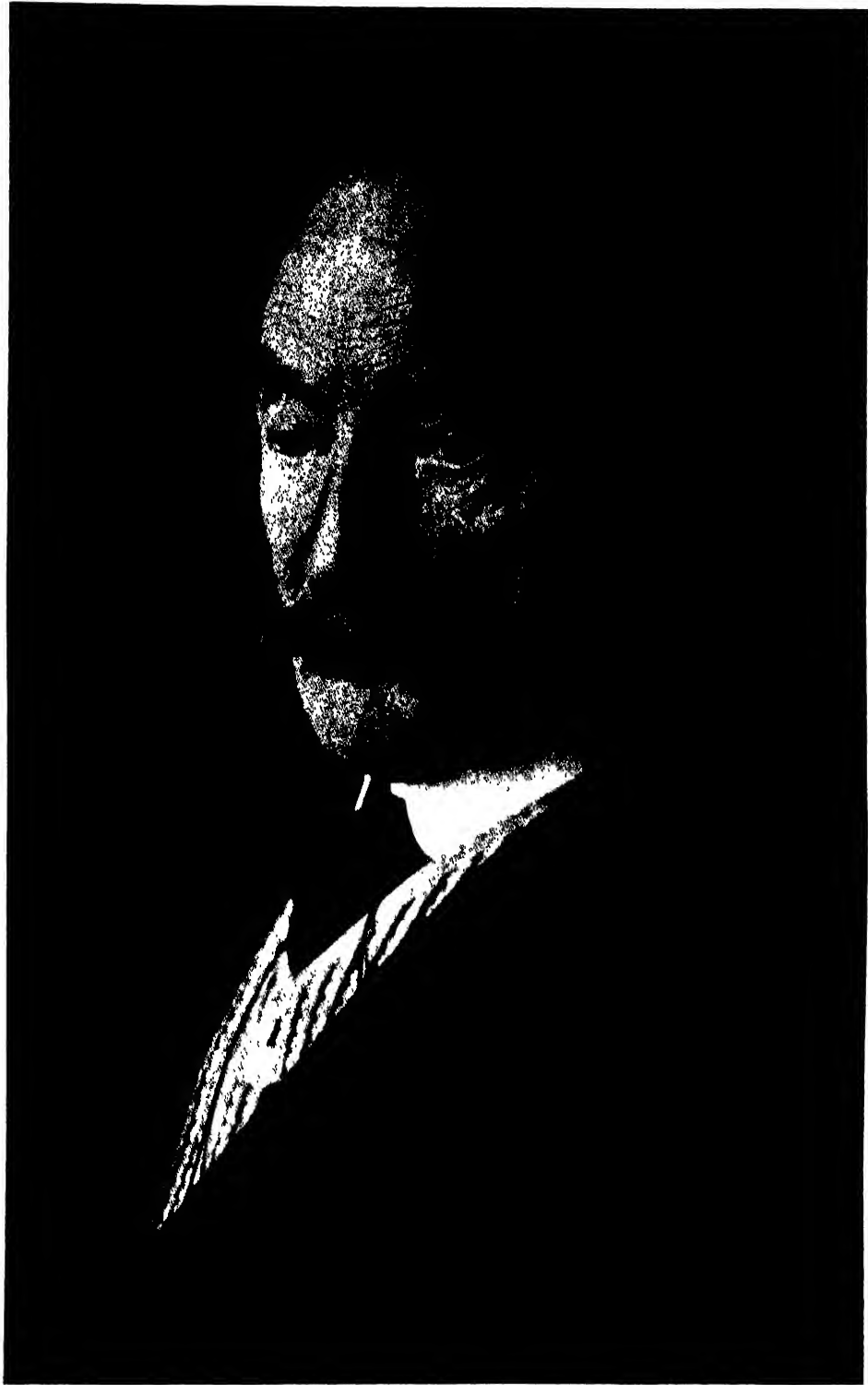


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

A new portrait. Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Thomas Hardy.

"intensity" of Shakespeare's ideas, or his sense of "a demonic element, supra-human and infra-human" in the universe, while he traces the progress of his moods from the "Romeo-Proteus-Biron mood," to the "Jacques-Hamlet" one, the "Coriolanus-Timon" variety, and the final "Prospero-mood," with its "masterly and contemplative calmness and kindliness as the result of life-long experience." And then he points to his "Recurrences and Fervours," as showing what thoughts were most constantly present in his mind or stirred an exceptional emotion, remarking, for example, on his continual sense that life was but "a stage" and its seeming realities only "the fabric of a dream," and diverging into such odd matters as the poet's frequent references to Julius Caesar—there are "about twenty, and they may not be all,"—or his

apparent "dislike of wigs and false hair." He, in fact, does admirably what a lecturer should do; he suggests how his hearers should endeavour to make Shakespeare, each of them for himself, a living person—"to see" him, in fact, as a real personality. But beyond being thus suggestive he really effects nothing. And how should he? In default of all positive information of any value the real human "personality" of Shakespeare continually eludes our grasp. We cannot possibly "see" or know him as he lived and moved. We hear a voice, and are conscious, as it were, of a great presence; but those who say "Methinks I see him," when questioned closely can only answer, as Hamlet did, "In my mind's eye, Horatio," and that mental vision will always take shape and colour largely from the imagination that evokes it.

New Books.

PARNELL.*

The promised, if not the threatened, book is out, and, to tell the truth about it, it seems a pity that much of it was ever written. It was prompted by a quite uncalled-for statement by Mr. O'Brien, to the effect that Parnell was "rather the victim than the destroyer of a happy home," and that, had he been allowed to go into the witness-box, the divorce would never have taken place. It is equally a pity that Mr. O'Brien entered into the fray. For we are now to understand that the writer's own children by Captain O'Shea urged her to the task in vindication of their father's memory. In things of this sort Silence is a good horse still. It is to be regretted that no disinterested adviser was at hand to say "why can't you leave it alone?"

We could have done without many a strain of rhetoric that is rather trying for the general reader. We have, for example, the writer's assurance that Parnell was not "one who balanced her welfare against the clutches of a light o'love with all the foolishness of callow degeneracy, so fondly imagined chivalry by the weak" whatever that may mean, even to herself. Such a theme wants a more sober handling. Nor do we much like: "The freedom of choice we had ourselves claimed we acknowledged for others, and were wise enough to smile if, in some instances, the greatness of our offence was loudly proclaimed by those who, he knew, lived in a freedom of love more varied than our own." There is such a thing as the dignity of history, after all, when such a theme and such a protagonist, in at least one of the parties, are in question. One shivers a little at the easy-going references to the unhappy husband as "Willie." And when one hears of a "letter from my sister-in-law . . . proving, I think, very conclusively that my little one's paternity was utterly unsuspected by the O'Sheas," the shiver becomes a shudder, do what one will. The scheme of letting the child be baptised as a Catholic, as a further blind for the husband, is also a veritable pig upon bacon of queer taste. The particulars of the frolicsome tour with the first husband, and of the naughty Spanish don who tried to induce the lady to exchange signals with him from her balcony, fall into the same category of matter that would have been better ignored. The whole business is tragedy from first to last, and, if handled at all, it clamours for handling in the tragic way.

As it is, nothing is spared us, not even the mere machinery of their secret correspondence (by no means all political) when he was confined in Kilmainham. Most of the letters were written in invisible ink, and smuggled out by arrangement between friends outside and, perhaps, hirelings within.

* "Charles Stewart Parnell. His Love Story and Political Life," by Katherine O'Shea. (Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell). 2 vols. (Cassell). 21s. net.

They were also addressed in a variety of names, and to different places. Some of them were bogus compositions meant to lull suspicion if they fell into the wrong hands. This is just the sort of thing we have to put up with in divorce cases, but usually it is left to the detectives and the chambermaids, while the principals consider it no part of their duty to peach on themselves. No wonder one of the most enterprising of the "ha'penny illustrateds" has acquired the full serial rights, in the present publication, and warns off poachers alike in Great Britain and the United States. In the latter country we believe, a "scoop" is the classic word for the feat. The rights extend to a free use of the numerous illustrations, not even with the exception of facsimiles of handwriting: a thing, one might fancy, enough to make Parnell turn in his grave. The husband figures as prominently as the lover in this extraordinary narrative. We hear how he was well-nigh broken by the expenses of the election in Clare. His chief rather ungratefully characterised him as "just the man we did not want in the party," and sneered at him for mounting the hustings "dressed to kill." At the wife's instance, however, he promised "to do his best to keep Willie in Parliament, and to secure County Clare for him should the occasion arise"—a promise "both Willie and I were very anxious to secure." Some years after, in 1886, but still well before the divorce in 1890, Parnell went to Galway, as his opponents declared to force Captain O'Shea on the electors, and with success. The candidate, however, denied that he owed anything to the intervention. The occasion was memorable for Biggar's open and public denunciation of the dictator's intrigue with Mrs. O'Shea. This at any rate must have opened the husband's eyes, for shortly after, as the wife now assures us, their relations became "strained." The vindication would have been more conclusive if fuller reference had been made to this point. It is hateful, however, to gainsay Mrs. O'Shea's repeated assurances that Captain O'Shea was no partner in his own dishonour. He went through the usual torments of a person on the rack of a situation of this kind. He had his suspicions, apparently as far back as the beginning of 1881 when he talked of challenging Parnell to a duel, he quieted them down, he forbade the house to his tormentor, he brought him back to it on a misgiving that he had done him wrong, and, though nothing came of it, he wrote the challenge in due form. In 1890 only did he seek his remedy in divorce. As a Catholic, probably, he must have shrunk from such a proceeding until the craving for release became imperative. In fact he did seek another way by laying the case before Cardinal Manning and other Roman ecclesiastics. But they soon were at cross purposes about it, and it fell through.

The real interest of the work lies in its second volume, on the negotiation of the Kilmainham "Treaty." Treaty it was; that is abundantly clear. And why not? What's in a name? It seems incredible that the battle royal in Parliament and in the Press should have turned less on the negotiation itself than on the paltry side issue of its nickname—such is the terror in politics of calling a spade a spade. The Government turned eyes of injured innocence to the sky, and declared that such a thing had never entered their minds. Yet all the while, with the aid of Mrs. O'Shea, and, indeed, mainly of the deluded Captain himself as intermediaries, they were haggling over every detail of the terms of peace with their prisoner. The *pourparlers* went through all the solemnities of protocol and second draft, none the less though they affected the form of a mere private conversation on public affairs. Mrs. O'Shea never once muzzes the matter; with her it is treaty throughout. And few treaties surpass it in the gravity of the matter in hand. The Government badly wanted a gaol delivery to save their faces, and, moreover, they were deeply concerned in the success of their Land Acts and other economic measures that were in a manner independent of Home Rule. They knew what they were about. Those measures have gradually transformed Ireland, and given her the exemplary patience with which she now awaits the issue of the constitutional question. The root of the matter was the question of the conditions under which Mr. Parnell would consent to give the economic remedy its chance. Had he refused all co-operation, Ireland would have been once more in the throes of revolution; if he had given it too readily, he might have lost his right to hold a watching brief for the cause as a whole.

The point of compromise was found at last, and he regained his freedom with every promise of the happiest results. But the fanatics on the one side threw all into confusion again with the atrocity of the Phoenix Park, and those on the other with the wholesale lying of their "Parnellism and Crime." Once more the prospect brightened with the exposure and suicide of their wretched tool, and then again came the storm-cloud of the divorce suit. The whole country was shocked and disgusted, and it lost all chance of righting itself when Mr. Parnell refused the concession of temporary retirement. Mr. Gladstone, infinitely his superior in statesmanship, had urged no more than the withdrawal "at the present moment" from the leadership, but the spirit that had always found it hard to bend had now to break. The crisis discovered the weakness of his nature in the arrogance which superficial observers had so long mistaken for the source of his strength. Other times other manners; that quality is a poor equipment for leadership in our day. The majority wanted him back; they meant to have him back; but they would not relieve him of his penance of exile. It was their way of righting themselves with themselves, and he would have shown more respect for it if he had been blessed with more knowledge of men. It was at least a rudimentary conscience in public affairs. The canting hypocrites who tried to make it a stigma for Nonconformity were the loudest in the demand for his utter ruin as the price of his fault.

The work is indexed, and it has illustrations which, while they are fairly sufficient in quantity, in quality leave much to be desired. They suggest much rummaging in photograph albums that have felt the hand of time. One published elsewhere shows the writer as an invalid. It is a pathetic figure, and it would have been more so if she had shown a nicer choice in her salvage from the waters of oblivion. There is much in the work that is out of keeping with the evening of life, and with the cast of retrospection generally associated with the occupancy of a Bath chair.

RICHARD WHITEING.

DEAR MATT PRIOR.*

In the prim and very proper mid-Victorian days one would naturally not expect to find much attention paid

* "The Life of Matthew Prior." By Francis Bickley. 7s 6d. net. (Pitman's.)

to the Muse of Matthew Prior in the anthologies of that time. It does, however, find a place in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," published in 1861, but is represented by only one specimen, a similar honour to that accorded to Pope's. The poem chosen by the editor was the ode beginning: "The Merchant to secure his Treasure." Although, undoubtedly, a charming piece, a more extended search might have revealed one of more exquisite quality, such as that addressed "To a Child of Quality"—a poem which was eulogised by Swinburne as "the most adorable of nursery idylls that ever was or will be in our language." Prior's verses were during his lifetime extremely popular, but their attractiveness dwindled considerably not very long after his death. We find Charles Lamb, some hundred and odd years subsequent to the poet's death, lamenting that "dear Matt Prior" was "nowadays too much neglected" and affirming that "in his own way he was unrivalled." And in these times we doubt whether he is appreciated as he should be, but if he is, this happy result may be placed to the credit of Mr. A. R. Waller, the very able editor of "The Writings of Matthew Prior," published in two volumes in 1905 and 1907 respectively by the Press of "that sacred nursery of blooming Youth" which ministered to the poet's wants, viz., Cambridge.

Mr. Waller, by having free access to the Longleat MSS. in the possession of the Marquis of Bath, was enabled to print many poems and much prose never before published. Among the former the most treasurable was the delightful character-sketch, "Jimmy the Just." Even if no others had been added that poem would in itself have been almost sufficient to justify the publication of the new edition of Prior's writings, but when it is remembered that it contained the "Dialogues of the Dead" in prose, enough will have been instanced to show how important were the additions to Prior's works made by Mr. Waller. And if during the past few years there has been any increase in the number of Matt's admirers, suitable acknowledgment is due to his enthusiastic and painstaking editor. But should such a consummation not have been attained, his labour of love will have been duly and gratefully appreciated by those who know how to appraise a task well and skillfully accomplished.

In furthering Mr. Waller's endeavour to extend a knowledge of Prior's genius, Mr. Bickley's "Life" of the poet is of noteworthy assistance. It is a capital piece of work, and holds firmly the attention of the reader from start to finish, one, moreover, which, when the last page has been read, leaves us with a regret that the end has been reached, and with a feeling of gratitude to the author and affection for the subject whose life-story has been unfolded. There is much in Prior's life that one may regret; much, too, in his writings that one cannot away with, but when all is said the final feeling is one of affection for a lovable man and a very delightful writer. Why he is not better known is not very understandable. One of his lines—"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less," frequently, if not almost, invariably misquoted—is used by many unacquainted as to its source.

Not only was Prior a poet—a verseman he calls himself—and a delightfully witty and whimsical letter-writer, but he was also a diplomatist, who at various times did the State some service, and whose actions once led to his impeachment for treason, although he never appears to have undergone any real trial for that supposed offence. He was, nevertheless, kept in detention for over a year. He always seemed to have a good opinion of himself, and was ever mindful of his own interests. This latter particularity does not always make for scrupulousness in conduct. One of his most delightful "Dialogues of the Dead," that between the Vicar of Bray and Sir Thomas More, must have been written with a peculiar fellow feeling for the astute cleric.

Of humble origin—his father was a joiner—he was born in 1664 at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, and on his father's removal to London he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained but a short time, as on the death of his



Matthew Prior.

From "Life of Matthew Prior," by Francis Buckley (Pitman).

father, his mother, whose means were scanty, was unable to provide the money for his continuance at that institution. He then was employed by his uncle, Samuel Prior, a vintner, and the proprietor of the Rhenish Wine House in Channel (now Cannon) Row, Westminster. Here he attracted the notice of the Earl of Dorset, and was by that nobleman again sent to the school he had so lately left. Thence, in time, he proceeded to Cambridge, where his friend, Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, then was, and in due time graduated B.A., and ultimately became a Fellow of his college, St. John's. After a time as tutor to the son of the Earl of Exeter, he was appointed, through Lord Dorset, secretary to Lord Dursley, ambassador at the Hague, and occasionally during the absence of the latter took charge of the embassy. Subsequently, both here and elsewhere, he performed diplomatic duties under and as deputy for other chiefs—Lords Portland, Jersey and Manchester. In London he held office as Under-Secretary of State in one or two departments. For his participation in the secret negotiations preparatory to the Treaty of Utrecht, he was, as before mentioned, imprisoned for over a year. The Government pension which he had been awarded was taken from him, but he was befriended by the family of the Earl of Oxford, and was given a property, Down Hall, in Essex, in which he was as greatly interested as his favourite author, Horace, was in his Sabine farm. The account of his journey to take over this property is immortalised in his ballad of "Down Hall," one of his most boisterously happy productions.

Mr. Buckley's delightful book is principally devoted to Prior's intensely interesting and useful career, but enough space is devoted to his literary work to whet the appetite of those to whom Prior's writings are unknown. Much of his poetical work is negligible, but there will remain, one would judge, for all time, many of his less pretentious pieces which will be valued for their abounding humour and perfection of craftsmanship. Of his prose works the before-mentioned "Dialogues of the Dead" are of excellent quality, and these were only printed, after remaining so long in manuscript, in 1907. Our only regret is that in the

space at our disposal no specimens, either in verse or prose, can be quoted.

A few misprints are noticeable: "Paris" for "Prior" (p. 174), "Merie" for "Merit" (p. 258), and "Dining-room" for "Dancing Room" (p. 267). On page 273 an intrusive "and" in the line in which it occurs lessens the incomparableness of the "incomparable letter in verse" to "My noble, lovely, little Peggy" and destroys the scansion. These are minor matters; still, it would be better if they were rectified in another edition of a work over which many happy hours have been spent in the reading. It is a book to be strongly recommended.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE NEW HUMORIST.*

On the stage, Mr. Abraham Potash and Mr. Maurice Perlmutter are the most amusing pair of low comedians that have been seen in London for some years. But it is better to study them in their original form, for the stories of Mr. Montague Glass, "Potash and Perlmutter," and "Abe and Mawruss," are more closely moulded on life and more richly packed with entertainment and interest than is the play that has been built out of just a small part of the material they contain. Mr. Glass is an admirable humorist. He has perhaps learnt something from Mr. Zangwill, and something from Mr. G. H. Limer, but he has also the unpurchasable gift of originality; and in the curious little world of the New York costume-makers, which the migrants from the Russian ghettos occupy, he has discovered a fine field for the exercise of his remarkable powers. There are many shrewd, incisive touches of realism in his most farcical sketches, and, amid all his play of humour and sentiment, he depicts the actual life of the crowd of Russian Jews who are vehemently working their way into the web of American life. We see them using the Freemason lodges for business purposes, and cheating relatives and friends with an astonishing lack of conscience. Not a man among them appears to trust another; they are all avid of wealth, and trampling one over the other to grasp it.

But, as Mr. Glass goes on to show, the Russian American Jew is still a fine fellow in his way. He has a hard mind and a soft heart, and by giving Abe Potash the mental qualities and Mawruss Perlmutter the generous impulses of the race, and then setting them in continual debate over every detail of the business they conduct in partnership, the author provides us with a wildly funny and yet enlightening study of his fellow-believers. Of the two books, the sequel, "Abe and Mawruss," strikes us as the richer in humour. The dialogue is an incessant joy—the dry, fierce wit of the East Side of New York, larded with the jivier rhetoric of the Oriental imagination. Not since Mr. Dooley and Hennessy were at the height of their powers have we read conversations so amusing as those of the calculating Potash and the impulsive Perlmutter.

MR. WELLS LET LOOSE.†

Free from what? That is one's first question, and it is never very satisfactorily answered. War has gone, and national jealousy, and individual appetite and greed—and they all vanish in the next eighty years, at the first explosion of the new continuous bombs. The old bomb exploded and killed—and then left a desolate peace; the new bomb pours out destruction, radium-born, for years and years. Terrified by its potency, the rulers and the thinkers of the world, huddled together by one little French diplomatist, Leblanc, meet among the Italian

* "Potash and Perlmutter." By Montague Glass. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"Abe and Mawruss." By Montague Glass. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "The World Set Free." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)

hills and ordain a new beginning for the world. And the world responds. Mr. Wells is at his best in these generous, rather cloudily generalisations. It is true that this new world is much like other anticipations of his. The people of the world shed their animosities and live keen, clear-eyed lives; though there are still places where a man can get "real personal, passionate life, love-making, eating and drinking for the fun of the thing, jostling crowds, adventures, laughter." Selfishness slowly disappears, and anger, and place-hunting—and all at the bursting of the bomb. Mr. Wells' fancy ranges widely, now revelling in grim little descriptions of battle and death, now in ironic comment on the kings and rulers of the world, now in awed admiration of science and laughing contempt of law and politics, now in exultant challenges to the sun, at last snared by man. He gives us this vision of the future through the lips of different personalities—Frederic Barnet, an autobiographical novelist, "short, sturdy, inclined to be plump, with a 'rather blobby' face, and full, rather projecting blue eyes"; this Barnet was in the Last War, and gives us his account of it. Then we learn of the Council in Italy mainly through King Egbert, "the young king of the most venerable kingdom in Europe"—a patriotic claim which we trust the successor of the Roman Emperors will forgive. And the spokesman of the new order is Marcus Karenin, the dominant member of the Educational Committee of the World Set Free.

Freed by what? That question Mr. Wells answers plumply. By science, and by science he means, as do so many, invention. It is an odd and pathetic illusion. For years man has gone on inventing—and no inventions have touched more than the surface of his nature, affected more than an alteration in habit. But there are always a few people who believe that all this invention must make a difference. Years ago, Mr. Wells lost his heart to the ingenuity of things. What religion and philosophy, and the slow tradition of sense, are accomplishing by degrees, he believes may be done in a flash by "science." Surely, surely, he exclaims, men cannot go on being so stupid, so blind to the splendid opportunities of life. Well, if they can, they must be shocked out of their stuffy, animal callousness. So Mr. Wells summons a comet, or the Martians, or a new bomb—and, struggling through the blood-stained sheath of old prejudices and desires, comes the New Man, free and fearless and defiant. This new man in his new world is vaguely religious, vaguely idealistic, quite practically devoted to the guild and garden-suburb ideal, quite frankly contemptuous of "the narrow scandals and petty spites and persecutions of the small village, that hoarding, half inanimate existence away from books, thought, or social participation, and in constant contact with cattle, pigs, poultry, and their excrement," quite anxious that sleep should become a thing of the past, and that every one should be highly excited all the time.

It is a confined, urban little ideal, this of Mr. Wells. He would set the world free from dogmatic religion, and law, and anger, and race—and he contentedly, nay, rapturously leaves it enslaved to that most tiresome of things, modern civilisation. Marcus Karenin hails science as "something greater than our little individual selves. It is the awakening mind of the race"; and then he goes on to rejoice that the world no longer takes pills, but pulps its clothes every week. It may seem a small point, but it is typical of Mr. Wells' mind that he should think a man whose clothes are compulsorily pulped, more free than a man who is, at any rate, not bound to consume pills.

"The World Set Free" shows again that Mr. Wells, with all his skill as an observer, with his real ingenuity of thought, and his sincere passion for progress, has but little knowledge of the heart of man. He knows well enough that others do not feel the muddle of things, the dirt, the discomfort, the desperate unhandiness of modern nations, as he does; but he forgets that in not feeling these things, people really escape a vast deal of the distress occasioned to him. And most of us have something which Mr. Wells has not. We refuse to admit this dominance

of material things. The pigs and poultry not only do not disgust, they even please quite a large number of human beings. Most of us still enjoy sleeping, and have no desire "to take a tabloid or lie in some field of force that will enable us to do with an hour or so of slumber." Unashamedly we are beginning to think the inventions of science rather a nuisance. We know how the crafts and commerce all over the world have been ruined by them; and we think it is time they were stopped before they ruined more of the beauty of life. The effortless, over-easy, arranged existence of Mr. Wells' Utopias has its temptations; but it has huge moral dangers of which he seems quite unaware. And if those dangers are implicit in the inventions of scientific men—well, those inventions must be smashed. After all, in spite of Karenin, science is still man's servant, until and unless he chooses to make it his master.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR'S STORIES.*

The problem of the short story perennially recurs. By what standards are you to judge it? What is necessary for its success? When does it cease to be a "short story" and take on the commercial habiliments of a novel? This question of length is possibly the most difficult of all to answer. In an Introduction to Miss May Sinclair's new volume of stories, there are tales of "inhuman cuts" and "ghastly mutilations" which must surely rouse every writer's sympathy. But editors are often obliged to be ruthless, particularly if the advertisement manager has been more than usually successful. If you choose to submit stories to the magazines, you must be prepared for anything.

It is, however, a little curious to read that certain critics have approached this question of length in regard to Miss Sinclair's work. You would have thought that a writer of her eminence would have been immune. In point of fact, the first of these eight stories "The Judgment of Eve," which runs to something like sixteen thousand words, has been accused of being a novel "boiled down," though, as Miss Sinclair points out, for all the "story" it contains, it could very well have been written in five lines. On the other hand the last of her stories, "The Wrackham Memoirs," which is not much shorter than "The Judgment of Eve," has "incurred the opposite reproach," even with the ghastly mutilations of an American editor. And this is the odder inasmuch as "The Wrackham Memoirs" is a masterpiece, a work of the most delicate wit, painted on a canvas which, you imagine, nine readers out of ten will judge to be too small. It may be perfectly true, as Miss Sinclair tells us, that Wrackham himself, who is a "best-seller" of the usual kind, deserves not a sentence more than he gets; but the story does not deal only with Wrackham. Yet on this question of length it is surely the author who must be the final judge, and had it not been for her Introduction, the question would not have been raised in this review.

Looking into these eight stories, it is easy to say that they are of unequal merit. Most collections are. It will be fairer to say that they hold very various appeals. "The Judgment of Eve" itself is the tragedy of a woman who dies of excessive child-bearing. It is beautifully told, but gloomy and harassing. In places it stings. The impression which Miss Sinclair intended to produce must assuredly be produced, but you are glad that it was written as a short story and not as the novel, the non-existence of which some of her critics are apparently regretting. "The Return of the Prodigal" is the poorest tale in the book. It approaches the ordinary level of the magazines, and "The Gift," which concerns the literary output of a young lady, may be more to the liking of Miss Sinclair's fellow-writers than to that of the ordinary reader. She herself professes to like it best of all, but gives as her

* "The Judgment of Eve." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

reason the fact that "it betrays its (naïvely obvious) inspiration." And that is explanation enough.

It is when we come to "The Fault" that we meet with a story such as few authors could write. It is not the plot which particularly attracts—there have been stories of this kind before—but the subtle delicacy of the workmanship. Miss Sinclair has been compared to Henry James amongst others, but for what precise reason it would not be so easy to say. Perhaps there are similarities—the use of the oblique narration and so forth—but here in "The Fault" as in "The Wrackham Memoirs," to be described in a moment, Miss Sinclair is unmistakably herself, working in her own particular way, satisfying every literary instinct there may be. "Wilkinson's Wife" is hardly less subtle. "Miss Tarrant's Temperament" has an old-fashioned touch about it—perhaps it is an earlier essay—and "Appearances" has just that quality of "unexpectedness" which some think so necessary to the short story.

And then comes the gem of the collection. Not for a long time has such a story as "The Wrackham Memoirs" appeared. It is rare comedy, with laughter hovering about every one of its sentences. A great man of letters dies, and his quiet funeral is attended by Charles Wrackham in the black cloak which, of course, has been photographed for the public Press as often as its vain-glorious owner. Wrackham sells in his millions, and so he can properly go to this funeral and mourn the loss of a rival. It is magnificent. And then when he himself dies, the materials for his Memoirs are given to the very man who has been chosen to edit the life of the great man of letters. This poor wretch is in love with Wrackham's daughter, and a choice has to be made. Not even in this peculiar country is it possible for the same man to write the lives of Ford Lankester and Charles Wrackham. There are possibilities here of which Miss Sinclair certainly makes the most. It is the most joyous story of the year, alone sufficient to make of this volume a prize.

It is curious to note how admirably adapted to all these eight tales is the title of the first of them. This does not often happen.

RALPH STRAUS.

PARSIFAL.*

There is naturally a boom in "Parsifal" just now. To use the language of the cinema, it is the very latest of "releases," and all concerned want to make the most of it. They will have to hurry up; for its days are numbered. "Parsifal" has always been magnified because it has been remote; it has now come to our own doors, and it will be found out. It has had an unnatural and exotic past; it will have no future, and when the interest of curiosity is satisfied, it will lapse into the populous limbo of famous operas that are never performed.

It is all rather stale. There is scarcely a person or situation that is not drawn from the earlier works. Let us see. When the curtain rises we are introduced to Gurnemanz, a knightly and lengthy moralist, who immediately recalls the Landgrave, Henry the Fowler, King Mark, and other Wagnerian specialists in leisurely bass narrative. Familiar "Lufttross" music is heard, and in rushes Kundry straight out of Waltraute's scene in "Götterdämmerung." She throws herself down (like Siegfried in the sulks), and then a knightly train appears bringing in the wounded Amfortas very carefully from the third act of "Tristan." There is a little pretence at conversation, but, generally, Gurnemanz goes on for ever. He refers to the mysterious Kundry in phrases borrowed from the Ortrud music in "Lohengrin," and narrates the adventures of the Holy Spear as Sieglinde narrates the adventures of the Magic Sword. His lengthy oration is punctuated by a sudden commotion, and there

enters from Act I. of "Siegfried" a young boorish cub, ignorant of his parentage, and rejoicing in his rude health and brute force, in demonstration of which he has just shot an arrow into the first act of "Lohengrin" and killed a swan. Gurnemanz reproves him to the strain of the bird allusions in "Siegfried," and Parsifal then breaks his bow as Siegfried breaks Mime's swords. The dead swan is solemnly carried out on a litter—just like the dead Siegfried. Kundry, who hints that she knows as much of Parsifal's parentage as Mime did of Siegfried's, then expresses a desire for sleep in phrases that recall the sinular wish of Fafner the Worm. The scenery begins to change as it does in the "Rheingold," and Gurnemanz and Parsifal walk towards the Castle of the Grail described by Lohengrin and inhabited by knights from "Tannhäuser." Here the wounded Amfortas has hysterical outbursts recalling those of the wounded Tristan and the reckless Tannhäuser (the persistent "Dresden Amen" emphasising the latter resemblance), after which we observe that the first act of "Parsifal," like the first act of "Tristan," culminates in the production of a cup. The knights sing a short selection from "The Lovefeast of the Apostles," and the act closes.

Act II. begins with the gloomy, sonorous music of "Siegfried," Act III. The curtain goes up and shows us the figure of Klingsor who, although he is compounded of Alberich and Hagen, assumes the role of Wotan and summons a crepuscular lady from the depths of the earth. It is not Erda, as you had at first supposed, but Kundry, though the sleep music justifies your first guess. Then occur mutual recriminations like those of Telramund and Ortrud in Act II. of "Lohengrin"; after which a sudden change of scene brings us to Act III. of "Götterdämmerung." Here Parsifal has humorous and amorous adventures like those of Siegfried with the Rhinemaidens and Tannhäuser with the Sirens; but the proceedings are interrupted by the sudden appearance of Kundry in gorgeous garments and voluptuous attitudes borrowed from Venus in Act I. of "Tannhäuser." Kundry having informed Parsifal that he has, like Tristan, a reversible name, quiets his agitation with one of Brangäne's soothing songs, tells him about his mother (as Mime tells Siegfried) and then tries to awaken his love by returning him the lengthy kiss that Siegfried gave Brünnhilde. Parsifal here changes from the healthy Siegfried to the priggish Lohengrin, and Kundry borrows something from Isolde's great narration to relate how she saw the Saviour, and laughed, and how his look smote her to the heart. Then the Venus strain is resumed until Klingsor appears with Wotan's spear which he hurls at Parsifal. That adventurer seizes the weapon as it flies, and at a sign from it the castle and garden crash to ruin like the hall of Gunther in "Die Gotterdämmerung."

In the third act (several years having elapsed) Parsifal, like Siegfried, appears with his costume changed from the rough scanty garb of a savage boy to the elaborate equipment of a man-at-arms. He has Telramund's coat of mail, Brünnhilde's shield, Wotan's spear, and Siegfried's sword. Moreover, his face is covered with the Tarnhelm. When his garb of war is removed you find that he is made up to resemble the traditional pictures of the Saviour. Gurnemanz tells him of all the ill that has befallen the inhabitants of the Grail Castle, just as Waltraute tells Brünnhilde of the waning of the gods in Walhall. Echoes of the spring music in "Die Walküre" indicate that Good Friday's blessed season is reflected in the dawning beauty of the valley, and Gurnemanz and Parsifal pace on to the hall by means of the "Rheingold" moving scenery. Sonorous funeral music greets us as we discern a train of knights carrying Titirel's body on a bier—just as we meet the funeral train of Elizabeth at the end of "Tannhäuser." The incidents of the sacramental scene are repeated, and Parsifal stands among the adoring knights with Lohengrin's dove suspended over his head.

I have been trying very hard to avoid the least hint of parody, knowing quite well that burlesque is not necessarily criticism. My aim has merely been to show that "Parsifal" is not a new creation, but an anthology. It repeats the situations and characters of the earlier works, and repeats

* "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal." By Alice Leighton Cleather and Basil Crump. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)
"Le Wagner de 'Parsifal.'" Par Gabriel Bernard. 5 francs. (Paris Albert Méricant.)

them, of course, without the freshness of the original inspiration. All our old friends are there, except Mime and Beckmesser; and, having regard to the frequent *longueurs*, we think of these absent ones with some regret. I should repel very vigorously any suggestion that I am guilty of irreverence in referring so lightly to the sacred Cup and Spear,—the Spear that wounded the Saviour and the Cup that received His blood. The irreverence is not mine. It is with those who bring such tremendous and hallowed associations among the cheap and tawdry properties of the stage. When I see the point of the Spear made to glow crimson in the limelight, or see the Cup lit up from within by red electric bulb lamps, my only emotion is a thrill of indignant shame at such a blatant exploitation of our religious instincts. I am moved, deeply moved, by the spectacle of worship and devotion, even though I may not hold the faith that prompts such ecstasies; what I cannot tolerate is the exploited imitation of those ecstasies. In the one case you have reality; in the other a sham, and the worst of shams, namely, a holy sham. The Passion Play may be offered me as one excuse and defence of "Parsifal"; but there is no analogy. The Passion Play is (or was) a visible expression of the piety of unsophisticated villagers. Will it be urged that "Parsifal" is the expression of the piety of Covent Garden singers and managers?

The offence of "Parsifal" can be summed up in the word I used above. From end to end it has the note of exploitation. Its story and situations are on the plane of "The Sign of the Cross." It owes its effect, not to any fervour of inherent faith, but to limelight and stage trappings. Parsifal at the end is made to resemble the figure of Jesus, and the resemblance is exploited to the last degree. When Kundry anoints his feet and wipes them with her hair, I shudder, partly because I know how painfully near the ridiculous such sublimities may be on the stage, but chiefly because I hate to see the associations of such a scene so exploited. Whether the life of Jesus should ever be represented on the stage is a question I shall not touch; but surely there can be only one opinion about the gross affront of using the incidents of sacred story to give fictitious glamour to the situations in an opera. I do not need to be told that Wagner wrote a drama on the subject of Jesus and incorporated some of it into "Parsifal." The whole point of the offence is that this is *not* the story of Jesus.

It is an anti-climax to descend to a consideration of "Parsifal" merely as an opera. Very little need be said. The work does not justify itself even by its own interest. Much of it is dull, and it exhibits throughout some of Wagner's worst faults—the curious literalness and materialism that some people, oddly enough, consider an excellence, and the appalling prolixity that betrayed him so often, even in such a piece of occasion as the "Siegfried Idyl," which is twice as long as it should be. The use of the motives is much less happy than in the "Ring." One gets heartily sick of the "love feast" theme, the "faith" theme, and the "Dresden Amen" long before the first act is over, and the sickly, canting phrase that accompanies the promise of the "Pure Fool" is dragged in so often that I cannot hear it without irritation. The beauty of "Parsifal" is the beauty of moments; and those moments can be enjoyed without the tedium and offence of a stage performance. The Grail Scene of the first act is a fine and legitimate concert piece—the entry of the alto and tenor choir at "Den sündigen Welten" being a specially beautiful moment that, for an instant, recalls Palestrina. The agonised speeches of Amfortas come near the height of Wagner's finest passages of tragic music; parts of the long scene between Parsifal and Kundry are excellent; but lovelier than all is the exquisite idyl familiar to everybody as the "Good Friday" music. The best of "Parsifal" can be heard in the concert-room, and to that it will inevitably come. The Wagner who will endure on the stage is the Wagner who wrote "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger."

The two books that have prompted these remarks are characteristic of their time and place. The excellent little English handbook is the enlarged re-issue of a work published ten years ago. It is duly ecstatic and reverential,

with occasional excursions into mystical philosophy. The French book is a product of the recent performances in Paris. It is full of bright, Gallic criticism, and, with its admirable summary of past history and its elaborately illustrated story of the recent production, it is a book to be read with pleasure and put away for further reference. As for me, I have had enough of "Parsifal" and I want something fresh, healthy and sincere. I will turn to the "Matthew Passion" of John Sebastian Bach.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.*

A survey of the chief penal systems of the world would bring home to us the fact that imprisonment is not a profitable form of punishment. The wider the survey, the more surely would this fact be impressed on the mind of an instructed, intelligent, and unprejudiced inquirer. He might start his quest among the prisons of our own country. From here he might cross the Channel; and, the needful permits granted him, follow up his errand from Russia to Italy. He might go thence on pilgrimage through all the borders of the East. This wide adventure ended, he would do well to travel from end to end of America. In all these regions he would learn that common, conventional imprisonment as a penalty for no matter what offence—has proved itself a dire and humiliating failure of a very costly sort. Some certain few exceptions, of course, there would be, but these the traveller would encounter only where conventionalism had sought escape in tentative rationalistic experiment.

If, next, his tour of prisondom completed, the student turned to print, all the more important essays in criminology (and new and barely shaped as this science is, it takes us back over a space of about forty years) would strengthen him in his position. There is point upon point on which criminologists are quite at variance; but in the main they are agreed as to this, that prisons are noxious places, injuring all prisoners, helping none of them, and involving the communities responsible for their upkeep in expenses represented by an annual bad debt of many hundreds of thousands of pounds. It is a bad debt in the main for all countries, since prison is no true cure for criminality, and the prejudice it creates in the general mind against the ex-prisoner tends to make it impossible for him to do anything but return there. The whole system is a most vicious circle.

Mr. Ives says, with very little exaggeration:

"In fact, we have found by figures, and by the evidence of years, that probabilities work out against those who have been convicted of dishonesty; that far from being sent away for cure—although it were through long and painful processes—the greater number of the more serious cases will certainly be dragged down utterly. In practice, we pass upon those who have been condemned, the doom conceived for the ideal hell, of suffering without hope; for those in the prison van are mostly being driven to absolute destruction. No wonder, then, that 'all communities and states are in reality ashamed of jails and penal institutions.' No wonder that even those who have worked the punitive machine officially for years should perceive no prospect of any real and ultimate regeneration of society by its use. No wonder that every year innumerable cases are never brought to 'justice' at all, because more and more thoughtful people are feeling that harm rather than good will probably be done—that the person convicted will be irretrievably ruined, and will never get right again.

"Why should he? What have we done to help, what have we done to counteract his defects, to appeal to his better side, to give him a helping hand at the place where he slipped and fell?

"Nothing at all for good in any way; indeed, it is not too much to say that we have done our worst to demoralise him, to turn him either into a desperado at bay or an abject automaton. And the Community incurs the man it made.

"How should he? Is it likely that a man or woman who went crookedly on the highway of life will be able to keep straight after being, figuratively speaking, hit over the head with the legal truncheon? Is it likely that a man (or woman), who could not get, or retain, employment under ordinary conditions, should

* "A History of Penal Methods: Criminals, Witches, Lunatics." By George Ives, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

succeed in regaining respect after having been morally tarred and feathered inside prison walls? Far from having any confidence in the reformatory results of the State's penal process, the public will on no account, if they can help it, employ a person who has ever passed its doors."

Then begins the dreadful struggle of the "not-wanted," for whom most avenues in the social world are marked, "No thoroughfare!" Yet it is admitted by prison authorities themselves that a significant proportion of these ex-prisoners are naturally unfitted to succeed in the battle of life: "of primarily defective mental capacity," says no less a person than an inspector of prisons. He adds: "This conclusion is arrived at, independently of their criminality, from positive indications of mental defect observed in their conduct, and, in some cases, from certain concomitant physical characters. This class of mental defectives includes criminals of many kinds."

There is little in the treatment of prison to qualify a man for any other mode of existence. Such is the stringency of the rules, such the character of his environment, that he lives like a creature in a cage. He is perpetually under suspicion. All his higher faculties and instincts are repressed well-nigh to the point of starvation. He can scarcely receive or scarcely extend to a fellow prisoner the least act of natural kindness. All sense of responsibility is taken from him. He is fed and sheltered and driven hither and thither like an animal. The tasks he is put to are never completely taught to him, and the prison-made craftsman is usually known as such in any other scene of employment. His whole life is pinched, barren, futile, and all but utterly unnatural.

"The treatment of the future," says Mr. Ives, "must be didactic and developmental, looking not so much on what the convict has done before, but rather to what he or she will prove to be when released. The prisoner must be trained, must be taught self-control, must be allowed, within the limits of safety, sufficient liberty to bring that into action, must have innumerable chances of making his, or her, condition rapidly worse or better according to conduct. In the complexity and struggle of life outside, the consequences of actions are mostly too remote, and even uncertain, to be well realised by thoughtless and unbalanced people; but if they be followed swiftly and certainly, as they should in prison, some useful lessons might be inculcated."

This implies individualisation of treatment; and individualisation--however difficult of adoption--is the sole wise method for the future.

Mr. Ives has produced a careful, earnest book worthy of attention.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

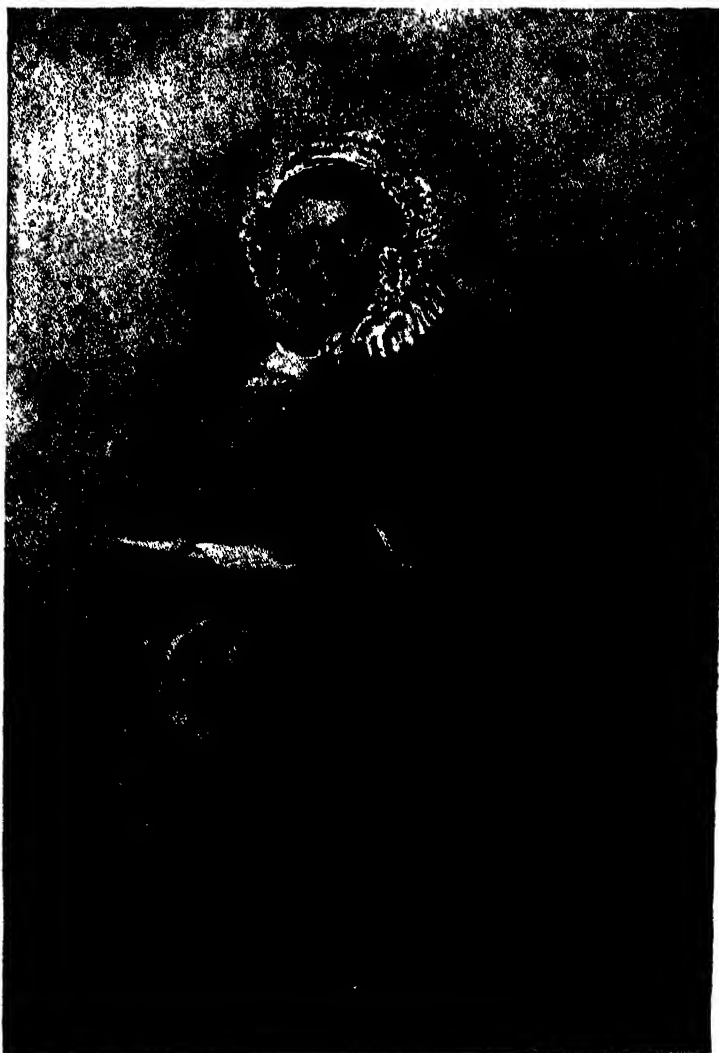
THE BERRY PAPERS.*

Every reader of Horace Walpole's letters is familiar with the names of Mary and Agnes Berry. "I have made . . ." he wrote to Lady Ossory in 1788, "the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry, whom I first saw last winter, and who accidentally took a house here with their father for this season" (Letters XIV., 87-8). The acquaintance ripened into intimacy. "I think I can secure you a house at Teddington," he wrote to Mary herself in the following year (Letters XIV., 193): the closeness of the intimacy even gave rise to newspaper comment and caused him to say, "I thought my age would allow me to have a friendship that consisted in nothing but distinguishing merit--you allow the vilest of all tribunals, the newspapers, to decide how short a way friendship may go!" (Letters XV., 93). And a tradition was handed down by Lord Lansdowne that when her scruples had been overcome and she consented to live in the neighbourhood of Strawberry Hill, Walpole wished to marry her, and in spite of the discrepancy in their ages, made a proposal to this effect.

Such a tradition is weakened by Mary's own words in a letter written in 1793. "And why should he," she asks,

"when, without the ridicule or the trouble of marriage, he enjoys almost as much of my society, and every comfort from it, that he could in the nearest connection?" The friendship, even if no love came to agitate it, was sufficient to make her sacrifice her one romance with General O'Hara rather than part from her old friend. When Walpole died, each of the sisters received £4,000 and the use of Little Strawberry Hill for their joint lives, and the task of collecting and editing his literary remains was entrusted to the loving care of Mary.

Forty-eight years after O'Hara had passed out of her life, and when Mary was an octogenarian, she broke the seal that had guarded his letters. "They belonged," she says, "to the six happiest months"--adding pathetically, "of my long and insignificant existence." Insignificant, yes; but not uninteresting. In their long lives the two sisters met almost every one worth meeting. Agnes was something of a sleeping partner, and we hear little of her independently, though she corresponded with Mary when they were apart, and, like Mary, enjoyed a brief romance that came to nothing. It is to the elder sister that most of the letters in the book are addressed: Lord Hartington starts writing to her when a boy of twelve at Harrow in 1802, her friendship with the Princess of Wales dates from 1809, Maria Edgeworth begs for an introduction in 1816, and Stratford Canning discourses of politics in 1848, the year of revolutions. Mary's indefatigable pen seems only to have lain idle when she was travelling abroad, going out in Society or presiding over her salon in North Audley Street. Her list of friends is imposing. Walpole made love to her at one end of her life, Thackeray dined with her at the other. One of her letters was interrupted by Macaulay coming to say good-bye before sailing for



Mary Berry.

* "The Berry Papers, 1763-1852." By Lewis Melville. 20s. net. (John Lane.)

From the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.
From "The Berry Papers," by Lewis Melville (John Lane).

India. Once a year Samuel Rogers—who chanced to be her twin in point of age—called, characteristically enough, to see how she was wearing. "When I heard this, I went to my looking-glass to see if it reflected such a death's-head as his," wrote Mary, who loved Rogers as little as he loved her.

Yet with all her friends and amid her wealth of correspondence, we are left with a feeling of opportunity wasted. Mary Berry never wrote for posterity; her verdicts are delivered, as it were, by chance, and though on her travels she could paint a vivid picture of Bonaparte or Talleyrand, it never occurred to her that succeeding generations would give much to learn her impressions of the men and women she was meeting daily at Little Strawberry Hill or in London. As delineator or commentator, she throws no new light on her times. Perhaps the reason is to be found in that very loveliness of nature to which her correspondents testify. She could seldom be caustic, never unkind—though her death-warrant to O'Hara's friendship shows her capable of something less than justice. A woman who is indisposed to be spiteful about her acquaintances will probably—like Mary Berry—leave them undiscussed.

Even more remarkable is her apparent indifference to politics. In the letters of a woman who reached the age of eighty-nine, moved in the highest social and political circles, travelled repeatedly, and lived through the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the Reform agitation, and the repeal of the Corn Laws, it is almost astounding to find so little reference to domestic or foreign affairs. Mary Berry was not without curiosity or activity of mind; up to the last she welcomed newcomers to North Audley Street, but the main business of her life seems to have lain in enrolling and maintaining a battalion of friends.

The interest of "The Berry Papers" is limited by this fact. Mr. Melville's selection is an indispensable addendum to the "Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence of Mary Berry," published in 1805, but the new extracts are primarily the domestic letters of a cultured and amiable woman. All lovers of Horace Walpole will seize the opportunity of closer acquaintance with one who played a large part in his later years; they must not be led by the long record of her days or the long role of her friends to expect a more general contribution to the history of the period. The Berry sisters owe such immortality as they have won to their inclusion in the vast gallery of Walpole's letters.

STEPHEN MCKENNA.

INDIA AND JAPAN.*

In the small compass of 119 pages, Mr. Nihal Singh has not only contrived to give us a comprehensive survey of India, as it now is—Modern India—and furnished an array of most significant figures, most pregnant statements of facts, but also written a volume of such enthralling interest it is almost impossible to lay it down. It is for this reason this little book may be pronounced a masterpiece among manuals. To write a volume of five hundred pages upon India and make it interesting might not be difficult; but how many writers could depict the present state of any country so concisely, and, without apparently leaving out any matter on which one could be expected to wish for information, could yet have made his pages thoroughly readable?

No one who wishes to speak or write upon India, or even to think seriously upon it, will be able to dispense now with "Progressive British India"; all the facts and figures have been so thoroughly digested before any attempt at communicating them. They are treated under four headings: Intellectual Advancement, Economic Progress, Religio-social Development, Political Growth. Although we cannot quite like the word Advancement, the distinction between that and Progress—Development—Growth is full of meaning.

* "Progressive British India." By Saint Nihal Singh.

"Japan's Modernization." By the same Author. 1s. net each. (Charles H. Kelly.)

The first fourteen pages are possibly the most generally interesting, the opening paragraph showing a very pretty fancy, as well as a most careful choice of words:

"When during the Middle Ages, the hand of the Occident commenced gently to shake India's sleeping form, and plead with her to awaken and cast aside the veil of exclusiveness that hid her face from the foreigner, who could have foretold that, in course of time, she would be united to Great Britain, for better, for worse, or imagine the material, intellectual, and moral changes that would result from the union?"

The next paragraph is, perhaps, even more interesting as written for English readers, by an Indian, a descendant of those Sikhs of the Punjab, who, though they "only a short time before, had suffered defeat at the hands of the British—openly and actively allied themselves with the sore-pressed foreigners" in the crisis of 1857.

Whilst questioning whether the actions of the British-Indian Administration since 1858 have been entirely in accordance with the pledges given in "the high-minded declaration" of Queen Victoria, and referred to by King Edward VII, and King George V, India's "Magna Charta" as it is called, yet Mr. Nihal Singh writes:

"As a result of this British activity, to-day peace reigns supreme over the Peninsula, and has prevailed for more than a half century."

He then proceeds to give details as to the reconstruction of India under the headings before mentioned, adding that "the people have made noteworthy progress in each of these departments of life."

Many people will turn with most interest to the chapter on religious development. In 1881 the Christian population of India numbered 1,802,634; in 1911 it had attained to 3,876,203, and strangely enough the increase was greater under Indian Princes, than in British India. However, Mr. Singh adds:

"The effect of the impact of the West on India cannot be justly measured by the number of conversions, but really should be gauged by the indirect influence which Christianity and Western thought have exerted over the people as a whole. This has been truly phenomenal."

Again and again the evils in the present condition of things in India are pointed out plainly, but almost always followed by a word of explanation, that steps are being taken to alter them, or that even what has been done already has been in advance of public opinion. Yet one feels the writer's whole heart longs for more to be done for the untouchables, as also for the protection of women and girls.

"Japan's Modernization," Mr. Nihal Singh's other volume, is packed too full of statistics for the general reader, but will, for that reason, only be the more valuable for purposes of reference. It is rather longer than the volume on India, containing 128 pages; both volumes conclude with a most useful list of books for study. The divisions this time are more numerous: "Material Progress," "Intellectual Quickening," "Reformation of Society towards Democracy," "Problems Ahead." The point of view is that of the outsider, who formulates views, rather than of the native of the country, who pleads for his fellow-countrymen, yet is sufficiently Europeanised to see also the foreigner's view of the situation. In the first paragraph he "finds it hard to realise that only six decades back Occidentals were supplicating Nippon to let them in, while the insular Orientals would have nothing to do with the 'red-bearded barbarians!'" In the last paragraph he writes:

"Each time an immigration trouble arises the stay-at-home Japanese, especially those who have friends and relatives abroad, are wrought to a high pitch of indignation, the Press and platform thunder volleys of rage, and politicians demand that the Government shall uphold the dignity of Dai Nippon at the cannon's mouth."

In 1908 we find 28,522 books being printed in Japan, and 2,524 periodicals in circulation; education was compulsory for girls as well as boys, and whilst no religious instruction was given in the public schools all children were taught

their duties in the five relationships of life; there was an Academy devoted to the higher education of women in Tokyo, and "many scholars of the Sunrise Empire thought that the foreigners (and not they) stood in need of culture." But by degrees "foreign teachers acquired freedom to instruct the Japanese in the eternal verities as interpreted by them." Yet "the Occident is responsible—for making Japan lust for colonies, for eminence in international commerce, and for military distinction." Was she happier—more innocent—before she let us in?

The type, paper and general appearance of this series are very satisfactory, and we are glad to see there is a considerable list of volumes in preparation. Is it possible that we shall soon see Present-day China unfolded to us in a hundred pages or so. That would indeed be a *tour de force*. But if India can be so handled, why not China? We notice that "Progressive British India" was announced beforehand as "England's Work for India." Would not this have been a more attractive title? It is true it would not so well describe the volume, which is rather a history of India's development from within.

ALICIA LITTLE.

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.*

There is scarcely an English county richer in poetic associations than Warwickshire, for the woods and valleys of the shire which rendered up their fragrance to fill the cells of Shakespeare's poetry are thus memorable before all others. The county which gave us our greatest poet is well included in this admirable series of Messrs. Macmillan. The "Highways and Byways" are a collection of books, half topographical, half sentimental in interest. They have something of the flavour of history about their pages, and a good deal of the precision of the guide book. They are, indeed, elaborated guide books over which the wayfarer may linger at nights when he comes to the inn of his journey's end, and savour in a distilled form the associations of the country through which he has passed. Drayton wrote of Warwickshire that it was the heart of England:

"Upon the Midlands now the industrious muse doth fall
That shire which wee the hart of England well may call."

Within its boundaries are Kenilworth, Stratford, Warwick, Coventry, Knowle, Edgehill, and Evesham, names standing for a hundred fine memories. The story of Knowle is particularly interesting. It was once the property of Eleanor of Castile, who gave it to the Abbey of Westminster. Under Elizabeth it went to the Earl of Leicester, and from him into the hands of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. Mr. Hutton packs his book with many bits of curious lore. Shakespeare was supposed to have engaged in a drinking bout at Bidford, whose fame as a town of toppers is recorded in these lines:

"Piping Pabworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, Hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggary Broom and Drunken Bidford."

Mr. New's illustrations are very pleasing; they have the grace and artistic finish we have come to expect in all his work.

POETICAL EXERCISES.

Dr. Marie C. Stopes, having the courage of her poetical convictions, has written a propagandist preface to her book of verses¹ in which she expounds her theory of the art of poetry. Though she has nothing very illuminating to tell us of the process of creation, her remarks are, at least, sufficiently suggestive to raise the whole question of inspiration and craftsmanship. I shall quote such of her pronouncements as can be detached from their context

* "Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country." By W. H. Hutton. Illustrated by E. H. New. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

¹ "Man, Other Poems and a Preface." By Marie C. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., etc. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)



Landor's Birthplace, Warwick.

From "Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country" (Macmillan)

without any undue mutilation of their significance, because they are characteristic of so much of the loose generalisations about poetry which manage to get themselves expressed nowadays.

Dr. Stopes writes:

"It is my belief that poetry ought never to be a human being's avowed occupation, because, if it is, there is a very great temptation to write it! And of a certainty poetry ought never to be written; it ought, it must, write itself."

This remark is so typical of the confusion of mind which betrays the amateur in art, that, perhaps, it is worth considering in detail. It sounds specious enough, and it is certainly neatly expressed; but, like all epigrammatic generalisations, it is no more than half true. Most of Dr. Stopes's observations about poetry are true; but the conclusions she draws from them are usually false. It is always entertaining to hear anyone telling poetry what it ought to do, or be, as though they expected poetry to pay any heed to their admonishments. Poetry ought never to be a human being's avowed occupation: and yet poetry has been the "avowed occupation" of some of the greatest among poets. As to poetry writing itself, it all depends on what Dr. Stopes means by the ambiguous phrase. We know little enough of the process of creation, but we, at least, know that the writing of poetry is both a sub-conscious and conscious business. The subconscious inspiration must be controlled by conscious art, or it will spend itself in vain. Neither the inspiration, nor the art (in the sense of craftsmanship) is of any avail without the other: and it might be estimated roughly that half of the bad books of verse in the world are by writers who do not realise that poetry is an art as well as an inspiration, and the other half by writers who do not realise that poetry is an inspiration as well as an art. Though Dr. Stopes seems sometimes to have an inkling of the truth, as for instance when she calls herself an imperfect instrument, yet she is sufficiently complaisant to describe in elaborate and picturesque detail how the inspirations of some of her poems came to her, not realising apparently that all inspirations are not airs blowing from Parnassus! It is for the psychologist to explain how it comes about that bad poems and good poems seem to be equally works of inspiration to their perpetrators.

"After speaking thus directly to the moon herself, the verses sang in my mind, and in a few moments I wrote them down as they now appear, without any verbal change."

But, when we turn to page 20, we find this derivative doggerel:

"Poets have sung thee,
Fair Queen of the Night.
Poets have loved thee,
And poets were right."

For what can compare
In the heavens with thee,
And what is so fair
As thy beams on the sea?"

Such jaded stuff as this could scarcely even move the long-suffering man in the moon (who must be the weariest of all reviewers) to more than a smile. It is, perhaps, only fair to say that the poem of which it is the first verse is probably the worst in the book. We only quote it because it is the poem which Dr. Stopes has herself singled out as a confirmation of her theory of direct (and, implicitly, divine) inspiration. Again, in speaking of her longer and more ambitious title-poem "Man," she explains to us that she has only changed half-a-dozen words since the day the inspiration took shape, as if there were some especial merit in turning out slipshod work. Dr. Stopes has not yet realised that the writing of poems is the hardest work in the world much harder, indeed, than the conducting of arduous researches in the abstruse and remote science of Palaeontology to which she has hitherto devoted her energies with such distinction. The most memorable piece in her book is "The Brother," in which she relates how, as a girl, she happened to sit next to a fugitive murderer in a Quaker meeting house. Though she has hardly managed to turn her terrible experience into poetry, these verses have more grip than the occasionally charming, but usually trite, poetical exercises which accompany them in her book.

It is no injustice to the other books of verse on my table to say that they, too, are almost entirely made up of poetical exercises. Some of the exercises are expert enough, such, for instance, as those of Mr. Shirreff in "The Tale of Florentius and Other Poems."² Mr. Shirreff is an Indian civil servant whose former volume attracted some attention. He is an adept in the writing of scholarly, light verse, sentimental or facetious, an accomplishment by no means rare in the Civil Service. In "Atil in Gortland and other Poems"³ we have some pleasant essays in the Tennysonian manner, and the same may be said of "Parsifal, and Tristan and Isolde,"⁴ in which Randle Fynes and Louis N. Parker retell in English the stories of two of the Wagner operas; while "Wheat Without Tares"⁵ by George H. Nettle is an interesting though unsuccessful exercise in the Crabbe manner.

Of the two new volumes of the Vigo Cabinet Series, "Glimmer of Dawn"⁶ by Leo C. Robertson, and "The New Circe"⁷ by F. Gerald Miller, Mr. Miller's little book contains the more promising work; and is certainly more distinguished in its achievement than any of the books I have dealt with so far. I am not rash enough, however, to prophesy about any of these authors. Great poets have often begun their careers by the production of just such dull and derivative exercises; and bad poets have often begun their careers with just such derivative exercises: that is as far as a cautious critic can commit himself.

In "Florilegio di Canti Toscani: Folksongs of the Tuscan Hills,"⁸ a sumptuous volume with coloured illustrations, we have (not always very successful) exercises in translation; but the book which Miss Warrack has compiled is by far the most interesting and important of the books I have under consideration. Miss Warrack has set herself the delightfully arduous task of collecting and translating the *rispetti* and *stornelli* of the Tuscan folk-singers. Perhaps I can best give an indication of

the nature of the work, to those unacquainted with Italian folk-poetry, by quoting a characteristic *rispetto* together with Miss Warrack's translation:

"Voi siete quel fiorin che fa sull' alpe,
Dove l'aria produce tante stelle:
Voi siete nata tra le rose bianche,
E ricamata tra l'oro e le perle.
Vo siete nata di gentil lavoro,
Fatta di perle, ricamata d'oro.
E di gentil lavoro siete nata,
Fatta di perle, d'oro ricamata."

"Thou art that little flower whose home's the height,
Where mountain air brings forth so many a star:
Thou birth hast found amid the roses white,
And o'er thee gold and pearls embroidered are.
Thou birth from gentle handicraft dost hold,
Art made of pearls, embroidered round with gold.
And thou from gentle handicraft birth hast found
Art made of pearls, with gold embroidered round."

This is a somewhat clumsy rendering, nevertheless it gives a fair idea of the peculiar form of the *rispetto*, with its slightly varied refrain. Many, indeed, most, of the songs which Miss Warrack has translated are charming, though, after reading a number of them, one after the other, I became weary of the device; and it is inevitable that the making of many songs in one pattern should soon degenerate into a trick, or become, at the best, but a pleasant game. In an interesting Appendix, Mr. Kenneth Macleod, joint collector with Mrs. Kennedy Fraser of "The Songs of the Hebrides," compares the Tuscan *Ripresa* with the Gaelic *Repeat*.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

FOSTERING OF CHILD GROWTH.*

If the mass of books which are published almost weekly about education is any true criterion of the interest taken in their upbringing and welfare, both moral and intellectual, children ought to be the most concerted creatures in the world. Hardly are they out of their swaddling clothes ere they find themselves in the grip of the educationist, and this grip holds them relentlessly until they have left the University as young men and women. Education, in fact, is becoming a more and more protracted affair, and whereas on the one hand the modern boy of well-to-do parents is still at school at an age when Addison and Milton were distinguishing themselves at the University, he is also becoming increasingly the victim of the pundits who believe that not only Scotsmen but all children should be "caught young." This doctrine, upon which the Jesuits laid so much stress, is indeed receiving the most careful attention, and the two books whose titles stand at the foot of this column illustrate, each in its own way, the truth of what I have said.

Mme Montessori's book contains little or nothing that is not familiar to those who have studied the system to which she has given her name. In this, the only authentic manual of her system, Mme Montessori sets forth a clear yet concise account of her principles, and she includes also numerous illustrations of the special apparatus by which these principles are to be carried into effect. There is one point, however, of which a special mention should perhaps be made. So much importance is attached by Mme Montessori to the freedom left to the children under her charge that it is sometimes assumed that the teacher is virtually superfluous. This mistaken notion will not be entertained by the readers of this book, which shows very clearly that the teacher has definite and important functions to perform. For the rest it may be said that the book is strictly what it professes to be, and that any parent of a young child between the ages of three and seven who follows out its precepts may rest assured that the correct Montessori method is being followed.

* "The Corner Stone of Education." By Edward Lyttelton. 5s. net. (Putnam.)

"Dr. Montessori's Own Hand-book." By Maria Montessori. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

¹ "The Tale of Florentius and Other Poems." By A. G. Shirreff. 1s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

² "Atil in Gortland and Other Poems." By Henry Ransome. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

³ "Parsifal" and "Tristan und Isolde." By Randle Fynes and Louis N. Parker. 1s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

⁴ "Wheat Without Tares." By George H. Nettle. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

⁵ "Glimmer of Dawn." By Leo C. Robertson. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Mathews.)

⁶ "The New Circe." By F. Gerald Millar. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Mathews.)

⁷ "Florilegio di Canti Toscani: Folksongs of the Tuscan Hills." By Grace Warrack. 10s. 6d. net. (Moring.)

Dr. Lyttelton's book is in several respects remarkable. It is remarkably badly constructed, as he himself virtually admits, and it is not always (cf. the sentence which begins at the bottom of page 15) strictly grammatical. But apart from these blemishes, the book is remarkable because we have here a singularly candid confession from the Headmaster of Eton as to the shortcomings of the English public school. The problem which he has set before himself is "the determining of the parents' part in forming the character of their children." This part he rates very high indeed, and he goes so far as to argue that the school cannot, as a rule, plant what the home has neglected to plant, though it can and does foster both high ideals and strength of will.

"In all normal cases," he says, "not only does the allegiance to something higher than inclination begin in early childhood, if it is to begin at all, but, conversely, if it is not begun then, the ideals of boyhood cannot be expected to rise above the teaching of public opinion, which very seldom demands anything more than a prudent and pleasing selfishness."

Holding such views, Dr. Lyttelton was bound to make his book virtually a sermon to parents and to conclude his moral with an earnest appeal to them to help the schoolmaster out of his difficulties. He has done both in unmistakable terms. He declares that:

"the most fatal temper in the parent is insincerity; then fussiness and impatience; and into this latter all those are prone to fall who, without knowing it, rate harmlessness of conduct before the fear of God."

This passage could be paralleled by many others equally outspoken, just as his appeal for the aid of parents is to be found running right through the design of the book. Dr. Lyttelton may, perhaps, press his case rather too far, but that he is right in the main there can be no reasonable doubt. Will the parents of this country respond to his call?

MANWELI H. H. MACARTNEY.

NELSON'S EMMA.*

That a country which, more than upon anything else, prides itself upon its morality should have taken Amy Lyon to its bosom, set her upon a pedestal, and bowed low before her, is one of those little ironies which fate, in humorous mood, sometimes permits itself. She had the morals of a courtesan and, according to Sir Gilbert Elliot, the easy manners of a barmaid. We may feel sorry for her, but assuredly there is no necessity for us to admire aught about her than her surpassing loveliness. It was not that she had one lover; it is that the authorities are not agreed upon any definite number. It is not that she sinned through poverty, for the sorry tale does not conclude with her marriage to Sir William Hamilton. It is not that she sinned in youth—for the liaison with Nelson did not begin until she was in her thirty-eighth or ninth year. But it was the victor of Trafalgar who was her lover, and to whom she bore a child, and for whom she deceived the man who had been foolish enough to marry her; and, because it was the victor of Trafalgar, and no other, who assisted her to deceive her husband, the great British nation, in a wild frenzy of enthusiasm, idolised Nelson's Emma. Everywhere was quoted the remark, attributed to Nelson, "If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons," which remark was, however, never made by the sailor, but was said for him after his death by his mistress. Hamilton said, "I well know the purity of Nelson's friendship for Emma and me," and when he died "the pillow was supported by his wife, and his right hand held by the seaman"—a sickening picture to conjure up, and one not made less revolting by the fact that the Admiral was sincerely attached to him, and could write to the

Duke of Clarence, "My dear friend, Sir William Hamilton, died this morning. The world never, never lost a more upright and honourable gentleman." Hamilton left Emma money, Nelson left her money, and his dying request was that further money should be bestowed upon her by the nation as a return for her services in connection with the Revolution in Naples. Ministers, however, were not impressed by the value of those services, and no public grant was made. Lady Hamilton died abroad in 1815, living with the daughter on the £200 a year settled by Nelson on that child which is now known to be his.

This book deals mainly with the Naples period of Lady Hamilton's career, but it is her life generally that is most interesting. Born in (it is supposed) 1761, of poor parents, she became at an early age a nursemaid, and then filled other humble positions. Her first recorded lover was Captain John Willett Payne, by whom she had a child; and then, in 1780, she became the mistress of Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh, of Up Park, Sussex, who presently was disgusted with her conduct and her extravagance, and dismissed her at the end of the following year. She then lived with the Hon. Charles Greville in quiet retreat at Paddington, where her lover had her taught singing and dancing. It was then that she made the acquaintance of Romney, who immortalised her in his canvases, Greville, however, was a poor man, and could not indefinitely support her. In March, 1786, he, playing a rather scurvy trick, sent her to Naples to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, whose mistress she became, and whom she married, while on a visit to London, at Marylebone Church, in May, 1791.

The authors of this book can see no good in her, but they go too far, and seem to take an active delight in attacking her on every occasion. They are so convinced of her villainess that they cannot believe she was ever sincere. When she writes to Greville after her arrival in Naples, they, to the best of their ability, explain away the pathos of her letters to him, and will not admit that they could have been dictated by love.

"My ever dearest Greville, I am now only writing, to beg of you for God's sake to send me one letter, if it is only a farewell.



Lady Hamilton.

From a portrait by Angelica Kaufmann found in the Palazzo Sessa. From *A Great Adventuress*, by Joseph Turquan and Jules D'Auriac (Herbert Jenkins.)

* "A Great Adventuress. Lady Hamilton and the Revolution in Naples (1753-1815)." By Joseph Turquan and Jules D'Auriac. With Frontispiece in photogravure and sixteen other illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Sure I have deserved this, for the sake of the love you once had for me. Think, Greville, of our former connexion, and don't despise me. I have not used you ill in any one thing. I have been from you going of six months, and you have wrote one letter to me, instead of which I have sent fourteen to you. So pray, let me beg of you, my much loved Greville, only one line from your dear, dear hands. You don't know how thankful I shall be for it. For if you knew the misery I feel, oh! your heart would not be intirely shut up against me; for I love you with the truest affection. Don't let anyone sett you against me. Some of your friends—your foes perhaps; I don't know what to stile them—have long wisht me ill. But, Greville, you never will meet with anybody that has a truer affection for you than I have, and I onely wish it was in my power to shew you what I could do for you. As soon as I know your determination, I shall take my own measures. If I don't hear from you, and that you are coming according to promise, I shall be in England at Christmas at farthest. Don't be unhappy at that. I will see you once more for the last time. I find life is unsupportable without you. Oh! my heart is entirely broke. Then, for God's sake, my ever dear Greville, do write to me some comfort. I don't know what to do. I am now in that state, I am incapable of anything. I have a language-master, a singing-master, musick, etc., but what is it for? If it was to amuse you, I should be happy—But, Greville, what will it avail me? I am poor, helpless, and forlorn."

The most that the authors can say is, "Perhaps Emma was troubled by Hamilton's attitude and the prospect it opened to her for the future, and she was weary of the eternal sunshine of Italy, and pined for London's moist and uncertain climate." But surely the sincerity of her affection for Greville is stamped on every line of her letter, and it is refreshing to find that this young woman of many lovers had a sincere and disinterested love for one of them.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

FIVE NOVELS AND A BOOK.*

The trouble with novels is that there are so many of them, and that some of them are not novels at all. At least two of those among the novels which lie on my table as I write are not, properly speaking, novels. A novel should be (in the cant phrase) a slice of life. It need have no form nor comeliness. It may be shapeless, amorphous. Perhaps the most perfect novel in the English language is "Vanity Fair"; even Thackeray's moralisings have their right place in that novel as reflecting the tone and attitude of his period. And herein lies the chief difficulty of the poor harassed reviewer: how to reconcile this welter of conflicting elements and find a common denominator to include them all. But perhaps the best way to solve the difficulty is to ignore it, just shut one's eyes and plunge one's hand into the lucky-bag and draw forth the first book the fingers touch.

Ah, "Vagabonds in Perigord": one of the novels which is not a novel, and yet none the worse—perhaps infinitely the better—for that. A book to which one can only apply the overworked epithet "charming." I have, of course, read Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" and "Inland Voyage." Yet to my mind neither of these classics is in any way the superior of this book. I say it deliberately, with a full sense of the storm of Scots' indignation which it is barely possible I may bring down on my head for my heresy. But then I am a little tired of having Stevenson's supremely delightful vagabondages held up before me as the only possible books of their kind. And a tired man is apt to be irritable. I could almost find it in my heart to say that "Vagabonds in Perigord" is better than either of those classics. What is it all about? Ah, if I could tell you, the glamour and the glory of this book would be dissipated. Its title is its best description. Just a handful of simple folk wandering about from place to place, and saying, in passing, the most quaint and

dainty things about things, such as, for instance, "Her face was as cheeky as a bedroom-jug," a simile as unexpected as (in fact) it is absolutely apposite. O, most certainly a book not to be borrowed from the library, but to buy and treasure and keep on the little shelf in the bedroom as a safeguard against the awful tedium of sleepless nights; a book that would almost reconcile one to a sleepless night!

A far cry from this book to "The Trend": essentially an up-to-date novel, and yet strangely reminiscent of the literary fashions of the 'nineties. It is almost tiresomely witty, a little precious in style and pose, very diffuse and inchoate. It suffers, as a schoolboy might say, from too much "jaw." Everybody talks at length. It is always good talk. If one has the time and the taste for this sort of thing, it is most enjoyable talk. But really there is too much of it. And there are too many interpolations of extraneous matter, such as long public lectures, Press notices, and so on. Yet this book has points of fineness. It embodies a fine central idea, the idea of the poor incapable genius taken and moulded and used to his eventual destruction. The figure of William Soulsby, a poor boy plucked from the streets to sing his swan-song to the glory of an insufferable egotist, shines as with a light not of this world. The author himself confesses that he does not pretend to understand him, so why should I?

I have said in these pages that "comparative criticism is of the nursery," but in the case of "2010" I am afraid there is no help for it. I should say that by the time the author reads these lines he will be as utterly sick of the name of Mr. H. G. Wells as Mr. Wells himself will be of receiving reviews of "2010" from his Press-cutting agency. But if an author writes in another author's vein, incidentally conceiving such monsters as dogs with the arms of apes, kangaroos with wings, and so on, ignoring "The Island of Doctor Moreau," he has only himself to blame for what happens to him in consequence. Still, it is always a pain to me not to be able to praise a book, and so I will say no more of this one.

"Second Nature" is much better; a capable, well-wrought book of considerable merit. The plot is good, if slightly improbable; the setting is always admirable, whether it be the ancient castle in England or the untrammelled, untravelled wilderness in East Africa. A young man is left £20,000 a year by his uncle, on condition that he marries within twelve months a woman who has been in prison; this, of course, out of spite. The question of a suffragette comes in, but is discarded in favour of a poor girl who has done two years hard labour for the manslaughter of a brute. And then there are developments well worked out to a tragic conclusion. I can safely recommend this book as just sufficiently out of the ruck to whet a jaded appetite without being far enough from the beaten path to shock the susceptibilities of the most delicately-minded.

"And Afterwards the Judgment" just misses being, I won't say a great book, but at any rate a considerable achievement. The theme is a little too complicated for rapid summary. It may be enough to say that it concerns the marital relations of a couple who, having been married some ten years or so without issue, long for a child. They enter into a compact whereby the woman is to be made the putative mother of another woman's child. This compact, as all such evil compacts must, proves disastrous in its results. A child is born and introduced into the home with grievous effect, not only upon husband and wife, but upon the real mother of the child, and upon two men who are in no way responsible for the catastrophe. That perhaps will be sufficient to indicate the nature of this novel. It is not a novel for the unsophisticated. But, in justice to the author, it must be said that the story is judiciously and yet firmly handled. There is no pandering to prurient tastes. There is dignity and force in this book, and infinite pathos passing words. Any adult reader seeking a new thrill, and not merely a thrill, but matter for grave reflection, should certainly make a point of reading "And Afterwards the Judgment." It is a book well above the average.

* "Vagabonds in Perigord." By H. H. Rashford. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"The Trend." By William Arkwright. 6s. (John Lane.)—"2010." By the Author of the Adventures of John Johns. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)—"Second Nature." By John Travers. 6s. (Duckworth.)—"And Afterwards the Judgment." By Richard Catt. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The House in Demetrius Road." By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Heinemann.)

And now for the best and yet at the same time the most terrible book on my list, "The House in Demetrius Road," a study of a dipsomaniac. The power of this book is extraordinary, and all the more extraordinary by reason of its restraint. Robin Greg is a literary man, a widower, whose sister-in-law keeps house for him. She has hopes of saving him, hopes that die in despair. We are shown with quiet incisiveness the slow progress of the deadly disease. We have depicted for us the atmosphere of a house haunted by this spectre of an impending doom, the squalor and degradation of which only add to its poignancy. In such a brief review as this it is impossible to give the reader any adequate conception of the effect wrought. Zola's "L'Assomoir" pales its lurid significance before the blazing horror of "The House in Demetrius Road," because Coupeau was, after all, an ignorant, coarse man, while this man, Robin Greg, is something akin to a genius. To those interested in social problems, as well as to those gifted with a true *flair* for what is really great in literature, I commend this book as a consummate work of art, worthy to rank beside the masterpieces of realistic fiction.

EDWIN PUGH

A WANDERER'S TRAIL.*

It is evident that Mr. A. Loton Ridger travelled with the direct object of gaining experience, and when this desire was appeased there came the insatiable wish to create, that the years of "wanderlust" might not be blotted out and altogether lost. Thus, we imagine, was "A Wanderer's Trail" begotten, and the book in consequence produces a very different effect from the usual traveller's tales, where the author has voyaged with the deliberate idea of gathering material from which to make a book.

All those who cannot travel the round world over for themselves should read Mr. Ridger's book, for it is an education, not in the ways of the globe-trotter, but in those of a true vagabond who sees men and countries with understanding—not with a stranger's eye. While those who, like the author, have travelled for themselves, will delight to renew old memories and impressions through his concise and very unbiassed descriptions, which leave with us the impression that this great place we call the world is very much smaller than we thought. The author takes us from Alaska to Cochin China, from California to the Kalahari Desert, quite quietly and with no commotion. He compares droschky's in Manchuria to American buggies in California, and English meadows to the banks of the Moulmein. He truthfully followed the precept, "Take no thought for the morrow," for among the various jobs to which he turned his hand were shipping cattle to Klondyke; assisting to lay a side-walk in Vancouver; teaching English in Japan; working underground in a mine, and behind the counter of a bottle-store on the Rand; recruiting natives (or failing to) in Ngamiland; and working his way on tramps in various oceans.

The amount of experience which has gone to the making of this book is colossal. Though the style is unpolished and sometimes awkward, the writing is vivid and true to life, while many of the descriptions, notably that of the White Pass which guards the Valley of the Yukon, show true poetic feeling. The impressions of a voyage across the Pacific in an old tramp of the true "Bolivar" type is excellent, while his picture of life in a bottle-store on the Rand is so vivid that the reader feels actual shame for the petty meannesses of a certain stratum of society there. It is not often that so severe a light is thrown on the "Golden City," but it was indisputably needed.

Probably most readers of this book will ask themselves when they reach the end, "Does the author honestly think his 'wanderjare' have been worth while?" And that is a question we doubt if he can answer himself. However, for the reading public these wanderings are undoubtedly worth while; and the fact that he came

* "The Wanderer's Trail." By A. Loton Ridger. 10s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

through at all, without starving or falling to the level of "The Lost Legion" says much for the grit of young Englishmen.

M. TORIN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS AND THE SIEGE.*

This is a thoroughly interesting book, and distinctly one to read, although the style is "breezy" rather than finished, and the author is too fond of interrupting his narrative to gossip about his father, a relative, or a friend. "My Days of Adventure" is an excellent title for Mr. Vizetelly's book, for there is a good deal that is truly adventurous and exciting as well as a good deal of keen observation in its pages.

By far the greatest interest attaches to those portions which relate to the siege of Paris, and the operations of the Prussian armies in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital. One gets a very good idea of the tortuous diplomacy which immediately preceded the events at Ems, and the declaration of war, and any impression that either the Empress of the French's ambition or the iron will of Bismarck were entirely to blame will be dispelled, or at all events greatly modified, by what Mr. Vizetelly has to tell us at first or good second hand.

The Franco-Prussian War of '70 and the events which led up to it are but a faint memory to most of those who were living at the time, and especially interesting and valuable is the information which Mr. Vizetelly gives of the plan of campaign and alliances which the Emperor Napoleon was engaged in drawing up, contracting, and perfecting when Bismarck compelled him to fight. In fact, I think Mr. Vizetelly has got nearer to the real facts of the case than many historians who make greater pretensions than he to write history. From his vivid pages one obtains a clear idea of the alliance of France, with Austria and Italy, which it was Napoleon's dream to bring about with the ultimate aim of crippling and overthrowing Prussia.

For this reason his pages form a really valuable contribution to unofficial, but I fancy unusually well informed, literature for students of the period. His book is a volume of reminiscences rather than a considered and co-ordinated study of the events with which Mr. Vizetelly was concerned. He has, however, that admirable gift of being illuminating and interesting; and, often one might suspect without actual intention, of seizing upon the vital episode or event. His book impresses one with the virtue of an "unedited" volume in which the author criticises and speaks as plainly of members of the French General Staff as of a brother journalist or his landlady. He is also wonderfully successful in enabling the average reader to comprehend some of the details of that Titanic struggle during which unprepared and deceived France was crushed by the machine-like efficiency and initiative of the German hosts. There are many interesting anecdotes of actual experiences of the siege, and of the shifts to which the Parisians were driven, and these convey a more vivid impression of the horrors of the time than many columns of figures of killed and wounded and of more detailed historical data.

Everyone who knows anything of the war of '70, or of the siege and fall of Paris is well aware of the hatred of the French peasant, and especially of the women, for their conquerors; and of the terrible doings of the *francs tireurs* who slew "the pigs of Prussians" when and where they could. Regarding one project, to form a corps of women, Mr. Vizetelly tells how M. Belly laid stress upon the fact that "only women of unexceptional moral character should be allowed to join the force." It being apparently felt that others might fall a prey to the blandishments of the enemy they were to extirpate, and thus defeat the object of their enrolment. M. Jules Allix had a scheme—his was one of many—for the employment of prussic acid in the killing of the hated Prussians, and this was to be applied by means

* "My Days of Adventure." By Ernest A. Vizetelly. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

of little india-rubber thimbles which the women were to wear on their fingers, each thimble having a sharp point at the tip, that would communicate the poison when the Prussians were scratched. "No matter how many of the enemy may assail her (the Parisienne), explained M. Allix, "she will simply have to prick them one by one, and we shall see her standing still pure and holy in the midst of a circle of corpses!"

This is an altogether entertaining and interesting book, and I fancy will supply a valuable amount of local colour to more "dry-as-dust" accounts of the same period.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

STURGE MOORE'S POEMS.*

"He who acts is the only splendid man,
Who works for him or holds a torch is brave:
Nay, one who merely listens at the door
But wills the deed, abashed receiveth praise."

So run the opening lines of one of Mr. Sturge Moore's new poems. It is a poem in part suggested by a passage in the "Electra" of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, but its thought is characteristic of Mr. Sturge Moore's outlook on life and his practice as a poet—this insistence on a grave and lofty level of living, alert for action; on the dignity and significance and range of human experience. There are poets who out of a few bright strands of romance, from their richer moods, and finer moments, weave a thing of beauty. The imagination is to them a haven and refuge. Their poetry is a kind of rare exotic, flourishing in spite and in defiance of the ordinary, a dream, wonderful but transitory, remembered on waking again into a world of commonplace reality. "In sleep we can believe, we, rapt and fain, Full knowledge of illusive beauty store . . ." Here we move not among dreams, but in an everyday of serene and gracious, but none the less intense, actuality.

"I would I were a god . . . to hoard . . .
All that Greece knew of beauty in her youth . . .
My life would be immured, nor e'er released
To learn how men from such fair gods rebelled. . . ."

That expresses a desire that has sprung from a past experience, as it were, of its fruition, a regret that such an experience cannot remain unbroken. Greece—its art immortalised by the centuries—is certainly far more this poet's native place than our roaring, amorphous London, congested with a life of inextricable complexities:

"Ah, nothing grieves that is itself:
Say, are these millions men
Who, boxed in slate-roofed rows, there sicken
For sea, forest or glen?"

In this poetry, the outcome of a composed, assured high attitude of mind, an unclouded clearness arches a landscape, wherein every tree, stream, bird or beast, sea-shell, flower, wave of the sea, is noble in its own kind, true to its own highest perfection of being. "Consider now the panther"—and such a beast as Adam gazed at with virgin wonder is pictured, steals out of the strange words and twisted phrases:

"Then all is glowing, like deep-treasured glee:
E'en butterflies might settle on this coat;
The shy gazelles may snuff full gingerly,—
Rich blossoms drown the odours they should note."

A kind of innocence, almost *naïveté*, of wisdom underlies the always close and intricate thought, as when Mr. Moore says of the python:

"Those cushion brows, with sullen show of thought,
Deceive the eye; so emery, cloaked in state
Of some mock scarlet berry needle-wrought,
Maketh a young child marvel at its weight."

Moreover, this Garden of Eden is no mirage. No other poet—unless Milton—gives with his words such solidity, such mass to all that they describe and create. It is as if three arts were here in practice as one, so clearly and closely colour, form and stability, and imaginative thought combine together to produce the effects of this extraordinarily original, idiosyncratic, and yet rarely extravagant

*"The Sea is Kind." By T. Sturge Moore. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

or capricious verse. As Jacob wrestled with the angel, so Mr. Moore seems at times to have wrestled for expression, and his reader must share a tithe of the toil. But his reward is assured; the sun indeed rises upon him when he has passed over Peniel!

What sadness and despair this poetry has is only the frustrate longing—inseparable from the vicissitudes of poise and feeling—for a life even more urgent, a beauty, or rather essential state of being, less subject to mortal change and shadow. The melancholy is not in the nature of things themselves, but in consequence of the nature of him who cannot always perceive their true inward virtue. And so love itself cries, from beneath its burden of every conceivable kind of conventional and temporal clothes: "Would that I might be naked Adam, And you, like Eve, run bare." To regain this insight, no sacrifice, no discipline can be too severe. Only suffering and grief can purge the eyes, and free the heart again. For

" . . . those who suffer are released
From a close prison of dark sense:
Their pains are as a mother's eased,
Their child is more than recompense."

But in order to be naked in any true sense at this late day one must strip, and to strip entails one's having dressed up; and dressing up must be itself a discipline. So, when Mr. Sturge Moore turns to childhood (whose clouds of glory have given place to swaddling bands), his verse is for the most part instructive, ceremonious, adult. In this volume is reprinted "The Little School," a collection of twenty-two poems for children, which first appeared—and disappeared—in 1905. It is a school in which Joy is chief usher, Love keeps the rod, and the class-rooms are in the playground. None the less, teaching is taught there. Lesson from bird and water, from Jonathan and Goliath, for hand and foot and heart and eye—so run the hours of this calm placid, English day. "Kate knows a thing or two useful at home, Darns like a fairy"; possibly her petticoats, and "Quick," says the Wind, "hold your petticoats down, Or with heads in their folds you will sail through the town." All Mr. Moore's fairies are good folk—can they be of Grecian descent? They not only darn, but keep bedrooms tidy and make good money for it, not beech leaves. There are plenty of rhymes for children made for sheer jollity's sake. Cautionary tales long since stormed the nursery. Mr. Moore's poems for children are neither the one nor the other. A serene and tender regard shines in them. And what a picture he can hang up, not as an earthly story with a heavenly meaning, but for the mere delight of unclouded eyes:

"The four sails of the mill,
Like stocks stand still;
Their lantern-length is white
On blue more bright.

Unruffled is the mead
Where lambkins feed,
And sheep and cattle browse,
And donkeys drowse.

Never the least breeze will
The wet thumb chill
That the anxious miller lifts,
Till the vane shifts.

The breeze in the great flour-bin
Is snug tucked in;
The lubber, while rats thieve,
Laughs in his sleeve."

W. D.

Novel Notes.

HIS OFFICIAL FIANCEE. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions.) 6s. Hutchinson.

For a light, amusing novel there is always a grateful public, and we have not the slightest doubt that the author of "His Official Fiancee" will meet with a reward as generous as it is well-earned. Mrs. Onions is at no pains

to adhere too strictly to probability, and she demands from her readers a very large share of the ever-necessary "willing suspension of disbelief." The heroine herself was as surprised as any reader could be when, instead of receiving the expected dismissal, she was offered five hundred pounds by the dreaded young head of the firm to pretend for one year to be his fiancée. From this develops a series of genuinely humorous situations, due to the unexpected enthusiasm with which the "Governor's" family receive the bride-elect. With admirable skill Mrs. Onions describes how the tables were turned upon the astute city man by his ex-typist. The complexity of the plot is not likely to baffle the foresight of the experienced reader, whose pleasures of anticipation we must not frustrate save by hinting the assurance of a happy ending, inevitable for so pleasant a story. With a theme of this kind the telling is everything. Mrs. Onions has carried it off with an infectious gaiety, and it is only fair to say that the characters are drawn with a force and distinctness such as any bald outline of the plot would scarcely warrant the reader in expecting. The city office is excellently drawn, and the three typists really live and have their vulgar being. Perhaps it was due to association with the latter that the heroine's own style of speech savours rather astonishingly of office slang, although she is a lady by birth. Ingeniously contrived and cleverly written, "His Official Fiancée" is as entertaining and lively a holiday novel as the heart of man (or woman) could desire.

MR. AND MRS. HARBOTTLE. By F. J. Randall. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

There comes a time when even the most serious of us gets a little tired of novels that are studies in more or less abnormal temperaments; of novels that are disguised tracts on social, moral, psychological or other such problems; of novels that are supposed to be very particularly literary because they treat the sordid, merely sexual side of humanity as if that were the whole of life; and at such a time, when we grow tired of them and look round for some book that only aims to amuse us, we shall be happy if our eyes and our hands happen to light upon "Mr. and Mrs. Harbottle." Mr. Randall has already proved himself, in his "Love and the Ironmonger," and in "Somebody's Luggage," one of the quaintest, most delightful of living humorists, and in his latest book he strikes a more riotously farcical vein than in either of his former tales. Mr. and Mrs. Harbottle are a pair of dwellers in a London suburb, and in their social ambitions, their relations with their friends and neighbours, their holiday adventures, domestic trials, and the business, mishaps, and general events of their everyday lives, Mr. Randall has found abundant material for a series of stories that are whimsical, grotesque, extravagant, inspired with the liveliest spirit of irresponsible fun. It is a book you do not want to criticise; you do not read it with that object, you read it to be amused, and amused you are. It is nothing but a bookful of laughter, from "Obliging a Neighbour" at the beginning to "A Moving Job" at the end, it keeps you joyously entertained. Mr. Arthur Clarke's thirty-two illustrations are cleverly drawn and admirably in tune with the burlesque humour of the stories.

MAID OF THE MIST. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Oxenham's most recent novel is a love story with a very novel setting. A young doctor in days when the English law was less rigid than it is now, ruins his own reputation in the effort to shield a woman from its vigilance, and leaves the country, his brilliant career suddenly at an end; he goes away to find new life in a different land, and the life he finds is new indeed. The vessel in which he embarks is wrecked off Sable Island, near Nova Scotia, and he and the mate are the only two who escape from death. There, living on the salvage from the "dead boats"—relics of former wrecks—they dwell together in peace till a



Photo by Berestoid.

Berta Ruck
(Mrs. Oliver Onions.)

girl is rescued from the sea by the mate, and through the doctor's untiring energy is restored to life. That the doctor should grow to care for her is almost inevitable, and gradually a great love springs up between them which turns the bleak ridge of sand rising out of the wastes of sea into a veritable Garden of Eden. Mr. Oxenham gives vivid descriptions of the desolation of the island, haunted only by weird, shrieking birds, and goes into minute details regarding the lives and the ways of living of those who are forced to make it their home; while his account of the mate's gruesome death is terribly realistic. It is an original and intensely interesting story, written in a pleasant, picturesque style which will assure it a popular welcome.

SO THE WORLD WAGS. By Keble Howard. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Keble Howard's dialogues have already found a wide and responsive audience on their journalistic appearance. In this volume he adds to the many proofs he has already given of his intimate acquaintance with various sides of London life, and of his ability to express it in crisp and humorous conversation. Mr. Howard has hit on the excellent device of presenting each subject in the form of three short dialogues, representing, broadly, the so-called upper, middle, and lower classes. Thus poetry is agreeably discussed first by the poet and his friend; again by Mrs. Beckenham and Mrs. Finchley, as representing suburbia; and finally we have the emphatic condemnation of Bill and 'Arry, who define poetry as " 'Jovin' some blinkin' muck dahn on pyper . . . Wot beats me is as any bloke 'as ver fice ter tike ver brawse." "I must know as 'e aint earned it!" Often the effect of contrast is got by other, though similar devices, as in the threefold criticism of Parliament—"On the Terrace," "In the Smoking-Room," and "Outside," and the significances of the phrase "Term Begins," to father, mother, and Harold. Such is the excellent brevity of Mr. Howard's wit, that he is able to illuminate an astonishing number of subjects. We heartily commend this pleasant volume, the humour of which lightly veils sound sense and sharp insight. Time will add to its historical value as a brief abstract and chronicle of our day.

THE LOST TRIBES. By George A. Birmingham. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"George A. Birmingham" may belong to the transition class which leaves us in doubt as to whether to call him by his lay pseudonym or his canonical title, but there is no hesitation about his writing or the response of laughter it awakens in us. Drumminawona is a fresh spot dotted on the map of Hannayland or Brumnnia, whatever his own created territory is to be ultimately called, and it is none the less the neighbour and counterpart of Ballyfoy and those other comic villages of his because it has American bearings. Perhaps after the canon's recent visit to the West and the success of his Irish-American comedy, it was inevitable that he should sprinkle a star-and-stripe interest over the present novel while the brush of Western enthusiasm is in his hand. He brings over to County Galway the pious and energetic widow of a Protestant Irishman who had made a fortune in the States, renounced Rome and all its works, and nailed his reputation to the irrevocable belief that the Irish people were descendants of the ten tribes of Israel which got mislaid or something in the general rumpus and upheaval of the Assyrian Empire. It needs nothing but an acquaintance with the Canon's previous books to see what he can make a Galway village do when it once gets inoculated with a wild Western notion like that, especially in charge of a woman (not to say a faithful "relict") like Mrs. Nathan P. Dann. Like the fresh specimens he gives us of the native clergy and their flock, Mrs. Dann is worth going all the way from Beer-sheba to meet. She adds sunshine to a thoroughly healthy and amusing story, and if ever she appears in any other of the Canon's works, we hope to be on the reception committee.

BETTY. By C. N. Postlethwaite. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

"Betty" is a charming historical romance with a North Country setting. The hero, a young country squire, falls in love with a distant relative who is lower in the social scale than himself. She is, indeed, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and there is naturally some opposition to the marriage. In fact, the hero has to prove his worth, in the Napoleonic wars, and Betty to have a season in Town (where she becomes the rage) before the course of true love runs smoothly. There is no lack of incident in the narrative, and Mr. Postlethwaite writes delightfully of the countryside as it was in the early part of the nineteenth century. The result is that "Betty" is one of the most promising historical novels written by one who appears to be the best "first" author that we have come across for a long time.

DR. IVOR'S WIFE. By Mary Kernahan. 6s. (George Allen)

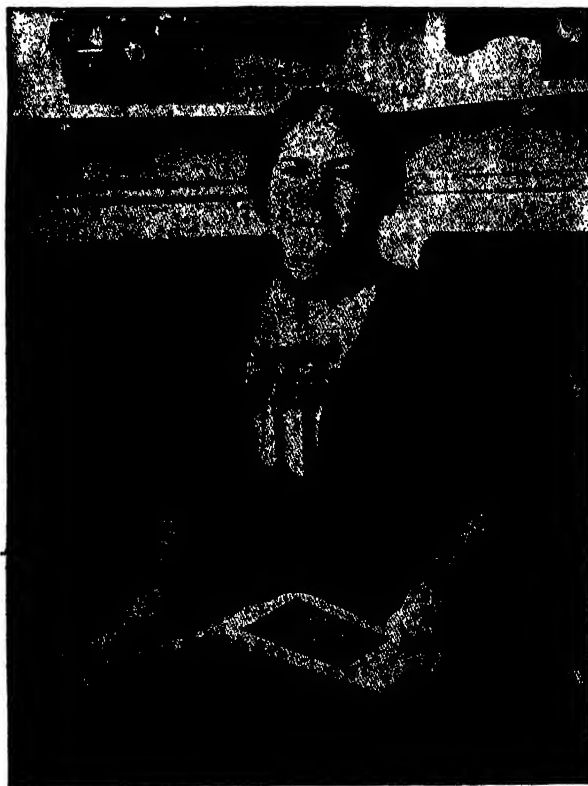
The theme of this story might be described as "The Taming of the Brute." Margaret Beresford, the charming young schoolmistress, amazes all her friends and her sister by consenting to marry Philip Ivor, the truculent parent of her favourite pupil. The case seemed black against Margaret, seeing that a fortune depended on the taking place of this amazing marriage. The story describes in a very interesting manner Margaret's subtle transformation of the doctor's untidy household, and suggests the growth of a love that both were too proud to admit. The difficulty was to arrive at a crisis which would compel the breaking down of this barrier of reserve, and we are bound to confess that the solution is attained by a stratagem scarcely permissible even to a beloved sister—Margaret, in a word, is tricked into a confession in the presence of her unseen husband; and it is a nice point in ethics whether this can be justified by results. The transformation of the doctor is one of those drastic changes that the older dramatic critics condemned as "a conversion"; but the story is written with marked ability, and handles a somewhat delicate situation powerfully but with artistic reticence.

A FREE HAND. By Helen C. Roberts. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Miss Helen Roberts has written a fascinating novel round the commonplace son of commonplace parents. Her skill in characterisation, her quiet humour, the shrewd observation which she discloses in a multitude of minute yet telling touches, have never been shown to better advantage. The story of Ridley Courage covers many years and many milestones. By the time the last page is reached, the schoolboy of the opening chapters has become a man of middle age on the threshold of his second marriage. Ridley's father keeps a respectable little stationer's shop in the old town of Lewes, and when first we meet him is busy stocking souvenirs in the shape of photographs and pin-trays in anticipation of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Ridley has enough of the adventurous spirit of the ordinary boy to rebel against the destiny he sees ahead of him: "I know all the other chaps go into their father's shops when they're fifteen; and I'm fifteen next month. But I don't want to . . . not in the shop . . . not in the shop with Flora. . . . I should hate it! And there's something else I want to do. . . . I've always wanted . . . for years, no end of years. . . ." But neither the shop nor Ridley's "something else" is to determine the boy's future. His mother has a scheme of her own; she has saved money and is resolved that Ridley shall become a gentleman "just the same as Lawyer Dawes's own sons." Ridley shall become a dentist. The story of Ridley's career in Brighton, in London, in Southampton, and of his folly in marrying a woman who loved her profession more than her husband is as engrossing and vivid as a piece of authentic biography.

THE CROWNING GLORY. By E. R. Punshon. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Crowning Glory" possesses that rare naturalness which characterises all Mr. E. R. Punshon's novels, and never allows their realism to become mere sordidness. The plot concentrates around twin sisters, Judith and Sophia, who, though they have been brought up together, and have a genuine sisterly affection for each other, are so widely different in their characters and general outlooks that Sophia, the practical, business-like girl, finds it impossible to fathom the spiritual, psychic nature of Judith. It is a most unusual type of story, where worldly things—as worldly as the Stock Exchange and a London office—



Mary Kernahan
(Mrs. Charles Harris).



Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.

women characters particularly, and the reader's interest in their differing fates is cleverly sustained throughout.

THREE AGAINST THE WORLD. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

The novel-reading public which demands a happy ending at all costs will close "Three Against the World" with something akin to anger. It is bad enough when the leading love stories go hopelessly wrong, but it is little short of an outrage to allow the cad who has caused most of the trouble to have all the wedding bells to himself at the end. An author who can tell a story with the skill of Sheila Kaye-Smith, however, can afford to defy the conventions. Whether we like her plot or not, she holds our interest throughout, and everyone who loves that sequestered corner where the three counties of Kent, Surrey and Sussex meet, will be grateful for a background which revives a thousand memories of the glories of Ashdown Forest, the hammer ponds below Holtze Common, and secluded Cowden, with its fairy-haunted woods and its church with the crooked steeple. It is a tale of a young farmer who falls through dabbling in finance, and of the ruin which he brings upon his devoted sister and brother. Together they face the world, until one of them dies, and the other two, after dreaming of love and discovering at last that it is sweeter in dream than in realisation, are left to start a fresh life together in the larger world of London.

A GIRL'S MARRIAGE. By Agnes Gordon Lennox. 6s. (Lane.)

Fay Beaumont, the heroine of Miss Gordon Lennox's novel is equally aggravating and fascinating. The cause of both qualities, perhaps, is her astonishing innocence, which nobody seems to have thought it worth while to enlighten. She has not the slightest conception of what is meant by marriage, but the brothers with whom she lived—her parents were dead—took her knowledge for granted. She is for ever putting people into false positions. First of all her brother Pat, in order to comfort her when the unexpected news of her eldest brother's engagement is broken to her, promises that he will never marry. Then when Pat has fallen in love, Fay forces a secret wedding upon Lord Malcolm Kinross, in order to absolve her brother from his promise. Lord Malcolm is then faced with what to him is an insoluble question, while Fay promptly leaves him and has a bad bout of brain fever. Before she has completely recovered Lord Malcolm is killed in an accident, and a couple of years later Fay, still to a great extent unconscious of what she is doing, consents to marry another man, who is allowed to offer her no more than friendship. The birth of love in jealousy is deferred to the end of the

book, but when it does come it makes Fay a human being. Miss Gordon Lennox has some of the faults of the amateur, but she tells an incredible story very fairly well on the whole, while her delineation of character gives promise of better things to come. And in whatever else she fails, we are grateful that she does contrive to arouse and to hold the reader's interest.

The Bookman's Table.

IN PURSUIT OF SPRING. Edward Thomas net. (Nelson & Sons.)

One of these fine days someone will come forward with a repentant (and we hope a representative) pen and do the same kind of justice to Mr. Thomas and his writings that he himself does in the course of these pages to the literary services of Mr. Hudson. Perhaps this act of associating the two names will serve our purpose without further argument, for Mr. Hudson of late has had just that recognition in arrears which Mr. Thomas still has due to him. After all, it is the common fate of a man who prefers a luxuriant versatility to specialisation and the gratitude the public always accords in time to the man who concentrates good effort in a definite direction. Mr. Thomas reminds us, in his distributive tastes, of the figure that Coleridge applied to Sir Thomas More and his wit—he scatters his thought like a prodigal, everywhere, but all the more freely where there is every chance of its going unnoted. Happily we are beginning to set more store than we did by the kind of nature-worship and wayside philosophy in which Mr. Thomas excels, and there is so marked and loyal a cult of the West country that this new book of his is secure of remembrance, apart from its merits. For it is a great act of homage to the beauties of the mid-southern counties and the western hinterland, but more especially the region we may call the instep of the Devon peninsula. There, with Coleridge for company, and Barnes, and Hardy, and the hills that gave them "kindly engendure," a prose-poet like Mr. Thomas cannot fail to be at his best, and at his best he is. He mingles good travel hints with pleasant digressions into literature and life, and out of a well-thought-out scheme contrives to bring just that touch of happy random which some of us are "toiling all our lives to find." The further the author goes in these happy-go-lucky visitations, the better we shall be pleased.

FROM THE THAMES TO THE NETHERLANDS. By Charles Pears 6s net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Author and artist too, Mr. Charles Pears has before given us a pleasant volume descriptive of a voyaging "From the Thames to the Seine," and he here follows it up with an account of a voyage in the waterways of Zealand and along the Belgian coast to Dunquerque, and so home—an account which will surely move adventurous lovers of salt water, who have some knowledge of seamanship and command of a little yacht, to go and do likewise. "Men might somewhere be making big deals, in the train of which wealth would come; others be receiving much-sought honours, and small men be slipping into the shoes of bigger ones, chuckling whilst taking the chance of a lifetime. What cared I?—we are doing the right thing, the wild thing—filling our lungs with good fresh air, and bowling along with a breeze." The "we," it should be said, consisted of the writer-artist and his fourteen-year-old son, for such formed the full complement of the seven-tonner "Rose." In this little craft, but twenty-five feet long, and nine feet three inches at her widest, did the adventurers go last August from the Thames estuary across the North Sea to the estuary of the Scheldt and about the waterways of Holland. Many who would like to do this lack the opportunity, and as many, it may confidently be said, lack

the courage; but all will be able to enjoy the trip vicariously in Mr. Pears' bright and friendly pages, thanks to his lively pen, his ready pencil, and his delightful brush.

AN UNKNOWN SON OF NAPOLEON. By Hector Fleischmann. Translated by A. R. Allinson, M.A. With 9 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

The hero of this vivacious and entertaining biography, Count Léon, rightly or wrongly believed himself to be an illegitimate son of Napoleon. There are arguments on both sides, but M. Fleischmann seems to believe that in this point at least he was right. The gallant Count "flourished" in an atmosphere of barefaced and fascinating roguery—which developed later into a curious mysticism—principally during the reign of Napoleon III. That, at least, is the period when he comes most prominently to the front. Taken for all in all he was certainly a scamp, but equally certainly an amusing one, and the present record of his life makes better light reading than do most novels. Mr. Allinson's translation is particularly fluent and it seems to catch the spirit of the original with much success.

THE LAND OF THE LOTUS. By J. M. Graham. Illustrated. (Arrowsmith.)

Mrs. Graham's "Land of the Lotus" is India—and her book is a vivacious account of her experiences as a housewife in that leisurely country. Probably they are experiences which many other Englishwomen have gone through, but the stay-at-home will not find them any the worse reading on that account. For the author has both humour—of the obvious and also of the subtle variety—and freshness, and these qualities redeem her book from any suspicion of staleness. While the writer's experience has been principally of life in Southern India, she includes also a series of amusing chapters upon a tour through the more famous cities of the northern and central provinces. And now that it is all over, the writer still has her "hours of longing for the land of the lotus, with its subtle scents, its impenetrable solitudes, and its unfathomable peoples." There are many other people like that.

TIGER. By Witter Bynner. 1s. net. (D. J. Rider.)

Mr. Witter Bynner's "Tiger" is a one-scene drama of quite exceptional realistic and imaginative power. Its subject is not a pleasant one; it deals with a phase of the white slave traffic, but handles the theme with such a strong sense of its reality and with such right artistic reticence that the thing is a piece of literature, and the most puritanical could say no word in its dispraise. In a few pages the whole story is told; five characters are minutely individualised—they are not explained by the author, but explain themselves in their words and actions—with the most clear and biting realism, and in less than a page at the end the drama takes an unexpected and surprising turn and drives home such a lesson as would have been in keeping with some fourteenth-century morality play. There is not a superfluous word in the story. You may say that the conclusion is melodramatic; but some of the greatest moments in actual life are that. We doubt if so much of actual life and of appalling significance were ever packed into such small compass before; many writers would have spent a page or two on what Mr. Bynner crams with startling effectiveness into two lines, spoken by two characters, at the finish. We have never heard of Mr. Witter Bynner before; but we are confident that we shall hear more of him.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Mrs. H. H. Penrose has placed the scene of *Burnt Flax* (6s.), her latest novel, in Ireland, and chosen one of that country's many periods of unrest and rebellion around which to weave her story. She has captured the atmosphere of thirty years

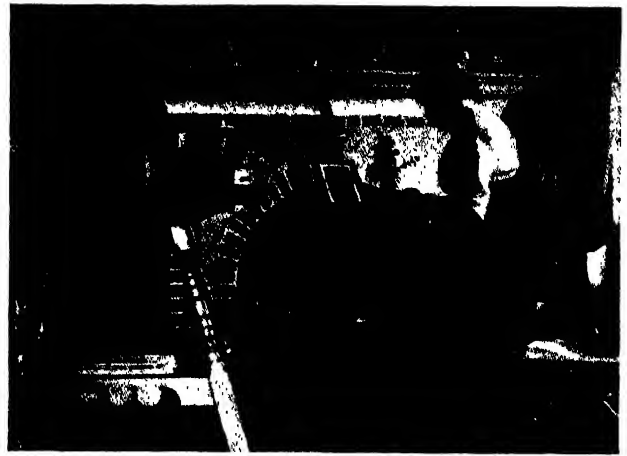


Photo by Lieut. Claude L. Penrose, R.A.

Mrs. Penrose,
at work in her bungalow at Frimley Green, Surrey.

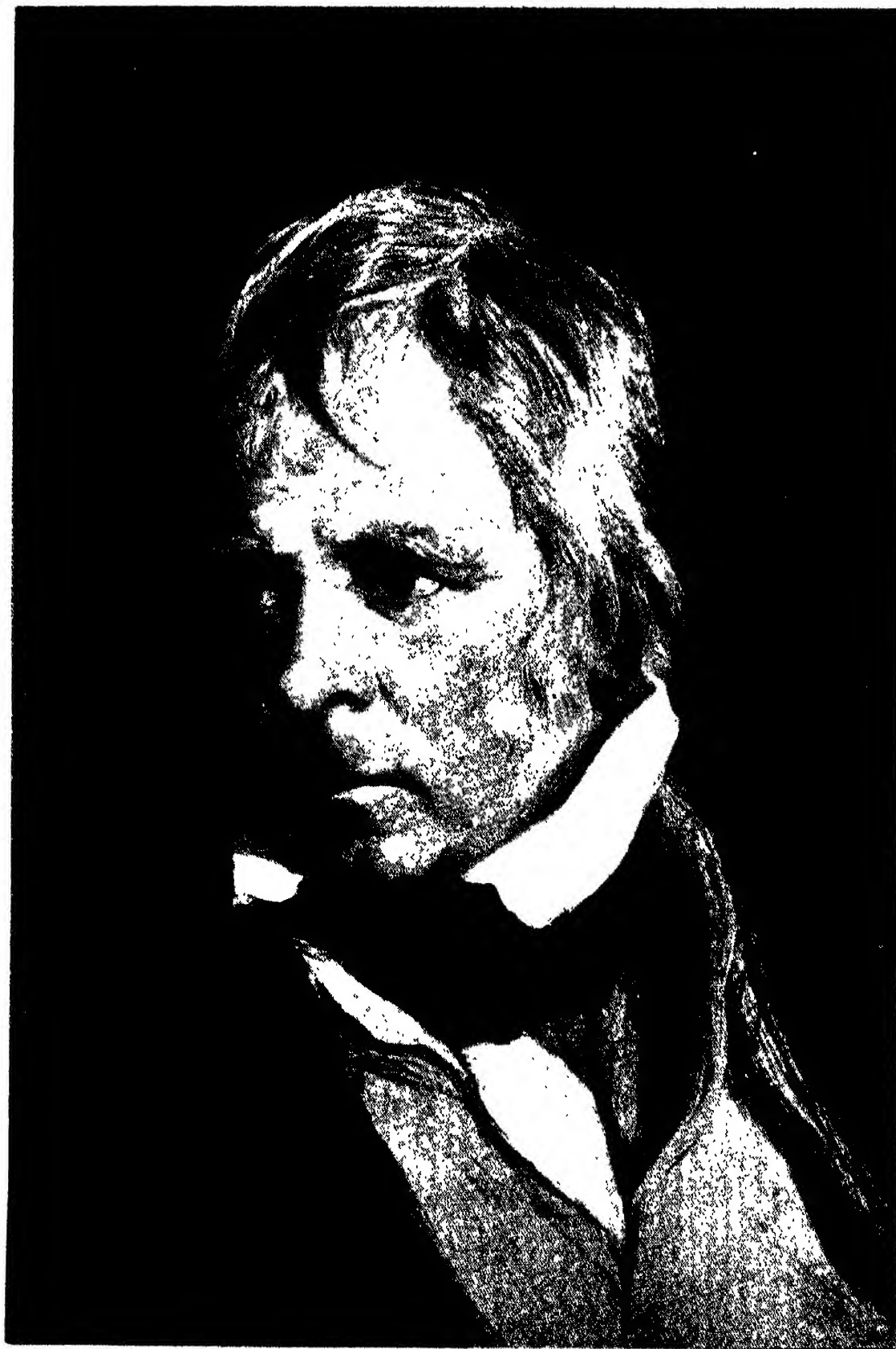
ago, and behind the love and life and laughter of the Fitzpatricks, a wealthy Irish family who determine to settle down on their own estate in Ireland, can be heard the discontented mutterings of the downtrodden peasants, mutterings that grow louder and louder and break forth in flames of revolt. Maurice Dillon, the agent on Glanmore estate, the man who has persuaded his uncle, Colonel Fitzpatrick, to make his home among his tenants, realizes his mistake when the Colonel decides to evict all those peasants who cannot pay up the full rent for their cabins. This stringent measure, at such a time, places the Colonel's life in danger, and he is obliged to fly from the country. Maurice and the Colonel's daughter, to whom he is engaged, are both upright, courageous characters, who can see with unbiassed judgment the errors of both landlord and tenant; but the heart of the novel is the secret love of Anastasia, a peasant-girl, for Maurice Dillon—a wonderful, peaceful simple love, that flows, deep and quiet, through all the upheaval and rioting, and Mrs. Penrose writes of it with a very real tenderness and pathos. The Irish characters are cleverly drawn, and there are touches of humour in the book that help towards making it all thoroughly enjoyable.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

In *Snake and Sword* (6s.), Mr. Percival Christopher Wren tells the story of an heroic person who suffers from an intense dread of snakes, caused by a distressing experience of his mother's immediately before his birth. Throughout the whole of his youth and early manhood the life of Damocles de Warrenne is embittered by this antipathy, which is so pronounced that even the picture of a snake will throw him into a fit. In spite of his athleticism, his hardihood and his courage, this one failing earns him a reputation as a coward, he is cut off by his relations, and compelled to enlist in a cavalry regiment. Salvation comes eventually through another pre-natal influence—the courage with which he is inspired by a seventeenth century sword. It is a rousing, exciting story which Mr. P. C. Wren tells, and it has the advantage of a love interest which is far less mawkish and less pertunctorious than in most books of its type. More seriously, it presents a convincingly vivid picture of the life of a gentleman ranker in England and India, and the sporting reader will be thrilled by a couple of excellently described boxing matches. "Snake and Sword" is a book which will appeal strongly to readers of a good many different types.

MESSRS. JOHN RICHMOND.

In *The Winged Anthology* (3s. 6d. net), Miss Irene Osgood and Mr. Horace Wyndham have brought together a very charming selection of poems relating to birds, butterflies and moths. They have had the whole field of English poetry to select from, and the result of their labours is evidence of wide and varied reading, and a happily catholic taste. From Spenser to Thomas Hardy is a long range, and they have rifled the treasuries of about a hundred and fifty poets for some three hundred poems, arranging the spoils lucidly and conveniently under subject headings such as "Birds in General," "The Albatross," "The Blackbird," "The Dove," "The Eagle," "The Lark," "The Nightingale," "The Thrush," "The Wren," and many another, in alphabetical order, and so coming to a section reserved to "Butterflies and Moths." Contemporary poets are as fully represented as are the poets of the past, among the former being Thomas Hardy, Le Gallienne, Watts-Dunton, Austin Dobson, W. H. Davies, Katharine Tynan, William Canton, Selwyn Image, St. John Adcock, Charles G. D. Roberts, Dora Sigerson Shorter, and many more. It is a book that will delight lovers of the winged races and lovers of poetry with some of the daintiest, most fanciful and musical things that have been written in English verse.



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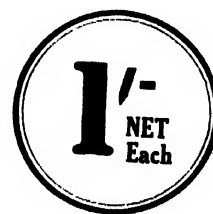
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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The title of Miss Marie Corelli's new novel, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing shortly, will be "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact."

Messrs. Duckworth are publishing a third collection of Mr. John Galsworthy's plays. The new volume will contain "The Fugitive," "The Pigeon," and "The Mob."

Mr. W. Hope Hodgson, who is living in the South of France, has completed a new novel which he is calling "Men of the Deep Waters." It will be published in the autumn by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Who is hiding behind the name of "W. Dane Bank"? All we are permitted to know is that he is a Lancashire man who once worked in a hat factory and was afterwards a schoolmaster, a clerk, a journalist. We suspect "James" was not his first novel, and that none of the earlier ones

enjoyed the success that "James" is achieving. The history of this novel is interesting. It was sent in for a competition, but withdrawn; then it was offered to four other publishing firms before Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson secured it.

Mr. A. C. Guthkelch is preparing a new edition of the miscellaneous works of Joseph Addison, to be published by Messrs. Bell. He is anxious to make the collection of letters as complete as possible, and would be grateful if any of our readers who can tell him of unpublished letters to or from Addison, which may be in the possession of public or private owners, would write to him at the University of London, King's College, Strand, W.C.

There is a large Mohammedan population in South Africa, of the inner life of whom, as Miss C. M. Prowse says in a preface to her new novel, nothing is known to their white fellow citizens, and very little to the coloured man who lives next door to them. Miss Prowse has made a sympathetic study of this reserved, Oriental race, and in "The Lure of Islam," which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing immediately, tells a poignant, profoundly interesting story of the evils that arise from mixed marriages between these South African Moslems and their Christian neighbours.



Father Henry Day, S.J.

Father Henry Day, the author of a new book on "Catholic Democracy, Individualism and Socialism," is a son of the late Sir John Day, Judge of the High Court. He is an eminent preacher, and has worked strenuously in Liverpool and in Manchester on many committees that have had for their object the betterment and uplifting of the people.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor has severed his connection with *T. P.'s Weekly*, and is busily engaged with preparations for starting a new illustrated weekly in the autumn. We cordially wish "T. P." success in this latest of his many journalistic adventures.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson, who has for some time past been managing director of *T. P.'s Weekly*, has now been appointed editor of that popular periodical, and issues the first number of a new series, in which we understand many fresh features are to be introduced, on the 3rd July.

A very interesting two months' Exhibition has just come to a close at the Twenty-one Gallery, in the



Mr. Frederick Palmer,
the well-known War Correspondent, whose novel, "The Last Shot,"
Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing.

Adelphi, where the paintings of Mr. J. Kerr-Lawson and the etchings of Mr. Edgar Wilson have been attracting considerable attention from the Press and the public since April last. Mr. Edgar Wilson was formerly art editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*; some of his vividly realised, delicately finished London street and river scenes in the late Exhibition must have come as something of a revelation to those who were not already acquainted with the scope and quality of his art.



Photo by Ernest H. Mills.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

Mr. Lewis Melville writes, from 1, Rutland House, 53, Charleville Road, West Kensington, W. : " I am engaged in the preparation of a definitive edition of the correspondence of Edmund Burke, and seek the hospitality of your columns in order to say that if any of your readers who possess original letters would communicate with me I should greatly appreciate their kindness."



Photo by Gabell.

Miss Olive Wadsley.

whose new novel, "Reality," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Mr. A. Loton Ridger is a young traveller who has just returned from what would make up for most of us a whole life's wanderings. With amazing energy and enterprise he has in the last seven years voyaged the world over, from Cape Horn to Klondyke, from Tokio to Cape Town, and having gathered vivid impressions of men and cities by the way, has now, at the age of twenty-seven, published his first book, "A Wanderer's Trail," which we reviewed last month.

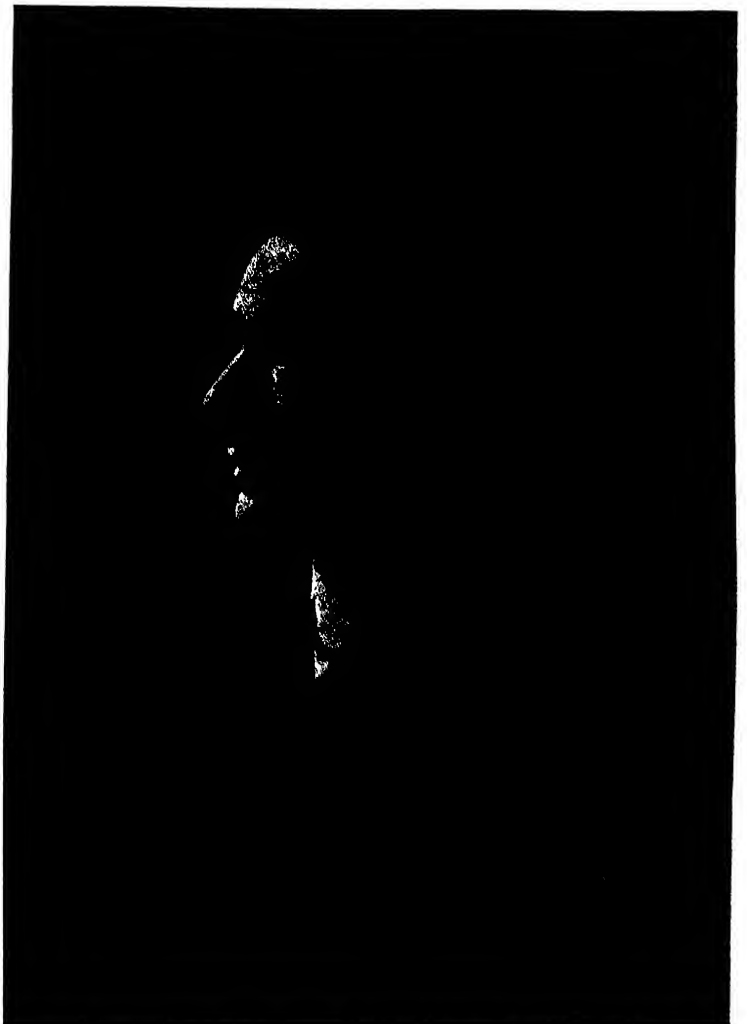
New volumes in several of the popular series of cheap books have been issued in the last week or two. Mr. Dent has added thirty-six to Everyman's Library, including Froude's "Life of Disraeli"; Countess Martingengo-Cesaresco's "Essay in the Study of Folk Songs"; Lyell's "Antiquity of Man"; and "The New Golden Treasury," an anthology of songs and lyrics edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys. The additions to Mr. Dent's Wayfarer's Library include such welcome reprints as Stevenson's



Sigurd Ibsen
(son of Henrik Ibsen).

whose recent contribution to philosophy, "Human Quintessence," is published by Messrs. F. & C. Palmer.

"St. Ives"; Barry Pain's "De Omnibus"; Crockett's "Lilac Sunbonnet"; Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis," and "Southward Ho! and other Essays,"



Mr. A. Loton Ridger.

Frontispiece from "A Wanderer's Trail" (Grant Richards), which was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

by Holbrook Jackson There is no need to praise either of these series of shilling reprints; Mr. Dent has taught us to expect the best taste and judgment in the selecting and editing of the works he publishes in them, and he has not disappointed us.



Photo by Satony. **Miss Kathlyn Rhodes,**
author of "The Making of a Soul" (Hutchinson).

Miss Muriel Clark, whose first novel, "Sister Jeffries," has just been published by Messrs. Nisbet, is a young journalist who has contributed in the last few years to many of the magazines and newspapers.

Her story,

which is meeting with a very favourable reception, deals with Salvation Army life and work from within, and she handles her subject not only sympathetically but authoritatively, since she was for several years connected with the Army as a "soldier."

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

Our last years' Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition proved so remarkably successful that we have decided to offer the same sum for competition again:—

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A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 1st October next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st December if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own



Photo by Claude Harris.

Miss Muriel Clark.

name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize. Competitors must please keep copies of their poems, as it is impossible to undertake to return them.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for January next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.

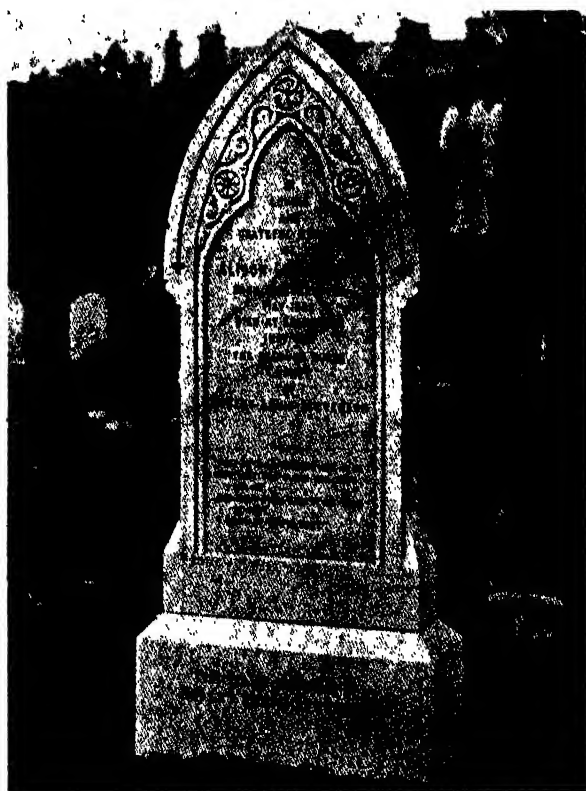


Photo by Wm. Fowler, Selkirk.

The grave of "Cummy"
(Alison Cunningham).

In Morningside Cemetery, Edinburgh.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE READER.

GRANVILLE BARKER.

By DIXON SCOTT.

I.

ONE of the chief joys of criticism is the joy of detection—detection not merely of some secret of style, some technical trick or caprice, but an actual hounding-down of a live human being, a regular ding-dong, Dartmoor huc-and-cry. It is the greatest of games. I know nothing like it. Here in your hand you hold a book—a little cabinet of mimic scenes; it is a magic box into which, by the aid of the talisman of letters, you can positively creep and then go roaming through as in a world. Well, all the sights that now spread round you, all the landscapes, gardens, groves, and all the fitting figures who pass to and fro and talk there, are simply parts of a private kingdom, a sort of Xanadu retreat, built by the artist for his perfect habitation—a secret place where he can fling off all disguise and live completely, with a sincerity impossible outside. There alone his soul, escaped, can frame a world to fit its needs; there alone does he dare to be himself. And there only, accordingly, can you hope to hunt him down, and catch him with his character unmasked. From the clues of dropped metaphors—by the trails of well-used rhythms—from cunning calculations made by adding up figures of speech, and from scraps of conversation heard by eavesdropping among his characters—in and out, ruthlessly, you track him through the maze, until the last barrier breaks, and you are on him. A queer moment, that! One never quite gets hardened—so staggering is it to discover how little he resembles the tax-paying *simulacra* who pass for him outside. It is on these differences that you fasten, marking, measuring, comparing: your sketch-book has another scalp. After that he can rejoin his proxies when he will—they will never impose on you again. You know them now for mere door-keepers; you know exactly what they ward; and the majestic way they carry off their mischievous pretence will fill you, when you meet them, with a deep and holy glee.

And they like it! That's the best of it. It is not so brutal as it sounds. Foxes like seeing scarlet (so it is said), because it gives them, these tame times, their only opportunity for showing what they can really do; and though that is just as may be, it is at least quite

certain that the true writer, in his ambuscade, simply pines to be pursued and passionately hopes that you may win. To be vanquished is his victory—not to be caught is his defeat; for cryptic, till you capture him, must still in part remain his work; enigmatic, all these groves without a guide. Those outcries of remonstrance that sometimes rend the air, expostulations about "unwarranted intrusions," are only raised when some poor critic, too perfectly deceived, begins tiresomely to dog the embodiments outside the gate, in the tedious manner of the illustrated interviewer. Only be shameless enough, merciless enough, only smash your way remorselessly into his shyest haunts and recesses, and your quarry, when you compel him to throw up his hands, will really be wanting to wave them with glee. For you will have done what in his heart of hearts he hungers for us all to do—you have won the freedom of his kingdom by the only possible way and are now, at last, in a position to appreciate properly the points of his self-created world—a little world which is always, whether he be realist or idealist, just a reproduction of his version of what the outside world would look like if it were only cleaned of its encumbering litter and debris.

II.

And in the case of Granville Barker it is particularly necessary to remember this, for in his case it is particularly easily forgotten; and, forgotten, we go finely astray. For, at the Kingsway Theatre, at the Savoy Theatre, at the Little Theatre, and elsewhere, the most convincing

embodiments of him may be seen in full career, doing all sorts of splendid things with immense dash and brilliance and aplomb—so vivid, so vital, so charmingly alive, that the idea of there being any other completer Granville Barker becomes in their presence quite absurd. All the evidence leans so much the other way. Enviably famous as an actor; far and away our best producer; the only manager, apparently, in the whole of London, who can double a *succès d'estime* and a *succès fou*; but represented, as an author, by but a book and a bit ("Three Plays" and its annexe "The Madras House")* and not a

* "Three Plays." By Granville Barker. 5s. net (Published by Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"The Madras House." By Granville Barker. 2s. net. (Also published by Sidgwick & Jackson.)

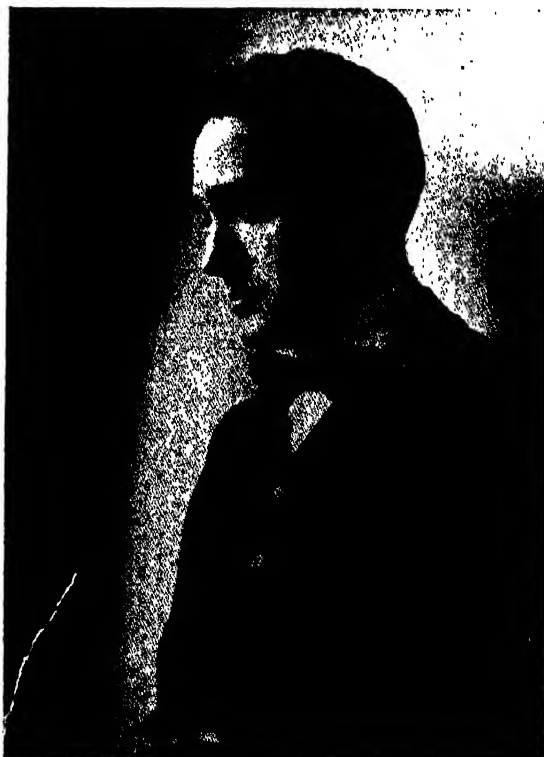


Photo by E. O. Suppé.

H. Granville Barker.

particularly successful book at that: the natural inference would seem to be that he is primarily an actor-manager-producer who has done a little writing with his left hand in off hours; and that any efficacy the writing has is due to the technical tips and wrinkles passed on indulgently to the amateur author by his partners.

And yet the truth, I am convinced, is almost exactly the reverse. The genuine Barker is the writing one—it is the others who are the proxies—and though they have doubtless played into his hands a little, they have held those hands far more; and a truer statement of the relationship would be to say that they owe the great adventurousness and acumen of their acting-managing methods, and the astonishingly civilised intelligence they display, to the fact that they have the unprecedented luck to be continually primed, and prompted and fastidiously steered, by an absolutely pure-bred man of letters. Granville Barker is primarily a penman. He is fully visible only in his books. To take the other men for him, the triumphant, famed, effective ones, is to make the mistake of identifying an actor with his part. The real Barker, not triumphant yet, is a wondering, eager, wistful figure wandering and working in a province nobody has yet troubled much to praise. And if you want to know what kind of man he is, and what fine things he still will do, you must move the actor-chap aside, and the manager-producer, and rely solely on the signs of his caligraphy. He is no more essentially an actor-manager than Shakespeare was. His natural kingdom is between boards, not upon them.

I sound jolly certain. How can one be so sure? Well, partly, I must own, though it is highly inconsistent, because I have just been wringing a confession of the truth of this suspicion from the charming lips of the Great Adventurous Barker—the Kingsway Theatre one. "Yes," he admitted ruefully, "yes, more than anything, that is what I really want—to be allowed to write. I always have wanted that, and I suppose I always will. But what's the use? Until just recently I don't suppose my stuff earned the cost of typing it." "I gave up writing for producing when I was thirty; and I always nurse a kind of half-determination that when I'm forty I'll give up producing again for writing. . . . Once let me get this Repertory Theatre actually under weigh, a sound, solid, healthy-going concern, and you would see me back at my desk like a shot. I've a half-finished play lying there now—the best idea I've had yet I almost think—that tempts me terribly

even now. I would like nothing better than to be at it hammer-and-tongs, out of reach of all these telephones and typewriters, my oak sported stubbornly day after day . . ."

That alone, of course, though extraordinarily interesting, would not quite suffice to convince us—people do get such queer ideas about their penmanship. The real proof is the penmanship itself. It is on that one relies. Open "Three Plays" judiciously. Now, what is

the first thing that attracts your notice? It is probably a certain significant little typographical, bibliographical, detail—the little tickets bearing the dates of the composition of each play which have been lovingly tacked to the titles. They read like this:

THE MARRYING OF ANN LEETE.

1899.

THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE.

1903-5.

WASTE.

1906-7.



H. Granville Barker.

From a photo lent by Mr. Alfred Wareing.

energy for the multiplying rewards that met his acting and producing. Yet in spite of these seductions, as these successive dates disclose, he was stealing back to his obscure desk and his pen; stealing back at the bidding of an instinct so stubborn, that (as the dates reveal further) it could keep him doggedly grinding away at a single piece of work for two and even three years at a stretch. Various are the ways by which a man reveals his inborn right to rank as writer; but the most convincing is perhaps a capacity for slowness. Facility, copiousness, a painless flux of words, are often proof of a happy lack of the overpowering instinct, evidence of a running innocence of the authentic knack of words. It is ability to write toilsomely that betrays, the poet—ability, not merely a stout willingness. It means that he really is cutting the letters out afresh, that he can see and use the virgin ore beneath our phrases. The happy scribbler scoops the latter up, suspecting nothing more, spending his spare energy, if he be very ambitious, on re-arranging his tokens in accordance with the rules of the pretty "parlour-game called style." But the writer tugs and toils, poor soul, to unearth the living lode. It is something fixed and solid; he divines it long before he sees it; and so he can return to one spot again and again, and stick to it stubbornly year in and year out, with a stability

that may easily look like inability, an immobility that means that much is being moved.

And that effect of a man fighting down to something dense and durable as metal is exactly what we get confirmed when we pass from dates and titles to the actual words this tough persistency laid bare. Let us examine a slab of them. The first page will do. The curtain rises on the opening Act of "The Marrying of Ann Leete"; these are the printed stage-directions:

The first three acts of the comedy pass in the garden at Markswayde, Mr. Carnaby Leete's house, near Reading, during a summer day, towards the close of the eighteenth century; the first act at four in the morning, the second shortly after mid-day, the third near to sunset. The fourth act takes place one day in the following winter; the first scene in the hall at Marks-

wayde, the second scene in a cottage some ten miles off.

This part of the Markswayde garden looks to have been laid out during the seventeenth century. In the middle a fountain; the centre-piece the figure of a nymph, now somewhat cracked, and pouring nothing from the amphora; the rim of the fountain is high enough and broad enough to be a comfortable seat.

The close turf around is in parts worn bare. This plot of ground is surrounded by a terrace three feet higher. Three sides of it are seen. From two corners broad steps lead down; stone urns stand at the bottom and top of the stone balustrades. The other two corners are rounded convexly into broad stone seats.

Along the edges of the terrace are growing rose trees, close together; behind these, paths; behind those, shrubs and trees. No landscape is to be seen. A big copper beech overshadows the seat on the left. A silver birch

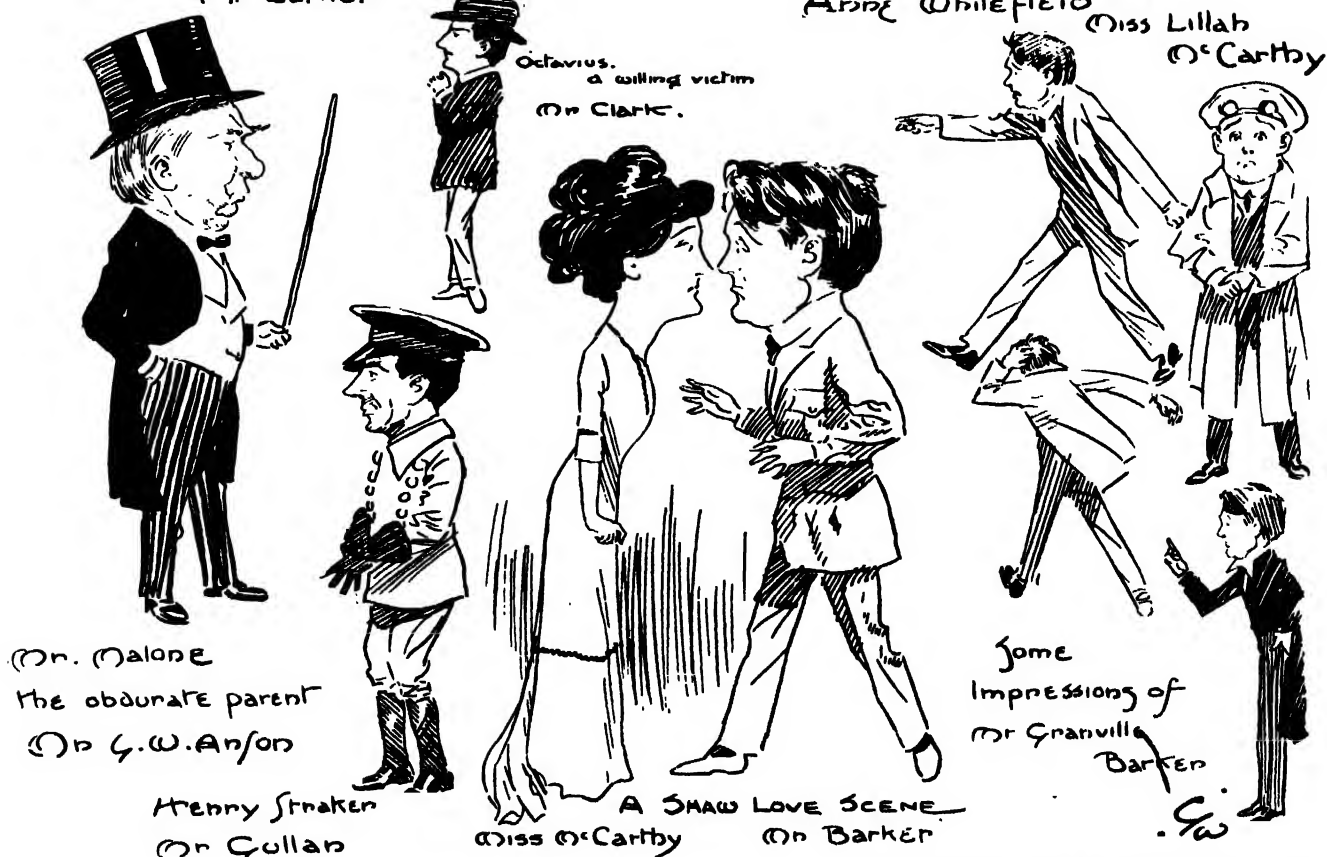
"MAN AND SUPERMAN at the Royalty Theatre."



in Tanner
Mr Barker

THE MOTIF

ADRE WHITEFIELD Miss Lillah
McCarthy



Mr. Malone
the obstinate parent
Mr G.W. Anson

Henry Straker
Mr Gullan

A SHAW LOVE SCENE
Miss McCarthy Mr Barker

Some
Impressions of
Mr Granville
Barker
G.W.

Characters in "Man and Superman."

droops over the seat on the right. The trees far to the left indicate an orchard, the few to the right are more of the garden sort. It is the height of summer, and, after a long drought, the rose trees are dilapidated.

It is very dark in the garden. Though there may be by now a faint morning light in the sky, it has not penetrated yet among these trees. It is very still, too. Now and then the leaves of a tree are stirred, as if in its sleep; that is all. Suddenly a shrill, frightened but not tragical scream is heard. After a moment ANN LEETE runs quickly down the steps and on to the fountain, where she stops, panting. LORD JOHN CARP follows her, but only to the top of the steps, evidently not knowing his way. ANN is a girl of twenty; he an English gentleman, nearer forty than thirty.

I call that quite wonderful workmanship. It is as economical as a cablegram ordering parts of a machine; and yet it has grace, charm and elegance, a silvery slenderness, a quivering "life" like the spring of a sword-blade: for once in a way, by some magic of fusion, the incompatible qualities of curtness and charm are made indivisably one. That is evident enough; nobody can miss it; but before we proceed to say that the reason is simply that it is the work of a born man of letters, we must discriminate, or there will be some confusion. For by "man of letters" I don't *at all* mean a man delighting in grace-notes, eager to speak of trees stirring "*as if in their sleep*," careful to say "*near to sunset*" instead of "*towards evening*." Rather I mean a man possessing a certain ruthless, Röntgen faculty which is actually the enemy of literary diapering—a keen cathodic sense that bites and pierces through mere textures till it reaches a bony anatomy beneath—and that only knows it has reached it (this is the uncanny thing) when it suddenly sees its vague perceptions contracting into a shrunken, stringent formula of words. Does that sound too theoretical? Honestly, I believe it to be the way the literary nerve usually does its *ceric* work in actual practice. A mind equipped with it is restless, uneasy,

insecure, until the shapes about it are reduced to this strict structure—and the consequence is that the more passionately and implacably it peers at life the nearer does it get to something verbal. What is always an artifice to most of us is for them essential nature: reality and the written word are one. Their work is not a "copy" but a capture; they do not so much describe as disclose. There is no melting down experience to re-cast as printers type, no wasteful translation of living into language; life to them is an evasive body with a skeleton of sentences—they have but to strip it clean to find their phrase. *Vite longa, ars brevis*—that is their creed. At the centre of all things is the Word.

It is of such words that this Ann Leete overture is composed. That is why its brusqueness is identical with beauty, and why, although apparently all boiled down to the grittiest residuum of fact there has been no loss of literary grace. And that is why Mr. Barker writes so slowly. It is true that he and men like him (they are rarer than we think, perhaps) see nothing, feel nothing, that isn't a sentence; but how they have to labour in order to feel and to see! They have to cut their way through the clogging, half-actual that contents the placid rest of us, they have to turn their pens into two-handed swords. All their impressions are expressions,—but they have to fight like fury to receive them: numb as death remains that nerve of theirs until it touches solid ore—it responds to nothing but pure metal. And so they have to lug and lever living obstacles and heave mountains aside, instead of simply turning the leaves of a dictionary. They are handling brute realities, not stringing little inky signs. Their alphabet is literally phenomenal.

And a most beautiful instance of this breaks at once into view if we now take another step forward. "The Marrying of Ann Leete" has innumerable merits; it is our one genuine tragedy of manners; as the work of a young man of twenty-odd it is astonishingly wise as well as clever; and its dramatic adroitness is a joy. But

the special point to notice here is the way the movements of its characters reveal and illustrate its author's way of writing with lumps of life instead of nouns and verbs. The thing seen and the thing to say are for him so identical that he has in the strict sense no "medium" at all; and the result is that his instinct for cadence and rhythm works movingly among the very bones of his subject. Men and women form his syllables, and their movements are his rhymes; the play is patterned with the loveliest bodily alliterations, it is full of exquisite optical echoes and refrains. The most poignant of these recurrences is probably Ann's unconscious repetition of her father's shuddering attitude of



Photo by "Daily Mirror."

"The Voyage Inheritance."

Edward states the position of the family after his father's death.

revulsion an Act before (pages 16-36). But the most beautiful, the most memorable, is the visible chord that comes and goes, reversing and returning, dying down and then ascending, through a shifting series of softest variations, from the instant the curtain first goes up and Ann makes her swift appearance, to the moment it descends whilst she mounts slowly out of sight. I mean

he optical descant, the visible phrase, made by her passage up or down the scale of steps—a motive that is repeated, subtly varied, through every scene that is to follow; and then finally forms, transposed adroitly, the deep concluding cadence, ending the piece upon a slow ascending chord—the opening bar beautifully reversed:

ANN goes to the little door and opens it. ABUD takes up the candle. He lights her up the stairs.

III.

We follow Ann. We pass out of the end of this first play and into the one that comes next—"The Voysey Inheritance," the middle compartment of the book; and a startling change is instantly observed. The best description of "The Marrying of Ann Leete" is still Arthur Symonds': "The play opens in the dark," he wrote, "and remains for some time brilliantly ambiguous. People, late eighteenth-century people, talk with bewildering abruptness, with not less bewildering point; they, their motives, their characters, swim slowly into daylight. A courtly indolence, an intellectual blackguardism, is in the air; people walk, it seems, aimlessly in and out, and the game goes on; it fills one with excitement, the excitement of following a trail." The trail leads, as we have seen, towards reality; it is out of this artificial garden with its "brilliant ambiguities" that Ann longs and determines to escape, she wants to face facts, to know herself, to meet stark life—it is for this that she breaks away from all the mannered

courtliness, and lights that pathetic cottage candle—"We've all been in too great a hurry getting civilised. False dawn. I mean to go back." Well, it certainly seems, when we follow her, as though the escape had been complete; we push open the page and are instantly surrounded by the very atmosphere of Fact.

The Office of Voysey and Son is in the best part of Lincoln's

Inn. Mr. Voysey's own room, into which he walks about twenty past ten of a morning, radiates enterprise besides. There is polish on everything; on the windows, on the mahogany of the tidily-packed writing-table that stands between them, on the brass-work of the fire-place in the other wall, on the glass of the fire-screen which preserves only the pleasantness of a sparkling fire, even on Mr. Voysey's hat as he takes it off to place on the little red-curtained shelf behind the door. . . .

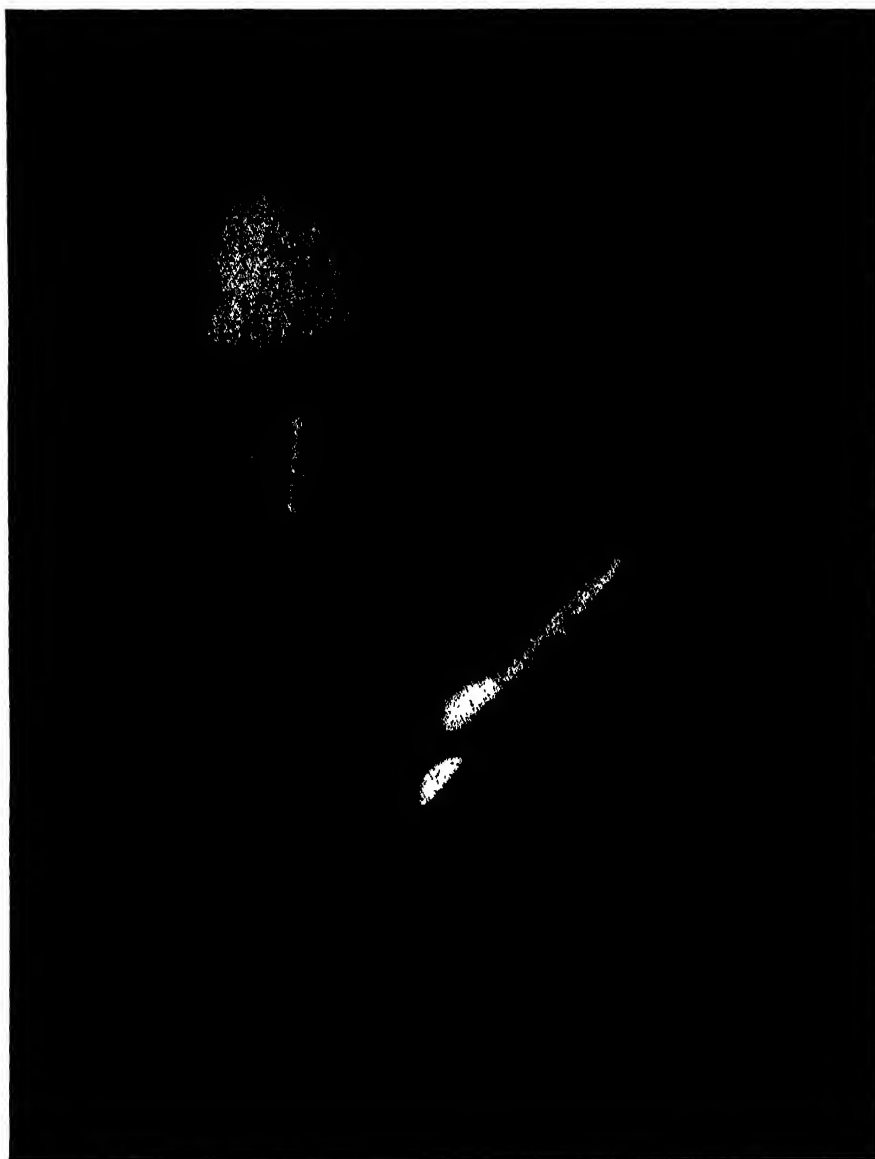


Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

H. Granville Barker.

From "Men of Mark," by Alvin Langdon Coburn (Duckworth).

The Voysey dining-room at Chislehurst, when children and grandchildren are visiting, is dining-table

and very little else. And at this moment in the evening, when five or six men are sprawling back in their chairs, and the air is clouded with smoke, it is a very typical specimen of the middle-class English domestic temple. . . . It has the usual red-papered walls (like a reflection, they are, of the underdone beef so much consumed within them), the usual varnished woodwork which is known as grained oak; there is the usual, hot, mahogany furniture; and, commanding point of the whole room, there is the usual black marble sarcophagus of a fireplace. . . . On the mantelpiece stands, of course, a clock; at either end a china vase filled with paper spills. . . .

Decidedly, this looks like Reality. No expense has been spared; that is to say, no economy. It would have been so easy for our man of letters, fastidious and elegant, to have indulged his love of grace by introducing some amenities—for amenities there would be, even in

chaste Chislehurst, even in the 'eighties. But he has determined there shall be no more dalliance or compromise: like Ann he has resolved to Face the Facts. Very well. So far, good. This is undoubtedly a nineteenth-century interior. That is undeniably an actual top-hat. These are certainly the red-papered walls of old England. . . .

And yet—there is something queer about it all. There is a certain strangeness in the air, a lack of nitrogen, a disconcerting quality of dream. If that hat of Mr. Voysey's suddenly began quietly turning somersaults on its little red-curtained shelf, we would not feel tremendously surprised. If strings of sausages took the place of the sirloin (underdone) you would accept the sight with a sort of impassivity. For in the accentuated realism of these rooms there is something oddly like the bright veracity of the streets of shops in harlequinade; and although the characters all apparently behave with the most absolute naturalness, we watch them as though they were figures moving in a void. Why should this be so? What invalidates the atmosphere? What can make a grained oak side-board seem uncanny?

Well, put quite simply, it is because these rooms are haunted. There is a skeleton in that sideboard. The characters are under a spell. They are bowed down by a doom that would make any home seem eerie; the true Voysey inheritance is something far more fateful than the bequest that burdens Edward. And it is this lurking legacy, of which they never speak, that secretly moves their minds and plucks their limbs.

Now this pervasive Influence—this mysterious super-Voysey—this dread ghost, *diabolus ex machina*—could indeed be named at once in three short words (whereat the reader makes a sporting plunge and guesses it)—but to do so would not only be a trifle lacking in finesse, it would also be actually misleading and unfair. The correct thing to do, the safe and decent way to track

him down, is to continue our staid detective tactics—proceeding now to tap the play's red-papered walls for any signs of secret passages or dummy panels. And as we do this, as we examine the actual structure of these scenes, we do discover, beyond question, that all these poor characters are, literally, the victims of an elaborate Plot. Of the plot, in fact—the plot of the

play, the story which drives the scenes round—that excellent tale of the elder Voysey's machinations—as neat an invention as anything of Poe's or Maupassant's or Hawthorne's. As ingenious, as artificial, as "romantic" as that—and therefore absolutely fatal as a mainspring intended to drive a middle-classical clock meant to tell Chislehurst time with stolid truthfulness. You don't get "realism" by merely changing centuries, by substituting a deed-box for duels; and it is a fact that, if you only move its mahogany furniture aside, the whole of this play will be found to have been laid out as artificially and elegantly as that seventeenth-century garden at Markswayde. Offering itself to us as a simple "slice of life," it is really impaled, all the time, on the most fantastic toasting-fork of criminal pathology and fairytale finance. And so, although the characters' reactions



By J. W. Ginsbury.

H. Granville Barker.

to the prongs are observed with the most scrupulous fidelity and reproduced with the most wonderful skill, though they wear unquestionable top-hats and smoke cigars, they still affect us as uncanny creatures, not exactly of our clay, for they are in fact being secretly goaded by dilemmas as abnormal as those which maddened Mr. Wells's Invisible Man. The mechanism that skewers them, spitting each of them in turn until we have the entire row displaying each his special way of squirming, is every bit as arbitrary as Carnaby Leete's rapier, as recondite as his political intrigues.

If that were all, it would be deeply interesting—it is such a capital example of the way a man's sense of form must have its fling, involuntarily indulging itself by

deftly shaping an intricate story at the very moment it is vowing to practice self-denial and be strictly matter-of-fact and plain. But there is more in it than even that. There's that Influence; there's our Ghost. Given Mr. Barker's unconquerable flair for shapeliness; given, too, his determination to deal with plain reality and "facts"; we have still to explain why he should have let the first frustrate the second by devoting itself to the careful manufacture of this particularly metallic sort of plot. The Voyseys could have been stirred to a display of their individualities, and the necessary form and coherence supplied, by the use of a sustaining story much more typical of such a home—at least, so one believes, so finds the world. Then why this special spindle, so eccentric and bizarre? Why this device of a solicitor playing old Puck with his practice—tossing his clients' coin about in a kind of colossal roulette with an impudence that makes our economics look ridiculous, that shows up our solemn share-holding as the merest shibboleth and sham, and exposes the stupendous silliness of a social system which depends upon such unproductive middle-management with its inevitable sequel of treadmill waste of genuine power?

The echoes of the definition give the answer. [*Enter Ghost.*] Impossible not to hear in that contemptuous indictment the very accent of our fierce Adelpheic oracle, the swish of the lacerating knout of cutting logic which he wields. Yes—it has to be admitted—shade of Shaw! Had his bony Fabian forefinger never beckoned Mr. Barker, the elder Voysey, I feel sure, would have remained an honest father, and his children would have been allowed to live their lives (and live them before us entertainingly) with all their charming Chislehurst simplicity.

But now we must step carefully. There is immense need here for clearness. Upon no other question have Mr. Barker's critics gone more wildly wrong than on this one of the influence of Shaw; and if I summon the old bogey here once more it is in the hope, if not of laying it, then of locating it so exactly that superstition in the future will not imagine it detects it where it isn't. It is amazing, it is heartrending, it fills one with despair for common eyesight, to watch the wholesale way Mr. Barker has been bracketed with Mr. Shaw; to read the ordinary comments that are made about "The Voysey Inheritance" or "Waste" you would conclude that G.B. was simply G.B.S. *minus* S. Whereas the truth (and to some extent the trouble, too) is that they are temperamentally and technically entirely unakin. They are as different as Ulster is from Ireland (Mr. Barker is mainly Scotch) or as dogma is from dream;



Photo by F. O. Hopf &

Mr. Granville Barker and his mascot.

their dramatic methods are just as unlike as their clothes are, or their respective ages, or their eyebrows. Especially the eyebrows! Consider them, I beg you—there are photographs in this and recent issues of *THE BOOKMAN* that will do. G.B.S.'s run truculently upwards and outwards with the aggressive twirl of a born fanatic and fighter. Mr. Barker's slant precisely the other way about; they rise towards the centre with a kind of quizzical perplexity to make an expression of whimsical interrogation. G.B.S.'s are the bristling eyebrows of a man who has made the Englishman's castle his home, and is intolerantly putting it to rights. Mr. Barker's are those of a kind of puzzled pierrot, of a man incurably capable of wonderment and whimsy—one of those who never can feel quite at home in the real world, to whom even the Englishman's castle is still a dark tower of romance, and who eyes it with a quaint and comical dismay. And their way of holding their pens is just as different. Their methods of expression are as unlike as their expressions. Mr. Shaw's sentences are arrowy, as rigid as ruled lines, Mr. Barker likes quaintly qualifying clauses—oblique parentheses that slant out of the strict logic of the line, with the effect of a deprecating shrug. He has to write sentences—but he won't deliver one; which is exactly what Shaw can't help. Mr. Shaw's stage-directions are commands, Mr. Barker's, indications—he has a trick of using a terminal "perhaps." "*There are many books in the room, hardly any pictures, a statuette, perhaps.*" "*You can discern a bookcase filled with heavy volumes—law reports, perhaps.*" "*A certain liking for metaphysical turns of speech show an Eastern origin, perhaps.*" It is an odd constructional trick, and it seems to me beautifully characteristic. Even in the faces of his characters it is repeatedly reflected, in expressions of half-humorous dubiety. Philip Madras is constantly raising his eyebrows *quizzically, whimsically*; even old Voysey's eyebrows have an elvish twist. Whimsical eyebrows, in short, and a tone of charming deprecation—we really needn't search for other traits. Such clues may seem slight, but indeed they are cardinal—quite enough to authorise us to deny as utterly preposterous the suggestion that Barker is simply Shaw without the bite, or that these "Plays" are "Plays for Puritans, Vol. II." We may, perhaps, sum it up shortly by saying that Mr. Shaw's utterances end with a bang; Mr. Barker's with a speculative "perhaps."

IV.

But there is a spark of truth in all mistakes, even the smokiest; and there is gleam of justice here. It is

this: that although Mr. Barker's attitude when writing is exactly the opposite of Mr. Shaw's, although he sits precisely on the other side of the table, yet, partly for that reason, whenever he glances up his view of life naturally includes the noble figure of his *vis-à-vis*. There is not a trace of Mr. Shaw in Mr. Barker's technique; but there is all of him in Mr. Barker's world. The distinction is a deep one. I would like to draw it in red ink. It probably applies to more cases than our subject's. "I suppose I owe more to Shaw," Mr. Barker once said to me, "than to any other man alive. He is certainly my very greatest friend." Now debt and intimacy would doubtless be largely the result of the very divergencies of temperament we have been noting--the dissimilarities which make Mr. Barker a kind of interrogative spectator and Mr. Shaw a spectacular asserter. You are to figure Mr. Barker, twenty years ago, approaching life with a charmed eagerness and wonder. He was eager, he was earnest, he had swiftness and sincerity, he had genius and the *naïveté* of genius; he was curious about ideas, he was humbly anxious to learn to live; and he was earning his living as an actor. It was humanly impossible for such a youngster to avoid being fascinated by the man who was at that time the most exhilarating literary figure in the Town; and the world the young man contemplated became, therefore, pretty quickly a world thickly populated by his great friend's prophecies and projects and ideas. It was rather a beautiful relationship, I think. Old man and young man, dogmatist and dreamer, like some new Virgil and Dante of our day, they descended together all the circles of--the hell in "Man and Superman"; and although Mr. Barker, left to himself, would probably never have explored this metaphysical Avernus--would have thought of it, indeed, as a mere backstairs to actual life--it was inevitable that, having once explored it in such company, it should become a fixed and vital part of his mental picture of reality--the central court, indeed, round which the rest of the rooms of the national house were arranged, or at any rate the stokehold, the engine-room, the power-chamber, without a knowledge of which nothing else could be understood, no remotest drawing-room or draper's shop or studio;--and without a representation of which, therefore, no reproduction of actuality could possibly be genuinely complete.

That is why we got dramatised social economics used as the material for that mainspring in "The Voysey Inheritance." And that is why (to move on) the subject-matter of the next play, "Waste," is complicated and (as I think) to some extent clouded by a dramatised projection of another of Mr. Shaw's visions--his noble conception of the teacher as the priest of the future, the creed he happens to have restated this very month in "Misalliance."

"What is a child?" he asks, in the new Preface; answering, with the precision of poetry, "A fresh attempt to produce the just man made perfect, that is, to make humanity divine." And "My point is this," said Horace Trebell in "Waste," ten years ago (his part being played, by the way, by Mr. Barker himself), "My point is this: A man's demand to know the exact structure of a fly's wing, and his assertion that it degrades any child in the street not to know such a thing, is a religious revival, a token of spiritual hunger."

"The Church," he says again, amplifying his project to reorganize schools on the royal lines of cathedrals, making secular teaching as sacred as the creeds, "The Church has assimilated much in her time. Do you think it wise to leave agnostic science at the side of the plate?"

"I think that this craving for common knowledge is a new birth in the mind of man; and if your Church won't recognise that soon, by so much will she be losing grip for ever over men's minds. . . . I'm offering you a new Order of men and women who'll serve God by teaching his children. . . . Teaching, true teaching, is learning, and the wish to know is going to prevail against any creed. . . . The tradition of self-sacrifice and fellowship in service for its own sake--that's the spirit we've to capture and keep. Education is religion, and those who deal in it are priests without any laying on of hands."

"I have only one belief myself," he adds (Trebell, remember, not necessarily Barker), "that is, human progress,—yes, progress over many obstacles and by many means. I have no ideals. I believe it is statesmanlike to use all the energy you find, turning it into the nearest channel that points forward." It is a re-statement of the faith on which Mr. Shaw's eyes have always been indomitably fixed; but it is not an echo of Mr. Shaw. It is a new description, by a younger man, a humbler, gentler, and more generous man, of the writing on the rock which the fierce elder has laid bare; and it is used by him with a respectfulness, both to his art and to life, which the exasperated prophet has never had the patience to display. It is the difference, once more, between the man of letters and the man of laws. Shaw has written many plays in support of just these creeds—"Misalliance" is but the last of a long list; but his attitude in all of them, and especially the later ones, is that of a man who takes the actual play-making contemptuously because he is so sure of the importance of the creed. It is another of the many anomalies of this most amazing man, this most unreasonable rationalist. Because Shaw's characters have solemn truths to tell, he lets them act fantastically; there is the keenest of logic in everything they say, but the most absolute incoherence in their actions. The structure of "Misalliance," for example, is all over the shop—it is even more like a pantomime than Pygmalion; it really is a misalliance—a most immoral union of spiritual sobriety and dramatic misbehaviour. Confidently aware of his own rectitude and keen ethical purpose, he feels at liberty to dodge the toil of honest drama. His work is our latest and greatest example of the way moral convictions can lead to technical licentiousness.

But Mr. Barker is quite incapable of these contempts. He takes his work with a fine seriousness and (Scotch blood, perhaps) he jokes about morals with difficulty. "Waste" is the ironic example. For to satisfy his artistic honesty he had to make that political motive an absolutely integral part of the human action of the play; and the result is an intricate alternation of the abstract and the visible, a microscopically close mesh of party theories and personal passions, that defies any attempt at instinctive separation, and so keeps the attention hovering ambiguously between the pure excitement of a drama of ideas and the excitement of a drama of individuals. It is wonderfully wrought—a triumph of weaving; the more closely one peers into the texture, the more one is amazed by the patient

fineness of the thread: the way Trebell's belief in the future and his bloodless passion for his policy is brought at last into frank and fatal conflict with the situation which his inhumanity and his faith have both produced, is a piece of technical patterning beyond praise. Amy O'Connell's child would have lived if she had thought Trebell cared for her: his fight for the future of the children of men, that is to say, murdered his own offspring. But despite this diabolically deft dove-tailing much of the structure still remains abstract and cold. Mr. Barker's conscience couldn't rest until, in the name of honest craftsmanship, it had equipped Trebell with a credible Parliamentary Bill; and I think that Bill proved too heavy. No audience could meet it. The dialogue in the opening Act, where a group of charming ladies grow coquettish about by-elections and Nonconformity, has a quality of algebraic unreality far more artificial than the intrigues in Ann Leete. It seems certain that the planks of a political platform make poor building material for a play.

V.

So that when we come to the end of this first book, when the curtain falls upon "Waste," and we prepare to step across to "The Madras House," the question of whether Mr. Barker did right to follow Ann still remains largely unsolved. It was brave of our puzzled pierrot

to resolve to face the facts of life, to be an honest realist and no mere elegant; but so far the facts he has tackled have been terrible tough ones—Fabian facts, in short—economics and politics—desperate material for anybody not a born doctrinaire. Would the experience discomfit him? Would he fall back on artifice, on eighteenth-

century gardens and rapiers? Or would he press gamely forward in search of a subject at once romantic and real—a as modern as Denmark Hill, yet as human as "Hamlet"—quite as important as the Poor Law, yet as passionate as poetry?—for such a subject, of course, does exist.

In "The Madras House" all these questions are answered. Every wall of it announces that pierrot has won. It is true that its subject-matter is the same as that of "Man and Superman," and "Getting Married." But that happens to be the theme of themes to dramatise emotionally; it is

also the subject-matter of "Romeo and Juliet." And here it has been dramatised, in its own terms, undogmatically, with the most delicate loyalty to life: the normal motives of human conduct here move and meet and sway with no perceptible interference from the author. It is true, too, that Philip Madras is going to stand for the L.C.C.—but that dubious ambition of his is only part of his desire—not to dogmatise—but humbly to learn. "It's a muddled country" he admits in Act I. "One's first instinct is to be rhetorical about it, to write poetry and relieve



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

H. Granville Barker.

one's feelings. I once thought I might be self-sacrificing—give my goods to the poor and go slumming—keeping my immortal soul superior still." But (himself a pierrot on pilgrimage) he gets over that. "We have to teach Mildred what love of the world means, Jessica," he says to his wife, in the last scene. "Even if it's an uncomfortable business. Even if it means not adding her to that aristocracy of good feeling and good taste, the very latest of class distinctions. I tell you I haven't come by these doubts so easily. Beautiful sounds and sights and thoughts are all of the world's heritage I care about. Giving them up is like giving my carefully created soul out of my keeping before I die." Which, of course, is the only way a soul can be given life. It is astonishing how obstinately beauty comes back—reappearing, more perfect than ever, precisely in the path which the seeker has heavily taken, convinced that it leads right away from her, that it leads only to Facts, but that it's the only honest way to go. There is certainly beauty in this play—beauty of form, of idea, of human emotion and relationship—beauty especially of a perfect harmony and wholeness. It has balance without bias. It is rounded, moulded, shaped, even more perfectly than

the parterre acts of "Ann Leete"; and yet it is as real as the Voysey's chiffonier.

* * * * *

I said, when we started out, that one of the chief joys of criticism was the joy of detection. There is only one other as great—that of indulging in praise. But when the first pleasure leads you at last imperatively to the second—what extraordinary happiness your craft brings you then! Mine, this minute, is only shadowed by one memory—the recollection of that half-finished play and of three strong-limbed Granville Barkers—Granville Barker the Manager, Granville Barker the Producer, and Granville Barker the Repertory Propagandist—holding the author away from it. I admit, indeed, that their efforts may have done him good in the past, that it was probably they, and especially the disinterested propagandist, who forced him to "give up his carefully created soul out of his keeping" in order that they might return it improved. But, all the same, I feel the time has now come for him to possess that soul in peace again. We may or may not need a Repertory Theatre. But I am certain we do badly need Barker's release. And so I insist that the soundest thing we drama-lovers can do is to get this Repertory on its feet without delay.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, MESSRS. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best six "don'ts" for competitors in our original lyric competition.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and we send HALF A GUINEA each to Miss Diana Royds, of Heather Cottage,

Bengal Road, Bournemouth, and to Miss Brenda Duncan, of Park House, Croydon, for the following:

THE LOST MOTHER.

Renewed, you say, in every breath,
She lives where happiest dreams come true;
But were it not the sting of death
If death indeed made all things new?

Haply she weaves, with starry strands,
Some web of heaven; but O, to look
Again upon the wrinkled hands
That laid the knitting by the Book!

No need of glasses now, to see
The farthest star which burns above;
But could the old eyes beam on me,
Dim eyes whose only light was love!

As then she was I seek her now—
No halo round the silver hair,
No crown upon the patient brow;
Only the cap she used to wear.

Talk not of her immortal youth:
Dearer her placid age than all,
What shining wings could wear, in sooth,
The beauty of her faded shawl?

Nay! by her portrait kneeling down,
One prayer, but one, will I record:
No white wings, but the old grey gown,
No angel, but a mother, Lord!

DIANA ROYDS.

HOLIDAY.

Come out! for Summer has filled the skies,
And the breath of the morning's sweet,
And I must follow the love in your eyes,
And the lilt of my dancing feet.
The same blithe spirit is calling us
Who piped at the birth of man—
For see on the shimmering sands the track
Of the little goat-feet of Pan!
He beckons us over the far, blue hills
Adown to the shining sea—
Go up!—come follow him, follow him, follow him—follow the
trail with me!

The little fauns giggle behind the rocks—
Brown bodies flash in the sun—
For Arcady opens, when great Pan knocks
Where beauty and truth are one.
As, piping a melody ever new,
He beckons us over the sand,
To follow the lure of his Pagan joy
Away to a Pagan land.
So, though my home is upon the shore,
And yours on the rolling sea—
Come up!—come follow him, follow him, follow him—follow the
trail with me!

Perhaps he will steal on us, unawares,
And carry us far away,
And when we come back on our homeward track,
We shall find we are old and grey.
Who knows?—but the lure of the sea and the sun
Is one that we can't withstand.
I would fain explore in the faerie lore—
So give me your guiding hand.
For Pan is piping a mad, June song
And calling to sky and sea:—
"A man and a maid from earth have strayed
As of old into Arcady."
So up!—come follow him, follow him, follow him—follow the
trail with me!

BRENDA DUNCAN

We also select for printing

THE CHARMED CIRCLE.

They say my lady's face is hard,
Who never saw her eyes,
Or deep with tender love and hope,
Or raised in sweet surprise.

They say my lady's heart is cold,
Who on a bed of pain,
Ne'er felt her pitying touch of hand,
That eased the sick again.

I hold the charm, and I can call
The dimple to her chin,
Or wake the gentle mirth that lurks,
Unknown, her eyes within.

'Tis I who keep the golden key,
And tread the hidden way,
That leads where her dear soul joins mine,
And bids me kneel and pray.

(Hester Viney, Scale How, Ambleside.)

PROEMIA.

The sun was shining, dear, be sure,
On that March morn
When you were born:
The radiance of it still abides
In you, and prints
Your moods with hints
Of roscate morning and its joy.

The daffodils were blooming, dear,
On that March morn
When you were born:
The magic of the elfin looms
That spun their gold
In wood and wold
Brodered your golden laughter, too.

The birds were fluting far and near
On that March morn
When you were born:
The music of them entered in,
And dwelt in your
Young heart, and bore
It singing onward through the years.

* * * * *
The mocking-birds were nesting, dear,
On that March morn.

(Vorley Wright, 664, Irving Park Boulevard, Chicago.)

AWAKENING.

Am I to blame Love, that because you kissed me
My world a fairyland no longer seems?
Why did you waken me? Life might have missed me,
Poised on my lofty pinnacle of dreams!

But you and Life searched all the world to find me,
Climbing my giddy heights of hopes and fears;
And now the years of dreaming he behind me,
Beyond a gulf of strange awakening tears!

The thoughts of innocence are bright and tender,
Woven strands of faith and hope and youth;
Until Life claims their ultimate surrender,
Yielding instead—the knowledge of the truth!

I decked the Future's feet with fancy's flowers,
Bidding them lightly hasten on their way;
But now they thunder in the passing hours,
Drowning the phantom footsteps of To-day!

Only the wonder-wings of Joy had brushed me,
Thrilling my soul in some soft dream-caress;
And then—your lips sought mine, your strong arms crushed me!
How can I tell if this is "happiness"?

Reality has passed Illusion's portal,
Breaking the bonds that held my soul in thrall.
I dreamed Love was a god—divine, immortal—
And wake to find him human, after all!

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

We specially commend the lyrics sent in by John R. Meyde (Stewkley), Miss G. M. Leeson (Twickenham), Leonora Lockhart (Zululand), R. L. Healey (Preston), Enid Worbright (Chelsea), S. E. H. (Canterbury), J. D. I. Waugh (Toddington), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Vera Wentworth (St. Andrew's), R. E. D. Donaldson (Calne), Frank Savage (Ramsgate), Marie Russell (London, W.), E. M. de Foubert (Edinburgh), D. J. Darlow (Corsham), O. H. C. (Sheffield), Agnes L. Hughes (Washington), Henrietta M. Stephenson (Derby), Albert Muspratt (East Ham), Hannah Bellwood (Scarborough), Miss C. Rassom (Torquay), F. W. Macnamara (Cambridge), Dorothea Hollins (London, W.), A. G. McClellan (Edinburgh), A. V. Waller (Sunderland), Annie Clarke (High Wycombe), A. M. B. Rosman (Ladbroke Grove), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Mrs. Gordon Laurie (Glasgow), Chas. Ireland (Hove), Mrs. D. M. Tweeddale (Birkdale), R. T. Barton (Plaistow), Gladys New (Birkenhead), C. Pitt (Alaska), O. W. Jew (Old Charlton), Harold J. Dutton (Nottingham), G. W. Turner (Burnley), S. J. Morrison (Grange-over-Sands), H. K. Watts (Nottingham), W. T. Brocklebank (Darlington), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Miss G. L. Isaac (Malvern), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Henry Nicoll (Oxford), A. Glyn Prysjones (Walsall), Miss H. C. Williamson (Galashiels), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), Doris Dean (Bromley), M. M. (Eastbourne), V. de Sola Pinto (Hampstead), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), Leopold Spero (London, W.), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), Hylda C. Cole (Glasgow), Synergos (Holloway), Anthony Dobbing (Halifax), Joan M. Waterlow (S. Kensington), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Clarice M. Caley (Norwich), J. B. (Crewe), K. Cairns (Dublin), Mrs. M. O. B. Wilkinson (California), Eric Chilman (Hull), Horace W. Walker (Hull), Mrs. Fortescue (Southwold), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Florence Taylor (Honor Oak), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), G. J. Holme (Great Malvern), J. D. Smith (Milngavie), Mary R. Wilshire (Victoria Park), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Mrs. Hanrahan (Cork), Florence E. Boag (W. Ealing), Francis Embling (Portsmouth), Marjorie Stuart (York), S. N. Veitch (Durham), Frances Bexfield (Audley), L. M. Davis (Enneld), Constance V. Kerr (West Hartlepool), E. R. L. (Durham), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Clement H. Whithy (Yeovil), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), Douglas Wilson (Eccles), Eva Ridley (Hove), James Omerod (Bolton), R. J. Woodhouse (Merstham), W. W. B. (Prescot), W. J. Halliday (Pudsey), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), Marjorie W. Crosbie (Herne Bay), J. L. Duncan (Rothsay), A. J. G.

(Herne Hill), N. B. Laughton (Edinburgh), O. T. Smith (Barings), Grace H. Hill (Hampstead), J. Hudson (Camberwell), R. S. Frayn (Ilminster), S. S. (Bournemouth), Leon Gellert (Adelaide, S. Australia), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Richard Seneschal (Los Angeles), A. L. Beatrice Sweet (Tokio), Peggy Grant (New Forest), May Yates (New Brighton), Lilla G. McKay (Auckland, N.Z.), G. M. Northcott (Birkenhead), M. Graham (Liverpool), P. H. B. L. (Oxford), Henry Baxter (Neath), Kenneth A. MacFayden (Prince Edward Island), M. O. (Llandudno), Chas. Whitwell (Wanstead), M. H. Potter (Taunton), T. A. King (Moseley), Constance Cochrane (Solihull), Violet D. Chapman, (Burnham).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham, for the following :

THE PYJAMA MAN. BY RALPH STOCK. (Hutchinson.)

"I haven't a shirt to my back."

COL. J. HAY, *The Enchanted Shirt*.

We also select for printing :

CRAIG APPLIES. BY OLGA DARDAY. (Max Goschen)

"Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!"

BYRON, *Don Juan*.

(Miss S. M. Isaacson, 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill, W.)

CUBIST POEMS. BY MAX WEBER. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Do I sleep? Do I dream?
Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?"

BRET HARTE, *Further Language from Truthful James*.

(Frank Savage, c/o D. A. Wallace, Esq., "The Croft," Montefiore Avenue, Ramsgate.)

A WELSHMAN'S REPUTATION. BY "AN ENGLISHMAN." (Stanley Paul.)

"Look on my George."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI., 2nd Part*.

(Mrs. MacGregor, 34, Glenmore Road, Oxtou, Birkenhead.)

THE DEVIL IN SOLUTION. BY WILLIAM CAINE. (Greening.)

"When taken
To be well shaken."

GEO. COLMAN, *The Newcastle Apothecary*.

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

THE WOMAN'S WAY. BY CHARLES GARVICE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"'Look at the clock,' said Winifred Pryce
As she opened the door to her husband's knock,
Then paused to give him a piece of advice—
'You nasty varmint—look at the clock!'"

Ingoldsby Legends.

(Mrs. Fortescue, Alleyn House, Southwold, Suffolk.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best appeal in eight lines of verse to the Holiday Burglar is awarded to Mr. F. Dale, of The School House, Woodbridge, Suffolk, for the following :

TO THE HOLIDAY BURGLAR.

O Burglar, in these days of strikes
And other things that one dislikes
I find my summer holiday
Of circumstance become the prey.
Waiters and porters are called out;
What next may come there's always doubt.
You would my mind from one care free,
If you would strike from sympathy.

Other good verses have been received, the best twelve being those from Miss S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), W. H. Stretton (Bishop's Park), Rev. F. Horn (Rowland's Castle), Reginald P. Connell (Kennington), Hilda Trevelyan Thomson (Linthorpe), Norman Birkett (Edgbaston), Betty S. Maxwell (Gt. Crosby), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), Ralph H.

Bridgwater (Birmingham), F. E. Bolt (Anerley), Dorothy H. Malley (Sutton).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss Lucy G. Chamberlain, of Plas Brith, Llandudno, North Wales, for the following :

QUINNEYS. BY HORACE A. VACHELL. (Murray.)

The very human figure of the art-dealer—rough, cute, and well meaning—withal lovable—with his extraordinary flair for the antique, his strivings after honesty in a trade lending itself peculiarly to the "faker"—is Mr. Vachell's finest effort. Drawn with a sure, fearless hand, he is the centre of interest—the crux of every situation. A wise, quaint, humorous book, the underlying romance, the clever characterisation—even the novelty of life in a new guise—the fascination of behind-the-scenes in a curio shop—yet sink into obscurity beside the man whose danger lay in the fact that he "loved things better than he loved people."

We also select for printing :

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH. BY WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (Lane.)

No book could be a more excellent tonic than the above for anyone who feels the "grasshopper" a "burden"! It is instinct with *joie de vivre*, and radiates it in a marvellously infectious manner! "Absurd" and "improbable" it may be termed by the blasé or critical reader, but there is in it an irresistible quality of vitality, founded on an equally irresistible faith in destiny which carries its possessor triumphantly through apparently overwhelming odds to the seemingly unattainable goal. That a *gutterboy* should marry a *Princess* sounds like a fairy-tale, but for "The Fortunate Youth" the fairy-tale comes true!

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

MODERN LOVERS. BY VIOLA MEYNELL. (Secker.)

Miss Meynell's study of the inter-relations of two girls and three men is essentially modern in its insistence upon psychology rather than action, in its dealing with the commonplace, and in its feminist outlook. By the latter is meant no disparagement, but perhaps the author's own sex makes it inevitable that her women are seen, as it were from within, and her men from without. The analysis of character is often vivid and masterly, and it is the fault of the type rather than of the book itself that the general atmosphere is one of sordid greyness.

(Edna Smallwood, 133, Highbury Quadrant, N.)

SYLVIA. BY UPTON SINCLAIR. (Long.)

Mr. Sinclair gives us in Sylvia a truly bewitching figure, a creature of such stuff indeed "as dreams are made of." We are all of us more or less children at heart, and dearly love a heroine who recalls the beautiful princess from the fairy stories of our youth. Such a radiant being as Sylvia must surely satisfy the most romantic of us, and were it not for its ghastly close the book would be immensely fascinating. As it is, the unspeakable horrors reserved for us in the last few pages leave us with a feeling of the utmost revulsion.

(Mrs. W. L. Saunt, 42, Stanford Road, Kensington, W.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Gladys Evelyn Warren (St. John's Wood, N.W.), Mrs. W. J. Macnamara (Dublin), Rolanda Hirst (Yorks), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Donald Leitch (Glasgow), Miss C. Ransom (Torquay), S. A. Thorp (Eltham, S.E.), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), Cathleen White (Barnes, S.W.), Kitty Cairns (Dublin), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Norman Birkett (Edgbaston), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate, N.), Annie L. Beal (Barnes, S.W.), Pauline Lee, Miss E. S. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Olive Turney (Beccles), Hilda Ridley (Buffalo, U.S.A.), Emily Kingston (Blairgowrie), James A. Richards (Tenby), Elsie G. Davies (Wolverhampton), Miss L. F. Munro (Edmonton, Canada), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Arthur Wenzel (Los Angeles, U.S.A.), F. Heathcote Briant (Catford, S.E.), Frank Savage (Ramsgate), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford, Notts.), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill, S.E.), G. E. Stanton (South Wigston), Leo Delicati (Cotham, Bristol), Marjorie E. Barnard (London, S.W.), Anna Fraser (West Kensington, W.), and Henry Baxter (Neath).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Forrest, 34, Glenmore Road, Oxtou, Birkenhead.

WAVERLEY: OR A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

TO the authors of our choice we all owe a debt of gratitude, greater than we can ever pay. How, indeed, can our debt possibly be estimated to copious authors we read again and again for no motive other than sheer pleasure. Words utterly fail, indeed, to express the balance of debt I owe to the author of "Waverley." I recur to four or five of the Waverley novels every year, and never with a sensation approaching to surfeit. I like to bring every historic event to the test of a verdict from one of the most sagacious judges of how history actually happened that has ever lived; and nothing gives me greater pleasure in reading than to come across an inlay of Scott in an essay written by a contemporary whose judgment is worth considering. On two occasions I am happy to record this has occurred to me lately in perusing the writings of Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Once in an essay on the late Mr. Watts-Dunton in "A Bookman's Letters," where, speaking of his subject's criticism, the author says: "There was no blare of trumpets in his praise,

but a sentence meant as much from him as a light caress from 'Di Vernon.' Again, in the "Day Book of Claudius Clear," where there is a very delightful essay on Buried Romance, under the title of "Eheu Evelina." These two words contain a thrill for anyone who, like myself, dotes upon "The Antiquary." In this story there is undoubtedly some indication of the great disappointment which blunted Scott's susceptibilities in exactly the same way as a love-grief blunted those of Mr. Gilfit. Other fragments of the tale are told in the stories of Edward Waverley, Alan Fairford, Darsie Latimer, and Frank Osbaldistone, and give to all Scott's fiction a kind of latent sentimental interest. References to, and citations from, Scott are not very easy to compass, for the simple reason that Scott is so very unconcentrated an author. But there are still very frequent references to him in the best critics of our time. Andrew Lang, of course, had Scott at his finger-tips. Elton and Ker have written their most eloquent pages in appreciation of his great Fabulary. The people whose opinion one defers to as of right are all deeply penetrated with feeling for the "Shirra"—"true gentleman, heart, blood and bone," and I often reflect with delight on Jowett's admission that he never liked to

let two years elapse without reading the "Bride of Lammermoor" through once again.

Nevertheless, it is shocking to find how indifferent and seemingly impervious the younger generation to-day are to Scott. I am philosophic enough to attribute it in part to the unfailing effect of the sun upon all the most ostensibly fixed of the colours of art; but I attribute it still more to the ignorance of the younger people as to the profundity of the pleasure involved in a sound estimate of the Waverley series as a whole, and to the fact that they may have been misguided in their choice of what books to prefer, and what novels to

postpone in the Waverley cycle. For all these reasons I am extremely glad to have the opportunity of proclaiming my faith that as sure as there is a God in Gloucestershire, so, without doubt, Abbotsford is one of the most splendid, if not the most splendid, of all modern literary shrines. All admit the hero in Scott, as portrayed for future ages by Lockhart. In retelling the story of how "Waverley" came to be written,



Scott Finding the MS. of "Waverley."

From "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).

and how the world was entirely captivated by it and its immediate successors, we have to remember in addition that Scott was the instaurator of historic romance—romantic history, the patentee of the glamour of Scotland, the Highland Line and the Jacobites ("Charlie over the Waterism" as Borrow called it), and an early instinctive rebel against industrial anarchy and the radicalism that would palliate it. A champion of Seignury—where others seek for the gleam among the trees westward, he looks back along the stems already traversed to find delight and profit there.

Two absurd mistakes are often made in relation to Scott's work upon the very threshold of our subject: assumption first that Scott's novels suffered inevitably from the mere fact of the rapidity with which they were written; second, that they are shallow, experimental, and tentative things with no deep roots in the past either of Scotland or of Scott. In reality, Scott's whole life had been devoted to piling up a huge escarpment of conservative tradition. The preliminaries were so extensive that works of massive interest of one kind or another were almost bound to accrue. He had long had in mind an attempt to depict the manners of his country in prose. His memory, by constant exercise and training

had become a museum of Scottish character, incidents and antiquities, which, while almost inexhaustible in its wealth, was always at the disposition of his poetic imagination. Like most of the greatest of fiction by Shakespeare, Balzac, Swift, Defoe, and Trollope, the novels were written with almost incredible rapidity. We have to remember that they were written from a mind stored to repletion with the characters, incidents, and even the details of dialogue and the turn of dialect that this author sought to reproduce. He was forty-three years of age when, with a long break of Scottish novels covering the period from Charles II. to George III., he commenced the incomparable series of thirty-one tales which were to influence the life and literature of Europe, as the "Arabian Nights" had done upon their first importation to Europe—a hundred years earlier.

The prodigality of Scott's invention was the direct result of slowly maturing causes. The long apprenticeship, the patient hiving of material and ripening of faculty had gone on without explicit consciousness of the end to which it was destined they should be applied. But the preparation was complete, and Scott, who had of all his compatriots been most sceptical as to the permanent value of his "Border Lays," had found the mould into which he could pour the whole of his genius. He had hardly any predecessors in historic romance worth speaking about, and his materials were different in almost every respect from those used by his two



Abbotsford in 1812.

From "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (A. and C. Black)

greatest rivals in respect to historic imagination—Shakespeare and Macaulay. Scott never worked over a chronicle or pored over and collated vast collections of contemporary pamphlets. He never even (with the exception of "Nigel") got up his period systematically. He relied exclusively upon the vividness of his interest, and the gigantic force of his memory to reproduce for him places, scenes, actions and racy fragments of discourse which had been piled up by his imagination in magic clouds to afford relief to

his Chateaux d'Espagne.

Like another Don Quixote, with his Palmerins and D'Olivas, Sir Walter's mind was charged with Scotland. Above all other literary Scots, save Dunbar and Burns, he glows with patriotism—devotional and intense. He is at his best and easiest when, like Rob, he kittles up his rustic reed, and he knows better than any man that ever lived what made Scotland Scotland.

He lived much of his time, as he frequently tells us, in an imaginary world, not merely when he was composing, but as a normal incident in his daily routine. It had been so from childhood, but during adolescence and manhood he still kept his hand upon the lever of this time-machine, and when it was least expected, while his body was associated with the exploits of the "Shirra's" train and the Abbotsford Hunt, his spirit was in reality far away, taking the heather with the outlaw, or entering the precincts of Holyrood sixty

Advertisement

New edition of 'The Waverley' by the Author of 'Waverley'
Revised and with a preface

Notes historical and illustrative by the Author

It has been the occasional occupation of the Author of 'Waverley' for several years past to write and correct that numerous and the two numerous claps which papers under the name of 'Waverley' should appear as the author's publications they might be in some degree discredited by the public's knowledge of the public's knowledge with which they had been concerned upon first publication. For a long period it seemed likely that the edition improved edition which he had intended to be a posthumous publication but the course of events which occurred the disclosure of the author's name having restored to him the property of these copy rights he is naturally induced to give them to the public in a corrected and improved form while life and health permit the task of correcting and illustrating them. In the long his purpose it is necessary to say a few words in the form of the preface to the edition

FACSIMILE PARAGRAPH—AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT TO 1829 EDITION.

Reproduced from the Dryburgh edition of 'Waverley' (A. and C. Black).

years since with "Charlie and his men." He had partly realised this dream world in his poetry. He completely embodied it in his prose. His active professional duties, which were of a routine nature, and his out-of-door life with men, and practical affairs, were no doubt a means of keeping the balance of sanity and actuality in his life. But, outside of this he had built up a world of his own in which his mind habitually lived. It was this world which came to birth in the Waverley Novels, the plan of which permitted of a variety hitherto unknown in fiction. Real and conjectural history, Scottish anecdote and humour, ground plans of famous sites, the Scots themselves of successive generations, Highland and Lowland, high and low, noble and peasant, professions and trades, soft and sane, huntsmen and ploughboys, castaways and poor scholars, beggars and thieves—all are there in a brilliant setting of lyrical interlude and national folk-lore. They may not be perfectly blended. The gold may be imperfectly worked and screened, but the shaft is sunk, and the ore found. Construction is loose, composition unequal, rapid, sometimes very careless. Art is secondary to the nature of the material. But sheer power of genius is there with all its transmuting force. Years fade and vanish, and we are living 'the lang syne' over again.

Here, as in the poems, the novelist owes little to example or precedent. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is an experiment, so is "Waverley." In "Marmion" we see the result of the craft that emerges from experience. It is the same with "Old Mortality." Contrast the drowsy opening of "Waverley" with the splendid scene of the shooting at the Popinjay, and the night ride that follows, when Henry Morton gets entangled in the destiny of Balfour of Burley. The author in the interval has acquired a very high fixed standard of narrative prose. Scott, who was always a soldier first and foremost in instinct and feeling, had a slight touch of contempt for the literary Edward, his first hero. Henry Morton, in spite of the formality of his talk, was really a fine fellow. Scott, I think, improved steadily in the *ordonnance* of his work from "Waverley" to "Guy Mannering," "Mannering" to "The Antiquary," and thence to "Rob Roy" and "Mortality." Beyond that he could no further go.

It is now time briefly to return in order to retell the story of the inception of "Waverley."

The first start of "Waverley" was made, there is very little doubt, in the year 1805, a very critical year in Scott's life. He had been married about eight years, and was already at the head of a thousand a year. He now left Lasswade, the Gandercleugh of his "Tales of my Landlord," and rented from a cousin Ashestiel, a small but picturesque house—in part very old—on a steep cliff overhanging the Tweed above Yair, and not far from Yarrow, where he had met Wordsworth in 1803. In January of this year the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was published by Longmans, and obtained a welcome which it is hardly possible to appreciate now that the charm of its freshness is matter of ancient history. In December of the same year he put £6,000 into the printing business of James Ballantyne, a proceeding which was the source and origin of all his subsequent troubles. Impelled, among other motives, by a desire to provide "copy" for the printing firm of which



Ashestiel.

From "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).

he was an unproclaimed partner, Scott threw together six or seven chapters of the first volume of "Waverley," the second title of which was then to be "'Tis Fifty Years Since." These chapters, which are now generally regarded as inclining to the tedious side, were shown to Erskine, and by him rejected as hardly worthy of Scott's dawning fame as a poet. In 1806, nevertheless, Scott wrote to his frequent correspondent, Lady Abercorn, that he had a great epic on Prince Charlie in contemplation. This seems to have been converted, not into prose romance, but into "The Lady of the Lake," which appeared with conspicuous success in 1810. Shortly after this, Scott set to work as editor, and strung together a concluding chapter to Strutt's antiquarian romance "Queen-Hoo Hall." The woodenness of this may have inspired Scott to think how much better he could do the kind of thing himself. Upon arrival at Abbotsford, therefore, in June, 1812, he made a grand but unavailing search for the repudiated missing chapters of "Waverley." A year later the chapters were triumphantly found in an old bureau in a lumber room, among a lot of flies and other fishing tackle. The old bureau, it is said, is still preserved, and ought, surely,



The Shirra's Knowe at Ashestiel,

where many chapters of "Waverley" were written.
From "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).



Photo lent by Mr. W. S. Crockett.

The Gates of Traquair.

The Tully-Veolan or 'Waverley.'

to be erected into a national monument; few caskets can have held the promise of so much future wealth.

The first volume of *Waverley* was now finished, but temporarily laid aside to make way for some articles of general utility which Scott had to get done for Constable. But three weeks, in June, 1814, sufficed for the conclusion of the work; it was then, dining in Edinburgh, Lockhart saw the hand of Sir Walter Scott busy at its task. "Page after page is finished, and thrown on the heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied." The hand-printers and binders had hard work to keep pace with the conceptions of the literary creator. Nevertheless, the novel was published anonymously on July 7th, 1814, and at once achieved a resounding success.

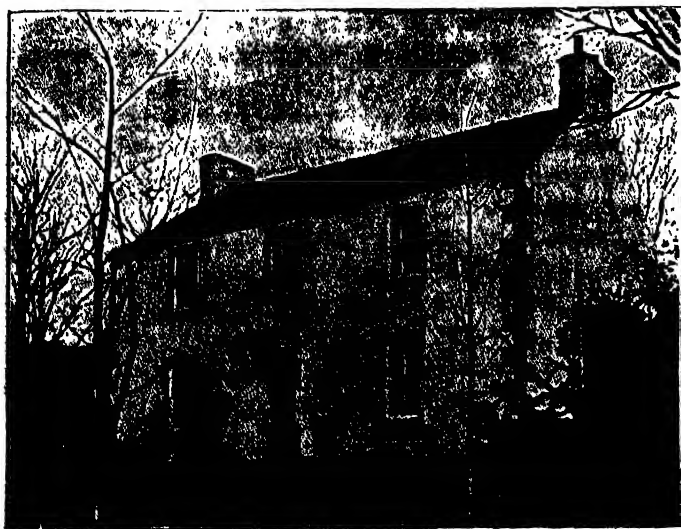
The secret of anonymity was shared by the Ballantynes, Erskine, Constable, and Morritt, and was not very long concealed, I imagine, from several of Scott's lady correspondents. The motive of it was partly commercial, but as far as Scott was concerned essentially romantic. He had already tried it in the case of the "*Bridal of Triermain*," and he liked the sensation of mystery which it excited. Writing to Morritt two days after the book's appearance, Scott apologised for his "laziness," by referring his correspondent to "a small anonymous sort of a novel in three volumes," which he said that he was sending his friend by the mail of that day. He describes it as a very old attempt to embody some traits of those characters and manners peculiar to Scotland, the last remnants of which vanished during his own youth. Elsewhere he speaks of the half barbarous

state of Scotland before 1748, which gave rise to deeds and incidents of the most unlawful, mysterious, and original character. "I had," he says to Morritt, "a good deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task, though I don't expect it will be popular in the South, as much of the humour, if there be any, is local." In this anticipation, he was, of course, entirely wrong; *Waverley* was received with the greatest delight. The critics, including the *Quarterly* and Lord Byron, were enthusiastic in its praise; it was pronounced superior to Miss Edgeworth's "*Castle Rackrent*," and the first edition of 1,000 copies was sold in a fortnight, and a second and

third edition followed during the autumn. The best judges recognised Scott from the first, and Morritt begged him to reconsider his incognito; but Scott would not hear of it, for he said that if he owned "*Waverley*" half his pleasure in the performance would evaporate, and he already recognised in his new vein a source of revenue more robust even than "*Marmion*" or "*Rokeby*."

Morritt wrote, on July 14th, that the first volume alone put the book above any other romances of the age, and when you reflect on the brilliance of the picture of Tully-Veolan, the drinking bout at Luckie Macleary's, The Laird of Balma-Whapple, the pedantry of old Bradwardine, and the Shakespearian wildness and raciness of Davie Gellatly, the pronouncement is little in excess of the truth. "The more I read of the book," he wrote a month later, "the more I like it, and I rejoice to hear it has so rapid a sale." Extraordinary to relate, the same month that saw the publication of "*Waverley*" witnessed the publication of Scott's complete edition of "*Swift*" in nineteen volumes; a sound piece of work, enough to have furnished another man with the labour of half a lifetime. Always unconcerned about the fate of his works, Scott set out on a six weeks yachting expedition to the Orkneys and Shetlands, where he was --unknown to himself--storing material for "*The Pirate*." But the success of *Waverley*, and his urgent need of money, allowed Scott very little rest; he was soon pushing his fortunes again into the field of romance, and "refreshing the machine" by the rapid production of "*Guy Mannering*," in which his first great character creations appear. In the meantime we find him writing to Morritt, "Money is tumbling in upon me very fast, and I am enabled to make a very nice little purchase adjoining Abbotsford, which will cost about £3,000."

It is strange to come across such a singular conjuncture of literary character. Scott revealing in himself at the same time the strength of a giant and the weakness (almost) of a Shenstone. The sweetness of Scott's temper, the Herculean character of his labours, the dramatic irony and grandeur of his rise and fall have obscured from the forgetful generations of men the full splendour of the content of his work. But it is clear for all who run and read to perceive that all his most distinctively grand qualities as a romancist are foreshadowed in "*Waverley*." The rather deliberate delaying of the beginning of the action until a *mise en scène* and an atmosphere have been patiently constructed. This is a little bit overdone, it is true, in "*Waverley*." Then the rapid unfolding and progressive beauty and seizing

**Traquair Knowe.**From "*The Scott Country*," by W. S. Crockett (A. & C. Black).

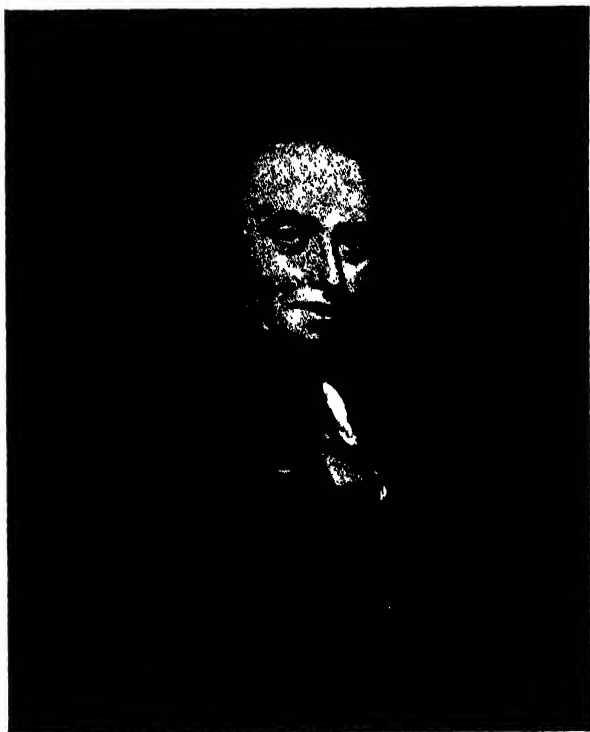


Photo lent by Mr. W. S. Crockett.

Daft Jock Gray.

The original of Davie Gellatly in "Waverley."

power of the situation immediately the action does begin to develop as in this case upon the departure of the hero from Tully-Veolan. Until by the time Edinburgh and Preston Pans are reached the reader is at the mercy of the full vigour of Scott's incomparable historic imagination. Then the superb fragments of wild lyric and noble ballad of which Scott has had a monopoly for over a century. Also, too, his rather cavalier notions of style—where the sentence falls, there it must lie. One man writes well, another ill. I have not learnt grammar and often make mistakes—this is no more nor less than the literal truth, and Scott's misquotations and errors are almost proverbial. And yet when the subject rises few can write a purer or more naturally noble and adequate English than the author of "Waverley." Take here the description of the evolution of the clansmen under the direction of the Vich ian Vohr and of their farewell to Waverley. As an historian who had the past in his

Photo lent by
Mr. W. S. Crockett**Colonel Charles Whitefoord,**

on whose experiences at and after Preston Pans Scott founded the chivalrous contest between Edward Waverley and Colonel Talbot

ready grip to an extent that no English-speaking man has had before or since, Scott was singularly fair dealing. He holds the balance fair and even in the main between Lowlander and Highlander, Southron and Scot, Jacobite and Royalist, past and present, Whig and Tory. The dreamer in his nature was well compensated by the laird, the landowner, the justice, the man of property, the modern baronet and man of affairs. His work marks the apotheosis of that romantic Border which in a few brief years gave to English Literature from one poor circumscribed plot of ground three such grand and diverse literary luminaries as Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, and Thomas Carlyle. The work of each of them no doubt will suffer occultation in its turn. But in the end above every other name in our literature save one, everything considered—and my loyalty to the "Shirra" has been slowly and steadily increasing ever since I first read "Ivanhoe" at the age of seven and a half—I place that of Sir Walter Scott.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS.

I WAS staying with Mr. Zangwill at his delightful retreat near Angmering when the news of the death of my old friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton, reached me. It was unexpected news, for the other day when I saw him he was bubbling over with fun and brimful of literary projects which would have kept him busy for the next ten years. Some weeks ago it had been necessary to perform a slight operation for the removal of some cysts on his head, and when I last saw him his head was still bandaged. It is possible that this operation may have hastened his end, which came about in a very peaceful and painless fashion. On every Saturday afternoon for many years he always read my article in the *Star*, but of late his eyesight had failed him, and others read aloud to him daily. He had two secretaries. One

of them arrived each morning at seven o'clock and read all the morning papers to him for two hours or more. But his lifelong friend, Mr. Thomas Hake, was his mainstay, and for many years he had unselfishly devoted himself to the poet. Indeed, but for Mr. Hake's unwearying help he would have found it difficult to continue his literary labours after his sight began to fail. I may mention the interesting fact that forty years ago Mr. Hake and Theodore Watts (as he was then, for he did not adopt his mother's name till 1897) shared the same chambers in Great James Street, and at that time Swinburne was living in rooms in the same street, although Watts did not know the poet till later. Mr. Hake is steeped in the Swinburnian and Rossettian past. In fact, he told me the other day that he had known

personally the originals of nearly all the characters in "Aylwin." Shortly before his death Mr. Watts-Dunton had prepared a new edition of "Aylwin" in the "World's Classics." In this new edition there is an appendix consisting of Mr. Hake's key to "Aylwin," identifying the prototypes of the various characters.

He died as he would have chosen to die—swiftly and painlessly. Mr. Hake at his request had gone out to buy a copy of the *Star*, so that he might hear him reading my Saturday article. Mr. Hake read it to him as he lay resting on the sofa. It was the article entitled "Mr. Shaw Grows Dull." After Mr. Hake had read the article, Mr. Watts-Dunton said to him, "Now, Colonel, you had better get some tea." Shortly afterwards Mr. Hake returned to the room and found that he had passed away like a little child going to sleep. The bond of affection between him and me was so close that I cannot but feel happy at the thought that the last words he heard were words of mine. The incident shows that his interest in contemporary literature was as fresh and as keen as ever, and that at the age of eighty-two he kept abreast of the latest doings in the literary world.

He was very fond of hearing prose and poetry read aloud. Reading aloud was an old custom at The Pines, for Swinburne was a splendid reader, and for years he used to read aloud to his friend every night after dinner. Swinburne had a beautiful voice, which I believe he

inherited from his mother, and I can see him sitting in his wicker chair with his three wax candles in the brass candlesticks placed close together on a little table behind his left shoulder, reading with rhetorical emphasis and dramatic gestures either his latest poem or perhaps a chapter from a novel. In this way he read aloud to his friend the entire works of Dickens. Since the death of Swinburne, Mr. Watts-Dunton's favourite reader was Mrs. Watts-Dunton, and on the day he died he had arranged with her to read to him after dinner the seventh chapter of "Hard Cash." He had marked the chapter with a slip of paper, and the book was found beside him on the couch. Thus his last thoughts were fixed on literature. His sudden interest in "Hard Cash" illustrates the catholicity of his taste. Indeed, he seemed to have read everything, and at a moment's notice he could talk about almost any book that one could mention. In one of my last conversations with him he talked for a whole hour about "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and advanced many convincing arguments in support of his theory that Edwin Drood was never murdered at all.

There is no doubt that the death of Swinburne was a terrible blow. For a long time he seemed to be inconsolable, and he described to me how he would lie awake "in the watches of the night," weeping for his friend. It would be impossible even to try to convey any faint conception of the passionate affection—amounting to far more than friendship—which bound these two men together. It shone in their eyes as they looked at each other; it vibrated in the tones of their voices as they spoke to each other. I have never known anything like the tenderness and wistfulness of their friendship. It made one think of the story of David and Jonathan, for they were magically youthful in their souls, and there was not a trace of crabbed age, in their ebullient boyishness. The truth is that they never grew old in their old age, and that they were like a pair of chums at school. Such friendships are rare in modern life, and they are especially rare among men of genius. But, as Mr. Zangwill said to me while we talked about them, they represented the older and statelier ways of literature. Now that Watts-Dunton has gone, only Mr. Hardy is left to remind us of the Victorian tradition in letters, with its dignity, its sense of style, its wide culture, its sanity and its magnanimity.

Many of my friends have often wondered why I placed Watts-Dunton so high in the Victorian hierarchy. The explanation is that I was one of the very few men who had read his forgotten masterpieces of criticism in the *Examiner* and the *Athenæum*. There lies buried the real Theodore Watts, for I like to think of him and to speak of him as he was before he hyphenated his name. There was a strain of irresolute perversity in him which resisted all the efforts of his friends to persuade him to exhume his best work from the grave of dusty files. I vainly tried

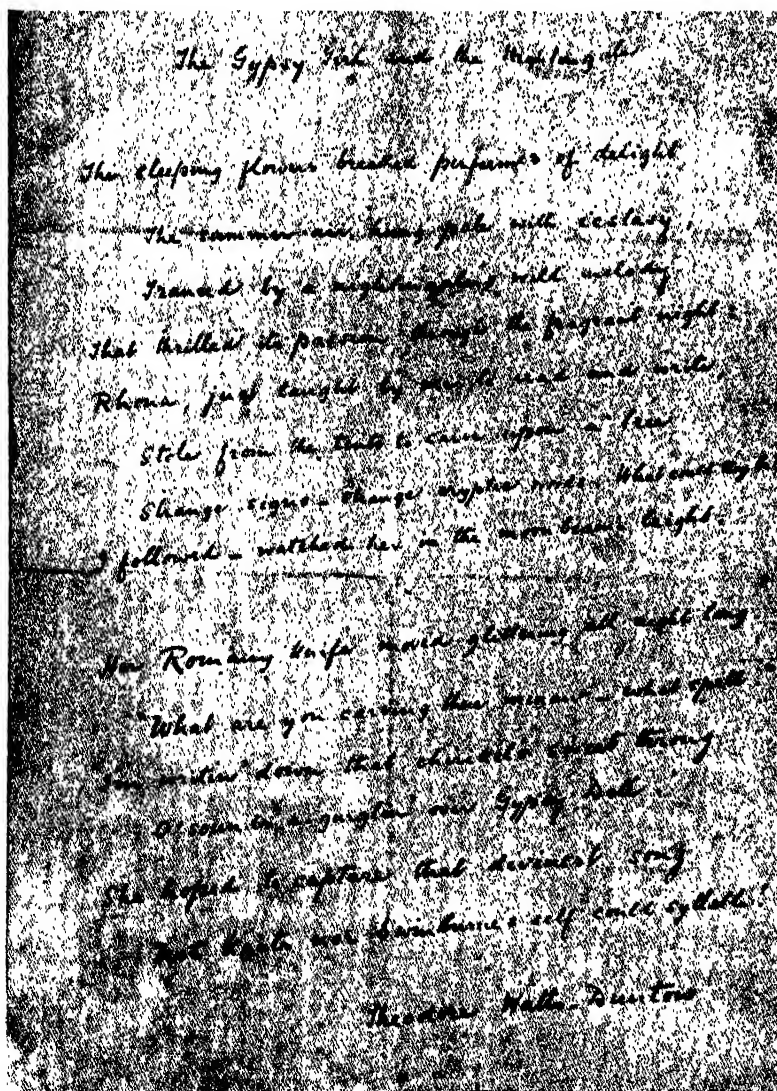


Photo by Townley Searle.

Facsimile of a Sonnet
by T. Watts-Dunton,

contributed last year to "The Gypsy and Folk-Lore Gazette."

to induce him to disinter this buried body of criticism, but when I was writing my book about him he swept aside all my remonstrances and entreated me to devote a goodly part of it to "Aylwin" and to his poems, although in my judgment his critical essays are his best works. When they are collected they will establish his fame as the English Sainte-Beuve. There is nothing like them in English literature. They beat the critical work of Coleridge and Matthew Arnold and Hazlitt and every other critic I know. Before he died he was busy expanding his famous essay on "Poetry" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and incorporating in it many of his "Athenæum" essays. He was also collecting his various essays on the Sonnet, and these alone will make a separate volume. Then there is his enormously long and still unpublished novel "Carniola," which I read in type several years ago. It was then practically finished, but he was not satisfied with it, and he was busy re-writing it when he died. The truth is that all through his life his critical instinct overpowered his creative impulse. Swinburne was his exact opposite, for he published his poetry as fast as he wrote it. The consequence was that Swinburne left hardly anything to be published posthumously, whereas the best work of his friend is still uncollected.

Swinburne and Watts-Dunton were both small men with unusually large heads. Watts-Dunton was nearly all brain. Most of his photographs caricature him, and he would often say to me that a poet ought to be known by a portrait done in youth and not in old age.

He resented the physical incongruity of the young spirit in the old body. This attitude was not altogether inspired by vanity. He would say with a jolly laugh that it was absurd to bewilder readers of his romantic poetry with the image of an old fogey. He maintained that nature was an incorrigible jester and ought to be restrained. The lower part of his face was sweet and gentle, and the chin was delicately rounded. The broad high-domed brow, the brilliant brown eyes, and the strong resonant voice were the living expression of his personality. In some ways he was simple: in others bafflingly subtle. His dominant trait was his hunger for knowledge. He was like Lord Acton in his passion for accumulating stores that the span of human life forbade him to use. He read far too much and wrote far too little. The only editor who could keep him writing was Norman MacColl, and I believe he cleverly played Watts and Henley against each other for years. He once told me an amusing story about his famous essay on the Bible. It was written about a dull book by a friend, and he

chuckled over his diabolical skill in evading his duty as a reviewer. But MacColl knew his business, and he wisely let Watts run riot in the "Athenæum," whereas the average editor would have spoiled him by trying to control him. *The Times* has rather rashly committed itself to the prediction that his verses are "not such as will live." His best sonnets, at any rate, will endure. The sextet of "Natura Benigna" can hardly die.

"Mother, 'tis I, reborn: I know thee well:
That throb I know and all its prophesies,
O Mother and Queen, beneath the olden spell
Of silence, gazing from thy hills and skies!
Dumb Mother, struggling with the years to tell
The secret at thy heart through helpless eyes."

But it is as a critic that he is supreme. Some of the finest passages in "Aylwin" were lifted bodily from his "Athenæum" articles. He is the only English critic with a power of generalising in great curves of thought. His mastery of general principles is unsurpassed. His critical system will only be understood when his buried essays are brought together in a series of volumes. His theory of poetic vision, his theory of prose style, his theory of humour, his theory of drama, and his theory of fiction have been neglected because they have never been effectively published. When they are published their bold originality will astonish the world of letters.

It is to be hoped that The Pines will be preserved intact as a memorial and monument for the delight of future generations. There is no house so rich in associations with Victorian literature and

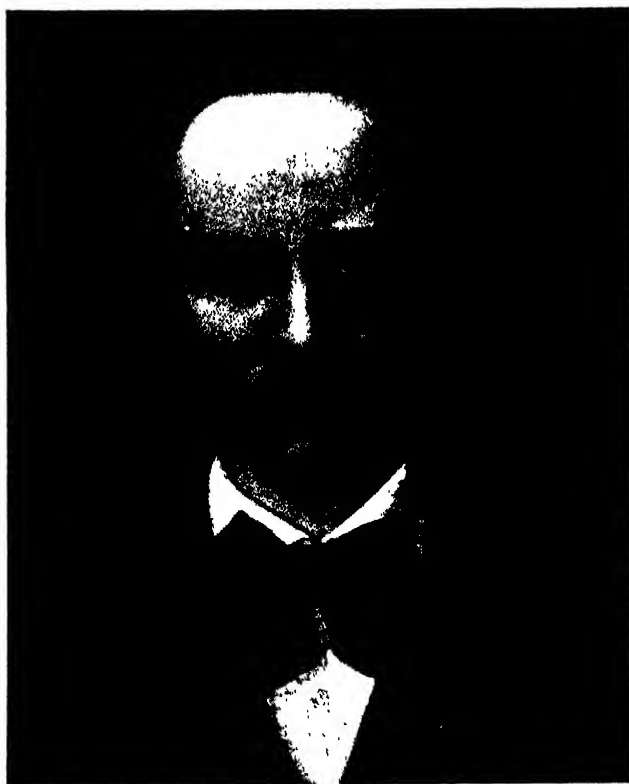


Photo by Fooks, Putney.

T. Watts-Dunton.

painting by M. Norrie.

art. Swinburne lived there with his friend for thirty years, and the room in which Swinburne read and wrote for thirty years is at this day exactly as it was when he died. Swinburne's books remain on the shelves as he left them. It is the room of a passionate bookman. Often, as we sat in the dim candlelight, Swinburne would jump up and run to a shadowy corner of this room in search of a tiny volume. He never hesitated, but invariably picked it out. He kept his crowded shelves in beautiful order, and his room was a miracle of tidiness. Mr. Watts-Dunton once assured me that Swinburne had cat's eyes, and that he could see in the dark. The pictures and the furniture at The Pines are also worth preserving for the nation. Then there is the charming old garden with its apple trees, and the statue of Venus from Rossetti's garden. The house as a whole is a Victorian casket. At one time or another nearly every man of letters of our time has there enjoyed the table-talk of the great poet and the great critic. The Pines ought to be conserved as lovingly as the house of Victor Hugo in Guernsey.

New Books.

ST. JOHN HANKIN'S PLAYS.*

St. John Hankin was not an impressive dramatist, but he had certain gifts of irony, finish, and epigram, which lift his plays into the air of real achievement. The three plays before us now are representative of their author's social comedy. They make good, if rather pallid, reading, and their lack of originality is to some extent compensated for by their consistent effort to develop genuine situations. It is true that Hankin runs to exaggeration and repetition of types, and it is true that a great deal of his satire is trite and obvious; but it is true also that he always has an idea at the back of his head, and that he is a sincere if small artist. The setting of these plays is that of the country house. They deal with those *contretemps* which are apt to flutter the upper stratas of society. In "The Cassilis Engagement" it is the son of the house falling in love with a vulgar Cockney girl; in "The Charity that Began at Home" it is the daughter of the house falling in love with a man who has been turned out of his regiment; in "The Return of the Prodigal" it is the awkward situation caused by the home-coming of the family "waster." An air of comedy and persiflage covers these rather tragic affairs, but there is underlying bitterness—a bitterness which is perhaps the really interesting thing about the plays. You feel that the author of them had a certain savage intensity in what he wrote, although he spent his best efforts trying to conceal it. The feebleness of his sarcasm often irritates one, although the brilliance of his wit is occasionally startling. Perhaps that is the paradox that must inevitably appear in any writer who obviously strains after effect. Here is an example of the sort of thing that wearies the reader:

"Engagements are such troublesome things. They sometimes even lead to marriage."—(Lady Remenham in Act I. of "The Cassilis Engagement.")

and here is another:

"Mr. Hylton is a very clever man. He writes books."—(Lady Denison in Act I. of "The Charity that Began at Home.")

and here is another, though it is on a higher level:

"I don't like this pernicious modern jargon about shopkeepers and gentlefolk being much the same. There's far too much truth in it to be agreeable."—(Lady Faringford in Act I. of "The Return of the Prodigal.")

Hankin undoubtedly suffered from the Wilde influence in his idea of comedy. Sparkle is all very well, but it is the foe of reality. Comedy is not farce inherently, but verbal acrobatics soon make it degenerate into farce. There are things in Hankin which hover perilously upon the farcical verge, just as there are things in him which give glimpses of a deep and almost sombre philosophy. There is an acid drop in his pen, and into the quiet and restfulness of warm summer evenings on well-kept, secluded lawns, he can drop a withering touch of discomfort and doubt. He reads a little "thin" nowadays, but he still survives through the charm of his technical dexterity. There is a certain flavour about his work. The pity is that he had not greater force or originality. There is nothing so exhausting as the hackneyed ideas of dramatists—they are so amazingly transparent. Fortunately for us St. John Hankin was only their partial slave; he had something else in him, something much more precious and lasting. He was, indeed, a man of distinguished talent, though not just distinguished enough to carry him to the niche he aimed at. That, in itself, is the bitterest tragedy of an artist's life.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "The Cassilis Engagement," "The Charity that began at Home," "The Return of the Prodigal." 2s. net each. (Martin Secker.)

WAGNER WITH A DIFFERENCE.*

Still they come, these books on Wagner! And the more the better, if not precisely the more the merrier. For meritment commend me to the earlier treatises, the grotesquely funny defamation and the almost equally funny adulation. Certainly the last thing one would say of Mr. Newman's volume is that it is merry. He is too desperately earnest for that. Like many other reasonable people he has been irritated by the egregious Wagner-worship that followed the initial vilification—the adoring utterances that pronounced Wagner himself a noble and saintly man, called his horrible treatises lovely as prose and valuable as æsthetics, described his more tortuous obscurities as philosophy, and gushed over his strings of epithets as poetry. We are beginning to take a saner view of him now, and Mr. Newman's volume is the sanest that has yet appeared.

The only doubt is whether a very sane book can tell us very much about Wagner the man. Bagehot said of Gibbon that his style was not one in which the truth could be told. In similar terms we may question whether a style of critical sanity is effective for telling the truth about Wagner. To put the matter crudely, Wagner was a cad, a cadger, a liar, an adulterer. Describe him lengthily in these terms; give all the details of his cadging and his caddishness; get every date of his lies and his intrigues exactly right; and how near are you to the man who wrote "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger"? That is a point I think Mr. Newman overlooks. His book is a counterblast and has the defects inseparable from a speech for the prosecution. Mr. Newman is so anxious, so honestly anxious, to expose the sophistications of "Mein Leben" and refute the ecstatic exaggerations of adorers, that he is compelled to put all the emphasis of his pages upon everything that counts to Wagner's discredit; so that in the end he gives us all the Hyde and scarcely any of the Jekyll. But, after all, it is the Jekyll in Wagner that counts for us. We may rightly judge the sins of the artist; the sins of the man are the concern of God.

Mr. Newman's eagerness to be impartial tends to carry him over to the side of injustice. Even in the turn of a phrase he manages to give the less charitable view of a fact. Thus, in the Introduction, he says of all the multitudinous self-explanations that Wagner left:

"It is pretty clear that at an early age he realised that he was destined to be a great man, and took care that the world should not suffer from any lack of materials for the writing of his life."

Now this is a very elementary view of the egoism of genius. We can be pretty clear that at an early age Wagner did nothing of the kind. The intensest need of creative genius is self-expression; and Wagner's outpourings about himself and his art, from his early days to the very end, were simply one of the modes of that self-expression. We can be pretty clear that the youth who at an early age realises that he is destined to be a great man and begins to provide materials for his biography is someone who will never be heard of. Genius does not work in quite such a mathematical fashion.

Wagner's desire for creative self-expression was so intense that he simply ignored all the obligations of decency in order to compass his ends. He was ready to sponge on anybody who could contribute to his support and comfort, and he sponged cheerfully without the least signs of any sense of shame. Not a pretty spectacle, certainly; still, after all, he fulfilled his own side of the bargain. He did his work. He did not ask people to maintain him on the score of wonderful works that he did not write. He was not like Coleridge who died with a

* "Wagner as Man and Artist." By Ernest Newman. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

huge accumulation of unredeemed artistic IOU's to his discredit. Let us see what Mr. Newman says about it :

"On one point he was quite firm; he had no intention of ever again competing in the arena with other men for a living. It was the world's duty to provide him with food and shelter in return for his work; how, as he pathetically put it, could he give the world the best that was in him if he had to waste his energies on futile things? Thousands of other men, it is needless to say, have felt the same difficulty; probably nine brain workers out of ten have to squander two-thirds of their best mental powers on futilities in order to win a little time in which to exercise the other third in the way they like. One thinks of George Meredith, for example, feeling his bent to be mainly towards poetry, but compelled to boil the pot with novels, and to purchase the pot itself by reading for a publisher."

This will scarcely do. Does Mr. Newman really believe then that Meredith was an artistic failure, that his novels were pot-boilers, and unwritten poems his true life's work? I should have thought the existing poems a sufficient answer to that. The point of the matter is whether the artist who demands support is justified in his demand. Surely no critic can really think that Wagner's music and Meredith's poetry stand on the same plane in this respect. Mr. Newman goes on to quote Frau Wille's "interesting picture of him brooding over his wrongs and crying in the face of heaven," and full of an "unshakable belief in the rightness of whatever ministered to his own comfort for the time being":

"He walked agitatedly up and down the room. Suddenly he stopped in front of me and said, 'I am differently organised. I have excitable nerves; I must have beauty, brilliancy, light. The world ought to give me what I need. . . . Is it an unheard-of demand if I hold that the little luxury I like is my due? I, who am procuring enjoyment to the world and to thousands?'"

Well, after all, is there not something to be said for his side of the case?

Mr. Newman is equally austere in his handling of the sordid story of Wagner's unhappy marriage. He is so moved to righteous indignation by the satellites of Wahnfried who can find nothing bad enough to hunt against Minna, that he becomes meticulous in counting up everything that tells in Minna's favour and against Wagner; with the result that he obscures or overlooks the essential fact of the case, namely, that the marriage really was a tragic misalliance. To prove that Wagner was sometimes a bad husband does not prove that Minna was always a good wife. In his case, at least, we can plead the aberrations of genius. And, in the end, later events proved that, suitably mated, Wagner could be as good a husband as the least gifted among us.

But here I am doing the very thing I am blaming Mr. Newman for: I am emphasising all the faults. Readers of this book will be well advised to hurry over the first part on Wagner the man, so excellent and well-documented as a piece of evidence, so arid and profitless as the life of an artist, and pass on to the second part, the study of Wagner the composer. Here Mr. Newman is excellent. His criticism of Wagner's musical development is the soundest and most illuminating I know. I do not agree with his high estimate of "Die Götterdämmerung" and "Parsifal," neither of which I ever want to hear as a whole any more; but that disagreement does not prevent me from enjoying his discussion. Mr. Newman has one quality that I cannot recall for the moment in any other English critic of Wagner—his progressiveness of view. His mind has not stopped at Wagner. He does not, like some others, regard Wagner as the end of music with chaos beyond. His view that the logical development of Wagnerism is not the music-drama but the symphonic poem has much to commend it. Indeed, much of the best of Wagner himself is music-poem rather than music-drama. Certainly the converse is true that Wagner is at his driest and dumbest in unmitigated music-drama. See many pages of the "Ring" for examples. "Tristan" gives us an illustration of both forms of art. In my opinion the finest sustained piece of Wagner is the first act of "Tristan" where music and drama are blended into one long soaring flight of swift intense emotion, unparalleled

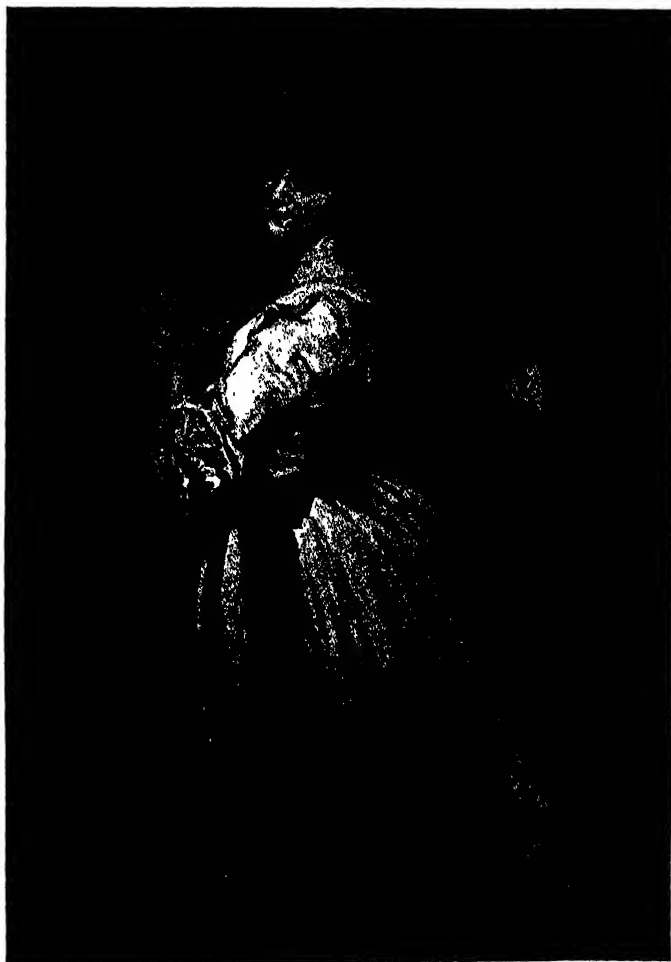
in his works. The mere drama, the situation, the interchange of words, the clash of character count very powerfully towards the total effect. But in the second act all is changed. Who cares an atom about the balderdash that constitutes the alleged poetry the lovers sing? And in Brangäne's watch-song, where, as it seems to me, pure emotional music reaches its highest point of expression, as long as you hear the lingering vocal phrases intoned as beautifully as they are by Kirkby Lunn's rich voice, what does it matter whether she sings "Habet Acht" or the multiplication table? The words are the excuse for the introduction of a voice. Rational meaning has no place in the scheme. In that moment of perfect rapturous music I do not ask for more than pure ethereal sound can give.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

DOROTHY JORDAN.*

The art of the actor is for an age not for all time, thus widely differing from that of the painter, the sculptor and the man of letters. Its exponent "leads his graces to the grave and leaves the world no copy." His reputation has to be taken on trust by us who have not heard with our ears and so cannot test what our fathers have told us. Our mental attitude is therefore one of faith. We read what Hazlitt tells us of Mrs. Jordan's acting; we admire his periods, we believe what he says and we wish his opportunities of sight and hearing had been ours, and perhaps, incidentally, envy him his powers of expression. Listen: "Nature has formed her in her most prodigal humour; and when nature is in the humour to make a woman all that is delightful, she does it most effectually.

* "The Story of Dorothy Jordan." By Clare Jerrold. 158. net. (Eveleigh Nash)



Dorothy Jordan
as Peggy in "The Country Girl."

After Romney. Engraved by J. Ogborne, 1786. From a print in the collection of Mr. A. M. Bradley.
From "Mrs. Jordan," by Clare Jerrold (Eveleigh Nash).

Mrs. Jordan was the same in all her characters, and imitable in all of them, because there was no one else like her. Her face, her tones, her manners were irresistible. Her smile had the effect of sunshine, and her laugh did one good to hear it. Her voice was eloquence itself; it seemed as if her heart was always at her mouth. She was all gaiety, openness and good nature. She rioted in her fine animal spirits, and gave more pleasure than any other actress, because she had the greatest spirit of enjoyment in herself. Her Nell—but we will not tantalise ourselves or our readers."

When the foregoing was written in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, October 22, 1815, Dorothy Jordan was living in exile in France, the discarded, impoverished mistress of a royal prince—the Duke of Clarence—with whom she had lived for twenty years and to whom she had borne ten children. The treatment meted out to her by the Duke fills one with unutterable disgust and indignation when all the circumstances of their connection are taken into consideration. The fact seems to be well established that during the time the couple kept house he accepted from her a very considerable portion of her earnings from the stage, thus justifying the following satire which was launched at the royal duke by Peter Pindar, Junior:

"As Jordan's high and mighty squire
Her play-house profit deigns to skim,
Some folks audaciously inquire
If he keeps her or she keeps him."

Mrs. Jerrold's book is of considerable interest and for the most part well written. There are, however, some lapses from literary grace. One resents such a quotation as "'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!'—*Hamlet*," at the head of a chapter, in which reference is made to Dorothy's corpulency. Another phrase, which we felt sure would be met with sooner or later "in that condition which a woman desires to be who loves her lord"—added to our wrath. One point has been at last settled, and that is, the exact date and the place of the birth of the actress—Nov. 22, 1761, in St. Martin's Parish. Other details of interest have been established, the ferreting out of which merit our praise and thanks. Altogether the work has been done in workmanlike fashion.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

"IRELAND'S ILIAD."*

The translation into English of the most elaborate version of the "Táin Bó Cúalnge" (now popularly pronounced "Taun Bo Cooley") will be eagerly read by the number of people who take an interest in the ancient literature of Ireland. There are a few defects in presentation which one may as well speak of in the beginning. In the first place, the price of the book is excessive. Professor Windisch has published a German translation of the same version, with an Old Irish text, voluminous notes, and an enormous introduction, at a price less than what is asked for the English translation with notes and a short introduction. It is a pity that Messrs. Nutt did not make the price uniform with that of the volumes in their Irish Texts series—ten-and-sixpence. Professor Windisch's text and translation must have been a great help to the present translator, and one is left under the impression that the debt is not warmly enough acknowledged. Again, Professor Dunn does not seem to be familiar with the recent research work of the Dublin scholars. He says of the oldest Manuscript, the *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*, or "The Book of the Dun Cow," "it must have been written about the beginning of the twelfth century, for its compiler and writer, Moelmuire MacCeilechair, is known to have been slain at Clonmacnois in the year 1106." Now, Mr. Best has shown (in an article in *Eiru* for February, 1913), that the *Leabhar na h-Uidhre* (known to Celtic scholars as

"L.U.") is not the work of a single hand, and that many interpolations have been made into the main text. This is a fact that every scholar working on the Táin should take account of. The difficult question of the relation of the Táin Bó Cúalnge to Ireland as a whole, and to Irish history, is not discussed in Professor Dunn's too short preface, and this is disappointing. The Táin is fiercely provincial. It shows the four provinces of Ireland attacking the Ultonians, and it shows the Ultonians triumphing over them all. How did it come that this exclusive epic was preserved by princes who could claim no descent from Cuchulain, Concobar, nor the men of the Red Branch? It is purely pagan; the heroes swear by their local deities, and one of the gods stands by Cuchulain during one of the combats at the ford. Why, then, did the Christian schools transmit it? And there are more difficult and more interesting problems in connection with its relation to Irish history. The native historians have left us an account of an Ireland dominated for two thousand years by a people called the Milesians, from whom the ruling families in Ireland, down to the Elizabethan conquest, claimed descent. The centre of the Milesian power was Tara, where the High-King of Ireland reigned as a sort of mediæval German Emperor. The Táin does not mention the Milesians at all. Tara is spoken of, but the King of Tara appears as a vassal to Maeve, a queen in Connacht. Very revolutionary theories, which include the relation of this Ulidian epic to Irish history, have been advanced by Professor MacNeill, and it is a pity that they are not discussed in the introduction to this new translation.

Professor Dunn's is the first English translation of the elaborate version of the story as given in the Book of Leinster (this document is labelled "L.L." by the scholars). Of course the contents of the Táin has been made known already. Standish O'Grady, in "Cuchulain," and in "The Gates of the North," Lady Gregory in "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," and Mrs. Hutton in "The Táin," have given us paraphrases. Miss Eleanor Hull has edited a volume containing episodes as rendered by various scholars in "The Cuchulain Saga" (published in the Grimm Library), and Miss Winifred Faraday has made a translation, based upon the older and shorter versions of the *Leabhar na h-Uidhre* and "The Yellow Book of Lecan" ("V.B.L."). Professor Dunn's version is not a paraphrase, and it translates the latest and the most expanded text. He has made the experiment of inserting passages from other versions, and the ordinary reader will feel that this experiment justifies itself. This translation makes an excellent narrative, and we are made to see that the reported shapelessness of the Táin has been greatly exaggerated—some of the outstanding passages, indeed, are obscured by redundancies and irrelevancies, but the story is clear, consistent, and consecutive. But although it has shape, the Táin Bó Cúalnge has not form in the sense that the Greek epics have form—it lacks the impress of a single mind, and it is this lack that prevents its being placed with the few great epics of the world. It is an epic in the making. But if it is not one of the grand epics, it is one of the grand stories of the world. The original is in prose, but verse often occurs in the course of the narrative. The verse is of two kinds—rhetorical passages of challenge, eulogy, or lamentation arising directly out of the narrative, and dramatic lyrics inserted into it. These last are, as scholars have assured us, brilliant and polished to the last degree. Professor Dunn's prose seems adequate, although one feels that passages such as this should have been made more harmonious:

"As white as snow in one night fallen was the sheen of her skin and her body that shone outside of her dress. Slender and very white were her feet; rosy, even sharp-round nails she had; two sandals with golden buckles about them. Fair-yellow, long, golden hair she wore; two tresses were wound around her head; the other tress from behind threw a shadow down on her calves."

The translator has not attempted to give metrical versions of the dramatic lyrics, and this is a pity, for it is in these that the Irish poets showed their sense of form. (They had anticipated Poe in the notion that the long poem was

* "The Ancient Irish Epic Tale—Táin Bó Cúalnge." Translated into English out of the Irish of the Book of Leinster and Allied Manuscripts by Joseph Dunn, Professor at the Catholic University, Washington. 25s. (David Nutt.)

impossible, and that the short poems should be made brilliant). Cuchulain speaks verses over Ferdiad, the friend whom he was forced to slay in combat: And when we put beside the bald translation the metrical version made by the veteran Irish scholar, Dr. Sigerson, we see that the sweep of the verse, the clinch of the internal rhyme, the brilliancy of the form, give, more than the words themselves, the chivalry, the tenderness, the colour of the old Irish civilisation:

"Play was each, pleasure each,
Till Ferdiad faced the beach;
One had been our student life,
One is strife of school our place,
One our gentle teacher's grace
Loved o'er all and each.

* * *
Play was each, pleasure each,
Till Ferdiad faced the beach;
Dear that pillar of pure gold
Who fell cold beside the foed.
Hosts of heroes felt the sword
First in battle's preach.

Play was each, pleasure each,
Till Ferdiad faced the beach;
Loved Ferdiad, dear to me:
I shall dree his death for aye
Yesterday a Mountain he,—
But a Shade to-day."

PADRAIC COLUM.

NOTABLE WOMEN IN HISTORY.*

Mr. Abbot has contrived a kind of encyclopædia of feminism. *Femmes galantes*, blue-stockings, nurses, poetesses and saints, woo us through the grille of his pages to a devotion to the eternal feminine. He has written a series of short sketches of no fewer than seventy celebrated women, including characters as various as Aspasia and Florence Nightingale, Sarah Bernhardt, and Lady Jane Grey. One supposes that it was only the fact that he had to stop somewhere which made him restrict his list to seventy heroines. The result is interesting, if a trifle indigestible. Mr. Abbot divides his seraglio into compartments. Thus we have "A Group of Classic Dames," including Cleopatra and the Empress Theodora; "Queens and Martyrs," among whom are Anne Boleyn and Marie Antoinette; "Women of Wit and Pleasure," and "Women in Art and Letters." Mr. Abbot was evidently puzzled to find a category for Joan of Arc, so he includes her, together with Martha Washington and Dolly Madison, as "Women Who Stand Alone." The sketches are necessarily brief, but they give the main points in the life of each personage in a succinct and lively form. Some are better than others, and would expand into creditable essays. Certain of the sketches give the appearance of being detached from works of reference and coloured to taste. Altogether, "Notable Women in History" is a most extraordinary work, though the author seems in no way alarmed by the scope of his book, and gives us his impressions of his heroines with easy inconsequence. The volume is handsomely illustrated, and makes interesting if rather bewildering reading.

JAMES.†

In modern fiction there is something not altogether displeasing in the good fortune of others. "Joseph Vance," "Tono-Bungay," "The Card," and "The Fortunate Youth" have given us the career of the *arriviste* as conceived by Mr. De Morgan, Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Locke. The same theme is treated by Mr. W. Dane Bank in "James." Mr. James Bowden was born in circumstances of approved humility, and a strictly conventional ambition aided by a conventional lack of scruple led him by the conventional path of questionable commerce to a Darien peak in *la haute politique* and *la haute finance*.

* "Notable Women in History." By Willis J. Abbot. 16s. (Greening.)

† "James." By W. Dane Bank. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)



Dane Bank, or Dane-Shot Bank.

This is a little hamlet or congregation of farm, hat factory and houses, on the border of Denton, four miles from Manchester. Denton is the Santon of the novel, "James." W. Dane Bank's great-grandfather lived at the farm and started a hat-factory whose chimney can be seen in the picture.

Without aptitude, amiability, or noticeable force of character, he got what he wanted by saying he wanted it; citadel after citadel responded to his mere spoken wish to be inside it. The most sceptical reader can hardly remain unconvinced by the author's repeated assurance that to his family, his friends and his business rivals the pertinacity of James was irresistible. His mother draws her ill-spaced savings from the Post Office to send him to a boarding-school; Alice, his sister, is forbidden to walk out with a mere shaper and eventually married off to a once-rejected suitor of more than mature years, because James wishes to break up the Lancashire home and move to London; even Audrey, who loved him with exasperating submission, and financed the development of his quack hair restorer, "Superbo," is worn down by a matrimonial stalemate and forced in despair to break off their unfruitful engagement. When a group of Scotch Yorkshiremen and German Jews succeeds in finding him short over a rubber gamble, the resourceful James threatens to make wastepaper of all plantation-rubber shares by floating a giant synthetic-rubber company; when the inventor turns out to be a fraud, and James is once more at the mercy of the polyglot group, he paralyses activity by engaging himself to marry their leader's only daughter, on the safe assumption that even company promoters do not care to see their sons-in-law bankrupt. The chronology of the book is not irreproachable. Mr. Bank must not make James and Audrey drive in taxis in the chapter preceding that in which "The Belle of New York" takes "London by the throat and hand," even if he afterwards restores them to a cab. Nor must he leave us to take his characters for granted. Only in the war between plantation and synthetic rubber, and later in the securing of the Archbishop's licence, does James exhibit the qualities that make for success. Until then he has been self-centred, preoccupied and repellent; we believe in his inevitable advancement because Mr. Bank tells us we must. James is not the only character to be drawn from the outside, and the theme and its variants are derivative. The parent of "Superbo" was called "Tono-Bungay," the father of James—and a more sturdily convincing type—was known to his friends in the Five Towns as "Denry." Mr. Bank has unfortunately invited comparisons to which his book, good as it is, is scarcely equal. STEPHEN MCKENNA.

GARIBALDI E LE DONNE.*

So much has been written about Garibaldi and the *Risorgimento Italiano*, that a new book on the subject may seem superfluous. If, however, we examine these many books at closer quarters, we find that they only deal with that side of Garibaldi's life,

* "Garibaldi e le Donne." By Giacomo Emilio Curatolo. 10 frs. (Rome: Imprimerie Polyglotte. Villa Umberto I.).

directly or indirectly connected with Italian politics. They contain little personal data which enables us to reconstruct the man as a whole, apart from the accretions due to legend or to hero worship. Until Professor Curatulo decided to defy prejudice and traditional reserve, by publishing a selection of Garibaldi's more personal letters, the "Poema Autobiografico," also edited by him, and Abba's memoirs, were the only reliable sources of information.

In "Garibaldi e le Donne," one of the most remarkable books of its kind, published in Italy or elsewhere, the hero of the two worlds, appears in his true relation to history. Strange as it may seem to many, who object to the unveiling of a great man's private life, so far from losing anything by this method of criticism, his figure, untrammelled by sentimental rhetoric, gains in greatness and beauty. Those who feared for the divinity of their idol will find their doubts set at rest by the discovery that, like all gods, he had strong feet of clay, well set in the earth and capable of supporting him against the hostile onslaughts of all pettifoggish critics.

The greater number of people have dimly heard, or taken for granted Garibaldi's personal magnetism, and the wave of enthusiasm which greeted every new heroic enterprise. Few have sought to study the psychological problems implied by these manifestations. Thus, until now, we have had a historical figure or an imaginary hero, but never a living man with the brain and heart of a human being.

Starting upon his essay in reconstruction and revaluation, with this conception of Garibaldi, Prof. Curatulo, realised that, in order to produce a work which, besides being exhaustive and scientific, should also possess a historical value without sensationalism, it was necessary to find and strike home to the central core of his hero, and to study him in his influence and in his relations with those who came into deeper spiritual contact with him. These were for the most part women. Accordingly, he chose those who either represent a type—produced by that age, those who called out certain traits in Garibaldi's character and general attitude toward woman, or, finally, those who moulded his life. To the first of these belong the "Garibaldine," infatuated and devoted followers and conspirators such as Contessa Martini della Torre, Adelaide Cairoli, Alba Camozzi, Tonina Marinelli, and hosts of others in whom he had awakened every degree of love and passion; to the last, Anita and Giuseppina Raimondi. In the chapters dealing with these two remarkable women, the author has been able to bring forward some very valuable historical material which has gone far to solve one of the most argued problems of Garibaldi's life, and cannot be dealt with here.

It is, however, in the correspondence with Harriet and Anne Duchesses of Sutherland, Mme. Esperance von Schwartz, Louise Colet, Mary Seely, Mrs. Emma Roberts, Mrs. Caroline Giffard Philipson, and Princess Ghika, that his simplicity and his greatness appear to the full coupled with that clearness of vision he applied to public and private matters. To quote from these letters would be to detract from their value. Suffice it to say, however, that in each one of them, whatever its length, there is some thought which lifts it above the purely personal level. The one great purpose of his life—not only the liberation but the unification and the creation of the new Italy—shines in his every word, and in its accomplishment he is the first perhaps among all conquerors to ask for the rightful co-operation of women. In the proclamation issued from Caprera on the 8th of May, 1861, he writes: "I have always believed woman to be the most perfect creature conceived by the mind of God." Nor did he ever lower or betray this ideal. Women were to him the truest spiritual helpmeets, and in all difficulties he turned to them as to those who were the educators of the new race, as to those who had the wider faith in the destiny of humanity. Reading some of the letters, still fresh and applicable to present-day conditions, we feel regret that history should have relegated Garibaldi to the tartarean

regions of heroes and demigods, instead of realising him as a living influence. How much she owes to him Italy is just beginning to realise, not merely in a material but in a spiritual sense. Mazzini's "Duties of Man" and Garibaldi's simple creed—a naturalistic religion based upon the gospel, and without ritual or priests; in politics "a government created by the nation that seeks to make her prosper," and in social life the union of women and men for the removal of class distinctions and prejudice—these are ideals for all time.

ARUNDEL DEL R .

"THE TALE OF LAL."*

Superficially considered, "The Tale of Lal" is as unlike Mr. Raymond Paton's fine first novel, "The Drummer of the Dawn," as any two books by the same author could be. And yet it is so obviously coined from the same mintage. It is instinct with the same magic, imbued with the same antic spirit of fantasy. The differences arise not from the handling of the theme, but from the very nature of the theme itself. "The Drummer of the Dawn" was limned in shadow; such shadows, horrific and grotesque, as are cast by the burning midday sun. "The Tale of Lal" is spun out of moonbeams and gossamer, star-shine and the glamour of a dream. As in a dream, bewitched, we feel the reality of unreal things, and are not in the least surprised at the most incredible happenings, so in this most wonderful and delightful tissue of whimsies our imagination is spell-bound, and our reason taken captive by the glorious unreason of it all.

The tale is mainly of two children, Ridgewell and Christine, who differ from most other children of fiction in that they are quite radiantly alive. I would say that they are just ordinary children, if children were ever ordinary. I would say they are like our own children, if it were possible for us ever to see our own children as they really are. Let me say, then, that they are like our small nephews and nieces, or the little boy and girl next door; as human, and mysterious, intriguing, amusing, and charming.

It is Ridgewell who discovers the secret of the Pleasant-Faced Lion—one of Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square,—the "Lal" of the story, whose proper name is Lionel. We, like Ridgewell, had not known until now that this Pleasant-Faced Lion can not only talk—and talk most wisely, most wittily, most prophetically—but come down from his pedestal and roam about London in the small hours, following the tram-lines as far as Balham, with Ridgewell himself on his back. We had not known either that the Griffin had a grievance which he is prone to express vocally on the slightest provocation, or that King Charles the First and King Richard the First and Oliver Cromwell are in the habit of descending from their respective plinths at night, and renewing their old animosities. But we know this now, and our knowledge is of that blessed kind which defies even the cruel onslaughts of the years. We shall always know this; and, in future, whenever we pass through Trafalgar Square, we shall re-kindle the light of memory in the liquid flame of the sun-kissed fountains. And I think that for any author to have done even so much as this for us is something of an achievement.

But that is not all Mr. Paton has done. He has given us in "The Tale of Lal" a book of real enchantments. He has transmuted the very dross of life into purest gold. There is, interwoven with the airy fabric of this dainty fable, a darker, sterner patterning of realism. There appears in one chapter a tiny group of living types: a waif of the London streets, a man who is giving up the whole of his life to the attainment of that which is not worth living for, and other subsidiary characters all faithfully, compellingly presented.

It is the Pleasant-Faced Lion who guides and moulds the destinies of all these weak, hapless mortals. He acts

* "The Tale of Lal." By Raymond Paton. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

the part of Providence to them, sets their feet in the right path, with their faces turned toward the light, and redeems them from the misery and wickedness and folly of their poor fallen human nature. And withal he is a jolly beast, a creature of infinite jest, as sportive as a kitten, without the cruelty of a cat. Hitherto I have always felt that the lion was ridiculously out of place in our heraldries and emblazonries, but now I am quite reconciled to him. I know now why, variously tinted red, or black, or white, or blue, he so often holds out a friendly, hospitable paw to us from the portals of a cosy country inn.

Therefore, to all children of all ages, and to those of us, the salt of the earth, who are manly and womanly enough to remain children all our lives, I heartily, unreservedly commend "The Tale of Lal" as a book not merely to be bought and read and re-read, but cherished and loved.

EDWIN PUGH.

TWO POETS.*

The poems of Mr. Newman Howard have now been collected in one volume, uniform with the editions of Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Arnold, Tennyson, and T. E. Brown, by the same publishers. The form has, at least, this justification, that the work belongs to the past; whether to the future or not, no man knows; and in his introduction Mr. Howard ranges himself in purpose with "The Periclean Greeks, the Elizabethan English, and the Continental romanticists, whose traffic is with universals," as against the modern intellectuals, whom he sees as "a kind of Irreligious Tract Society, in whose novels, poems, or anecdotal stage homilies some one of the social honesties or fidelities is challenged or ridiculed, some shock or stab is dealt to those old chivalries, pieties or magnanimities wherein rest the sweetness and stability of life." Mr. Howard embalms these honesties, fidelities, chivalries, pieties, and magnanimities, in dramatic, lyric, and narrative verse, remarkable for its aspiring eloquence and elegant finish. If Tennyson's Idylls and plays had been his Bible, neither the style nor the heroic men and women in the four plays of "Kjartan the Icelander," "Savonarola," and "Constantine the Great," and "The Guanches," would have been very different. When the Icelander decides on a course, he says:

"This course seems good,
Like song and sunset: why we know not, but methinks,
As by desires and tastes the senses speak,
So does the soul declare itself alive
By pity of friends and love of noble deeds."

A dying Teneriffe king in "The Guanches," describes the slave girl whom he loved as:

"More swift, more sweet of song, than mountain water
Poured from some pool where glistening branches wave,
And flowers fling perfume . . ."

He loves noble deeds, great men like Hugo, Meredith, and William Morris, and flowers like the speedwell and violet. His love is here experienced in ceremonious sounding language. Among his lyrics are some vigorous rhymes about Ket the Tanner, in the stanza of "Bonnie Dundee":

"Ho! Ket the tanner bath saddled his mare!
Ye fat-fed gentlefolk, have ye a care!
By barn and borough, by held and fen,
Bob Ket the tanner goes gathering men."

These are probably his best work; these, or one of the lyrics which are scattered here and there in small type like the lyrics in "The Princess." I will quote one verse:

"The roses all are overblown;
Full yellow falls the rye;
The long sweet summer days are flown:
O love!—and I,
Who loved thee ere the seed was sown,
Or winter's tears were dry,
For lack of thy dear love, am lone,
And fain to die!"

* "Collected Poems." By Newman Howard. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

* "Cromwell and Other Poems." By John Drinkwater. 5s. net. (Nutt.)

I should like to quote also the three verses of a dedication to Mr. Vernon Rendall, where he speaks of isolated unfashionable faith:

"The city spreads, but not the citadel,—
The firm, the brave, the fair fidelities."

If Mr. Howard had known the work of Mr. John Drinkwater among his younger contemporaries his introduction might have been to another tune than "The Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Drinkwater is one who loves life, as he says in his lines for the opening of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre:

"Tragic or brave, free-witted, gentle, signed
Of beauty's passion or the adventurous mind,
Or light as orchard blossom."

He sees the English Puritans exactly as they saw themselves, and thus he sings of Cromwell after Naseby:

"As once along the Gadarean steeps
One crying up and down in torment ran
Stricken of unclean spirits, and the Lord
In mercy cast the devils to the sea—
Nowise in hate, not using heavenly might
For aught save pity—that this man should be
First cleansed and so should nurture through his days
An upright heart and pure, and build at last
A new and blameless city in his soul,
So now God worked through Cromwell in that day
To purge the body of this English land
Of hosts unholy, that thenceforth should rise
A shining state, re-fashioned on the dust
And run of a dead, dishonoured tale."

Whether he sings of the Civil War, or of walking among the hills with his friends, or of the old and the new drama, he shows himself a lucid, generous nature, commanding a perfectly appropriate exuberance of speech. He is at his best when he sets his aspiration to music in the Epilogue, when he says to the outworn, "We need you not," continuing:

"But if you are immoderate men,
Zealots of joy, the salt and sting
And savour of life upon you—then
We call you to our counselling."

And we will hew the holy boughs
To make us level rows of oars,
And we will set our shining prows
For strange and unadventured shores.

Where the great tideways swiftest run
We will be stronger than the strong,
And sack the cities of the sun,
And spend our booty in a song."

Mr. Drinkwater has never done anything better or worthier of himself than the last verse. It sums up the energy, enthusiasm, and eagerness which his writing continually reveals.

EDWARD THOMAS.

SOUTH AFRICA.*

This is the sixth volume of "The English People Overseas," all by the same author, and with it he closes the first part of the series. "They give the history of the founding of every English-speaking colony or possession throughout the world, from Virginia and Newfoundland under Elizabeth to Rhodesia and Nyasa under Victoria." The second part of the series is to deal more particularly with the development of the English type of civilisation out of England.

Every author has the right to lay down the lines of his own work and to adhere to them as he proceeds, but most readers will feel that Mr. Tilby would have been justified in departing from the rule applied to other British possessions when dealing with South Africa, for there the English people do not predominate, nor have they played the most important part in the settlement of that country. As it is, he has deviated somewhat from the general plan of the series, and to that extent has earned the reader's gratitude, for it will be readily admitted that the first

* "South Africa, 1486-1913." By Wyatt Tilby. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

"book" of the volume contains more history, in condensed form, than all the other three "books" that follow.

Despite the preface, and in defiance of the fact that this volume begins with "Book XXIII.," this is not a continuation of anything, but a separate and distinct narrative history of South Africa from the discovery of the Cape by Bartholomew Diaz to the beginning of the labour troubles of last year.

South Africa has made history in slow, erratic and expensive fashion, while historians, all except the devoted and indefatigable Dr. Theal, have written it sectionally, in more or less partisan phrase and self-circumscribed mood. This was inevitable, for, in a country so large and so wanting in lines of communication, those who put pen to paper naturally wrote of what came under their own observation and from their own point of view, Theal alone excepted.

At the present moment there are two writers before the public, both dealing with South African history in what may be termed its wider aspect. Professor George E. Cory has just published the second volume of his "Rise of South Africa," and two more volumes are promised to complete the work. Mr. Wyatt Tilby, in the volume under notice, compresses the story of 400 years of "that bad debt of the British Empire" into 632 pages. And, when he sticks to his story, he tells it well, only one cannot but wish that the process of compression had been less pronounced at the beginning and more drastic at the end. But as it is he pursues the plan of the series, because not until the last hundred years or so had "English people" much to do with the making of that country's history.

More than half the book is taken up with the well-worn themes of Kruger and the Transvaal, Rhodes and Rhodesia, and the Union of South Africa. The story of the late war is re-told, and all the sordid intrigues of the last half century recapitulated. Even the struggle for financial supremacy between Rhodes and Barnato is given generous space. These subjects may interest the rising generation, but those who have kept in touch with contemporary history in the making have had more than enough of them. This is probably as it should be, for the historian must look for his best appreciators among those of a later generation than that of which he writes. By the same law the present-day reader will be most interested in the beginning of things at the Cape and along the east coast of this vast country, and of these Mr. Tilby gives the merest outline.

The attempt of the English East India Company to found the first English Colony at the Cape is interesting reading. Ten notorious criminals who had been sentenced to death at the Old Bailey were respited on the solicitations of the Company's representatives, and banished to the Cape as a means of bringing them to God, by giving them time to repent and crave pardon for their sins. In due time they arrived at Table Bay, but there they did not improve, and ultimately some of them returned to England and to the gallows, unreformed and unrepentant. So ended the first British Settlement, and if South Africa be "the grave of reputations," evidently only those of good repute find it so.

Mr. Tilby is best in narrative style. Unfortunately he will be reflective, and such commonplace sentiments as "All men are imperfect in an imperfect world" (page 75) are unpardonable. But I like him least when he deals with literature. Liebrandt and Theal are classed as "historical writers of the second rank," Pringle is dismissed as a maker of second-rate verses which were mistaken for true poetry, and no name is found worthy of notice where Edmond Garrett and others, his worthy contemporaries, gave of their best.

Mr. Wyatt simply does not know South African literature, and shows he could not appreciate it if he knew it. Here is a description of the poetry of that country for which he will not readily be forgiven:

"An occasional platitude of morality perpetrated in pedestrian verse, thoughts on immortality obviously destined to speedy death, cries to the infinite too feeble to raise even a finite echo;

attempts at self-revelation that revealed nothing but poverty of poetic equipment; sonnets the world has willingly let die; longer poems in which nothing was lacking save inspiration: these are the bulk of South African poetry."

Perhaps the best comment on the foregoing is to be found in a footnote on the page containing the passage quoted, by which Mr. Tilby goes out of his way to give a cheap advertisement to his "old friend" whom he mentions by name as the writer of "by far the best South African verse I have read!" This expresses at once the writer's limitations, and his bias.

WILLIAM BLANE.

MR. HENRY HOLIDAY'S REMINISCENCES.*

Mr. Henry Holiday has had a longer life than most men, and it has certainly been a very full and very successful life. Successful not merely in the arts to which it was most specially devoted, but in the great art of living well and happily among his friends and fellows. Seventy-four years is a long space of time, and Mr. Holiday has used every day of it. Born in 1839, he entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1854, the youngest pupil there, and at twenty-three was already attracting favourable notice as a painter. Soon his attention was turned to stained glass, for Messrs. Powell asked him to take up the work Burne Jones had been carrying out for them, and to design all their cartoons. The result was that Mr. Holiday threw himself into the work by which he is now best known, for his beautiful windows are to be seen throughout the length and breadth of England, and in America he has even more than at home.

These reminiscences are most delightful reading; they express Mr. Holiday very completely and give a most interesting record of an interesting life. He counted among his friends most of the most prominent people of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and these pass through the pages—sometimes we have only a glimpse, a reference, an anecdote, sometimes a quite satisfying account of someone who in his day was a household word, and in ours is still a great memory. We see a good deal of Mr. Gladstone, in his habit as he lived; we hear of Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Wagner, Simeon Solomon, Richter, Mr. de Morgan, Walter Pater, almost everyone of note in the worlds of painting, of sculpture, of music, of letters, and of politics. Mr. Holiday has taken a keen interest in affairs, less from any standpoint of party than from a wholehearted and independent love of justice and fair doing. He became an ardent disciple and a personal friend of Edward Bellamy, and he is intensely interested in every attempt to understand and to change for the better the social organisation under which we live.

Such a book as Mr. Holiday's offers very great temptations to quote from it largely. There are so many anecdotes of people, so many of places, of doings, so much that is interesting as mere narrative or as comment that the reviewer would gladly share with his readers. Here is a pretty tale of Rossetti:

"Rossetti dined one evening with friends, who followed his lead in the matter of china to such good purpose that the whole dinner was served in beautiful specimens and, for the better display of these, was set out on the table. The salmon was served in a noble dish, evidently a precious example. When the cover was removed Rossetti started, leaned over to examine the dish, took it in both hands, turned it upside down to see the marks on the back, leaving the salmon on the tablecloth, and exclaimed, 'The very dish I was going to get to-morrow!'"

Journeys to Greece, to India, to Egypt afford very pleasant chapters. Egypt has inspired Mr. Holiday with a fine theme in his story of Joseph, a series of pictures upon which he is now working, four of which, reproduced in colours, appear among the illustrations in Mr. Heinemann's handsome volume. Throughout his book Mr. Holiday displays a keen and cordial sense of humour, the widest tolerance, and the utmost catholicity of taste.

* "Reminiscences of My Life." By Henry Holiday. 16s. net. (Heinemann.)

But he can be very severe upon occasion, and the three pages in which he deals faithfully with "Post-Impressionism," are by no means ambiguous in their judgment. He has given us, as well as his splendid achievements in painting and decorative art, a real achievement in one of the most difficult paths of letters, that of autobiography. And we avow our gratitude.

F. M. A.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER TOO.*

Other publishers have occasionally ventured into authorship, as if to show how easy it is to enter "the blood-stained gates of this Inferno," as Robert Buchanan once wrote in his bitter, prejudiced days of disillusionment, but none has ever written so seriously or systematically as Dr. Putnam, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday by publishing the first instalment of his autobiography. "I am like the hero of Kipling's 'Barrack-Room Ballad,'" he laughingly said to the writer the other day, "... 'a kind of a giddy harumfrodite,' author and publisher too." And it would fill columns to give a list of his books and miscellaneous writings since he produced his scholarly study of "Authors and their Public in Ancient Times," more than twenty years ago. Knowing both sides so thoroughly, he has threatened to crown his literary record with a book on "The Crimes of Authors,"—a work which will cause much searching of heart in certain circles if ever he sets forth all that he knows on the subject from the publisher's point of view. To the bookman this would probably make a more entertaining volume than the present instalment of Dr. Putnam's autobiography, which shows him for the most part neither as an author nor as a publisher, but first as a student in the cosmopolitan days of his youth, and afterwards as a soldier on the Northern side in the Civil War.

His father was what is known as a Maine-Massachusetts man, and Dr. Putnam himself, having been born in London, thus claims to belong to two States and one Empire. He is an Englishman by birth, because his parents happened at the time to be living in London, where George Palmer Putnam, the founder of the firm, was establishing an English branch of his publishing house—the first American to return the compliment which English publishers had for generations paid to the United States by opening offices in New York. To George Palmer Putnam, and his son and successor, English writers owe a heavy debt for their persistent and disinterested efforts on behalf of international copyright in what is now probably the most tempting market in the world for the popular author. The Putnams' fight for fair trade, however, finds no place in the present volume, though occasional glimpses are furnished of the Anglo-American literary atmosphere in which the author was reared. He tells us, too, how he has seen London grow, like New York, into a statelier city than it was in the days of his youth; how he not only watched the Thames Embankment rise out of its mud, but also helped to pay for it in the shape of taxes. Some vivid impressions are given of his early home life on his parents' return to the States, while his father was struggling to build up his international publishing house with a partner who had no faith in the scheme, and undermined the business by financial mismanagement. He remembers visiting Sunnyside in the last days of Washington Irving, who had stood by his publisher in the grave crisis of his business affairs with a loyalty which deserves all the present tributes on the part of that publisher's son to the author's gentle and winning personality.

Young Putnam did not enter his father's business before reaching his majority, though it was obviously a struggle on the publisher's part to pay his way at times, with the increasing needs of a growing family, and amid some of the most critical years in the history of the States. During the business troubles of '57, George Haven Putnam helped

* "Memories of My Youth, 1844-1865." By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D., late Brevet-Major 176th N.Y.S. Volunteers. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnam's Sons.)



Dr. George Haven Putnam.

to pay for his own education by acting as an assistant-teacher, and when he was fourteen was earning in this way a salary at the rate of 200 dollars a year. In addition, he cultivated part of his father's land so successfully that in two years he cleared the sum of 300 dollars, which subsequently helped towards his first student terms at Göttingen. This was after spending a couple of years at Columbia College, New York, when he was sent abroad, partly to complete his education, but more particularly to consult European specialists for his eyesight, which has always been restricted. His shrewd comparisons of New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and other continental cities and customs, are written in the true spirit of the candid American friend, who loves the old country too well ever to spoil it by flattery.

The second half of the work is devoted to his adventures in the Civil War, in which he took part from his eighteenth year, first in the ranks, and afterwards as an officer, of the 176th New York Volunteers, until shortly after his twenty-first birthday, which he celebrated by serving under General Sherman at the surrender of the last army of the Confederacy. His disabled writing arm still bears eloquent testimony to his war service. For the same reason he has been dependent upon the assistance of others in the preparation of the present book, as well as of his earlier works, a fact which, when one remembers his heavy duties and responsibilities, renders his long list of literary achievements nothing short of remarkable.

FRANK A. MUMBY.

THE NETHER WORLD*

The great quality of "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists" is that it is not a fake. It is quite unmistakably the genuine thing. Of course every book, whatever its methods, style, atmosphere or area, ought to be that. But thanks to the over-production of books and to the capacity of the public to be diverted from philandering with books to irrelevant and often trivial political crises, and thanks to many other causes it would be tedious to recapitulate, the spurious book has obtained an alarming advantage over the vital, the actual, the genuine book. And so, when the real thing forces its unveiled head above the mob of its masquerading brethren, one has to italicise the fact. Well, the late Robert Tressall's book is the authentic human document, which, in a year's fiction, appears two or three times. It has practically nothing in the way of a plot. It is merely a collection of incidents united, not consciously but integrally, that is to say dovetailing into the central scheme and purpose of the book rather than into each other. Neither is the style particularly distinguished. It is on the one side too abrupt, and on the other too redundant, too diffuse, to give an equilibrium and appropriate content to the author's imagination. And the book as a whole is inclined to be monotonous, to be pitched too consecutively upon the same key. Ample as is the canvas, it lacks that sense

* "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists." By Robert Tressall. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

of proportion, which by defining the amplitude and setting it in perspective, would make it much more effective. But when all is said and done, these blemishes are merely the promontories and excrescences of a piece of work too powerful, too impregnated with personality, to be seriously affected by them. For there are two qualities by which Robert Tressall dragged his chariot out of the deep ruts of the average—personality and philosophy, a principle, a conscious attitude to life. No work of art worth the name can do without them, but the potency and driving-force of these two factors are the very life-breath of "The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists." The story is briefly as follows. Owen is a builder's labourer in the firm of Rushton and Company. He is always in and out of work, and constantly face to face with the spectre of starvation for himself, his wife, and his child. And the consciousness of his wrongs and oppression at the hands of a privileged class, in which all the perquisites that make life worth living are vested, inspires him with a bitter hatred and a passionate desire to endow his fellow-workers with that sense of fellowship and indignation which, by sweeping away the whole system, will reinstate the dispossessed into the heritage which has been stolen from them. I am afraid that this bald summary may create the impression that the book is simply a Socialist tract, a flagrant instance, that is to say, of the appropriation of a specific form of literary activity for the purposes of propaganda. That would be grossly unfair to the author and his work, which is not a treatise, but a pungent, intimate, scaring and profoundly realistic study of the lives, the environment, the opinions and outlook of the working-classes. The book does not step beyond the building trade, of which Tressall obviously possessed a meticulous knowledge, but the portrait of the builders is the portrait in miniature of the English working-classes. And the last thing in the world that Tressall did was to idealise them. The book is in fact a fierce, almost a savage attack upon their apathy, their shoddiness, their servility, their hopeless inadequacy to emancipate themselves from their wretched conditions, their willingness to perpetuate a system which degrades their class as a whole to the level of beasts of burden. And with what extraordinary insight and power of presenting and individualising his characters he does it! He simply lets them speak for themselves, as, at the dinner hour, they discuss politics, unemployment and poverty. There is no extenuation, no compromise, no romancing. These men are not abstractions or personifications of their creator's ideals or antipathies. They are the living human material of to-day, so debased by the squalor, futility, waste and despair of their lives, that they will ridicule any effort to make new and finer ones.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

THE MODERN NOTE.*

We are all so ultra modern to-day that we are apt to under-value the past. Those of us who are novelists dare not write of the periods before a recent yesterday, because it is believed that readers who wear lancer plumes are chilled rather than thrilled by the historical story. Here, for instance, are seven new books—and only one novel in this batch is fragrant with the spirit of vanished yesterdays. Six are all more or less rooted in the extraordinary present, and yet linked to all ages by woman, who touches into life the dry bones of all the centuries, and by man, who is generally hooked and eyed to the present year of grace by bread-and-butter considerations.

* "Sylvia." By Upton Sinclair. 6s. (John Long.)—"Transition." By Lucy Re-Bartlett. 6s. (Longmans.)—"Barbara and Company." By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Constable.)—"Bread and Butterflies." By Dion Clayton Calthorp. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Cloudesley Tempest." By W. E. H. Lacon Watson. 6s. (John Murray.)—"The Mercy of the Lord." By Flora A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"Love the Harper." By Eleanor C. Hayden. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

In approaching these books, let us take those two facts of modern life—Love and Female Suffrage—and see how they deal with them. The heart of the male novel reader is wooed and won by the altogether delightful "Sylvia" who lives in Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel of that name. She is the idol of a proud Southern family, and moves in a slightly historical atmosphere which is refreshing. One seems to hear niggers holding a camp meeting in the background. Why, one is tempted to ask, in the case of such a winning girl as Sylvia Castleman, does one presume that she will not marry her obvious mate? Such happy consummations are always suspect. Mr. Upton Sinclair's reading of life here is a comment on Shakespeare's well-known dictum about the course of true love. Frankness and common sense could have resolved the lovers' difficulties—but then, what would happen to half our stories if novelists believed more frequently in the beneficent possibilities of existence? Every subordinate character in the novel makes a facet to flash in the fascinating character of Sylvia, one of the most bewitching American girls in fiction.

Wider meanings must be given to both the ideas of my twofold category in considering "Transition" by Mrs. Lucy Re-Bartlett, which unfolds the psychology of the women's movement with commanding sincerity. Mannie Elder, a little militant Suffragette, and Hugh Pelham, a barrister, repay the close attention which the story of their development demands from the reader. Margaret, the heroine's sister, and her husband almost live, but the cultured group of earnest Italian women, and the Modernist priest, concerned in the movement of the slender plot, are ideas rather than living people. You may get the keynote from this assertion, "There are very few people who are able to love greatly at all—very few to whom any love is a matter of life and death." The lovers achieve a true union only through a baptism of pain—the alchemy which still works miracles—and disasters. There is no grip in the story, but its ideas are a valuable exposition of what is moving in the minds and hearts of some of our best women.

With a lighter touch Mr. W. E. Norris brings us to the Suffrage Movement, and much else that is pleasant in "Barbara and Company." Barbara is a congenial companion, and lives with her equally interesting half-nephew, a widower, whose grandfather married a second time late in life. Their hobby is the pairing off of the right couples—a habit leading to a romantic series of deftly-told episodes. Cupid's wings flutter in them all. In "Champions of the Fair" a shaft from the Naughty Boy's quiver is guided to the breast of one Harriet Cunningham—ready to be arrested and locked up, and forcibly fed and everything else in the sacred cause." The dart finds its billet just because Lampson has a "scrap" with a policeman at a demonstration in Downing Street, where she is waving a flag, and doing other things. Barbara is there too—and Barbara gives zest to every incident in this companionable book. "Bread and Butterflies," by Mr. Dion Clayton Calthorp falls into no convenient category. Its atmosphere is as timeless as the dawn—and in some places as modern as our half-contemptuous toleration of the "Nut." It is a book to be enjoyed rather than criticised, though I know there are some unfortunate people who could turn its pages and close them unreluctantly, muttering "Tosh!" Their way is through life's financial columns—perhaps leading to Park Lane—a magnificent house, and an empty heart. Lovers of children—those who wish to wander in the land of faery—are invited to take Mr. Calthorp as their guide, and some of the glamour of all centuries will be theirs. There is much else of value in the book besides modern fantasy and fairy story—objective excursions into London and French life. The impression or study entitled "Lie-a-bed" will stir the fount of tears and gratitude in those who have watched a loved human being win all the world by losing it daily on a bed of pain. Listen and learn, if you do not know what is due to the "lie-a-beds"—"I see you, my dear, by windows looking bravely out on the

street's monstrous comedy, and I see you in the street on your long bed-chair, unmoved in the world of passers-by; I have often wanted to salute you as I pass, just as one salutes all great things, by way of homage."

Almost as real, only in another way, is the world revealed by Mr. W. E. Lacon Watson in "Cloudesley Tempest." This is a story of the financial world, which opens rather slowly. A healthy feeling for romance is stirred when impetuous "Clouds," conveyed by a fine initiative, follows Pat Mainwaring, and woos and wins her on shipboard, against her father's wishes. Mrs. Lassenen, her friend, and Gascoigne, the stockbroker, and Elsie, the tea-shop girl, are real people, but it requires a constructive effort of the imagination to accept Gregory, the villainous clerk who supplies most of the complication of the plot-interest. I need hardly say that the glamour and mystery of India inform most of the stories in Mrs. Steel's book, "The Mercy of the Lord." It takes you far from Downing Street Suffrage demonstrations, but not from love. Every story has distinction, and this author once more proves how unerringly she can reveal the soul of the people. It is well to be reminded—as Mrs. Steel reminds us—of the dangers, as well as the fascinations, of the men who are in charge of the outposts of Empire. The emergence of the Indian thread of mystery and dread into the life of a Welsh countryside is vividly depicted in "The Wisdom of our Lord Ganesh," wherein an elephant is shown as a character worth remembering. "Slave of the Court" is also a captivating story, visualising the tradition of immemorial service and devotion. This is but a statement of preferences; the book will be largely read by Mrs. Steel's admirers. "Love the Harper," by Eleanor C. Hayden, is a well planned story of commonplace pattern. It does not lack movement or variety of interest, but its perusal left me unmoved. If the other characters had some of Ruth Day's intense life, the story might have gained in vitality. One of the happy touches in the book is, however, worth recording—some homely wisdom from a rustic—"When arraone is happy to their marrow-bones, all the 'musement they wants is just a worry now an' agen to let 'em know how happy they be."

WILKINSON SHERREN.

THE MIND OF THE CHILD.*

This charming little book, with its name which one envies Mrs. Sidney Webb—could anything be more deliciously tender than "The Littlest One"?—is a fresh and sincere addition to the literature of the child. Since Stevenson wrote the "Child's Garden" he has had many imitators. Never was a flower so easy to grow once one had got the seed. To be sure many who could imitate marvellously well Stevenson's manner had not got his matter. He looked into his heart and wrote of the child he knew best—himself. And it is not easy to be fictitious about the child successfully. The best results are obtainable, to quote the newspapers, from the study of a real child, and perhaps the nearer one gets to the child the more realistic is the study. Much-loved children—which is not to say spoiled children—like much-loved dogs, develop characteristics beyond the children about whom no one cares much. In Mrs. Webb's book we have a dearly-loved child and a tender mother. Every little poem shows a "way" of the child, and the attitude of a mother who looks at the child with eyes of tears and laughter. Here is a tender bit. The "Littlest One" is always his own biographer:

"When I was naughty and sent up to bed
And would not go up, I was growing, I said,
Too big to be sent. Mother just shook her head.
It's curious she didn't believe that I was,
And didn't do like what I thought she would—'cos
She sent me upstairs to bed.

When I was naughty an' sent up to bed,
And somehow I cried on the stairs an' I said
I was only jus' little. Then Mother instead
Came suddenly to me with arms open wide;
Her eyes were all shiny. 'Jus' little,' she cried,
An' carried me down from bed."

That is the authentic experience of the child and the authentic record of the mother, and it goes straight home to the heart which has the happiness to feel the exquisiteness of the child.

The little Blue Boy, "The Littlest One" whom Miss Tarrant pictures nearly always exquisitely—he becomes conventional in "the bigly hole" picture—has his moods and his experiences. The child's Wonder World is large, and the great thing about it is that, as Stevenson has revealed to us, it can be unrolled on the very smallest stage. The nursery may be too big for it, the window overlooking the street, the counterpane—it may be restricted to the child's closed eyes as he lies in bed—but it is a great Wonder World all the same. The Littlest One does not fail of adventure; he provides it for himself. The stories he has to tell are sometimes thrilling, sometimes merely episodes of every day; often they point the moral and adorn the tale of Jane the nurse, who cannot be expected to see things from Boy Blue's side of them. "The Nugly Little Man," "The Creaking Stairs," "The Lady Who Doesn't Come In" belong to the middle world, which is something of a delightful terror to the child who knows that he can count on being snatched to a tender breast if the terror should become too much. Such a child I have known to play hide-and-seek with the bodiless head which a wicked nursemaid had placed beyond the bed-curtains for the child who would not sleep.

Little Boy Blue has his observations and his records of older people and their doings. Here is a pretty one of the mother of the "Littlest":

"When Mother is worried, or tired, or sad,
She slips away and down the garden
Into a place of cool green trees,
Where always, she says, there's a tiny breeze
Whisperin' up in the tree-tops.
And always it makes her quiet and glad,
An' she sits an' thinks an' feels she's somewhere
Out of the world an' lookin' on,
Watchin' the things that are passin' and gone.

And she says she can see such a lot *doesn't matter*,
So she leaves all her worries there under a tree;
And the things that do matter she puts in her heart
An' comes back to the world an' to Daddy an' Me."

One imagines of the Littlest One that he is the Only as well as the Littlest One. He has cousins, but no brothers and sisters, and he is the one infinitely precious thing to a young father and mother. He is a very winsome thing in Mrs. Webb's verse and Miss Tarrant's pictures, and a very actual and living personality, more akin to Eugene Field's modern child than to the child that once was of "The Child's Garden." Which is only to say that the Littlest One is of his period and has an independence of thought and action and a free way of looking at life which bring him quite up to date. As for the heart that keeps his ways and records them, why, such mother-hearts are for ever industriously gathering honey.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE THEATRE.*

It will always remain a wonder to the thinking man that so much of the current literature about the drama and the stage is lifeless and insipid compared with its opportunities. This view does no injustice to the capacity of some of our critics, or the variety of their attitudes, from the Hellenic-Gallic flippancy of Mr. Walkley to the curry-flavoured diatribes of Mr. Palmer in the *Saturday Review*. What we mean is that the men who find fault with the theatre of the day and express it in such intolerant and contemptuous terms, set no sort of example to the

* "Dramatic Actualities." By W. L. George. 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

* "The Littlest One." By Marion St. John Adcock (Mrs. Sidney Webb). Illustrated by Margaret Tarrant. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrop.)

playwrights by any freshness in their presentment of the case for the prosecution. They air their metaphysic cleverness, they trim off the plot with summary exactness, and they label the chief performers with separate epithets more or less apt. But they usually proclaim the play dull in a prose which is simply lifeless. There is no other word for it. It is pot-and-kettle abuse of the most culinary order.

There is nothing of this want of vitality in Mr. W. L. George. He illuminates with ease the subject of the drama and its defects, because to him the thing is alive in all its scope and shortcomings. Where he wants to set a certain play or author before us, he does it in a word, as when he convicts Mr. Shaw of "a plethoric vocabulary," dubs Mr. Garnett's work "petrified pessimism," and implies that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is a morality for lodgers. He indicts the play-of-ideas on ten counts—shadowy plot, absence of climax, "hypertrophy of the atmosphere, sentiment (sometimes), garrulousness, the exaggerated type, inveterate gloom (sometimes optimism), obscurity, length, and shapeless purpose"; and he succeeds in carrying most of these crimes home to the minds of the jury. He calls the public a Sleeping Beauty who is all reward for the lucky playwright that awakens her, but never stirs her finger to point him a way to success; and he convicts the typical modern play of being "a debauch where paradox, antithesis, and homily run riot."

Part of the interest of these vivacious and stimulating essays is that they are as vigorous in their mistakes as in their happy wits. They make effective use of allusion to the Greek tragedies, and show an exceptional range of familiarity with the plays of to-day, native as well as foreign, but they are weak on English literature of the day before yesterday. They misquote Addison where they father one of Mr. Spectator's judicial deliverances on Sir Roger de Coverley, and they do an injustice to "She Stoops to Conquer" by describing it as a love story and a subterfuge, instead of an elaborate practical joke, and therefore all the better comedy. Again, we fail to side against the plays of Oscar Wilde because they do not "justify the shedding of a stage tear," the very quality we should have judged to be among their merits. We decline to regard a play as religious because it treats sacred themes with "reverence," for this may be as often as not a casual trick of rhetoric or stage management or very little more. We deny that the *bourgeoisie* (horrid term) is a judge of form when it not infrequently makes a triumphant success of plays which are merely settings for oddities in character, or little else; and we think the distinction worth drawing between the popularity of realism on the stage and the popular exclusion of mere sinister realities which have no serviceable place upon the boards. With these and other limitations, Mr. George's book may be heartily recommended as a guide to the rational and tolerant consideration of the modern play. It rescues us from the ruts of a commercialised criticism, and it should help our playwrights to remember that there is an honourable goal of merit beyond the box-office and the gallery.

THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

Whether one agrees with Mr. Frankfort Moore's views or not, it must be conceded that he has at least earned the right, if not suffered martyrdom to obtain it, of recording his opinions of the people of North-East Ulster.¹

Mr. Moore is a Southerner, born in Limerick, but at an early age he migrated to Belfast, and subsequently became a journalist on a Conservative paper. He practised that honourable profession until some twenty years ago, when as a novelist he left Belfast for London, and since that time he has not lived in Ulster. This fact has advantages as well as disadvantages. Looked at through the vista of years, things often assume a more true proportion

than when the mind may be influenced and the judgment warped by something disagreeable or by uncongenial surroundings.

The disadvantages are more obvious. If you are writing of to-day, it is not always safe to rely upon your experiences of twenty years ago, however chastened by time and reflection, especially in a country like Ireland, where even a resident is bewildered often by the kaleidoscopic changes that occur from day to day.

But that there are certain social conditions and political aspects in Ulster which, if not unchangeable, are at least slow to change may be freely conceded. Since Ulster ceased to be opposed even to the point of open rebellion, against the Union, a fact which Mr. Moore seems to ignore, she became more and more isolated from the rest of Ireland. Mr. Moore supplies some sort of key, and it fits the lock pretty well:

"During all the years of my association with Ulstermen, I never met but one who possessed any of the characteristics of the truly typical Irishman, as he is known all over the world and to some extent still in Ireland. . . . This exceptional person was the late Colonel Saunderson. That is where the tragedy of Ulster comes in just now. The Ulsterman has failed to assimilate himself to the Irishman. If he goes south or west he feels himself as much an alien as his ancestors must have felt themselves on arriving in Ulster. But when he goes to Scotland or to the North of England, he has no impression of being among strangers."

This is as it may be, but when Mr. Moore writes "They have never had anything in common with the Irish, and even when suffering from the same injustice at the hands of the English Government, they always rejected the overtures of the Irish to unite with them in resisting the tyranny," he is forgetting his history. Has Mr. Moore never heard of the Protestant United Irishmen? Moreover, at the present moment at least two seats in North-East Ulster are held by Nationalists, who owe their seats to the Protestant voters, "who are suffering from the same injustice at the hands of the English Government" as their Roman Catholic fellow-workers.

"The Ulsterman is not a great reader to-day," says Mr. Moore, "except, perhaps, of political speeches. Belfast has a population of close upon 400,000, and it has had an University College for over sixty years, and yet for the twenty-five years that I knew it there was not a bookseller's shop in the whole city."

Well, I remember visiting the house of a well-known novelist, whose name is familiar to Mr. Moore, who boasted to me that he hadn't a single book in the house, though he had many other things, such as glass and furniture. Whether bookshops flourish or do not flourish in Belfast since Mr. Moore left it—and literary men are notoriously bad buyers of books—there is, I think, no question of the future of Belfast University, any more than there was of the success of the Queen's College students, as Cambridge University, at least, can testify.

On such particular points Mr. Moore is handicapped by his long absence from the sphere of his inspiration. He is more interesting when he deals with generalities. If you get to the end of Mr. Moore's book you will learn, or be asked to believe, that the Southern parts are semi-barbarous:

"Hospitality to strangers is the paramount virtue of the most barbarous races, and the Ulsterman regards his province as the most civilized in Ireland. . . . A visitor to Dublin will receive more invitations in a week than a visitor to Belfast will in a year. The first act of a Dubliner whom you meet is to insist on your dining with him. This is the last act of a Belfast man, and then he does not insist."

Dr. Johnson said that the Irish were a fair people, and according to his dictum Mr. Moore is a fair critic, for if he lashes the North with whips, he lashes the South with scorpions, not even excepting his own native Limerick. He appears to accept the favourite belief of the illiterate Ulsterman that no man possesses a five-pound note south of the Boyne, but if he had lived in Belfast within the last ten or fifteen years, or indeed in any town in Ireland, he would have ascertained that at least two of the principal Northern banking companies do most of their business and earn most of their dividends south of the Boyne, and if their directors and shareholders are silent, it is not

¹ "The Truth about Ulster." By F. Frankfort Moore. 7s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

because they view with equanimity their isolation from their best customers.

Mr. Moore's Ulster novel, "The Ulsterman,"¹ is much less interesting than his more serious effort, and is disappointing to one who has read and enjoyed so many of the author's bright and light-hearted stories. A coat of motley suits Mr. Moore better than the Geneva gown. But the atmosphere of lower middle-class life in Ulster, created—let us speak the truth—without sympathy, is painful, sad, and depressing. One feels that Mr. Moore hates all his puppets, and when one was developing some sort of interest in the dishonest Ulsterman's daughter, Helen, and her love affair, one is choked off by her vulgarity. The result is a feeling that the story is not really a story, but a tract disguised as one.

One turns with a sense of relief from Mr. Moore's pessimism and hopelessness to Mrs. Croker's new novel of Ireland.² And though it may be called conventional, it has more of the root of the matter in it than either of Mr. Moore's books. And the foreign reader will get a better insight into Irish character and conditions of life from it than from a hundred books written with the serious intention of elucidating the Irish problem. You will not find in it such sharp contrasts as Mr. Moore endeavours to depict, but you will find plenty of trouble and sorrows cheerfully borne, and gaiety, and light-heartedness, and good fellowship, and hope, not despair, at the end.

Everyone who has read, and those who haven't, Mr. Moore's pessimistic volumes, should read as an antidote Mrs. Croker's new novel "Lismoye." More power to your elbow, Mrs. Croker, and may you give us many another Rhoda and Madame Conroy.

H. A. HINKSON.

SIMPLICITY AND SOPHISTICATION.

In its quiet and unsensational way, Mr. Robert Frost's "North of Boston"³ is the most challenging book of verse that has been published for some time. To the unsophisticated reader it may seem to be an unsophisticated production, the work of a naïve and ingenuous mind. Even the innocent reviewer may be beguiled by Mr. Frost's apparent simplicity into forgetting the reviewer's own pet tag about the art which conceals art, mistaking Mr. Frost's assured art for artlessness. Yet, of the four poets now under consideration, Mr. Frost is certainly the most sophisticated. Mr. Bouch⁴ and Mr. Abbott⁵ have just sufficient sophistication to write pleasant, derivative verse; and even Mr. Fairfax,⁶ who has more accomplishment than either, and whose work seldom lacks a scholarly distinction, is not sophisticated enough to conceal his sophistication. He has merely the sophistication of the connoisseur, while Mr. Frost has the sophistication of the artist. Mr. Fairfax has collected poetical phrases in the library, but Mr. Frost has turned the living speech of men and women into poetry. Mr. Fairfax's comparative artlessness is betrayed by his use of artifice, while Mr. Frost's art is revealed by his avoidance of all merely poetical tricks.

"Crimson, silver, and vair,
Over the edge of the earth,
Shifting, shining and rare
Comes Beauty to birth.

Green is her mantle aloft,
White the star in her hair,
The rose red at her throat,
Crimson, silver and vair."

¹ "The Ulsterman: A Story of To-Day." By F. Frankfort Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

² "Lismoye: An Irish Novel." By B. M. Croker. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

³ "North of Boston." By Robert Frost. 3s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)

⁴ "Will o' the Wisp and Wandering Voices." By Thomas Bouch. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

⁵ "Vision." By W. H. Abbott. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

⁶ "The Horns of Taurus." By Griffith Fairfax. 3s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Thus sings Mr. Fairfax of "Spring," and thus, doubtless, Mr. Frost could sing, if he chose; but I cannot imagine him using words so loosely as to leave even a suspicion in the reader's mind that the poet thought that "vair" was the name of a colour, and that colour green! Nor can I imagine him singling out the rose as a characteristically spring flower.

Hitherto, all the modern American poetry I have come across has been distinguished only by its un-American quality. Indeed, I had come to think there were only two schools of American poets, the Cosmic and the Cosmopolitan. The Cosmic poets, for the main part, still reside in America, where they fill the magazines with poems about "peaks whose floors are shod with rainbows laughing up to God"; while the Cosmopolitan poets live in London, or Paris, and write imitation-English, imitation-French, imitation-Latin, imitation-Greek, imitation-Chinese, imitation-Japanese, and imitation-anything, rather than genuine American poems; though there is hope that, having got as far as Japan, they may go on until they rediscover their native land! But, when they do, they will find that Mr. Frost has been there before them, making poetry out of the lives of his friends and neighbours in New England. Mr. Frost's poems are American, and they are his own. They are not written according to any arbitrary and exotic formula, though they are in the true tradition of English poetry, which is as much an American inheritance as it is ours. He is individual, without being eccentric. He has become so absorbed in the characters he delineates that he has neither time nor inclination to put on frills, or in any way attract attention to his own originality. The challenge of his work lies in its starkness, in its nakedness of all poetical fripperies. The blank verse in which the tales are written is entirely made up of ordinary speech-phrases, through the medium of which Mr. Frost manages to convey not only the sense of the speakers, but the very tone of their voices. While appreciating the careful and deliberate art which alone could produce this convincing effect of actuality, and all with such a quiet and almost casual air, I am inclined to wonder at times if, in his determination to avoid artifice, Mr. Frost has not discarded too much. There are legitimate excitements, as well as illegitimate, in the enjoyment of verse; and in reading some of these poems I have missed the exhilaration of an impelling and controlling rhythm. And yet there is not a poem in the book that I have not returned to over and over again! To me it seems that "Home Burial" and "The Fear" are the most absolute achievements in the book; but that may only be because they come nearest to the kind of thing I wish to see done in poetry; and the other pieces in the book all contain notable qualities, and qualities which have been too long absent from English verse. Mr. Frost has a keen, humorous sense of character. His characters always make the story, and not the story the characters. Tales that might be mere anecdotes in the hands of another poet take on a universal significance, because of their native veracity and truth to local character. Only by writing about the people he knows personally can a man tell us anything about ourselves or the other people he doesn't know personally.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

"THE QUICK AND THE DEAD."*

There is always a charm of uncertainty about a new book by Mr. Edwin Pugh. Many authors keep to a beaten track; they make a corner for themselves in certain types of character or a certain definite phase of life, and never come out of it—their readers would be disappointed if they did. But Mr. Pugh is not to be taken for granted in this fashion. He began by writing of London low-life; he has gone back again and again into that fascinating, endless way, and his best work is that in which he has depicted the seamy side of the great city; but in at least six of his

* "The Quick and the Dead." By Edwin Pugh. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

books he has struck out successfully into other and widely different roads, and in the "Quick and the Dead" he again turns his back almost entirely upon London and the life and the class of people with which so much of his work has been associated. His picture here of Gallions, the little town on the south-east coast—of its fishermen, its tradesfolk, the general life of it—is as sharply etched and as true as anything he has ever done. And the story, a tragedy of temperaments, is an impressive and powerful study on larger lines and of deeper psychological significance perhaps than he has before attempted. To say nothing of the many vividly sketched minor characters, the baffling, changeable, neurotic Jenifer Pattenden; Theodore Taskover, the author of high but unrecognised genius, who seems commonplace enough, and provokes your dislike and distrust; and that sleek, soulless animal, the sensitively artistic, strangely repellent, as strangely attractive Signor Coseni, are realised and made vigorously alive with shrewd imaginative insight. Foil to these persons and throwing their abnormalities into vivid contrast, you have the hero of the story, the practical, unimaginative, conventional-minded young engineer, Roger Corrillan; and Jenifer's father, a placid, kindly old man, bent on carrying out the one dream of his life and giving Gallions a harbour; his wife; and Jenifer's faded, old-maidenly governess, Miss Egget.

The scheme for building the harbour brings Roger acquainted with Jenifer, and out of that acquaintance all the story grows. He loves her, and of that love comes happiness and torment to him and final misery. There are dark times when he is jealous, not without reason, of Coseni, and of Taskover. He quarrels with Taskover, one of his oldest friends, and in a passion of jealousy flings him to his death over the edge of a cliff. Little of remorse troubles him for this; he is rather relieved to feel that he has freed himself from any menace to his peace from that quarter; and the manner in which, after his death, Taskover avenges himself and brings discord, and estrangement, and ultimate ruin into Roger's married life, is well imagined and developed to its tragic ending with a cunning and sure ability. The story is a strong and an interesting one, and as interesting as the story itself are the men and women who shape it and the atmosphere and setting in which they play their parts.

C. W.

PLAY-CRAFT.

This batch of play-books might well serve as the text for a dissertation upon drama—in some examples its higher qualities are present—in others, they are notably absent. It is well to remind ourselves that the ultimate test of a drama lies in its acting qualities. At the risk of being tedious, it becomes necessary to repeat this dogma, lest the vicious doctrine take root that a story told in dialogue-form may be considered drama.

It is true that no rules exist for writing a play, but there do exist certain well-defined principles, which being well observed, will almost assuredly lead the playwright to success. Roughly, these may be summed up as a knowledge of theatrical conditions. By that I do not mean a hackneyed knowledge of such mechanical details as exits and entrances—but rather, a proper understanding of the principles which govern the art of telling a story to an audience, and sustaining and quickening their interest during the unfolding of a play. Given an original point of view, an individuality of method, the ability to observe and portray human character, and the gift of sustaining the interest to the close of the story—plus the dramatic instinct, the aspirant dramatist so equipped can regard his task as fairly straightforward. To that must be added the ability to select for portrayal such emotional qualities as are fairly obvious to an audience.

Now it is always heartening to welcome a play with ideas, and Mrs. Scott Maxwell's three-act play "The Flash Point,"¹ possesses that rare quality. Unfortunately the author does not seem to have fully grasped one convention of the theatre—the necessity for well-defined dialogue.

There are certain thoughts valuable in the exposition of character, but which are too subtle to be conveyed across the footlights—certain intimacies of spirit and temperament which do not lend themselves to theatrical exploitation. Much of the dialogue in this play belongs to that class. The theme chosen by the author was one that was well worth while. The action is laid in a provincial town, and the story deals with the struggle of Jean Barker to assert her right to live out her own life, in contravention of the conventional future which circumstances, in the form of a mother, grandmother and aunt, have shaped for her. Jean attempts to hold a public meeting, unknown to her relatives, and as a result she gets accidentally locked up all night in the Hall with her fiancé—an occurrence which, as the sequel proves, compels a marriage at an earlier date than was anticipated. The spiritual context of the play provides an exposition of seldom-considered passions—in which the author shows originality of vision, insight and powers of observation that are backed up by a certain brilliancy of dialogue. But one despairs of the significance of some of the dialogue becoming evident to a theatre-audience. Here is an example:

"There are those women who fuss because they feel nervous at lacking opinions on changed circumstances, and they know that if they clamour, both opinions and decisions will be arranged for them."

The observation is acute, but it would require a pit of philosophers to grasp its meaning in the few seconds allowed for the delivery of the thought in the theatre. Of the interesting character of Mr. Collins, the missionary, one would like to learn more—at present it is a little too shadowy.

The other two volumes serve to indicate the growth of the short play-craft, now become a fashionable mode of theatrical experiment. Mr. John Palmer's "Over the Hills,"² is compact of charm and comedy, and a wholesome comment on the braggadocio and craze of the cult of "the open road." It has already stood the test of acting, and covered its author with honour. Miss Gertrude Robins, who incidentally is known to us as an actress of intellect, in "Loving As We Do,"³ shows that she possesses a gift of natural dialogue and a born dramatic instinct, and that her theatrical experience has not nullified her ability to observe reality. In "The Return," a powerful little play, whose scene is laid in Galicia, the author gains her tragic end by an economy of means which shows considerable artistic restraint. "After The Case," a divorce-sequel tragedy, is well done, but it is rather too painful for presentation. As to "Ilda's Honourable," comical enough in a machine-made way, yet I will do Miss Robins the justice to say it is hardly worthy of her undoubtedly brilliant gifts.

ROBB LAWSON.

VAGABOND'S WAY.*

We know that one of the pleasantest minor specialities of Miss Nancy Price (Mrs. Charles Maude) is the telling of good stories in dialect, but we had not realised before that she is equally accomplished as a writer of them. There is the coachman, for instance: "Simplicity and cheeriness seemed ever the rule of the road. Once he called to a man working in a field, pulling out his watch as he did so; the man nodded his head and laughed, and our worthy coachman fell into a paroxysm of mirth. 'Didst'er see that, he said. 'Weel, twinty ears ago Ah 'ad that theear watch stole at Ambleside, walkin' wi' that theear man. Ah got it ba-ack, as tha sees, bit whinniver Ah sees 'im Ah pulls it oot, an' it minds us o' that theear day. Ma wu-urd,

¹ "The Flash Point." A Play in Three Acts. By Mrs. Scott Maxwell. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

² "Over the Hills." A Comedy in One Act. By John Palmer 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

³ "Loving as We Do, and Other Short Plays." By Gertrude Robins. 2s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

* "Vagabond's Way." By Nancy Price. With 20 Illustrations by A. S. Hartrick, A.R.W.S., and a Map. 6s. net. (Murray.)

Ah were fa-air mad —fa-air mad Ah were.' " And on the very next page there is the maid who was asked where bandage and liniment for a sprained ankle could be bought: "'Lin'ment!' she said, in an awed voice not unmixed with reproach. 'That'll be chimist's wares! Aye—ye'll nivver be leukin' fur a chimist 'ere. Wey, Ambleside's t' nearest, an' tiresome it is, Ah tell 'ee, if a buddy feels queer like—onythin' ta continue, Ah mean. T' oonly thing 'ere is a bit o' a dokter.'" There is much entertainment for the reader in Miss Price's record of her wanderings among the Cumberland Fells.

AN OPIATE FOR FEAR.*

To a very large extent Mr. Benson's new book is one for parents and guardians. It has an intimate message for the parent in regard to the treatment of the child, for the master in regard to the treatment of the pupil. It is slightly autobiographical, and supplies interesting glimpses of the writer's father and of his two brothers. Four of the twenty chapters will appeal especially to the bookman those setting out the spiritual experiences of Johnson, Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë, and John Sterling—but the work as a whole is a philosophy of life, a book of meditations to be taken up and pondered as one will take up and ponder the meditations of Marcus Aurelius. This philosophy of life embodies an analysis of fear, as fear affects all sorts and conditions of men, fear as it is experienced in childhood, in one's daily work, in one's family relations, in old age, as one contemplates sin, death, and judgment, in one's attitude to God and the life beyond the grave. There is a psychology of fear, and Mr. Benson attempts to define it. Much of it seems to have some sort of relation to heredity. Some of it has come down to us from the old fierce saints of Calvinism. Mr. Benson is rather hard on these men and women of the past. If we call them fierce and find it impossible to entertain their view of God as a God of judgment, we must remember that they lived in a fierce time, that they had to meet force with force, if with force of a kind other than that meted out to them by their oppressors. "Hell," says Mr. Benson, "is a monstrous and insupportable fiction, and the idea of it is simply inconsistent with any belief in the goodness of God." "Hell," he writes in another place, "is rather what we start from, and out of which we have to find our way, than the waste-paper basket of life, the last receptacle for our shattered purposes." Again, "Revenge is born of terror, and to think of God as vindictive is to think of Him as subject to fear." He attributes the idea of God as a vindictive God to Milton. "Milton's idea of the Almighty was frankly that of a Power who had undertaken more than He could manage, and who had allowed things to go too far." But if we rid our minds of the belief that the Mind of God is set on punishment, we need not, we surely must not, confuse justice with vindictiveness. There must be justice somewhere for the sins of the world. It may not be Christian to do good deeds that we may attain future happiness; but it is surely Christian to believe that those who make their way in this world by crushing their fellows must come at last to a reckoning. It is here that Mr. Benson is not so satisfying, that his philosophy is not so satisfying, as it might be. But, after all, our question is answered sufficiently, perhaps in the admission that what we call death, come we to it voluntarily or by what are called the processes of nature, is not the end; and in the remark that "men and women do not make pilgrimages to the graves and houses of eminent jurists and bankers, political economists and statisticians: these have done their work, and have had their reward. Even the monuments of statesmen and conquerors have little power to touch the imagination, unless some love for humanity, some desire to uplift and benefit the race, have entered into their schemes and policies. No, it is rather the soil which covers the bones of dreamers

and visionaries that is sacred yet, prophets and poets, artists and musicians, those who have seen through life to beauty, and have lived and suffered that they might inspire and tranquillize human hearts." Mr. Benson's philosophy bids us to take life adventurously, like Odysseus of old, to cultivate charity, to try and see that the greatest secret of all is—Love, love which suffereth long, and is kind, love which is in itself a premonition of all that we understand by God and Heaven and a Hereafter. In this connection it is curious to note that Mr. Benson is at variance with at least one considerable thinker in his reading of the spiritual message of Dante. To him Dante's theory of life is centred in the fear of Hell. Dr. Boyd Carpenter finds the message a message of Love. Incidentally Mr. Benson suggests that an age limit should be fixed to all positions. This is being done already in a rough-and-ready sort of way. But there are individual factors to be considered. Some men are only ripe (not too old) at forty. And if the old, before they are useless, must give way to the young, who shall take up the burdens of the dispossessed? Mr. Benson's philosophy contains maxims all of us may be the better for taking to heart. It is a fine opiate for all who, for example, are free of the financial canker. But modern life has complicated things tremendously for most of us, even for those whose tastes and wants individually are of the simplest kind. Even Mr. Benson admits that the will is finite in its power. Some maintain that exceptional courage may be due to physical rather than moral causes; and the shadows cast by fear around our lives may not all be amenable to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. Fear is not always selfish. Yet it would be churlish did we not frankly admit that we have read this book from beginning to end with a lively sense of its beauty and its truth. Mr. Benson's charm, at least, seems inexhaustible.

W. F. A.

THE HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS.*

Mr. Le Gallienne has had some heavy handling from the critics in the past, and is like to have more unless he, and they, have changed their essence. But no one has ever denied him the possession of fancy and a faculty of smooth and persuasive prose. We retain pleasant memories, like the recurrence of favourite strains in music, of his "Prose Fancies" and "Travels in England," and parts of "The Religion of a Literary Man." Here, in a book which makes something of a peace-offering on his return to England, he returns to the narrative form he employed in "The Quest of the Golden Girl," but makes it more of an impersonal allegory than an idyll, and more of a monodrama than either. He has written afresh the old fable of the Youth Adventurous, and endows him for the journey of life with four companions—Truth, Faith, Hope, and Virtue—though we should have thought the last superseded and included all the rest. Their meek and didactic company the youth resigns for the sake of a plunge into the grove of Pleasure and the court of Folly, with the usual results of disillusion, until he arrives at his journey's end with no companion but Hope the unforsakable. There is no creative novelty in the incident, merely intentness and glamour in the colouring, but this grows irresistible now and then as in the quiet climax:

"Surely, was his thought, a great mystery and a great mercy are behind every footstep of the wayfarer in this world, and the name of the mystery and the mercy is Love—for he knew her to be Love,—this fair woman that held out her arms to him, and beside whose fairness the fairness of all other women he had known seemed but an unclean enchantment."

Archaisms and transpositions in the style of William Morris rather interfere with one's enjoyment, because they remind one of a strength which this story does not possess; but we recognise that the writer in this vein could hardly avoid locutions like these, and they do not impair our gratitude for a delicate and well-woven piece of fancy.

* "Where No Fear Was. A Book About Fear." By Arthur Christopher Benson. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

* "The Highway to Happiness." By Richard Le Gallienne. 6s. net. (F. Werner Laurie.)

CANON MACCOLL.*

Malcolm MacColl, a young Highlander belonging to the Scotch Episcopal Church, was admitted to Glenalmond school as a student of divinity in 1854. He was then twenty-three. Six years later he had made the Church so hot for himself by quarrelling and controversy that he had to come South. His biographer remarks that he "seems to have been generally popular, in spite of some resemblance to Diotrefes in the matter of pre-eminence," but this popularity did not accompany him from school into the Church. It is not easy to see how it could. MacColl was hot-blooded and pugnacious. He had the quality which allies call vigour and other people term impudence. Bishops, after all, are human, and probably they do not care to suffer gratuitously at the hands of curates, or to be set right on questions of theology by a half-trained youth, who, on his own showing, had little sense of courtesy or tact in championing High Church views of the Sacraments. MacColl's career seemed broken at this point. He had no influence, no money, and no friends. But he had the audacity to write to Gladstone, as a persecuted victim of Low Church intrigues! This was a shrewd move. Gladstone was drawn. MacColl kept up the correspondence, wrote letters of advice to Gladstone, and eventually obtained a small living in London! Push, pluck and principle had saved the situation, especially push. But MacColl had his principles also, stamped Gladstonian. And in defence of them he commenced as pamphleteer, under the pseudonym of "Scrutator." His pamphlets have usually the best and the worst features of their class; they are telling pieces of special pleading, barbed with recriminations, and stripped of any sympathy with other people's point of view. Mr. Russell hints that he was not a success as a parish priest, any more than he was afterwards as a canon. He could not have succeeded in any religious work. Journalism and controversy were the absorbing interests of his life; they claimed his time, and he felt it more congenial to hit out at ecclesiastical opponents, over the corpse of the Athanasian Creed, than to shepherd living souls. His vehement attack on the Turks, in connection with the Bulgarian atrocities, is a more pleasant episode. In one sense it was not an episode, for this policy on the Eastern question commanded his enthusiasm to the end. He accompanied Liddon to Bulgaria, and it must be set down to his credit that the awakening of feeling on this subject was due in part to the energy with which he threw himself into the cause of the nationalities oppressed by Turkey. He was rewarded with a canonry at Ripon, which he found uncongenial. But there were always politicians to be scolded or kept right; there was London as a city of refuge and a place of clubs; and he continued to pull wires in his own way. The Armenian question brought his moral passion to the front, but it was one of the issues which damped his enthusiasm for the Liberal party. Even Lord Salisbury seemed white, beside Lord Rosebery, in this matter. On ritualistic questions he also fought hotly and not unsuccessfully. The least ephemeral of his works was a monograph on "The Reformation Settlement," drawn out in 1899 by the polemic of Sir William Harcourt.

The most pleasing and readable part of the memoir, however, is the account of MacColl's friends and correspondents in Society and politics. He was not so much the priest in politics as an English edition of the political *abbé*, or the confidential adviser of statesmen; it is odd to find how many of them accepted him at his own estimate, but the outcome is a mass of decidedly curious and intimate correspondence. He wrote to Gladstone in 1886, for example: "I am sorry the *Spectator* has gone so completely wrong in this matter. Hutton has got a twist on the question. He has some Irish blood in him, and there seems to be some malign influence in Irish Protestantism which blinds the eyes even of good men on Irish questions.

There is a hateful caste-feeling, like that of the Moslem towards the Rayah." This is worth recalling nowadays. So is this, from a letter of Gladstone in 1896: "I think the twenty-two millions of Navy Estimates positively *shocking*; and would send the promoters of them to Bedlam." The correspondence with Newman yields little or nothing. The Döllinger letters are less ample, and they contain few permanent touches. It is interesting to find that Döllinger could not digest, as MacColl could, the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed; Kingsley wanted a slight modification, but he only agreed to it reluctantly "as a concession to the invincible ignorance of eschatology which fills the modern Puritanic and Lockite mind," his point, of course, being that the warning clauses referred to an intermediate state. Ecclesiastically, the correspondence is of minor interest. In one of Lord Salisbury's letters there is a caustic remark: "English politics keep hold of those who are in them, because the framework of modern life is so tight that men find it hard to change their pursuits. But to those who know English politics well, they are not attractive—their highest rewards confer no real power. The strongest men . . . have to carry out ideas that are not their own. And they fill up life with an incessant labour which to those who are not blessed with optimism leaves behind it the feeling of an almost unmingled waste of time." Canon MacColl was fortunately blessed with optimism. He kept it even in the ecclesiastical sphere.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

Novel Notes.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. By Frederick Niven. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This is the best piece of work that Mr. Niven has yet done; and though from his preface he seems to have taken too seriously the difficulties of writing his tale, he has made a striking, vivid thing out of it. He talks about it being a family history that would naturally run to the length of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall"; but in matter of fact it is a fairly concise study of a mother and son, with the father hovering on the outskirts of the drama as a perplexed and saddened spectator of the strange struggle between his wife and boy. In spite of the way he talks in his preface, Mr. Niven handles his story in a fine manner, making it practically a biography of the son, Martin Moir, and leaving almost to the last chapter the explanation of an early incident in the lives of the father and mother, which illumines the brilliant tragical tale. Seeing that it is the father who is "The Justice of the Peace," and that he plays only a part of secondary importance in the novel, the title of the work is somewhat misleading. For it is on the artistic career of the son, and on the strange, vehement and embittered opposition which the mother manifests at every point of his career, that the story turns. From the time when Martin Moir begins to draw as a child in Glasgow, to the time when he returns to his native city, an etcher of acclaimed genius, Mrs. Moir seeks to impede and denigrate his art. She begins by denying his genius, she goes on to defame his character, and as a member of some Purity League she practically charges him with being one of the men responsible for the degradation of models who sit for what Trilby used to call the "altogether." Moir himself is a fine, honest, capable young fellow of sensitive temperament, who loves his mother with a deep passion; and his struggle between his inclination to art and his love for his mother is depicted in a very moving and intimate way. The novel is, indeed, the best study we have read of the war that occurs in many Philistine families when one of the children shows a strong bent to art. The characters of the mother, son and father are not merely well drawn; they have the breath of life in them; and the sketches of the manufacturing and artistic sides of Glasgow life are fresh and memorable.

* "Malcolm MacColl: Memories and Correspondence." Edited by the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell. With a Portrait. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

THE ESCAPE OF MR. TRIMM. By Irvin S. Cobb. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In the nine stories contained in this volume Mr. Cobb shows himself proficient in handling both humour and tragedy. The best of the humorous stories have one central character, Major Putnam Stone, the gallant soldier who, in the decline of his fortune, found himself installed in a newspaper office, of all places in the world. The situation is obviously full of comic possibilities, and they have not eluded Mr. Cobb. The Major took no interest in politics after the date of the Civil War of 1865, so it is hardly to be wondered at if in the capacity of reporter he brought little grist to the *Evening Press*. When a political secret did chance to come his way it was only by accident that his colleagues extorted it from him. "It was a foot-race back to the office, and Devore, who had the start, won by a short length . . . Working like the crew of a sinking ship, we snatched the first page back from off the steam table and prized it open and gouged a double handful of hot slugs out of the last column. Devore blistered his fingers doing it . . . so we missed only one mail." Commissioned to report a marriage, the major started by quoting eight lines from "The Lady of the Lake," followed this by an essay on the antiquity of matrimony, omitted the minister's name, and gave the bridegroom's middle initial wrong. The story that gives its name to the book is haunting in its grimness. The idea is a striking one, and not to be called far-fetched. Trimm, the condemned financier, escapes on his way to prison, owing to a railway smash, and the story describes with wonderful imagination his desperate and unavailing efforts to free himself from his handcuffs. It is in one of the shortest stories in the volume that Mr. Cobb is seen to most advantage, and where also we may most easily detect his literary forebears; for in an "Occurrence up a Side Street" it is not too much to say that the grimness is worthy of Poe, while the art is suggestive of Maupassant.

QUELLA. By Geoffrey Norton Farmer 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

When Professor Maxberg invented his poison, apparently, he didn't know what to do with it. However, his villainous assistant, Quella, realised its possibilities to the full. So he stole the recipe and absconded. The poison was in the form of a drug which undermined its victims' moral sense to such an extent that they would do anything to prolong their lives—and caused their deaths if it was denied them. As it appears to have been tasteless, and Quella seems to have been hand-in-glove with all the smart restaurant-keepers, it was not long before practically all the distinguished men in the world were under his influence. Professor Hartmann foresaw the results of Quella's machinations some time before they came about; so he bundled off the hero of this novel—a prodigiously fine but almost oppressively modest gentleman—to South America in search of the only man who knew the antidote. On his return the hero falls into the hands of Quella, and it was only the sheerest luck that enabled him to defeat the schemes of the other. And, in spite of his punishment, it is possible that Quella may be alive even now. This makes rather a disturbing ending to Mr. Farmer's story, which is not otherwise remarkable for originality. However, it is well told, and has several moments which are sufficiently thrilling, and it serves to wile away an idle hour or so quite pleasantly.

UNA AND THE LIONS. By Constance Smedley. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

This is the story of a girl who is full of dreams and romance, and a longing for travel, but who is doomed to spend her days teaching in a girl's school at Clapham—at least, so she fears. But fate decrees that she shall win a prize in a limerick competition, and the prize takes the shape of "a month's tourist ticket for Northern Italy." Una is in her seventh heaven of delight. "Oh, I hope things will happen to me in Italy," she writes; ". . . for I shall never get the chance to go abroad again, and I'll

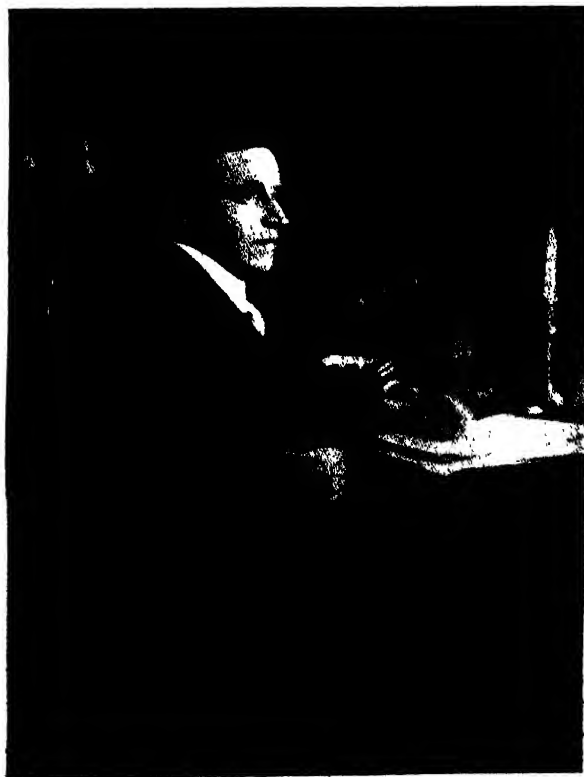
make the most of every minute, and live, live, live!" In a spirit of adventure she sets out, and all the things she sees, and does and the people she meets are recorded by her in an easy, gay, entertaining style. She is nearly plunged into what would have been a disastrous adventure by a thoughtless bookworm of an uncle, who sends a letter of introduction out to a certain Lord Yole in Florence, knowing nothing of Lord Yole's character; but, fortunately, Una escapes this adventure through the intervention of some friends she makes in Florence. It is an interesting story, full of the joy of life, and innocence, and youth.

MEGAN OF THE DARK ISLE. By Mrs. T. O. Arnold. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

This is an excellent story pitched in mid-Victorian times, and with a pleasant mid-Victorian atmosphere. For there are many novel-readers glad and willing to exchange tedious dissertations on sex problems for a good, old-fashioned novel made up of love-interest and plot-excitement and mystery. All these are assuredly to be found in this story of Anglesey. David Thelwall, student and writer, refuses to live at the house bequeathed him by his godfather, because the bequest was accompanied by a declaration that a claimant might appear on the scene. To David in his blindness came Megan as secretary; she, by this time, being the ill-used wife of a disreputable poacher. The story is drawn on large lines; and the plot is of a complexity not to be summarised here. The sinister influence in the story is supplied by Mother Glynn, a reputed witch, and her evil daughter Siemel, who urges the quiet life of the place on to tragedy. The secret of the mysterious claimant is well-guarded, and a story of powerful and varied emotion is conducted skilfully and plausibly to sunshine after storm. The book is well written, despite some strange lapses into tinsel ornamentation, like the terrible opening one, which likens David tidying his study to "a literary Hercules cleansing metaphoric stables!"

THE MARRIAGE TIE. By Wilkinson Sherren. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

This is a novel of ideas. Fifty years ago it would have been put forward in a pamphlet; but nowadays the novel, by reason, perhaps, of its popularity, has become as much the property of the pamphleteer as of the novelist. Not



Mr. Wilkinson Sherren.

only does it enable a propagandist to place his doctrine before a large general public; but, if he has any turn for characterisation and narrative, it enables him to see his own idea worked out to some extent in terms of human life. Mr. Wilkinson Sherren's story is so weighted with the idea he wished to publish that he is sometimes in danger of overlooking the living qualities of his art; the brilliant pamphleteer in him almost triumphs over the novelist. Some of the secondary characters in his tale are drawn in such a fresh and lifelike manner, that we are inclined to think that so far from being, as Sydney Smith said of someone, a little man who gets astride of big ideas to make himself look taller, he is a novelist of real power who, like the young politician in his tale, is so overmastered by one idea that he cannot do justice to his native powers. Mr. Sherren feels it is exceedingly unjust that children born out of marriage should suffer for the weaknesses of their mothers and the passions of their fathers. He proposes that they should have all the benefits of legitimacy of birth, and in particular that their begetter should be fully charged with the cost of their maintenance and education up to the age when they are able to work for their own living. In itself the idea is interesting, and admits of debate along several lines of argument. But in trying to express it in terms of actual life, the author does not make out a very good case. The attitude of his heroine is not depicted in a convincing manner. She is a marionette rather than a living girl, and this, perhaps, is due to the fact that we do not see deep enough into the working of her heart and mind to understand her thoroughly. The story, we think, would have been much stronger and far more intimate in its appeal, had it been written in the form of a biography of the girl as she first knew herself; then, when the reader was acquainted with the structure of her character, the effects of the blow that fell upon her, at the happiest moment of her life, would have made a finely dramatic study. But though Mr. Sherren has rather sacrificed the art of his story to its teaching, he writes with so much ability and sincerity that one cannot read his book without being interested in his problem and stimulated by his handling of it.

CUDDY YARBOROUGH'S DAUGHTER. By Una L. Silberrad. 6s. (Constable)

If you are looking for a book that is something out of the ordinary run of novels, you cannot do better than get a copy of Miss Una L. Silberrad's new book, "Cuddy YARBOROUGH'S DAUGHTER." Here we have something that is quite exceptional. We are introduced to a little group of people who are portrayed with consummate skill and sympathy; the book is full of intimate, human, deft little touches, that reveal the master-hand. One grows to love Countershall—the home of the YARBOROUGH'S—almost as much as Cuddy, and Violet Jane, and Sam Bailey must have done. Cuddy is a most lovable character—Cuddy, with the "big loose figure . . . good-tempered, muffin-like face, round, rather prominent eyes, and weak mouth." But, as the title of the book suggests, it is Cuddy's motherless daughter, Violet Jane, that the story is more concerned about; she is a grave little body, ten years old when the story opens, and looks after her father like a thoughtful mother. This is how Sam Bailey finds her on his return to England from Central Africa, when he goes down to Countershall to stay with his old friend Cuddy. Countershall is full of memories for Sam, who has been in love with Violet's Aunt Maud. Maud is now married and away; she is a dazzling, unaffected, thoughtless creature, who has numerous men friends—for they are all attracted by her. Violet does not quite approve of her Aunt Maud, and mentions the fact to Sam in her quaint, prim little way. "Aunt Maud . . . is the beautifullest person I've seen," she says; "and she feels nice, nice and soft and warm; and she laughs, and everyone's glad when she's there; but"—she paused doubtfully—"she forgets, and she makes other people forget." That is Maud—warmth and joy and laughter and forgetting; she flits in and out

of the lives of Violet and Cuddy and Sam. Sam is a fine character, and he and Cuddy and Violet are the most delightful trio we have met for many a long day.

JAMES WHITAKER'S DUKEDOM. By Edgar Jepson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The curtain rises on James Whitaker, dejected and dusty, tramping along a country road, on his way to the railway station, after an unsuccessful visit to an uncle from whom he has tried to borrow a hundred pounds to save his failing business. As Whitaker trudges along a storm comes on, and he shelters inside a wood. He hears shouts and sees a man coming towards him; fear of being caught trespassing induces Whitaker to take to his heels; the man chases him through the wood and finally overtakes him. "They stood facing one another, wide-eyed, open-mouthed in glaring astonishment, their arms fallen to their sides, their heads juttied forward, overwhelmed in wonder at their amazing resemblance. Then the pursuer gasped: 'Doubles! Well I'm . . . What? Who? . . . What the devil?' Then there was nothing—nothing for either of them: no turf, no wood, no earth, no sky. They did not hear the sharp, rattling crash of thunder above their heads; they did not even see the flash which struck them." Whitaker recovers his senses after a while and finds that the lightning has killed the other man. On examining papers in the man's pockets Whitaker discovers that his double was the Duke of Lanchester, whose country seat is close by. He determines to step into the dead man's shoes, and does so. His subsequent career is told by Mr. Jepson in an ingenious and thoroughly entertaining manner.

CHIGNETT STREET: A PROVIDED SCHOOL. By Paul Neuman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Of the twenty-four stories and sketches in this book, thirteen have already appeared in various magazines and papers. Mr. Neuman has been well advised in republishing them. The best of his stories are a good best, and if it has not been always possible to maintain his own highest standard, few of his stories will fail to disperse some of that "sheer ignorance" which Mr. Neuman finds widespread on the subject of Board and Council School life and education. There is pathos in a few, tenderness in most, and humour in all. The short character-studies at the beginning of the book are admirable—definitely less stereotyped than the stories of the latter half, which tend to be sentimental and at times obvious. Mr. Neuman knows and loves his subject—the provided school, the Lisson Grove background; the stubborn, untrusting, sphinx-like boys; the weary, sorely-tried masters. There is a constant freshness and infinite variety in his models: the unambitious boy, the bully who is not a coward, the temperamental liar, the despair and terror of his class who spends a holiday laying violets on his sister's grave. "Thank Heaven I am not a schoolmaster!" is your first feeling. But the life must have its fascination; and if you never know where to have a schoolboy, there is consolation in knowing that he may always be had somewhere. There is always a chord of interest or sympathy, if you know how to touch it; always a soul in the making. "The Elementary School . . . is still waiting for its *Tom Brown*, its *Hill*, or its *Godfrey Marten*." Mr. Neuman is the man to repair that omission. Until he does so, may we point out how little Chignett Street differs in essentials from the classic schools he has in mind? Granted that there is no tradition of centuries, that some of the scholars are underfed and clothed in rags, that veracity and sportsmanship are at a low ebb, are not these the main differences? At heart the schoolboy is the same all the world over—independently of dialect, clothing, means or upbringing. Therein lies the interest of Mr. Neuman's book.

HEROINES AND OTHERS. By St. John Lucas. 6s. (Blackwood.)

"Heroines and Others" is a collection of seven stories of different veins, yet all informed with the insight and sympathy which make for the reader's conviction. Those

women of Mr. St. John Lucas' imagination are real people, one feels, and their stories fully merit the attention that one should give—and so often does not—to more ambitious attempts at the portrayal of the soul of woman. There is "Maria," for instance, the heroine of the longest and best of the stories, who cuts all her acquaintances in order that she may shield a supremely unlovable sister—and then, when her charm has left her, falls in love with a scheming musician, who exploits her and uses her money to impose himself upon an unsuspecting society. He never intended to marry Maria, and, in spite of her infatuation, she knew it. Yet she was willing to steal for him, although she knew that thereby she was making his way clear to the winning of another woman—whom, naturally enough, she could not bear. Maria's courage is more obvious, perhaps, than that of Miss Amelia, who cherished the memory of a scapegrace nephew to the very moment of her death. But Miss Amelia is a character hardly less appealing, as also is Maria Assunta, who, with the miraculous aid of San Cristoforo, defeated the wiles of a malicious picture dealer and a brutal and venial uncle and aunt. There are other types. There are Miss Jemima, the consciously virtuous, who "clad merely in blamelessness and a long nightgown," was taken up to heaven by mistake and returned to earth; and Edith, whose phantom appeared three times to her future husband and made him conscious of his love for her. All these and more are treated by Mr. Lucas with a skill and assurance that cannot fail to charm the reader, who will be very well advised not to pass this book by because he "doesn't like short stories."

TWO WOMEN. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Pemberton is certainly one of the most versatile of men. After attracting a large public as a writer of rattling, ingenious tales of wild adventure, he has turned to the latest form of stage entertainment and suddenly become the most popular confectioner of "revues" in London. And now, reverting to the art of the novel, he has produced a different kind of story from that with which his name is associated. In some ways, it is perhaps rather a pity that so dashing a writer for the young of all ages should have tired of the world of exciting adventures, for when Mr. Pemberton was at his best in his old manner there were few living writers of the same school who could equal him. But he will no doubt gather a new audience interested in the study of errant types of the feminine sex. The adventures in "Two Women" is a fresh and curious sketch from the life—the bachelor girl of means, who starts out for an innocent fling, and ends in an entanglement that brings out capabilities of character which surprise the man who thought to take an advantage of her. The ticklish part of the story is told with tact and restraint, and though the author hardly makes the most of the dramatic situations, he retains his gift for easy and interesting narration.

The Bookman's Table.

AT THE WORLD'S HEART. By Cale Young Rice. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This new book of Mr. Cale Young Rice's is a pilgrim scrip for the world-wanderer. His songs have come to him in all parts of the earth, each steeped in the light and air of the place that gave it to him. Thus, "Sea Rhapsody," came to him "out of Hongkong"; and "The Monsoon Breaks," in India; "The Thrall of the Dead," in China; "The Peasant of Irimachi," in Japan; "Beauty and Stillness," in Sicily; "The Contessa and her Judges," at Palermo; others are reminiscent of the South Seas, the Indian Ocean, and all of them enshrine some mood, fancy, story, that the traveller drew from the scene he was passing through. These things are touched with the passion and emotion of which poetry is made; they have

charm and tenderness, and sing themselves in the true lyrical fashion; but most readers, when they have been with the poet on all his journeyings, will think that, after all, the happiest, most charming of his songs are those for which he found inspiration at home by his own hearth. The "Songs to A. H. R." have an unstudied simplicity of thought and utterance that is exquisitely suited to their theme. Either they were so perfectly spontaneous that art has had no share in them, or their art is subtle and fine enough to make them seem wholly spontaneous. The best is perhaps the second song of this series, and as this is too long to quote, we will not choose, but content ourselves by giving the first of them, which is called "Minglings":

"It is the old, old vision,
The moonlit sea and you.
I cannot make disavowance
Between the two
For all the world's wide beauty
To me you seem,
All that I love in shadow
Or glow, or gleam.

It is the old, old murmur,
The sea's sound and your voice,
God in His bliss between them
Could make no choice.
For all the world's deep music
In you I hear:
Nor shall I ask death, ever,
For aught more dear."

LETTERS FROM GREECE. By John Mavrogordato. With Illustrations. 2s. net (Martin Secker.)

The sub-title of this little book, "Concerning the War of the Balkan Allies, 1912-1913," gives the measure of its scope. It makes its appearance rather late in the day, but then it is by no means the ordinary war-correspondent's shallow diary. It deals with delicate matters in an intimate and careful manner. Moreover, it is written with a certain distinction and repays perusal by reason of its "air." Mr. Mavrogordato has an eye for effect. Just look at this description of Athens:

"Meanwhile the winter has begun. The café-stratagists and the sitters at little-tables have gone in out of the rain to continue their discussion in the smoky mist of the inner rooms. A bitter wind sweeps round the deserted square, and the reservists who are leaving to-night to join the colours know that they will find snow in the mountains of Epirus or Macedon. And yet the storm-clouds that are towering up from the south-west beyond the Acropolis only make the Parthenon at this time of the morning gleam more brightly. So brightly shine the buildings of Pericles against the dark sky that one might think the golden image of Athene Promachos was set up there again over Athens."

That is literature, not journalism. It is natural that Mr. Mavrogordato should understand his own countrymen. A little book like this, therefore, gives a satisfying glimpse into the curious web of affairs underlying the Balkan Diplomacy. There is no doubt that hatred of Bulgarians is at least as strong in Greece as hatred of Turks. The present writer has found that out for himself in Athens. Allies who detest one another, generally "fall out" in the long run.

CORNWALL'S WONDERLAND. By Mabel Quiller-Couch. 3s. 6d. net; (Dent.)

Here is a book to delight the heart of every child, young or old, who loves tales and legends of the Little People, of pixies and gnomes and dwarfs, and of witches and giants that once, in the long ago, inhabited the county of Cornwall. And who could retell them better or more charmingly than Miss Mabel Quiller-Couch (herself a daughter of Cornwall)? "The stories here related were told to the author as a child," we learn, "by one who revered the legends and antiquities of his county too deeply to alter or exaggerate anything, and she passes them on in the hope that they may take root in the heart of many another child." With just the right touch—a blending of sympathy, fantasy, sincerity, humour—Miss

Quiller-Couch tells these fascinating old legends; and such a grip do they get on one's imagination that one longs to go down to Cornwall and see the places connected with the stories; St. Michael's Mount, of Giant Cormoran fame; The three rivers Tamar, Tavy and Taw—about which there is a beautiful little story; the Lady Downs, where at the four cross-roads Cherry Honey met one of the Little People; "The Gump," a small hill near St. Just, a famous place for fairy revels; "Madge Figgy's chair" at Land's End; and many another enchanted spot. To pick out the best of these stories is an impossible task, for they are all so good. If there is any boy or girl who can be persuaded to lay down the book before reaching the very last page, we shall be much surprised; certainly any child who does so does not deserve to have a copy of the book at all. But such a child is most improbable. Miss Quiller-Couch has made the stories too real and fascinating for that.

WIND ON THE WOLD. By Alexander G. Steven. 2s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen.)

The author of "Wind on the Wold" hails from Australia's nest of singing-birds; but many of his songs might have unfurled their wings as appropriately on an English heath. There is little "local colour" here; the gleams of the Southern Cross shine fitfully, if at all, through the wind-blown lights which any northern river would reflect as clearly. But there are authentic gleams of poetry, though here and there, it must be confessed, Mr. Steven's inspiration flags unaccountably. The sonnet on Wordsworth's beginning, "The world is too much with us," for example, is unfortunate in challenging comparison with its great original. But when the singer is content to be himself he can sing both truly and sweetly, as in the dainty freshness of "Elfin Music" and the more sober grace of "The Dreamer," "The Secret Key," and "The Perfect Song"—each excellent of its kind. We quote two fine stanzas from "The Exile," one of Mr. Steven's distinctively good things:

"Sunsets and dawns she shares, each wandering breeze:
No more the city's pitiless paths she trod;
She passed to where the mountains and the seas
Breathe forth eternally the peace of God.

Her spirit knows the splendid joy of space,
Freed like a pinning bird from prisoning bars;
Hers is all woodland beauty, and the grace
And everlasting solace of the stars."

SHAKESPEARE TO SHAW. By C. F. Armstrong. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Armstrong made an excellent choice when he selected Congreve, Sheridan, T. W. Robertson and Pinero as the four dramatists to fill in the period which has elapsed between Shakespeare and G. B. S. The selection, Mr. Armstrong is careful to explain, does not commit him to the view that they were the greatest names, or even great names, but he holds—and, as we think, holds rightly—that these writers stand out as landmarks, as men who either crowned or inaugurated an epoch. But, though his material is excellent, his treatment of his subject is frankly disappointing. His accounts are apt to resolve themselves into very little beyond a few biographical facts, combined with a list of each author's plays and summaries of the plots. Of real, carefully-thought-out criticism there is hardly any trace, and such criticism as is made is frequently marred by a would-be humorous style of composition which never quite succeeds, and is correspondingly irritating. All this is the more unsatisfactory because one feels that Mr. Armstrong in reality knows his subject so well that a little more thought on his part, and a freer use of the pruning-knife—or even of the axe—would have sufficed to have enabled him to produce a book of some importance.

POT POURRI MIXED BY TWO. By Mrs. C. W. Earle and Miss Ethel Case. With Two Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Once again Mrs. Earle has successfully braved the dangers proverbially attending sequels, and has written a book that will trouble the unconscientious reviewer; for though

it is an easy work to sample, it is distinctly a difficult one to lay down. Gardening gossip naturally occupies the chief place in this agreeable mixture made by two (we wish to emphasise the fact that Mrs. Earle has been singularly fortunate in her coadjutor), but as readers of the former books will expect, there is also much desultory reflection, and not a few valuable suggestions and recipes for the betterment of the vegetarian dinner-table. Consequently we are never in fear of having too much of a good thing. At one place we receive instruction on the cultivation of the shady corner, at another we are given a simple and delectable formula for Chutney. Dipping at random into the "pot-pourri" we find, for example, the following assortment: "The Daffodil for Wales—Books on Napoleon—Slug Traps—A Poem on a Child—Militancy and Reform—Alstroemerias—Life of G. F. Watts—The House-Fly—The Manure-Heap—God's Garden—Perennials from Seed—Borders in Colours." If any reader be dissatisfied after this we can only say, in the words of Mr. Dobson:

"And if when you read, it should fail to restore ye,
Farewell, and godspeed, the world is before ye."

The amateur gardener, it is proper to add, will find matter of the greatest interest in Miss Case's chronicle of her year's work in the laying out of a new garden—a garden of which Mrs. Earle "can honestly testify that my pupil's garden is, for its size and style, quite the most interesting and varied that I know."

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. B. T. BATSFORD.

The six newest volumes of Messrs. Batsford's charming Fellowship Books (2s. net each) are in every way a welcome addition to a deservedly successful series. Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch in the volume on "Poetry" essays to give a clear notion of what Poetry is, and of what, by nature, it aims to do, and, avoiding mere technicalities and academic definitions, has written a very incisive and stimulating study of a great subject. Mr. William H. Davies's "Nature," as one would have expected, is the freshest and most delightfully unconventional book imaginable on a theme it had seemed difficult to treat newly or to say anything new about. He fascinates you with his stark simplicity, his quaintnesses of style; he has none of the tricks and mannerisms of the professional Nature student; he writes only of what he knows intimately and loves in the life of the fields and country places, and the result is a curiously suggestive and original book. Mr. Gilbert Cannan writes fancifully, imaginatively, and withal truthfully above "Love"; and Mr. W. L. Courtney discusses thoughtfully and with high seriousness "The Meaning of Life." The other two volumes, "Flowers," by J. Foord, and "Trees," by Eleanor Parjeon, are entirely pleasant and attractive reading, and as unlike the usual text-books on such matters as they well could be. Any reader looking for enjoyment and for fresh glimpses into the spiritual beauty of life and nature will find what he is seeking in these "Fellowship Books."

MR. WERNER LAURIE.

Mrs. Ambrose Harding has a delightful, well-finished style which makes *A Daughter of Debate* (6s.), with its interesting theme, an altogether enjoyable book. Vividly she conjures up before our eyes the scenery in the island of Dominica, in the West Indies, where the action of the story takes place; skilfully, with deft little touches, she portrays the various characters that play their parts in "A Daughter of Debate." The plot mainly centres round the colour problem in the West Indies—a problem which greatly interests Alice Ashton, niece of the Governor of the island. She is of a democratic turn of mind, and waxes indignant at the way the negroes are treated by the white people, and protests that both her uncle and cousin George treat them as if they were of no account. "I am surprised at the overbearing, insolent behaviour of white people towards the poor creatures," she says. To which her cousin replies: "Well, if you had been out here as long as we have, Alice, you would change your opinion. They are, with but few exceptions, lazy, irresponsible, child-like beings, creatures of impulse and passion, and utterly untrustworthy." "I don't think you can blame them," she returns; "you have not tried to improve them. I am sure there is excellent material in them if you care to work upon it." We discover, as the story proceeds, whether Alice's trust in the blacks is well placed, and we learn of the strange part played in her life by one Dr. Hampton, a well-educated and highly ambitious coloured man. There are many striking and dramatic situations, and a strong love interest.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"When Thoughts Will Soar," a romance of the immediate future, by the Baroness Bertha von Suttner, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Constable. Baroness von Suttner, who died in Vienna in June last, came of a distinguished military family, but for the past fifteen years or more she was one of the most prominent figures in the European Peace movement. It was her direct experience of the war of 1866, and of the Bosnian campaign of 1878, that filled her with hatred of military enterprise, and inspired her to write her famous novel, "Lay Down Your Arms," for which she was awarded the Nobel Prize of £5,000.

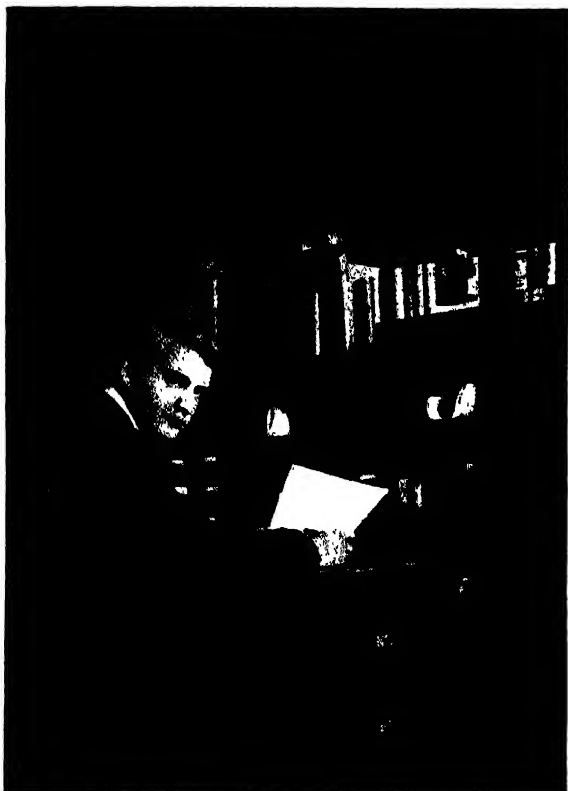
Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published a popular shilling biography of Joseph Chamberlain, by Alexander Mackintosh. They are publishing immediately a new, carefully revised and largely rewritten edition of Mr. Mackintosh's "Joseph

Chamberlain: An Honest Biography," a book which, on its first appearance, was commended as one that "must take a permanent place in the literature of British politics."

Mr. St. John G. Ervine is publishing four Irish plays ("Mixed Marriage," "The Magnanimous Lover," "The Critics," and "The Orangeman") through Messrs. Maunsel, of Dublin, and "Jane Clegg," a play in three acts, through Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson. Messrs. Maunsel will also publish, in September, Mr. Ervine's first novel, "Mrs. Martin's Man."

"Cross Trails," a new novel by Mr. Herman Whitaker, will be published shortly by Messrs. Harper. It is a story of the Canadian North-West.

We learned, with much regret, of the death of Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, whose last published book, "The Old Transport Road," Mr. Melrose issued this year. Mr. Hyatt had led a strenuous and adventurous life, the story of which he told in his "Soldier of Fortune" (Werner Laurie). For some time past he had been in failing health, but his amazing reserves of energy and indomitable will kept him hard at work almost to the last. Latterly he was engaged on a serial for the *Daily Citizen*, and his



Mr. Frank Norris,

whose posthumous novel, "Vandover and the Brute" (Heinemann), is reviewed on page 216.

literary agent, Mr. Leonard P. Moore, writes, "He stuck to his work on the *Daily Citizen* serial with simply astounding determination, writing the story with his own hand up to the last two instalments; then he wired to me to send down a stenographer, and I received the copy for the last instalment on the 24th June. He died on the 30th."

A curious book which will appear next month is "Limehouse Nights," by Thomas Burke. It is described as "A Set of Queer Tales," and it is, perhaps, the first attempt to interpret the intimate life and manners of that dark corner of London where the Asiatic colony is segregated. The author has had unusual and long acquaintance with this dockside Chinese quarter, and, terrible as some of the stories and recollections are, nothing is set down that is not within the memory of those who know their Limehouse. Tai-Fu, the brutal lodging-house keeper, who figures

in many of the pages, was a familiar character in Poplar thirty years ago. Some of the tales have already appeared in the *English Review*, *The Nation*, and other journals.

The new volumes in Messrs. Williams & Norgate's Home University Library, contain admirable and well written studies of "Elizabethan Literature," by J. M. Robertson, M.P., and of "The Renaissance," by Edith Sichel; a concise and scholarly history of "Central and South America," by Professor W. R. Shepherd; a pleasant, gossipy, thoroughly useful book on "The Alps," by Arnold Lunn; and "Religious Development between the Old and the New Testaments," by Canon R. H. Charles, a masterly little study in a great subject that the thoughtful reader will find as deeply interesting as it is informing.

Mr. Gelett Burgess, whose satirical brochure "Are You a Bromide?" has not only become popular in the smart set, but has added a new epithet to the language, is now in London, ostensibly on business but really on his honeymoon. Shortly before leaving New York he was married to Miss Estelle Loomis, who is herself a well-known contributor to many American periodicals, and is at present writing a series of theatrical stories for the *Century*. Mrs. Burgess was formerly an actress, having played as leading lady for the late Richard



Neil Munro. **Alfred Wareing.**

F. Marriott. **Arnold Bennett.**

Frank Vernon.

Mrs. Alfred Wareing.

An interesting group, taken at Loch Lomond by Mr. Edward Thomson on the occasion of the first production of "The Great Adventure" on any stage. It was produced by Mr. Frank Vernon, to whom "Milestones" is dedicated. Mr. Alfred Wareing is the founder of the Glasgow Repertory Theatre. Mr. Munro, who was present at the production, has just published what many critics consider is his greatest novel, "The New Road" (Blackwood), which we review on another page.



Mr. Gelett Burgess.

Mansfield. She is publishing next spring her first volume, "Her Him Book," and has announced her intention of making the author of "Are You a Bromide" and "The Purple Cow" famous as the husband of Mrs. Burgess. Some little time back Mr. Burgess lived in London for a year, and became a regular contributor to the *Sketch* and the *Queen*; his celebrated "Bromide" essay was, in fact, originally published in the latter. He is the author of several novels, but in the United States is the particular friend of children by reason of his "Goop" books, which have become nursery classics. He is before everything else, however, a satirist, and his "Maxims of Methuselah" and "Maxims of Noah," with their shrewd sayings on the foibles and failings of woman, and their humorous, ironical analysis of feminine psychology, enjoy an enormous vogue on the other side of the Atlantic. He has another satirical volume ready for publication this autumn, a dictionary of "words you have always needed," which will bear the unassuming title of "Burgess Unabridged." Just now Mr. Burgess is busy writing a serious novel, because he says he wants to live down his reputation as a humourist; though he is of opinion that nothing great can be done in literature without a sense of humour—which brings him up against a few things like Bacon's essays and Wordsworth's poems. Mr. Burgess has already had a comedy produced in New York, and it is his ambition to make a London success with a play that he and Mrs. Burgess are writing on their trip to the Continent; they will settle down in Paris for the winter, and

thence continue their regular periodical work for the American magazines.

Canon E. Anthony Wharton Gill, whose new novel, "An Irishman's Luck," Messrs, Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this autumn, is the author of those very popular books "Love in Manitoba," and "A Manitoba Show Boy." He was born in Leicestershire, England, in 1858, and educated at Loughborough Grammar School, in the same county. After leaving school he became second master in Market Drayton Grammar School, Shropshire, and while there matriculated in the London University. Early in 1882, he was selected by Bishop Michison, of Barbados, acting for the Danish Government, for the post of English professor in the Government College in St. Thomas, Danish West Indies. Here he remained till the spring of 1883, when he came to Manitoba, and going West, homesteaded some forty miles north of the Qu'Appelle Valley. After two summers and a winter in the West, Canon Gill returned to Manitoba, and resumed teaching, and at the same time studied as an out-student of St. John's College for his degree in the University of Manitoba. He graduated in May, 1889, in Modern Language Honours, being bracketted first in the First Class,

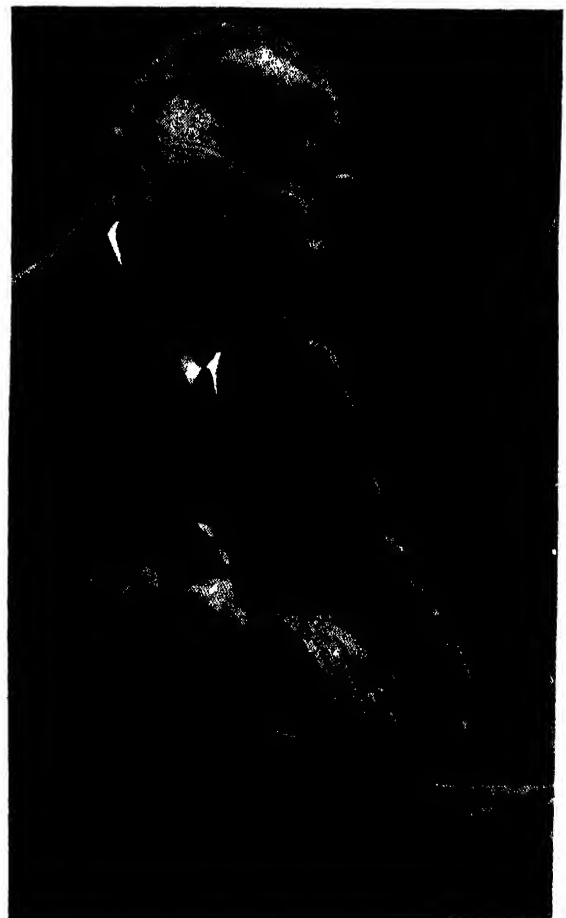


Photo by Ward Muir.

Mr. Bertram Smith,

whose new book, "Caravan Days" (Nisbet), is reviewed in "The Bookman's Table" Notes.

with scholarship and medal. In December of the same year he was ordained by the late Archbishop Machray, and placed in charge of a Mission in North-West Manitoba, where he remained for nearly twenty-one years, first as missionary for fourteen years, afterwards as rector and rural dean. His services to the Church were recognised by the present Primate by the bestowal of an Honorary Canonry, in 1908, and, further, by his appointment to the St. John's College staff in 1901. In the past seven years Canon Gill has held a commission as Chaplain and Hon. Captain in the 12th Manitoban Dragoons, and has been a familiar figure at the annual Militia training camps. His wide and varied experience of Western life has not been restricted to the English and Canadian elements, as during his earlier years he often ministered to the spiritual needs of a large Scandinavian Colony, before they had a minister of their own people.



Mr. Talbot Mundy.

bethan explorer, Sir Martin Frobisher.

Mr. Talbot Mundy, whose new book, "Rung Ho!" Messrs Cassell are publishing, is counted one of the half dozen best story tellers in the United States. He is, by birth, an Englishman, and was educated at Rugby. He has roughed it and seen life in Australia, South Africa, India and other parts of the world, and only began to think of adopting the literary career three years ago. He says he went to America because he found that nobody wanted to employ him in this country. His first story was sold through a literary agent; he continued to write and was successful from the start, to such an extent that he is now a property owner in the country of his adoption, and no longer has to go after editors, because they come after him.

Miss Ethel C. Hargrove is completing a new book on "Progressive Portugal," for publication this autumn. It is a study of both the country and the people, giving full attention to such subjects as Education, Music, Drama, Folk-lore, Literature, Trade and General History. Two earlier books by the same author, "Silhouettes of Sweden," and "The Charm of Copenhagen," were published by Messrs. Methuen, and more recently Mr. Andrew

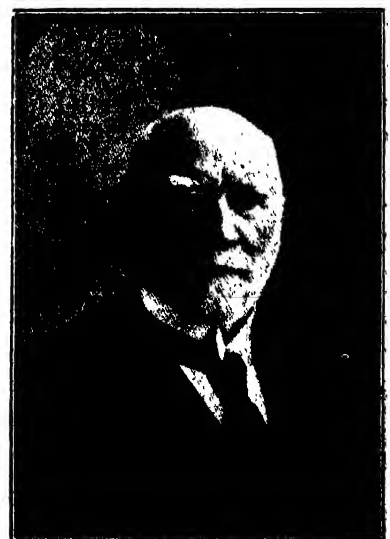
Melrose published her "Wanderings in the Isle of Wight," an intimate and interesting story of the island, and an account of the arts, industries and home life of its people. Miss Hargrove has lived in the Isle of Wight since she was nine years old, and writes of it from long personal observation. She was born in York, and belongs to a



Miss Ethel C. Hargrove.

literary family; her great-grandfather, Eli Hargrove, contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* when it was first started, in the eighteenth century, and wrote a history of Knaresborough; both his son and his grandson wrote books and did much journalistic work. Her uncle, Mr. W. W. Hargrove, at the age of eighty-eight, is engaged in completing a history of York that was commenced by his father. Among her ancestors Miss Hargrove numbers the great Elizabethan explorer, Sir Martin Frobisher.

A brilliant company of authors and artists have contributed to make the forthcoming issue of *The Odd Volume* the largest and most interesting Number of this popular Annual that has yet been published. The authors include W. B. Maxwell, G. K. Chesterton, Jerome K. Jerome,



Professor George Bryce, D.D., LL.D.,

whose "Short History of the Canadian People" (Sampson Low) is reviewed in this Number.

Morley Roberts, Patrick MacGill, Eden Phillpotts, I. Zangwill, W. L. George, Walter Emanuel, Bart Kennedy, Charles Garvice, F. Raymond Coulson, Keble Howard, Neil Lyons, J. A. Hammerton, Lady Margaret Sackville, Stanley Portal Hyatt, Constance Smedley, Lady Jersey, Edwin Pugh, F. J. Randall, etc.; and the pictures (twenty-four in colour and thirty-two in black-and-white) are by Arthur Rackham, Frank Reynolds, John Hassall, Charles Robinson, Willy Pogany, Lieutenant General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, W. Heath Robinson, Will Owen, Tony Sarg, Lawson Wood, Harry Rountree, G. L. Stampa, Alfred Leete, George Morrow, W. K. Haselden, Starr Wood, Wilmot Lunt, Wallis Mills, J. A. Shepherd, and other well-known artists. *The Odd Volume*, the profits from which go to the funds of the Book Trade Provident Society, is edited by A. St. John Adcock, and will be published early in August by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

It is no easy matter to hit upon a new feature for any magazine, but we think Mr. David Whitelaw may be congratulated on having done this in *The Premier*. He gives in his September number a sensational story specially written for him by Mr. Max Pemberton; the story will end in an unsolved mystery. But in the following month will be published a story by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in which the mystery will be solved by that noted detective, Father Brown. The series will include other stories in which the mysteries will be solved by the Baroness Orczy's Lady Molly of Scotland Yard, by Mr. Austin Freeman's Thorndyke, and by Mr. Arthur Morrison's Martin Hewitt; there will, of course, be no collusion between the writers of the mystery stories and the writers of the solutions, the idea being to test the astuteness of these fictitious detectives in a practical way.



Amelie Rives
(Princess Troubetzkoy).

whose new novel, "The World's End" (Hurst & Blackett), we review in this number.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a new novel round the Women's Suffrage controversy. It is called "Delia Blanchflower," and will commence its serial appearance in this month's *Lady's Realm*.

The portrait and drawing of Mr. Granville Barker, lent by Mr. Alfred Wareing, for reproduction in our last month's issue were published by kind permission of the *Glasgow News*. We regret that the artist's name given under the latter was inaccurate: the drawing was by Mr. George Whitelaw.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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HOLBROOK JACKSON.

WHAT is this that we call the "Nineties"? It is something more than a movement. Man, in his calm, reflective moments, does not grow sad and sentimental over movements. It is more like the memory of a dead, familiar face, drawn with pain. Those who took an active part in that brilliant revel of art and letters known as the "Nineties," still alive to-day as many of them are, must look back regretfully on the wine and roses, now spilt and faded, when life was a banquet presided over by Sardanapalus and his merry men. Oscar Wilde is dead, and Beardsley and Whistler. Can Signor Marinetti and Herr Weber take their place with their crude ultramontane fancies? We scarcely think so. Their art is much too serious, much too strenuous: it is without laughter, almost without tears.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson, though he came a decade or two later, probably knows more about the "Nineties" than any other contemporary man of letters. He has made it his business to be the critic and biographer of the movement. He is the human figure behind the screen at whose command these dead marionettes spring into life and caper fantastically before our eyes as they did long ago on the tinsel stage. One of Mr. Jackson's many appeals to us is as the champion of the "Nineties." One talks so much in these days of "paradox" that one hesitates even to use the word. It is almost as hackneyed as the thing itself. We have tried to find a way out of it, but in vain. We must use the odious word once more. Thank Heaven, it is very frayed and will not last long! Mr. Jackson is himself somewhat of a "paradox," a man difficult to reconcile with his environment. He is the editor of a popular weekly, a director, we understand, of two companies; he writes on art and poetry in his spare moments; is an aphorist and an essayist; a critic and idealist; a metropolitan who lives in a suburb; a man of letters and a man of affairs. He has more reverence for affairs than for letters. This, of course, is as it should be. The man of affairs has no reverence for affairs, but he has a great deal of reverence for letters, though he may not

like the fact to be known. Mr. Jackson says that he has no sympathy for the mere recluse of letters. He thinks men of letters ought to do something else besides write books. The fact is, men of letters are continually doing something else. They are continually doing the thing they ought not to do, and continually leaving the thing they ought to do undone. It is part of their profession never to know what they are doing, just as much as it is part of their profession never to let others know what they might do. Mr. Jackson recalls in this division of his interests, the fairy in W. S. Gilbert's opera, he is only half immortal, but if he manages to get through the keyhole without sticking half-way we shall congratulate him on his complete immortality.

Holbrook Jackson was born in 1874. He escaped the usual University degrees—there is no list of scholarships to his name in that rubric of success, "Who's Who"—and was self-educated, as he was self-made. But he was, as a youth, diligent and thoughtful and turned his time and attention to all sorts of things, reading those books, no doubt, that are so startling to parents and guardians, and, finally, we say it with regret, he fell into the clutches of the Fabians. He not only avidly accepted their ideas, but he soon became a prominent and surprising member of a very prominent and surprising body, whose aim seems to be to develop brain tissue on a vegetable diet, to fall into painful ecstasies over Ibsen and Nietzsche in suburban drawing rooms, and to discuss the "colour" of Wagner's music and the morality of Mr. Shaw. Mr. Jackson took the Fabians very seriously in those days—we all do till we become emancipated—doing pioneer work for the cause. He founded with Mr. Orage (with whom he eventually edited *The New Age*) the Leeds Art Club, and brought up from London celebrities such as Shaw, Chesterton, Edward Carpenter, and W. B. Yeats, to tell the Midland people what they did not know about culture. He was one of the first to draw attention to the importance of Nietzsche in this country. He was

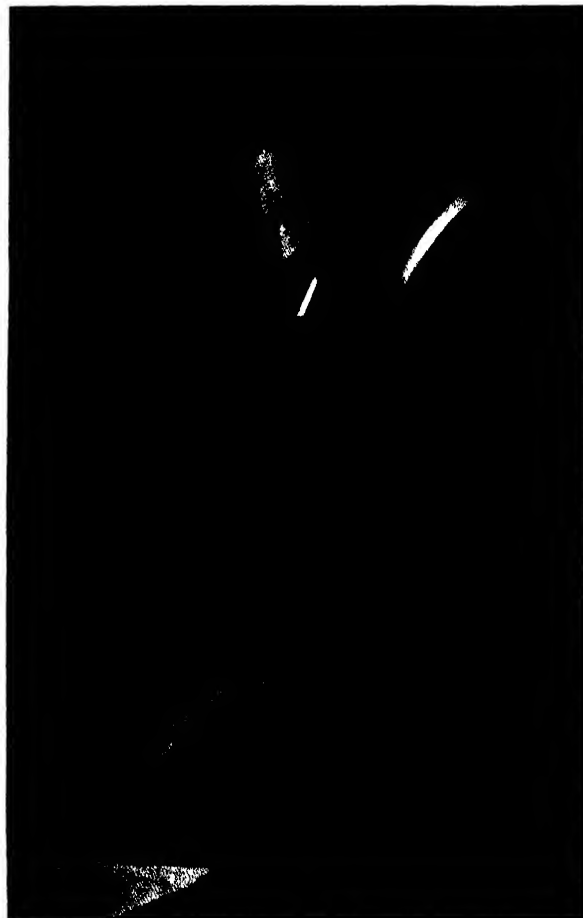


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

the earliest apologist of Mr. Shaw. He had discussed Shaw from every possible and impossible standpoint, dissected him, weighed and ear-marked him, thrown a light here and there on a dark side of his genius, bepraised and belauded him to the skies in Fabian speech with more than Fabian gesture. There was nothing left but to write a book about him. He had caught that last infirmity of noble minds. He could not rest till he saw his name on a title-page. The result was "Bernard Shaw," a book that brought its author more Press notices than pence. The book went into several editions. The Babel of contemporary criticism was never better exemplified than from the Press notices of this enthusiastic little study. You must read them. You will find them at the end of the third edition of the book. The most amusing opinion was that of the literary critic who wrote: "I regret to say that Mr. Holbrook Jackson, who has written a book to explain Shaw, is a Superior Person of the loftiest type." How Mr. Jackson managed to survive that lethal stroke is one of the darker mysteries of authorship!

Mr. Jackson was now fairly launched as an author, the target of the critical kit-kats, a man of light and leading; but was there not in the background somewhere a book of poems, and a brochure on the epicurean philosophy of Omar Khayyám? These are now rare, and cannot be bought for money or sold for love. The Shaw book was a triumph, despite the critics who never got back the laugh at their expense, for Mr. Jackson promptly pilloried them in the preface of the next edition.

In the intervals of authorship Mr. Jackson wrote weekly articles on books for many papers, but he found a wider scope for his energies when he became managing director of *T.P.'s Weekly*, soon after he had resigned the editorial reins and ribbons of *The Beau*, that last farcical rocket of the Decadents. He then wrote "Romance and Reality," "All Manner of Folk," "Great English Novelists," a small but excellent study of William Morris, and, best of all to our mind, "The Eighteen Nineties." Such are the facts of a busy, varied life.

Mr. Jackson, then, may be called the chronicler of the men and movements of the later nineteenth century, particularly that part of it we call "*fin-de-siècle*," or more simply, the "'Nineties," the Wilde and Beardsley period, whose Alcoran was *The Yellow Book* and whose symbol was a broken lily. It was once a nosegay, but the colours have all faded now; it is no longer a nosegay but a wreath. The names of the high-priests of this

movement are legion. They are all there in his book, strutting across the lighted stage, each with his pose and antic, his quip and his quiddity, sad and gay, mirthful and staccato, pitilessly witty, with the wit born of cynicism and disillusion. What a gay, dragged, brilliant crowd, piping such music as was never heard before or since in this green England, as they pranced their way like puppets in a play before the footlights that flickered and went out before they had got half way across the lighted stage! Mr. Jackson is their biographer, their critic, their pathologist even. He does not gloss their defects, but notes them more in sorrow than in anger. It is all told in the "Eighteen-Nineties" with sympathy and insight. Mr. Jackson has done as a critic for the men and women of the period what M. Nordau has done as a pathologist. The one is a healthy corollary of the other.

We had intended to quote some characteristic passage from Mr. Jackson's work, but we must content ourselves with one or two aphorisms taken from "Platitudes in the Making," which we had forgotten to mention. Here are a handful of them. They will amuse you, but do not ponder them too deeply. Aphorisms, like pearls and chameleons, are misleading: they change colour under your very nose:

- (1) Genius is initiative on fire.
- (2) Suffer fools gladly; they may be right.
- (3) Domesticity is the last refuge of the inferior man (!)
- (4) The academic attitude is always obsolete.
- (5) As soon as an idea is accepted it is time to reject it.
- (6) Pedants are the peddlars of intellect.

Mr. Jackson having ransacked the coffers of contemporary letters, says he is done with criticism and is going to devote himself in future to creative work after the style of those charming studies, "The Lady Margery Papers," and that very striking fantasy, "Southward Ho!" which gives the title to the volume of essays and stories by Mr. Holbrook Jackson which Mr. Dent has just added to his *Everyman's Library*. He may even fritter away some precious years of his life in play writing; and as he has just been appointed editor as well as managing director of *T.P.'s Weekly* he will probably have other distractions to contend with; but we hope those larger dreams of his will be realised now that he has crossed the threshold and is face to face with his real career.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

"JANEY CANUCK."

(MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY.)

THERE is a distinct flavour about Canadian journalism. We are familiar with the literary touch of the "wild and woolly west," where the life of a newspaper editor is nearly as precarious as that of a cinematograph operator. We have revelled in the quaint headings in newspapers printed and published

in the remote states, where tragedy, even of the grimmest, is lightened and made fit for publication by a broad streak of comedy that runs like a thread of gold in the vitals of the western newspaper man. The aim of the American journalist is to be "racy," to have "snap" and "snip" and plenty of it. Our own

mild "Railway Disaster: Fourteen Dead," is to him in a moment of lurid inspiration "Car Cataclysm: Fourteen Souls Snuffed to Glory." The dry "Death of Noted Citizen" becomes the juicy "Bill Keary Shuffles his Last Card." It is a great art, this literary cinematography; it tends to the gaiety of the American nation. The Canadian journalist is quite as vivid in his methods, but more merciful. We cull this from the *Winnipeg Saturday Post* as a characteristic specimen of "snappy" Canadian journalism. A certain George Ham at a presentation—it was of a flask—to Cy Warman,* "the well-known Canadian writer, burst into poetry in a friendly way." This is how he "burst":

"Ere he had finished half
his task
The girls gave Cy a
silver flask.
He opened it in half a
minute,
Then sighed, 'Gee whiz,
there's nothing in
it!'"

This takes us by devious ways to "Janey Canuck." There could be nothing more delightful, I should imagine, than to be a Canadian celebrity. People go a thousand miles to see you. Your name becomes a household, or we should say rather, a "homestead" word. Your Press notices are couched in the most seductive Canadianese. "From Winnipeg to Edmonton to make an afternoon call," says our *Dominion* contemporary, "seems rather a far cry." It is. It is a cry sixteen hundred miles long. From London (England) to Edmonton would be an even longer cry, and much as we should like to have a chat and, above all, "afternoon tea" with the author of "Open Trails," we are afraid we must abandon the idea just at present. We journalists on this side of the Atlantic lack the enterprise and "snip" of our Canadian colleagues. We shall have to look at our author through a magic telescope.

Who, then, is "Janey Canuck"? It seems that she is a variety of things, but for us she is first and foremost the clever and vivacious author of "Open Trails" and "Janey Canuck in the West," books that have literally sung their way through the Dominion. Her work has the optimism of the true lyric; the song of the open road; the refrain of windswept spaces was never set to a better tune. Mrs. Arthur Murphy, more familiar to her readers as "Janey Canuck," is a woman who has played many parts in life. She bustles with that energy which we generally associate with the new world—the world that is too busy to be tired.

* Mr. Warman, we regret to say, died a few weeks ago.

She was born in Cooks'own, Ontario, a pleasant spot, we are told, the daughter of an Ulsterman—the broth that burns!—who came from Cavan to Canada. You see we are dealing with pioneers, the people who left Ireland to build up Canada, helped a little by the Scotch. We learn further that she was educated at a school in Toronto. At nineteen she married an Anglican clergyman, the beloved "Padre," and, like a dutiful wife, helped him in his parish work. Parish work, even in an idyllic village in Western Ontario, could not quench the literary aspirations of the future "Janey Canuck."

She came back to what Canadians affectionately call the "Old Country," wrote "Janey Canuck Abroad," a series of bright and witty sketches on things European, from German cooking to English ritualism. She found her vein from the beginning like a true pioneer. The "Padre," who seems to be equally versatile, began to take an interest in timber and agriculture, assisted by the indefatigable "Janey," who seems to know as much about farming as the most experienced settler. We know that from the observations scattered about her books. She can ride, sew, "break a bronco," manage a farm, knows all about the inner workings of a coalmine, can put the "stane," and has a weakness for hospitals, clubs, district nurses, playgrounds and Canadian fossils. She can also write "live" books. Happy Padre! Who would not be you to possess such a treasure?



Mrs. Arthur Murphy.
("Janey Canuck.")

As a writer, "Janey Canuck" has a rare distinction. She has the light "rippling" touch, the vein of *causerie*, which we in our ignorance think to be the exclusive medium of the French. Nothing more misleading. We find the same light, effortless writing in Sara Jeannette Duncan—another Canadian—and in the work of Kate Douglas Wiggin, though we do not couple this writer with "Janey Canuck." Their work is as distinct as chalk from cheese; but their methods are the same. It is not style, but a thing that is born in one like a sunny temperament and a happy outlook on life. Style is altogether different; it is a thing of the study. It is the difference between a trellised rose and a wild marguerite. The author of the "Open Trails" is not a stylist. I do not think she cares a jot about style or how a thing will look. She is quite without artifice in her literary work as in her open, frank personality. She just writes as the blackbird whistles, as the stream flows, and her song is not the song of art, but the song of life. Its keynote is: "I am happy, and I want the world to be happy with me." Your stylist is a clever

fellow, whom I respect and whose precepts I try to follow, haltingly; but there is something in this style-ridden world that is infinitely greater—if you are not an author!—style pales before love and charity and human happiness. This is what "Janey Canuck" represents to those tens of thousands of her readers in the populous cities of the West and in the lone shack on the far prairie. Style, forsooth! They will not thank you much for this purely academic thing in the far West. They want something with blood in it, even if it be only a black pudding! No; it is certainly not style that matters in the work of "Janey Canuck" any more than it matters in the work of Walt Whitman—a kindred philosopher. She comes scattering seeds of gladness in our midst, and lo! our gloom is gone like a black cloud that breaks before the April sun. She is the philosopher of gladness and content and common sense, a philosophy as durable as Bergsonism. The whole thing is a garland of gladness sparkling with the dew of a clean, fresh philosophy—a crown of rest for tired brows. What patron saint, we wonder, bends over "Janey Canuck" when she is weaving her bright fancies? Perhaps it is only the "Padre," saintliest and most clin of men!

Of all "Janey Canuck's" books, commend me to "Open Trails." It is a rubric, a book that makes you want to go and bury your face in the cool brooks, to hear blackbirds and robins piping against the clear skies; to be the brother of the wind, the lover of the stars; to breathe the freedom of sun-washed spaces and follow the trail through the fragrant pinewoods and "winding mossy ways." It is as refreshing as a bunch of spring flowers. I recommend it as a cure for the vapours. It will buck you up like an elixir. Do not, I beseech you, take the "cure" at a "spa," even if you can afford it. Go and lose yourself in a Surrey lane and take "Open Trails" as your companion. It will affect you like a moral spring cleaning!

What is the charm of "Janey Canuck" that has set all the critics raving on the other side of the Atlantic and has taken us captive? We cannot analyse it any more than could Emerson analyse the charm of the *Rhodora* of the woods. When you hear the thrush singing his song in the green tree you do not ask what makes it sing; you are content to listen. So it is with the author of "Open Trails." Let us quote a little from our Canadian philosopher, just a few pearls—nothing more. "We hear a woodpecker at mischief.

He is the bad boy of the woods who taps at doors and runs away." Nothing profound in that, you say. No; but it is delicious. "The sunflower, a saucy baggage, a young woman of the now-look-at-me variety, whose character may be summed up in the fact that she has golden curls and a black eye." A new and pleasing symbol. We shall remember it when we look at a sunflower and recall Blake's:

"Oh, Sunflower weary of Time
That countest the steps of the sun!"

She has something appropriate and witty to say about everything on her rambles abroad. She does not pause for a moment in her bright chatter. We like much her views on the advantages of being born a North-American Indian:

"While there are positive disadvantages in the Indians' methods of living—such as the unæsthetic intimacies of wedded life in an 8 by 12 tent—on the other hand there are superlative compensations. They have no perpetual arrears of unfinished work and they know nothing of transcendentalism, microbes, and Mrs. Eddy. They do not pay taxes, have no 'at home' days, do not have to re-bind their skirts, and get no offensive yellow bills intimating that their water will be cut off at the main unless promptly paid for. They do not need to serve on a jury, or in the militia. They do not 'Fletcherise' their food, and never heard of a financial stringency. They keep their appendixes inside, where they properly belong, and their children know nothing of a punctual, pitiless school-bell. . . . So far as I am able to deduce from the conversations I have heard, the Indian's deadly and unpardonable sin lies in the fact that he has not made money. And how, pray tell me, can a man make money when his blood is mixed with the sap of trees?"

Ay, there's the rub; the root of the matter. This dialogue between the author and an old Kentucky nigger, evidently one of the "elect," is too good to be omitted, though the publishers will not like me if I quote more.

"Jeremiah: Do yo' mind, missy, how de Elder kep dis yer ole imp er de debbil down de well?

"Sezze, What do yo' charge to clean out de well?

"Sezzi, Let dis yer nigger up till he don calkerlate.

"Sezze, Jeremiah, yo' calkerlate down dar. I sho' 'nuff keep de ladder on top.

"Huh, missy, bus' my ole head open, but dis yer nigger seed dat day what de Lawd Jesus nebber seed. Jesso, mussy, jesso. Dis yer nigger seed his equal, and de Lawd Jesus nebber seed dat."

The "Padre" seems to be up to all the tricks of the trade. Thrice happy "Padre"! You, too, are among the immortals!

B. R.

THE READER.

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM."

By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

I.

IT is a paradox of human life that when a nation is healthy and prosperous, its people like to "tell sad stories of the death of kings," while the people of a nation that is desolate and poor pass the time in making jokes. The age of Elizabeth was probably the happiest and most prosperous in English history: there was then a more equitable distribution of wealth than there is now, for while it is true that we have more millionaires than the Elizabethans had, it is also true that we have a very great many more paupers than they had; and it is also true that we do not treat our paupers as well as they treated theirs. Each day in the life of an Elizabethan brought some fresh incentive to the imagination: an enemy was defeated, a new land was discovered, travellers, given up for lost, returned suddenly with stories of rich and rare countries, bringing trophies with them won from men of strange colours and customs. Yet in that age of happy lives, the dominant note in literature was one of tragedy. The drama of Elizabeth's day dealt in death and disaster and unthwartable destiny. Shakespeare, a man of comfortable circumstance, offers us a show of poor young princes and distraught kings and unhappy ladies. He, as I have elsewhere written, "filled his stage with tombs and skulls and dead men's bones, and sent his heroes and his heroines to their ends by violent means. Hamlet, Lear, Richard, Romeo, Othello, and Macbeth met death and insanity in the company of Ophelia, Desdemona, Juliet and Macbeth's Lady."

In Ireland, where the conditions of life until lately were otherwise, the dominant note in Anglo-Irish literature has been Comic. Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, Synge, and Lady Gregory gave a Comic Drama to the world. Charles Lever and Samuel Lover filled their novels with buffoonery in the days when their country was near to her death. Dion Boucicault, the most noted melodramatist of his time, made the Irishman a figure of fun even when Irish men and women were dying like dogs by the bogside. "The rich and happy English people," if I may quote from myself again, "gave 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' to the world; the poor and persecuted Irish gave 'Charles O'Malley' and 'Handy Andy'!"

II.

Within the past twenty years, however, there has been a great troubling of the waters in Ireland. A combination of circumstances, notably the settling of the Land problem and the remarkable development of the Co-operative movement, has enormously altered the economic situation of the Irish people; and because of this there has grown up, and is still growing, a movement among Irishmen of letters which is away from the traditional literature. That movement may best be described as a critical movement, a searching of motives and intentions. In every part of Ireland writers are rising up, and, with an unanimity which suggests an organised conspiracy to the ignorant mind, they are subjecting their countrymen to the fiercest criticism and exposure. The result of this new growth is that there is a greater diversity of writers in Ireland to-day than has hitherto been the case. Formerly, our writers were uniformly Comic, and our Poets were uniformly Patriotic; but now our writers are of all sorts, a thing in itself significant of health. We still have the Comic Writer in Ireland, but he wears his comicality with a difference; he mingles criticism with his jests; and by his side we have the Tragic Writer, the Realist, and the Fantastist. Our poets have turned from patriotism to mysticism. They, perhaps, are better known in England than any of our writers, with the exception of "George A. Birmingham." Mr. Yeats, "Æ" (George Russell), Mr. Padraic Colum, Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan, Mr. Joseph Campbell, Miss Susan Mitchell, and many others,

are making poems of a quality which their predecessors, perhaps, would not have understood. Some of our poets, notably Synge and Mr. James Stephens, shrink from mysticism and take their pleasure in pagan beliefs and brutality. The dramatists, apart from Synge and Lady Gregory, are less known than the poets, but most of them are young men, of whom the more effective are Mr. Lennox Robinson and Mr. T. C. Murray. The dramatists are all Realists. It is among the novel-writers that one finds the greatest variety, ranging from the purely Comic to the Critical and the Fantastic; from the Ross-Somerville combination, through Canon Hannay



Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

George A. Birmingham
(Canon Hannay).



Photo by Werner & Son, Dublin.

George A. Birmingham
(1886).

("George A. Birmingham") to the fantastic Mr. Stephens and the critical realist, Mr. Gerald O'Donovan.

III.

The Reverend James O. Hannay, M.A., was until a year ago rector of Westport, Co. Mayo. He is now an Honorary Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. He was born in Belfast, of which city his father was vicar, in 1865, and was educated partly in England, partly in Ireland. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. In his capacity as a clergyman, he has printed two books of theology and a memoir of his father-in-law, the late Bishop of Killaloe; in his capacity as a man of letters, he has written seventeen novels and two plays; in his capacity as a journalist he has written many columns of articles. These are the main facts of his life taken mainly from the precise and impartial pages of "Who's Who." It is in his capacity as a man of letters that we are here concerned with him, but it will be necessary to the understanding of his work that I should add to these facts the further facts that, although he comes from an Ulster Unionist family, he is a Home Ruler, and that he is singularly able to interpret Ireland to the Englishman because he has lived in Belfast, in Dublin, and, for twenty years, in Connacht.

IV.

His novels may be separated into three groups: Political, Historical and

Miscellaneous. These divisions do not include his Essays—"The Lighter Side of Irish Life" and "Irishmen All"—or his Theological writings. His Political novels are the least-known because they are the earliest; they show signs of his apprenticeship to letters, for he has not quite mastered the craft of mingling art with ethics in "The Seething Pot," "Hyacinth," and "Benedict Kavanagh." The art and the ethics are, as it were, in separate departments. Now and then he interrupts his story to make a little discursus into current politics; he even heaves a lump of a Blue Book at his readers. Perhaps it is inaccurate to describe this manner of interrupting a story as a sign of imperfect craftsmanship; it might be more accurate to describe it as a reversion to the manner of the eighteenth-century novelist, for Ireland in many respects is still in the eighteenth century. Fielding, for example, invariably suspended his tale while he delivered a homily on this theme or on that. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who was born in the eighteenth century and will probably die in it, sometimes forgets his tale altogether in his eagerness to preach his sermon.

Canon Hannay's political novels, however, are very necessary to the education of any Englishman who would like to know what sort of country Ireland is. The most recent of them, "The Red Hand of Ulster," although it is not the best of his books, is remarkable because of the uncanny way in which its author has foreshown the development of the Anti-Home Rule movement. He even prophesied the gun-running incident which set every Irishman, Nationalist and Orangeman, laughing once again at the English people. The book was clearly written in haste, but it was written in the haste of a man who knows, and it gives the Englishman, confused by the contradictions of English journalists, an unique opportunity of making out something of the facts of the Ulster situation for himself. These political novels show the forces which are moulding Irish minds, just as the two historical novels, "The Northern Iron" and "The Bad Times," show how those forces have been created.

V.

His Political and Historical Novels caught the attention

**"The Inviolable Sanctuary."**

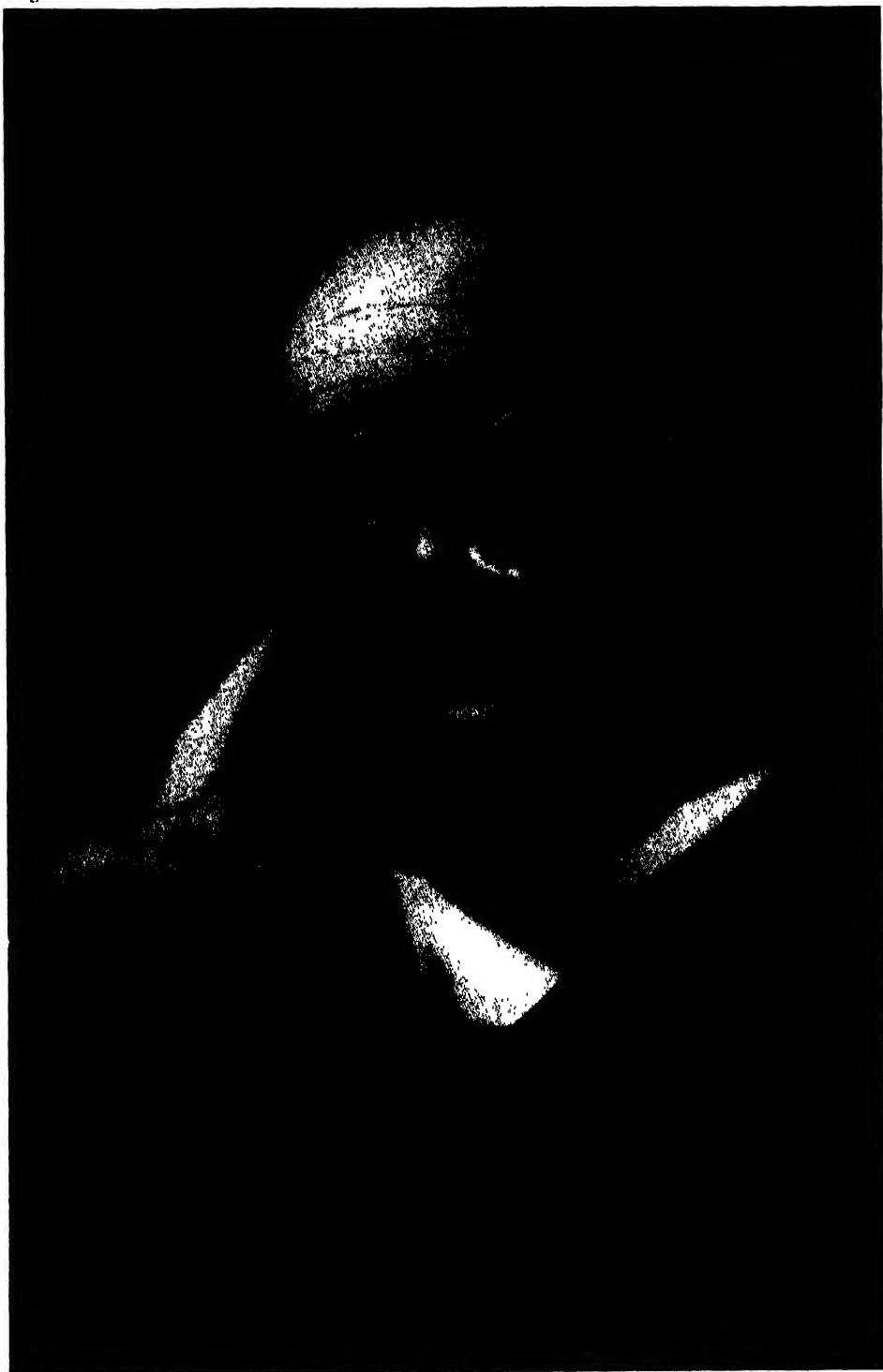
Cottage on one of the islands in Clew Bay in which Canon Hannay, his wife and daughter, used to camp in summer time. The cottage was named after one of his books.

of the minority, chiefly in Ireland; but his Miscellaneous Novels made his name popular in England. He was well known in the libraries before Mr. Charles Hawtrey produced "General John Regan," and it was right that he should be so, for he had written the jolliest story that had been published in the English language for a long time. "Spanish Gold" was not merely a novel: it was an event. It marked a definite change in the character of Canon Hannay's writing, a thing of consequence in itself, but it marked a still greater change in the character of the story of hidden treasure. One knows what stories of this sort usually are: a mixture of melodrama and priggery in which the "natives" are shown to be incredibly villainous, while the explorers are shown to be incredibly heroic. Each of these stories contain a comic character, a preposterous cook, a drunken seaman or a semi-civilised negro, who is used to round up chapters and provide light relief. The story itself is written

strictly to formula, with a carefully-measured dose of knockabouts to a large quantity of thrilling adventures. Canon Hannay changed all that. His chief figure was a Comic character, the incomparable "J. J.," the red-haired, garrulous curate, a man who would make a *matinée* girl wrinkle her nose; and the treasure, when discovered, is not awarded to the hero, but to an old peasant. The hero, in short, quits the treasure island no wiser than he was when he landed on it!

The plot of "Spanish Gold" is very neatly planned. The adventures are not sacrificed to the fun, nor is common sense sacrificed to the adventures. You do not feel as you read the story that it is "all my eye." Canon Hannay once described himself as "a sordid realist." That, of course, was his nonsense, but there is some excuse for the reader who thinks of him as a realist, for

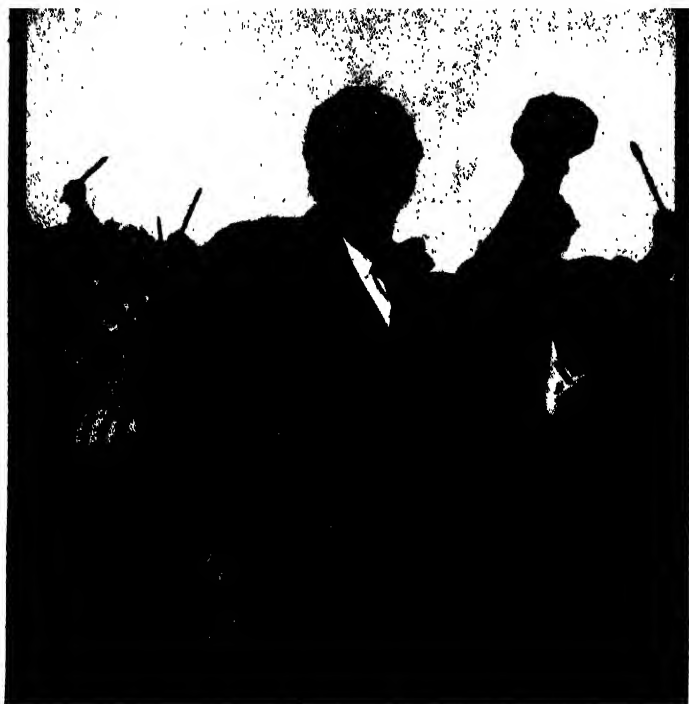
he had an extraordinary capacity for giving verisimilitude to the most farcical happenings. He has created characters who never lived on land or sea, without, however, causing the reader to doubt their credibility. I have heard of a lady who, under the spell of Synge, spent a fortnight in Connemara and then came home complaining that she had not met one person who had killed his daughter. I do not doubt that many persons travel annually to Mayo in the sure and certain hope of meeting a red-haired, shabbily-dressed curate, smoking a fat pipe and perspiring freely as he tears along the roads on



George A. Birmingham

a rickety bicycle on some farcical adventure.

He has taken themes in "The Simpkins Plot" and "The Search Party" that would scandalise the most hardened melodramatist and farce-writer, and has invested them with the air of reality. Consider the theme of "The Simpkins Plot": A woman novelist, who decides to seek solitude in Ireland in order to produce another book, bears so close a resemblance to a murderess that her own uncle, the judge who tried the murderess,



Cover design from "Hyacinth,"
by G. A. Birmingham.

is deceived when he meets the lady at Euston. The murderess has been acquitted. The novelist travels to Ireland, and on the way encounters "J. J.," who compares her features with the portrait of the murderess in a newspaper, and promptly decides that she and the murderess are identical. In Ballymoy, "J. J." discovers that a new land-agent has made himself objectionable to the residents, Protestants and Catholic, and so he tries to marry the land-agent to the reputed murderess, who has rented a house in the neighbourhood, and induces a number of intelligent persons to assist him in doing so on the plea that the lady will probably treat the land-agent as she is supposed to have treated her first husband. This is the wildest farce, and, thus described, seems hopelessly beyond belief, but Canon Hannay contrives to give it an air of reality. It has not got that wooden, mechanical look that one inevitably discovers in other farces.

It was this air of verisimilitude that really made 'General John Regan' popular. The faults of that play, as a piece of stage-craft, are many, for Canon Hannay is serving his apprenticeship to the theatre, but its faults were swallowed up in its remarkable qualities. The word "remarkable" is not used thoughtlessly; it is used deliberately. "General John Regan" is remarkable because, unlike any other farce I have ever seen, it has an air of credibility; it is remarkable, too, because two of its three acts are set in the open air whereas all other farces are of a nature that would shrivel up in the open air; it is remarkable because it does not contain any love interest whatever, although in this respect it is in line with the bulk of modern Irish drama, and because, apart from conventional love interest, it does not contain any sex entanglement such as seems to be absolutely vital to the farces one generally sees on the London stage. Finally, it is remarkable because its one interior act is set in a room with one

door. This stinginess with doors amounts, in the eyes of the average farce-writer, to something like an outrage; he will tell you that it is impossible to be funny in a room with less than seven doors in it through which the characters must continually tumble in their efforts to escape observation. This point about the door is very important, for it helps to show that Canon Hannay deals in natural settings and real people rather than in theatrical scenes and painted dummies.

Sometimes, as in "The Major's Niece" and the novel, "General John Regan," Canon Hannay is inclined to take his fun too easily. It is essential to Canon Hannay's work that one should believe in his people; the moment that one begins to doubt them, one ceases to laugh at them. When "J. J.," or his double, Dr. Lucius O'Grady, begins to move in a rut, when his garrulity and his impudence cease to be natural and become mechanical, when we are able to say, "Hilloa! J. J.'s up to his tricks again!" the mirth falters. In his latest novel, "The Lost Tribes," there is an immense reach of fun, but here there is a sense of repetition. It is as though Canon Hannay had put "J. J." into petticoats and changed his nationality, turning him into an American woman . . . and the petticoats are somewhat embarrassing. The humour is not exhausted, but it has not got the fresh smack of "Spanish Gold."

VI.

He is still in process of growing. Mr. Chesterton once wrote of Mr. Wells that "you lie awake at



Cover design from "General John
Regan," by G. A. Birmingham.

night and hear him grow." That sentence would have been nearer the truth if it had ended in "change his opinions." It is more true of Canon Hannay. I discover in his writing a tremendous tolerance of all sorts and conditions of men. When a Belfast man is tolerant, he is extremely tolerant. That is the one paradox he permits to himself. Canon Hannay is a tolerant Belfast man, and, like all tolerant men, he is slightly cynical in his views. A man who can tolerate all men must be in a position to see the humbug and folly of them as well as the sincerity and wisdom. I do not deny that he has his enthusiasms—I have heard him speaking of "Æ." and the Co-operative movement—but I assert that the chief note in his writing is one of tolerant and dispassionate criticism. Perhaps he is too eager to discount the insincerities of politicians, and so discounts their microscopic sincerity as well. He does, I think, wrongly give one the impression that there is no real feeling in Irish politics, that in its place there is a lusty pretence to scare the English out of their silly wits. His tolerance hardly extends to officials and solemn blokes. I met him once in a railway train in the West of Ireland, and we began to talk about Englishmen, as Irishmen will, and we spoke of English reviews, such as the *Spectator* and the *Nation*. "They take themselves very seriously, those fellows!" he said of the people who write for those journals. It was a characteristic utterance. The person who is absolutely

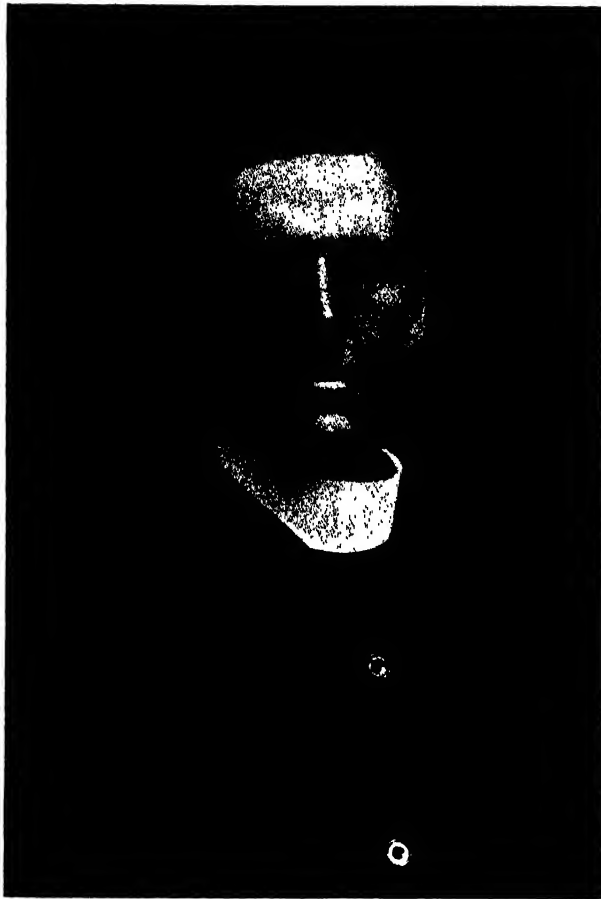


Photo by Russell & Sons

George A. Birmingham.

unendurable to "J. J." is the solemn bloke. When Lalage in "Lalage's Lovers" founded the Anti-Tommy-Rot Society, she had all the solemn fellows of the world in her eye. When Canon Hannay sees a pompous person, he has the common Irish desire to upset his dignity. Mr. Shaw has it, too. We all have it. We dearly love to pull the leg of an Englishman, but Canon Hannay is worse than most of us, for he will even pull the gaiters of a bishop.

VII.

I sometimes wish that he would write one final Comic story in which "J. J." and Dr. Lucius O'Grady are pitted against each other; and then abandon these characters and their duplicates for ever. I should like to see him take his Political and Historical and Comic Stories and mingle them into one book, and I should not object if he were to throw his theology in, too. He is peculiarly fitted to write a big book on Irish life; for he knows it in all its aspects, and to his knowledge he has joined great sanity of judgment, a tolerance that is almost unique, and a palpable love of all Irishmen from the north to the south. He makes a reference in one of his stories to a Nationalist and a Unionist M.P. who got into the same railway carriage and, secluded from the eyes of constituents, managed to talk very sensibly about Ireland. Canon Hannay ought to build that railway carriage. He has wit enough to do it.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

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| <p>I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.</p> <p>II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.</p> | <p>III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four lines of verse embodying the feelings of a competitor who is at length awarded a prize after trying so many times that he had almost given up in despair.</p> <p>IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors</p> |
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should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Mr. A. Glyn Prys-Jones, of 31, Lysways Street, Walsall, and to Miss Hester Viney, of Cintra, Swanage, Dorset, for the following:

MADONNA.

God made her on His loom of time,
And long He wove with wondrous things,
He took a lamb from out a fold
And spoiled the clouds of sunset-gold,
In whitest lilies aureoled.
He chaliced blood that flowed in kings;
He caught a sunbeam passing rare
And bound it captive in her hair
To glorify her face sublime.

Then, like a doe, He made her fleet,
And with a wave He wrought her strong,
And, at His word, the glory sped
From a new rose that west-winds fed
To tinge her lips a crimson red
And make her mouth a wonder-song.
He gave her breath from hidden bowers
Of clematis and passion-flowers
So that her words were honey-sweet.

Then lo! God kissed her in the dawn
And gave her soul His gift of love,
He put two lilies on her breast
And made her eyes twin pools of rest:
And o'er the body He caressed
He set peace brooding like a dove.
He gave a secret to the wind
That sore in travail she might find
Delirious joy--of anguish born.

Behold, she dwells amid the throng
From age to age along the years.
Her voice is as an old refrain,
Her touch is balm of dew and rain,
Her fingers bind the mouths of pain
And sow the seeds of hope for fears.
Adown the labyrinths of woe
Her sweet, eternal footsteps go
And echo in a ceaseless song.

A. GLYN PRYS-JONES.

LOVE'S HOUSE.

Love said, "I will build me a house
To stand for ever,
I will build it so strong, that it shall fall
In ruins never."

Love took a smile to build his house,
A turn of head,
A touch of a hand, a verse of song,
A word half-said.

And Love took a tear from a sweet blue eye
A wave of hair;
And he cried, "There was never a house so strong
Nor half so fair."

But dark in the sky the clouds hung low
With heavy rain,
And cold winds brought the cruel sleet
And snow again.

And lo! the house Love thought so strong,
In ruins slept;
And Love fled far, and hid his face,
And wept and wept.

HESTER VINEY.

We also select for printing:

PARADISE COURT.

It isn't so much that it's work we mind,
Though some of us take to that none too kind,
And we shouldn't object to be left behind
On five days out of the six:
And it isn't because we are under-paid
Or sweated and bullied in every trade,
Whilst the owners pocket what profit is made
And we chaps pocket the kicks.

It isn't that often the kids go bare
And there's never the price of the boots to spare,
While babies come from the Lord knows where
As certain as New Year's Day.
Nor it isn't that Paradise Court is small
For the women to wash and the kids to crawl,
And the sun soon goes w'en it comes at all,
While stinks and stuffiness stay.

And it isn't that everyone's all-that keen
On a garden plot, or a village green—
For there's plenty of grass will grow between
The cobble-stones under the pump:
But it's having to stick-it for God-knows-why
From the day you are born till the day you die,
With nothing to look for as years go by—
It's *that* that gives you the hump.

(A. Sedgwick Barnard, 5, Victoria Terrace, Walsall.)

THE JUDAS TREE.

Have you not heard the ancient lay
How Christ, our little Brother,
Walked in a garden close one day
With His most blessed Mother?
The thrushes sang to see Him pass,
And daisies clustered in the grass
Bowed down their heads to kiss His feet—
He was so young and sweet.

The dying sunset aureoled
His childish head with glory
While Mary leaned to Him and told
Each flower's simple story:
The poppies flaming cups, she said,
Were holy martyr-souls, blood-red:
The lilies in a shining row
Were virgins white as snow.

He broke the blossoms from the trees
And filled His arms with plunder,
Questioning gaily, "What are these,
O Mother, dear, I wonder?
Are they twelve holy Saints? and why
Did this one lose his buds and die?"
She answered Him, "I cannot tell:
Perchance he sinned and fell.

"Let be, my sweetheart; let it go;
For you will never mend it."
He weeping answered her, "Not so;
For I will come and tend it."
And where His tears, like summer rain
Were shed, the branches bloomed again,
While Jesus clapped His hands to see
The purple Judas tree.

(Vivien Ford, 12, Priory Road, Tyndall's Park,
Bristol.)

We also specially commend the lyrics sent in by N. Loris Healey (Preston), O. H. C. (Sheffield), Ethel Vincent (Headingley), George Woolrich (Manchester), Charles Archer (Oxford), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Lettice Cole (Pontilas), F. Phyllis Plummer (Ontario), Ethel Talbot (Edinburgh), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Harriet J. Cogie (Stranraer), J. L. Duncan (Rothsay), Vivian de Sola Pinto (Hampstead), Arthur S. Wilshire (Dalston), Audrey Haggard (Ditchingham), Edna I. V. Norman (Bournemouth), Christian D. Warren (Buchlyvie), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull), D. B. Clark (Freiburg), Frances Bexfield (Audley), Mrs. A. E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Mary Hurst (Ramsgate), Frederick J. Mathias (Cardiff), G. D. (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Miss E. Kennett (Ramsgate), Robert Everall

(Plaistow), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Roslyn Johnson (Hampstead), Frank Savage (Ramsgate), Francis Embling (Portsmouth), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), Charles Whitwell (Wanstead), S. S. Martin (Chicago), D. J. Hickey (Edinburgh), Joyce Jones (Buckhurst Hill), Annie Lee (Manchester), Eva O. Hall (Brooklyn), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), Laura Chichester (Dorking), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), John D. Smith (Milngavie), M. A. Newman (Brighton), N. B. Laughton (Edinburgh), Grace H. Hill (Hampstead), Edmund Howard (London, S.W.), Leo French (Headley), Deepdene (Catford), C. Roy Price (Wellington), Miss E. M. Miniken (London, S.W.), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), B. M. Skeat (Sedbergh), Margaret I. Postgate (Liverpool), S. N. Veitch (Durham), S. J. McCabe (Patricroft), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Alice Nathan (London, N.W.), E. M. Franks (Brooklyn), L. M. Davis (Enfield), Frances E. Pearce (Hastings), Vera Larminie (Kensington), Dorothy M. Colman (Burgess Hill), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Eva Ridley (Hove), M. A. P. Price (Aston), Miss E. R. Faraday (Manchester), F. Dale (Woodbridge), Celia Duffin (Belfast), W. H. Potter (Taunton), Anna G. Lang (Cardiff), Doris Dean (Bromley), Mildren Marston (Stow-on-the-Wold), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), John Boylan (Glasgow), T. A. King (Birmingham), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), Enid Woolbright (Chelsea), Miss C. E. Ransom (Torquay), M. C. Kennedy (Ranelagh), D. M. Kermode (Coventry), W. H. Hügel (Indiana), Agnes Dickie (Aberdeen), S. S. (Bournemouth), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), Dorothy M. Rawcliffe (Wigan), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Miss H. M. Barrow (Hastings), C. M. Lyndsay (Brooklyn), Guy Chester (Penarth), Winifred Seppings (Hove), Esther W. Ayres (New York), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Miss C. Ritchie (Victoria, Australia), A. M. Williams (Glasgow), Mrs. A. Keith, (Edinburgh.)

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. H. M. Ferguson, of Frogna House, Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. BY EDWIN PUGH.
(Chapman & Hall.)

"The Bear was faster than the Man,
And beat him by a yard."

HILAIRE BELLOC, *A Moral Alphabet*.

We also select for printing:

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD." BY EDWIN PUGH.
(Chapman & Hall.)

"As his corse to the ramparts we hurried."

WOLFE, *The Burial of Sir John Moore*.

(Miss Schill, Croston Towers, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.)

WASTE. BY GRANVILLE BARKER. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Some come to take their ease
And sleep an act or two."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII*.

(Mrs. Forrest, 34, Glenmore Road, Oxton, Cheshire.)

THE LITTLEST ONE. BY MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.
(MARION ST. JOHN ADCOCK.) (Harrap.)

"A voice cried, 'Sleep no more!'"

SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*.

(T. A. Lindsay, 73, Restalrig Road, Leith, Edinburgh.)

EDUCATIONAL LIGHT WOODWORK. BY ADAMS AND ELLIOTT. (Harrap.)

"'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland*.

(Mrs. Monk, Pendrea, Truro, Cornwall.)

III.—This Prize for the best six "Don'ts" for competitors in our Lyric competitions is divided, and we are sending Two New Books to Miss Peggy Grant, of Craigellashie, Burley, New Forest, Hants, and Two New Books to Mr.

F. J. Popham, Helen Bank, Gasstown, Dumfries, for the following:

DON'T write till you've got something to say—it's much easier to write about nothing than something.

DON'T try to write something that someone else has felt. If you want it to ring true, feel it *yourself*. Get inside it, and let it hurt you.

DON'T send it in unless every line sings; try and remember it is a lyric.

DON'T forget that the most beautiful thought, even if it is poetry, does not sound like it unless it scans.

DON'T write your lyric more than you can possibly help—let it write itself.

DON'T think, unless your work is as perfect as you can contrive to make it, that it is good enough—it isn't.

PEGGY GRANT.

DON'T submit every other form of verse but a lyric; the prize is offered for a lyric.

DON'T write for the sake of the prize, but for the criticism implied by success or non-success.

DON'T assume that the judgment is at fault—it's probably much better than your own.

DON'T despair—it's a sign of incapacity.

DON'T criticise the winning lyric, and say your own is better.

DON'T expect a prize—you probably won't get one.

F. J. POPHAM.

Several of the other lists of "Don'ts" are very good indeed, and we specially commend those sent by John A. Walker (East Sheen), Dorothy H. Malley (Sutton), Monella Mulatier (Dewsbury), F. Dale (Woodbridge), E. Jotham (Port St. Mary), Mary E. Nevin (Belfast), Miss R. Stokoe (Newbury), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), Reginald P. Connell (Kennington Park), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Horace W. Walker (Beeston) George H. Rook (Portsmouth).

IV. The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss Rolanda Hirst, of The Vicarage, Tockwith, York, for the following:

GITANJALI. BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan.)

Who is there but would be lifted out of himself upon reading this inspired book of "Song Offerings"—as the author so appropriately styles it—for what are they but oblations? To this Indian poet light and understanding seem to have been abundantly vouchsafed. In one alone of his beautiful songs is found a full conception of the joys of life, in which he himself exults—and yet through all prevails that indescribable capacity for worship, self-sacrifice, and humility peculiar to the Eastern. Granted that much has been lost in translation, we still have left to us a book of devotion and cheer, which, having read, "we tell ourselves that we are the richer by one more beautiful experience."

We also select for printing:

REBELLION: A PLAY IN THREE ACTS.
BY JOHN DRINKWATER. (Nutt.)

This fine tragedy provokes much thought as to the future of drama. Will blank verse, as a medium, revive? At least we cannot say it is quite dead, with this play before us. Whatever its faults as a play, we cannot but admit that the blank verse has been thoroughly assimilated as a means of expression. We cannot easily imagine this play in prose; both conception and execution are on a large scale. If only Mr. Drinkwater will try to be more literal, more passionate, less austere, and if only he can find a simpler, plainer plot, then . . . *nous verrons!*

(R. W. King, "Deepdene," Catford Hill, S.E.)

POT-POURRI MIXED BY TWO. BY MRS. C. W. EARLE
AND MISS ETHEL CASE. (Smith, Elder.)

Another gardening book by Mrs. Earle and Miss Case will certainly be welcomed by all garden lovers; to all those to whom

"A garden is a lovesome thing," this book will be both a pleasure and a help, and they will be very grateful to Mrs. Earle that she has again taken the trouble to put her varied knowledge and interests into another gardening book for us to enjoy. Mrs. Earle—who was over sixty years of age when she first began to write books on gardening—certainly proves what gardening can do for those who take it up enthusiastically.

("Toqué," Henrick House, near Newbury, Berks.)

THE NEW ROAD. BY NEIL MUNRO. (Blackwood.)

Here, plainly individualised for us at last, is the new Wizard of the North. Ninian Campbell must go down with honour to adventure-loving posterity in the royal company of Rob Roy

Silver, Catriona, and John Splendid. "The New Road" casts a spell over the reader from which he is released only when clever Ninian has unravelled out the tangled hank of mystery, after a hundred hairbreadth escapes; and the breathless succession of thrilling incidents ends with the promise of wedding bells in Inveraray. Mr. Munro makes a romantic of the modern materialist at one stroke. This is a real achievement.

(Hugh W. Strong, 37, Marine Avenue, Whitley Bay, S.O., Northumberland.)

THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS. BY ANATOLE FRANCE.
(Lane)

The theme might furnish a farce for the satirist, a disputation for the theologian, an allegory for the moralist, and a sublime panorama for the poet. M. France is all these at once—his theology is no less profound for being ironical—and so he conveys an apologue of the human spirit, winning freedom by self-knowledge, in a satirical tale of modern life. His angels find themselves in Paris; they make love and commit murders. But the murders are no more serious than the loves, and the light touch of the "prince of prose" turns all to a pleasant laughter.

(Adrian Collins, 14, Warkworth Street, Cambridge.)

THE WORLD SET FREE. BY H. G. WELLS.
(Macmillan.)

"The World Set Free" is not so much fiction as a forecast of a quite improbable future. It has some human interest, but the chief use of the characters is as the vehicles of Mr. Wells' condemnations of war, religious orthodoxy, and civil and international law. On the destructive side the atomic bombs are effective, but the book is weak on the constructive side, and adds little to our knowledge of how to improve a world in which traditions of bondage remain. It is a fragment of Utopian prophesy, and not very helpful if taken seriously.

(Mrs. Frances E. Ashwell Cooke, Brackendale, Lightwood Road, Buxton.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by W. H. Marwick (Edinburgh), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood, S.E.), F. Heathcote Briant (Catford, S.E.), Hugh M. M. Crossan (Stockport), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), Henry Baxter (Neath), Miss C. E. Ransom (Torquay), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Mrs. Munro Maunsell (Bray), E. L. E. Bosanquet (Bath), J. Baylan (Glasgow), Mrs. W. J. Macnamara (Dublin), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Elsie G. Davies (Wolverhampton), D. Lefebvre (Johannesburg, S. Africa), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Miss L. F. Munro (Edmonton, Canada), Katherine M. Buck (Upper Clapton,

N.E.), Mrs. Florence Margetts (Northolt), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), Elsie Codd (Brighton), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), A. C. Grieve (Everton), Miss E. S. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), and J. L. Hope (Jesmond).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. M. Whitaker, of Ross House, Earl's Heaton, Dewsbury.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:
TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM
COMPETITION.

Our last years' Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition proved so remarkably successful that we have decided to offer the same sum for competition again:—

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on any famous event in English history.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 1st October next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st December if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize. Competitors must please keep copies of their poems, as it is impossible to undertake to return them.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for January next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

BY PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

THE condemnation, or at least the disgust, implied in the famous text about the endlessness of book-making, has been applied, by scores of critics, more especially to Histories of English Literature. "Why repeat all these facts?" "What is the good of foisting second-hand opinions on callow youth?" "What do more matured judgments want with *your* opinions at all?" These are questions which have long been familiar—not to mention the carpings of the baser sort. "Why has he put in A?" "Why has he left out B?" and so forth.

Perhaps there is something to be said for and from the point of view of the Accuser. An actual *History* of English literature, giving the maximum of well-ordered fact and necessary argument with the minimum of mere opinion, is a possible and conceivable thing; though it may be admitted, even by adventurers in the

quest, that the possible concept has never yet been realised, and is not very soon likely to be. A "Gibbon" of English literature (*absit omni* as to "Decline and Fall!")—something that might want supplementing and occasional correction as new facts or documents turned up, but that would in itself remain substantively unbettable—this is a fair image, and one no doubt never yet transferred or transformed from imagination to actuality. But it is somewhat churlish and perhaps even more unreasonable to find fault, on the mere score of their endeavour, with those who try to effect the transformation.

In the case, moreover, of the book before us, only part of the usual growl has any relevance. Mr. Mair does not profess to have written a "History" of English Literature, or even of "Modern" English Literature. He calls it (p. 11) an "Essay," and as he usually employs terms with creditable exactness and, while not guilty of bumptiousness, seems to be equally free from the almost

* "Modern English Literature: From Chaucer to the Present Day." By G. H. Mair. (Williams & Norgate.)

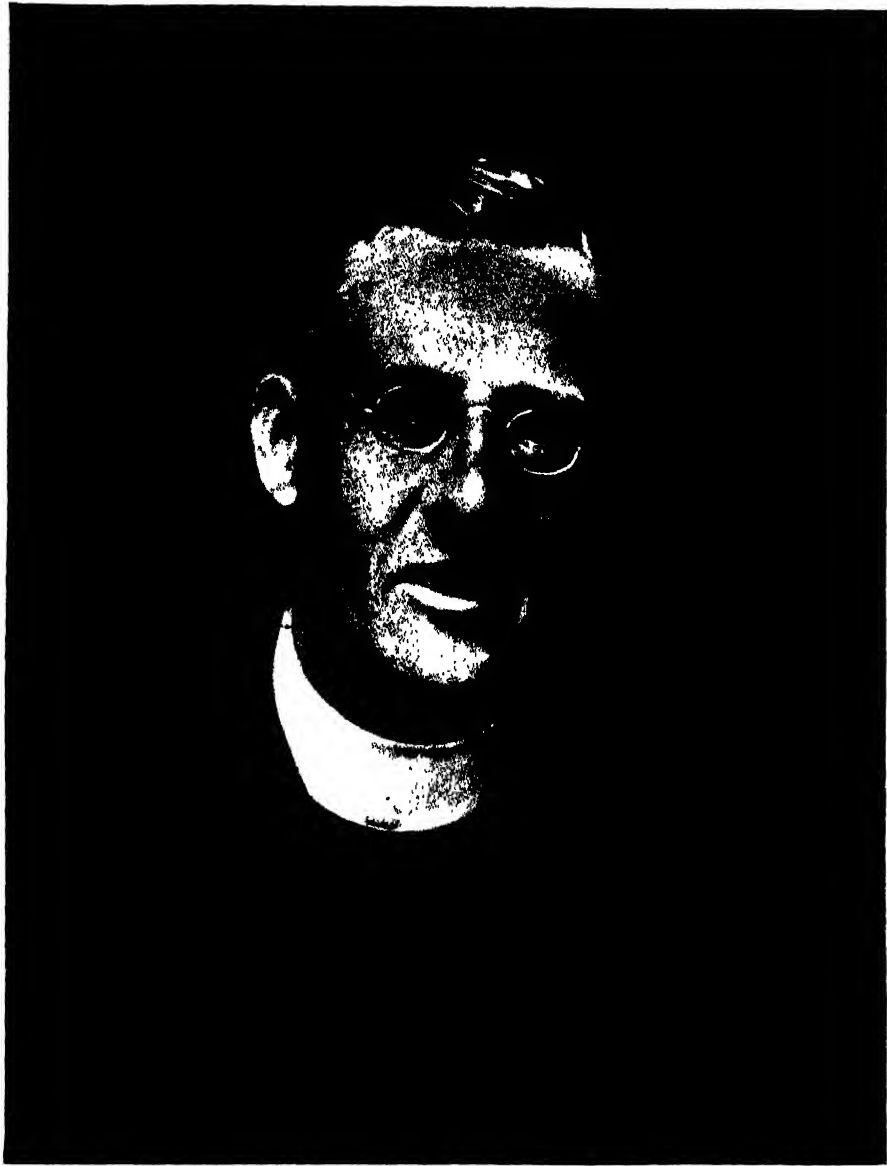


Photo by E. O. Hoppé

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

George A. Birmingham
(Canon James Owen Hannay).

more detestable sin of mock modesty, it may be assumed that he means what he says. In other words, it is not so much (if indeed it is this at all) an *account* of English Literature, as it is a *discussion* thereof. As an enlargement of a smaller volume on the same subject it may have undergone (not quite scathless) the risks which students of the subject with long and lively memories will remember as having made themselves felt in Mr. J. R. Green's amplification of his famous book. To persons entirely unacquainted with the subject, or to those desirous to enlarge a very slight acquaintance therewith, a discreet practitioner, whether he had or had not some favourite prescription of his own, would, one suspects, hardly recommend it. It may be doubted whether Mr. Mair himself would.

But there are at the present day two classes—the one of indefinite but probable, the other of definite and certain numbers and characters—by whom this book might be read with very great profit; though the advantage in the first case might be certainly more provisional, and perhaps more perilously conditioned than in the other. On the one hand there exists—as is known, not always in satisfactory ways, to experts—a large if vague class of persons who are honestly trying to benefit by the abundant and cheap reprints of classical literature now provided. These things attract them—their state being in this respect more blessed than that of the much larger multitude who think literature older than last week to be waste paper—but they also puzzle them. The Muses of the past are to them Mrs. Quicklys, whom they do not know where to have; and they want guidance in their suit and pursuit.

On the other hand, whether people like it or not, there is a relatively large number of other and younger persons who are taking up English Literature as a regular study; and who have for some years read in it more or less widely. The general public has, it is believed, a notion that the shepherds of these sheep “grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw” tunes which (and no others) the hapless flock have to learn. This may sometimes be the case: sometimes it certainly is not. And though it can, of course, never be too often insisted that original opinions, formed on original reading, are, if not the only ones of any value at all, those of most value; yet it is not every boy and every girl, of nineteen to twenty-one, who can be strictly original, and perhaps it is not entirely desirable that every one should be so. For the majority certainly, perhaps for all, collections of systematised *aperçus* from intelligent students who have themselves been longer at the mill, are extremely valuable if not indispensable. They give the necessary clash and stimulus of opposite opinions; they group—for better, for worse, but at any rate *differently*—the scattered, and (to the novice) tumultuous and disorderly, facts; they give, as it were, the various trigonometrical observations which help to determine the true position of author and book.

Mr. Mair's volume is excellently qualified to perform such offices. It does not ostentatiously hang out any special banners of system, or mount any cognizance of discipleship—though, perhaps, an expert may discern some signs of classification. But it puts general views of the greater authors, and of the successive periods, in a

fashion by no means provocative but sufficiently arresting and stimulant. A few points may be taken up.

A slight fondness for superlatives is not a fatal thing in a rather young writer: but it is not quite good for readers younger still. Chaucer's “Troilus” is a very great performance, and has been more often under- than over-valued. But the criticism which pronounces it “certainly the greatest narrative poem in modern English, as it is the earliest” has not yet learnt “the language of *the centre*.” Nor is it, perhaps, quite wise to mention too often in connection with A, B as his “best critic.” A procession of bears, each led by a proud monkey, may pass before the eyes of a somewhat Pantagruelian or Hudibrastic mind. But we find a pleasant convalescence from this slightly feverish condition, in the polite common sense with which Mr. Mair (p. 20) handles the notion of “a community sitting round the village fire and evolving a ballad.” To say that if it had not been for certain restricting influences in the sixteenth century “English might have been almost as completely latinised as Spanish or Italian” is to say something which a moment's reflection must reveal, even to its author, as rather absurd; one is afraid that Mr. Mair takes far too cheerful a view of things when he says that “Italian vice stopped short of real life” in Elizabethan England; and, perhaps Sackville's stanza beginning:

“Crookbacked he was,” etc.

is not what most people would have chosen “to give the reader a taste of the quality” of the noble poem in which it occurs. But it is impossible to be too grateful to him for the equally temperate and forcible fashion in which (p. 46–48) he deals with that strangest of recent fancies—the notion that because you can find some ideas, even some phrases of Elizabethan poetry, in Italian and Spanish and French, the produce of our first great poetical period is merely or mainly or at least in great part imitative literary exercise. This passage, some two pages in length, condemns and exposes this error—an error which does not merely concern the special period, but involves another and a greater one affecting the whole of poetry, and, indeed, the whole of literature—in a masterly way.

There is nothing more to be eschewed in the reviewing of such a book as this than the setting of mere opinion against mere opinion. But on points where evidence is available or argument permissive, difference of conclusion or agreement may be noted. It seems to the present writer that Mr. Mair has estimated Bacon with remarkable thoroughness and success; that he is less happy with Ben Jonson; and that in regard to Sir Thomas Browne he is, in familiar phrase, “not quite *there*”—that he is aware of only a part of the great magician's prodigies. On the difficult question of Classic and Romantic he indites good matter; but one seems to be conscious of a too rapid transition from the Queen Anne men to Johnson, and rather the later Johnson than the earlier, though what he has on Johnson himself, on Burke and on Gibbon is excellent. In fact (and it is natural enough) the process of expansion would seem not to have been quite evenly applied to the original matter.

This sort of “pecking” criticism, however, is unsatisfactory—especially in the case of a book so good as this.

is. Let us end with something on two larger points—Mr. Mair's attitude to Tennyson, and that to still later and in part contemporary writers.

Since it became the fashion to belittle a poet who, for combined excellence and long continued exercise of power, has few rivals except his great contemporary—not "superior" please Mr. Mair!—not "inferior," but *other*—it has *been* the fashion; which is much the same as saying that it has been something to be mostly neglected. But Mr. Mair is not negligible, though it is a little unfortunate to find that on p. 238 Browning is "the poet who more than all others represents the essential spirit of his age," and that two pages later the same thing is asserted of Tennyson and even rather paradoxically used *against* him as a proof of his inferiority. But Mr. Mair does not—like the ordinary anti-Tennysonians—talk nonsense or show insensibility to poetic facts. He admits that Tennyson "founded a new poetic diction which has lasted to our own day." He finds in "Maud" "amazing" songs, and in what he thinks the "failure" of the "Idylls" a "magnificent" failure. The earlier "Morte d'Arthur" is "supremely written." And yet he feels and thinks that "we" are "forced to minimise and perhaps dispraise" Tennyson's work. Now it certainly strikes some of "us" that even a poet—even a Trade Union of poets—might be satisfied with such a "minimum wage" of laudatory adjectives as "amazing" "magnificent" and "supreme." Yet Mr. Mair is no mere reckless slinger of ink in praise or blame. When one comes to examine his criticism as a whole it comes to this. Whenever Mr. Mair considers Tennyson *as a poet* he speaks magnificently (and truly) of him; when he begins "to utter foul speeches and to detract" he is speaking (not always untruly) of something not essential to poetry at all. Tennyson "hugs 'honest doubt' with all the certainty of a revelation"; he "registers current and newly accepted ways of thought"; his dealings with science lack inevitableness, etc., etc. This is the kind of way in which people like Leigh Hunt used to talk of Dante. Will Mr. Mair accept the affidavit of a person—not unversed in poetry—who after "beginning with a little aversion" has for more than half a century

been a Tennysonian "stalwart"—that the poet's "honest doubt" has always been to that person foolishness; his registering new ways of thought a stumbling-block; and his science a bore? To "us" it matters, and has mattered, never a straw whether the glorious lines in "The Voyage" describe the ways of cyclones correctly or incorrectly; whether "In Memoriam" is orthodox or unorthodox. The point of importance is that the treatment, here and elsewhere, exhibits the "magnificent," the "supreme," the "amazing" poetry which Mr. Mair admits. And so he is of "our" company after all.

There is little space left for the other point, and it is, perhaps, one best handled slightly. It concerns the

somewhat off-hand fashion in which he dismisses later Victorian writers, and the comparatively large space (for such a book as this) which he gives to contemporaries. His optimism as to the latter may be justified by Time: one has nothing to say against it, whatever one may think. Nor need one return to the "pecking" system: though in the case of Thackeray, as in that of Browne, it may go near to be thought that Mr. Mair has not "found the whole" and so is not quite trustworthy even on parts. By whom "the literary qualities of Newman have been perhaps overrated" one would like to know—for it is always nice to know some one

who has even "perhaps" achieved the impossible. But if he really means that "when [he] reads Kingsley [he] is conscious of no literary intention" he must have an uncanny blunt spot in his literary consciousness, and requires the attentions of a Hopkins—for which one would be sorry, his book being on the whole a vigorous, a valuable, and a stimulating one.

Notice of two misprints may oblige—as such notice always does oblige an author who is worth his salt. "Relics" in a quotation at the foot of p. 18 should be "rakes." Rakes often become relics, and very dreary and dilapidated relics too; but as such they would make no sense here. The other is at p. 25 where "warning fire" though it would make a kind of sense, should more probably be "waning." The book well deserves an early opportunity for rectification of these.



John Donne.

From a painting in the Dyce and Foster collection.
From "Modern English Literature," by G. H. Mair (Williams & Norgate).

New Books.

IN A GLASS DARKLY.*

It is twenty years since Edward Garnett, as reader to Mr. Fisher Unwin, came upon the manuscript of "Almayer's Folly," recognised its quality, and gave to it an effectual existence as a printed and published book. Throughout those years discriminating readers have endorsed his judgment; but those who read with vision and illumination are never numerous, and it is only recently that the art of Joseph Conrad has gained the wider acclaim and larger reward which constitute success. New gospels were ever the treasure of the few; great arts come rarely to fruition save in the privacy of a narrow circle; it is the voices in the wilderness, persistent in devotion and conviction, which make ready the way. The world's debt to Conrad is in some measure a debt likewise to Garnett, and to all those faithful ones who knew and said so surely that among us there was one who was a master.

Now, it is a commonplace; Conrad has "arrived." America, which contrary to the usual opinion in this country, reads voraciously and of the best, has discovered him; and here is a book about him, which, we are informed in the preface "has been written both for the students of his work and for those who know nothing about it." For the benefit of the latter class, it contains, within the compass of a single chapter, condensations of Conrad's books and stories; "Lord Jim," with its glamour and charm and colour, goes into less than three and a half pages.

There is a sense, one gathers, in which a primrose by the river's brim is something other than a simple primrose; and my own prime objection to Mr. Richard Curle's study of Joseph Conrad is that Conrad, the author of the books, from "Almayer's Folly" to "Chance," is not enough for him. He is a psychologist, an artist, a figure whose stature is to be measured by that of Henry James or Flaubert, a writer continually in need of elucidation by the critic. This practice of taking an author to pieces in order to look at his mechanism is proper enough to the classroom, where "literature" is a "subject," one learns something at the time that does no harm afterwards; but in the case of Conrad, whom one has either read or will read, it is a disturbance. To a figure which is clear enough as it stands, it lends a false and repellent effect of complexity and difficulty; it does nothing to strengthen and confirm the impression one has already gained for oneself from his books of a spirit infinite in its piety towards all things human, of a creative force all-embracing in its range, of a personality at once modest and dynamic. Of all living or dead authors, Conrad is least adapted to be the subject of a text-book for those who have not read him. The proper, the only study of Conrad is Conrad.

Mr. Curle's preface avows a secondary purpose—"to arouse interest in the greatest and least known of Mr. Conrad's novels, in the marvellous 'Nostromo.'" For Mr. Curle, "Lord Jim" shows serious defects: "its purpose is almost too didactic, and it is a purpose strained to the uttermost"; "'The Secret Agent' suffers, to some extent, from the improbability of its plot"; the action in "An Outcast of the Islands" he considers "too long drawn out"; "'Heart of Darkness' suffers from exaggeration." But "Nostromo" (save for "the confused way in which time is indicated") is without reproach; it stands for Mr. Curle not merely as Conrad's chief claim to fame, but for "one of the most astounding *tours de force* in all literature . . . it is Conrad's genius incarnate" (*sic*). I do not derive from these judgments any sense of a clear standard of criticism applied by Mr. Curle to his author. For all his enthusiasm and his missionary fervour on behalf of those who have not yet read the books which he characterises, the view of "Heart of Darkness" as

exaggerated, of "The Secret Agent" as improbable, can only arise from a complete misunderstanding, from applying to the books in question an arbitrary rule-of-thumb of proportion and likelihood. And this is not criticism. These barbs of blame, planted like banderillas at fortuitous points in a body of great literature, are of no profit; they have, in their laconic terseness, an effect of having been darted from an Olympian judgment-seat, condemnations from which there is no appeal. They will not serve at all to aid the timid spirit, shivering on the brink of reading Conrad for himself, to take the plunge and borrow a copy.

It is fair to note, however, that when Mr. Curle relaxes from the attitudes of a judge, his admiration for Conrad's work is genuine and whole-hearted. It is natural to him to pick and botanise, but he has a love of flowers, none the less. He remarks, shrewdly and justly, upon Conrad's success in drawing old men. "He has caught, better than anyone I know, the set attitude and the aloofness, that air of living in the past, which is the very breath of old age." Of Conrad's women he observes that "his women portraits are the most finished, delicate and poignant of all his portraits." Mrs. Gould, of course, rather preoccupies him, since she belongs to the pages of "Nostromo," but he does not overlook Winnie Verloc in the "improbable" "Secret Agent," nor the utterly moving and heroic figure of Winnie Verloc's mother. Of Conrad's prose he is critical but admiring:

"His music is not the mere enlargement of older English strains, it is a new music altogether—the romantic, mysterious and thrilling music of another race. There is a Latin, harp-like rhythm about Conrad's prose which is intensely individual . . . There is no doubt that Conrad's earlier prose is more immediately stimulating—and, indeed, there are individual passages in it which are actually his finest things—but his later prose is undoubtedly a subtler achievement. . . . His earlier prose is sometimes uncertain, sometimes exaggerated, but his later prose has the uniform temper of absolute mastery."

But, then:

"It is in 'Nostromo' that the originality of Conrad's style appears most unique (*vic*) and most unapproachable. For it has neither the mannerism of the earlier books nor the attitude of the later ones. No, it is like a river flowing calmly," etc., etc.

In his opening chapter Mr. Curle remarks that it is in talk that modern writers are best and most illuminatingly discussed. That is true. A writer who is not *felt*, whose work is not the intimate and pressing concern of his readers, may be put aside for articles in reviews and critical studies; his affair can wait. Conrad's cannot. To have read a book by him is to have had an adventure; and the just word upon it emerges only in the interchange of men who have undergone the experience and bear upon their minds and in their memories the marks of it.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

DEVON FOLK TALES.*

The last of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' Dartmoor work! One may avow without blushes a despairing admiration of the rare kind of author who, with a proper zest for life's variety, can devote himself to one long task and then say: "It is finished." Mr. Phillpotts has, by common consent, done Dartmoor and its people so very well that the end of his task will be much regretted. It will be regretted the more because of this collection of short tales. There is (what the age has little use for but his readers value) a vast fund of practical sagacity in them. "They scarcely fire the blood," says a probably young reviewer in a daily contemporary; but the art of life prizes a ripe and easy humour. I have called them folk tales, for it seems to me that the name belongs to them more justly than it does to nursery fictions. Have we not reached a stage

* "The Judge's Chair." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Murray.)

* "Joseph Conrad: A Study," by Richard Curle. 7s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

of civilisation when the *genre* story, as one finds it here and as I know it in Yorkshire and believe it to be current throughout rural England—the best fruit of humorous gossip, of the proper study of mankind—may be taken among the English people to be characteristic? I believe there is only one reason why it is not—namely, the wretched lack of leisure and culture that prevents immense bodies of the English people from becoming as good readers as they are listeners and talkers. With any decent life for country folk we should have had a demand for such literature that must have rated it.

There is a great store of material for it, deplorably unworked. Our run of story-books may be very fine, but it ignores the folk-wisdom of England. Some years ago there was a little of this retrieved by the Kailyarders, and it was the salt of what they gave us. A factitious sentiment marred their artistry, and killed the Kailyard School; which was a great pity. But those writers were not producing for the class they pictured. Nothing held them to the truth. It is the heroic merit of Mr. Phillpotts that he has stuck to the truth as he sees it, for its own sake. The same may be said of Thomas Hardy and some others, living and dead. I cannot speak of what the Kailyard School might have been, and was not, without naming the disastrous death of George Douglas, though his "House with the Green Shutters" lacked the sane and sunny humour of the folk. Hardy lacks it too, for that matter. But in the long run, if things had been propitious, this humour would inevitably have been the test of a true folk literature. Here it is in "The Judge's Chair." Moreover, such a literature would have saved the short story in this country, where it is now a thing so trivial, pretentious and unliterary, that we have to be ashamed of our magazines. The short story of real life is a natural English product without a market. We are fobbed off with "shop goods." Thus it happens that I, for one, have read Mr. Phillpotts' book with unqualified pleasure.

Its title indicates the critical point of view proper to such a school of writing. The original narrator of the stories is an old moorman, ripe with knowledge of life, which has "imparted a jovial aroma to his mind," and makes him "tell even a sad story with a twinkle, in a philosophic and ironic spirit." He has all his life been judging the world about him kindly, though with a shrewd and faithful eye. His tales are about the way that men and maidens love, and married people quarrel, and all the common aims and qualities of human nature that make comedy. They are infinitely diverting. As for the homely wisdom in them, it lies in the moorman's point of view even more than in quaint sayings. But I wish there were space to quote him:

"Your red women generally be tidy, particular creatures; but you'll find oft enough that if cleanliness be next to godliness o' one side, 'tis close kin with a devil of a temper on t'other." "I will say he knew his luck, which is a rare branch of knowledge." "If everybody who gets their liver go wrong and dies of it is to have the set-out in Heaven that Jane have planned, then 'twill take a pretty fair bite out of New Jerusalem, in my opinion. She've got an idea that her mansion up aloft won't stand in less than fifty acres."

The book is full of honest country laughter. To me it seems that Mr. Phillpotts hits his best perspective with old Tom Caunter and Billy Turtle.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

THE AUTHOR OF "NIGHT THOUGHTS."*

Among those readers to whom it made appeal, and in the hey-day of its popularity, few poems could compete in attractiveness with Young's "Night Thoughts." Its fame, moreover, was not confined to this country, but extended far beyond its boundaries, and it is claimed for the poem that it has been translated into "practically every European language." We have Coleridge's authority for the statement that of the three most popular books in the German language one was the translation of Young's

* "Life and Letters of Edward Young." By H. C. Shelley. 12s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

"Night Thoughts," which proud position it shared with Hervey's "Meditations" and Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe." How are the mighty fallen! Who reads Young nowadays? The lover of poetry might possibly read a considerable portion of the poem, say, the first "Night" or so, and might do so with no little pleasure and satisfaction; to compass the whole nine "Nights"—for there are nine of them—with sustained interest would be incredible. He might as a self-imposed task plod his weary way through the lengthy dolorous tract to the last line; but one would not wish to be within ear-shot of him at the finish. Some works there may be which "Christianise every discordant angry passion." The poem in question is most certainly not one of them. Not that there are no merits in it. Far otherwise. There are many—very many—fine lines in the "Night Thoughts," and the foregoing comment must be understood as referring to the poem as a whole. It would be no very difficult undertaking to compile a Young anthology which could not fail to give intense pleasure to the reader, and at the same time render a real service to the poet's genius. Johnson's pronouncement that Young was a genius and a poet may still be accepted as an undoubted fact. Coleridge is stated to have said that there were parts in Young which must be immortal, and it is further recorded of him that "he loved to read a page of Young, and walk out to think of him." Moreover, in emending the last two lines of a sonnet written by Lamb,

"How Reason reel'd!
What gloomy transports rose!
Till the rude dashings rock'd them to repose,"

Coleridge clearly plagiarized Young's "How Reason Reels." This indebtedness to the "Night Thoughts" was unnoticed by Lamb as well as by the latter's commentators. Lamb appears to have been not unacquainted with Young, for, commenting on an expression in Coleridge's "Religious Musings" he asks, "Is not that thought and those words in Young, 'Stands in the Sun'? or is it only such as Young in one of his *better moments* might have writ?" Possibly Lamb may have had in his mind a line in Night VII., "A Christian dwells, like Uriel, in the Sun." And, certainly, Lamb himself borrows from Young. The apostrophe "O ye *Matravis*es of the age" in "Rosamund Gray," must be more than a coincidence, when we remember Young's "O ye Lorenzos of our age!" More especially when it is noted that the word "*Matravis*es" is italicised.

There is a reference to Young in the "Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers" perhaps worthy of citation: "In my youthful days Young's 'Night Thoughts' was a very favourite book, especially with ladies: I knew more than one lady who had a copy of it in which particular passages were marked for her by some popular preacher. Young's poem, 'The Last Day,' contains, amidst much absurdity, several very fine lines: what an enormous thought is this!

'Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one Empire 'Fall,' another 'Stand,'
Whose rear lay rapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on.'

If Young's muse had kept at that high level of imaginative thought, the iniquity of oblivion would in vain have scattered her poppies.



Edward Young, D.D.

From "Life and Letters of Edward Young,"
by H. C. Shelley. (Pitman.)

Mr. Shelley's object in writing the present work does not appear to have been to demonstrate that Young is undeservedly neglected or, rather, ignored, but, incidentally, to show that some misconceptions as to his character are unjust, and, primarily, to make use of a considerable number of letters written by the poet which have lately been discovered. These letters were principally written to the Duchess of Portland, whose patent of immortality is assured by reason of "dear Matt. Prior's" exquisite and unforgettable lines written to her when a child of five years old. She was his "noble, lovely, little Peggie," the daughter of his friend and patron, Robert Hanley, Earl of Oxford. It is claimed for these letters that they "will substantiate the assertion of Lord Jeffrey that Young was not only as 'devout' and as 'merry' as Cowper, but 'undoubtedly more witty.'" It is difficult, nay, impossible to agree with such a verdict or to come within a measureable distance of such an appraisal. Cowper will, one is inclined to believe, remain for all time one of the best letter writers in the language. Whether he is *the* best epistolar is a debatable point. There is one, "there in the back-ground," by name Charles Lamb, to whom the present writer's allegiance has for years been given, and it would be a difficult matter to shake or undermine that allegiance. But that is merely a personal affair and as such, of course, not binding on others.

After much cogitation, the following is selected as a specimen of Young's "epistolary matter" at its best (the writer has returned to his own roof, towards the close of the year 1745, after a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland at their county house at Bulstrode, and gives a few details of the incidents on the homeward journey):

"I rid very hard, and got hence by three of the clock, which you know, Madam, is dinner-time. My maid told me she was glad I came so opportunely, for by that means she thought verily she could provide me a dinner again the next day. I suppose the wench had heard I eat six times a day at Bulstrode, and was balancing the account, nor was this the sole felicity of my journey. My man was ill of a fever; therefore, when we came to St. Albans, he desired I would stop a minute, that he might take something, being ill; and as he said he thought his blood was much inflamed, I stopped, and left him the liberty of having what he pleased; on which he drank half a pint of hot brandy; then we put on apace, and by the time we had ride four miles, his horse stumbled, though it was the rider drank the brandy. On the jolt, Tom waked, and cried: 'Sir, I have dropped the bag!' I was in a passion at his negligence, and told him I should have nothing for dinner. 'No, Sir,' says he, with great joy, 'the venison is here; I only have dropped your leather bags.' Now, Madam, in those bags were nought but my shirts, wigs, shoes, razors, etc.; in short, my whole travelling estate. On being a little disgusted even at that loss, he told me, to be sure somebody must pick it up, and no doubt would bring it after us; and then trotted on with great tranquillity of mind. Whilst I was considering how I should best manage the handle of my whip to knock him off his horse, and leave him to be picked up by the next comer, with my bags, a servant from my, and your Grace's, honest landlord at the 'Red Lion' overtook me with what was lost; which was left on a horse block in his inn-yard. Now judge, Madam, if I stand in need of highlanders in order to be undone. How long it may be before they strip me of my shirt which I so happily recovered, Heaven only knows."

It must be admitted that the bulk of the correspondence does not contain many letters of so humorous a quality. Here and there we come across delightful pleasantries such as: "On Saturday I waited on my Lady Oxford (Mother of the Duchess of Portland) to thank her for bringing you into the world." But, truth to tell, they are not very numerous.

Mr. Shelley makes a somewhat foolish and amateurish comment on George Eliot's fine criticism of Young in her brilliant *Westminster Review* article—"Worldliness and Other-worldliness"—in which she compares him unfavourably with Cowper.

Young was undoubtedly a very worldly-minded cleric—generally, if not invariably, on the look-out for the main chance—and Mr. Shelley's special pleading is not altogether convincing, although he has corrected one or two of the unjust, perverse and prejudiced mis-statements of the Rev. Sir Herbert Croft, which appeared in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

WHITELAW REID'S ESSAYS.*

These two very handsome volumes contain a large and various selection from the writings of the late Ambassador of the United States of America in England. Some are reprinted from reviews, others were delivered as lectures and addresses before University and other audiences. Their range may be seen from their themes. We may cite those on "The Rise of the United States," "The Danger Point in Immigration," "Problems Flowing from the Spanish-American War"; on Education in America and England; on Lincoln, Jefferson, Edmund Burke, Byron, Talleyrand. One that may prove of especial interest at the moment deals with the Scot in America, and the Ulster Scot. Between 1730 and 1770 Mr. Reid tells us there were at least half a million Ulstermen in the Colonies, and at the time of the Revolution they formed one-sixth of the total population. And the Scots and the Ulstermen were the backbone of the Revolution. He tells us what few of us knew or remembered, that the original Brunker's Hill is close outside Belfast. The name is probably a corruption of Brunker's Hill. Captain Brunker was an officer who came to Ulster with Essex in 1572, and received a grant of land in Antrim. The essays on Lincoln and Jefferson are most interesting; they are written from a great knowledge and out of a wise understanding. Indeed, the essays that are concerned with American politics and affairs are excellent, full of balanced sense, and sanity of view. The essay on Byron is interesting, too, in another way. The writer's criticism is that of a plain man, a man of sense and judgment, but emphatically not a man of letters. He attributes Byron's lessened fame to the fact that he was "perpetually in revolt. His work is the literature of revolt, and, for the most part, of unwise and unsuccessful revolt." He calls "Childe Harold" his highwater mark, but has not a word to say of "Don Juan." Somewhere he calls Poe's definition of poetry as *the rhythmic creation of beauty* "a ghastly creed." Perhaps, in some ways, the best and most interesting of all are the essays on journalism. Mr. Reid knew all about the American Press since the mid-Victorian days, and watched its development, which he describes with rapid insight, and with enjoyment that is fully shared by the reader. He has much that is wise and much that is acute to say of the tendencies, duties, and opportunities of modern journalism. It is pleasant to find that, with his high ideals, he admires the London Press. Throughout the two volumes Mr. Reid's disinterested way of approaching problems, and his intellectual honesty and scrupulousness, are the most distinguishing features, and these are so valuable that we must look forward eagerly to the publication of the biography which is now in preparation.

F. M. A.

THE NEW ROAD.†

In "The New Road," Mr. Neil Munro takes the old path through the romantic Highlands, trodden by the heroes of Scott, and by Allen Breck and David Balfour in more recent times. There is more of Stevenson than of Scott in the new Highland romance. In fact, Mr. Munro has won to the position that many tried to gain, and now stands forth bravely as the legitimate successor to the author of "Kidnapped." It need scarcely be said that Mr. Munro is no imitator. He has a marked originality alike in dictation and in spirit, and his subject-matter is fresh and interesting. Unlike both Scott and Stevenson, he is not concerned in the least about the Lowland Scot. It is the Gael of the mountains and the outer islands who is the unique object of interest to the author of the "Lost Pibroch"; and in his new romance, he takes the Highlander in the days of his glory, before the power of the clans was broken on Culloden Moor. When the story opens,

* "The Collected Essays of Whitelaw Reid." 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Smith, Elder).

† "The New Road." By Neil Munro. (Blackwood). 6s.

Wade is building "The New Road," running northwards from Stirling and opening the country for the first time in history to the influences of civilisation. The clansmen are moody and restless; for they see that the road is an instrument of domination, along which an army with guns can move and defeat the clans in detail. So the Highlanders are rapidly arming in preparation for the wild, splendid raid, which was to carry them as far as Derby.

Such is the fine background to the adventures of young Mr. Macmaster and his more experienced companion, Ninian Campbell. Both of them take General Wade's road to the north, in order to carry out a little matter of business; but they find that the road is blocked to them by a watch of Highlanders, and they get into a tangle of adventures, told with a brilliance, zest and picturesqueness that recall Stevenson at his best. The language is a pure delight; it is often true Gaelic eloquence expressed in fine English, somewhat in the way that Synge turned the eloquence of the Irish Gael into the finest prose of our day. There are no set descriptions of scenery, but the spirit of the wild, misty wooded heights is subtly conveyed in the course of the story, together with a vivid impression of the ordinary life of the Highlander in the last days of his glory.

It is quite the best piece of work that Mr. Neil Munro has yet done. More than loving study of the history of his race and fine careful craftsmanship have gone to its making. In it are life and inspiration, such as occurred in gleams in some of Mr. Munro's early Highland short stories. For some years he has been trying to develop himself from a writer of fine, uncertain, lyrical genius into a writer with the epic qualities of prose narrative art. In most cases his longer works have still only been lighted by gleams of the true fire. They were charming, workmanlike, distinguished efforts, but they wanted that broad illumination and sustained power of narrative, with a *crescendo* movement, necessary in the best kind of long novel.

In "The New Road" he has won the fuller inspiration. He is now one of the chief writers of the modern romantic school—perhaps indeed the chief.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS.*

For some time we have had reason to bless the enterprise of certain publishers who have turned their attention to French literature, which is—apart from poetry—the greatest of all literatures of the West. The cheap cloth-bound volumes which are now coming from the press are in every way more desirable than the familiar yellow-back, that is, if we put on one side the delightful associations of the latter. And no doubt there are a number of French writers whom it is undesirable to read in any form other than that of their native land. In defence of the paper-back it is often urged that if you care for any particular volume you can have it bound in any style and colour that you please, but this appears to be a weak excuse, since it is surely preferable to have a book in the cover which its author, however misguided he may have been, prefers; and if the author has, on account of death or other reasons, left the choice to his publisher's discretion, then it is more than likely that we should not have turned it out so well ourselves. The readers of French literature in England are vastly on the increase, owing to a great extent to Anatole France, whose books are not available except in paper covers, and it is all to the good that these facilities in the way of price and binding should be afforded us. Anatole Le Braz is in a peculiar position; he has been already in part translated into English, but he is not so popular among us as is Pierre Loti, whose Breton

work his own resembles. Loti has also been in part translated, but one ventures to think that this was a mistake, since so perfect and delicate a stylist loses so enormously in the process. Le Braz devotes himself largely to the simple life and death of Bretons; their folk-lore and their voyages to Iceland find in him a devoted chronicler. He does not pay so much unceasing attention to the word as does Loti, and therefore he can better be translated. "Pâques d'Islande" reminds one over and over again of "Pêcheur d'Islande," and not always to the advantage of the latter. Both books are in the nature of the case somewhat sentimental, but the human psychology is in Le Braz more satisfying. His volume contains several studies in addition to the pathetic tale of Guillaume Kerello, which tale, by the way, must cause us and Messieurs Loti and Le Braz—to congratulate ourselves that Joseph Conrad chose to become an English and not a French writer; anyone to whom Brittany, the real Brittany of mist and rocks and furze and loneliness and ancient things, is dear will turn with pleasure to these other tales of Le Braz. Of course, in Balzac's "Les Chouans" we receive a tremendously vivid impression of the Brittany of the revolutionary period, and Brittany is one of the homes of lost causes. The grandeur of Balzac is to one reader at any rate more wonderful in his shorter stories; there is nothing here to rival the "Atheist's Mass," but on the other hand the chain, as it were, of episodes is more to one's taste than a long, more orthodox story. Before the publication of this volume of Charles Nodier's work it may be doubted whether he was at all well known in this country. One can describe him shortly as a curious and curiously interesting product of the nineteenth century. He is much concerned with the architecture of his tales, and the tales themselves abound in ideas. How different he is from Flaubert may be seen from the remark: "Comme il faut une moralité aux contes les plus vulgaires, vous ne me défendez pas, messieurs, d'en attacher une à celui-ci . . ." but he is on the side of ourselves and the angels when he sums up the tale of Hélène Gillet with the words: "Il ne faut tuer personne. Il ne faut pas tuer ceux qui tuent. Il ne faut pas tuer le bourreau! Les lois d'homicide, il faut les tuer! . . ." This story of Hélène Gillet is very interesting, but the pathos is not so heart-breaking—it is more shattering—than that of "Un Cœur Simple." The remaining two volumes before me have introductions by personages no less eminent than Faguet and Bourget. The charm of La Fontaine, more than 500 pages of charm and edification and memories and no Doré pictures—what more can you demand for tenpence? And whatever one may think of Bourget's later work, there is no one to whom we would listen more readily when the subject is psychological and removed from to-day's arena. "Adolphe" is anyhow a book that one has to read, with pleasure.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE THEORY OF POETRY IN ENGLAND.*

At the beginning of his admirably lucid preface Prof. R. P. Cowl announces that his book is intended for the use of students of English poetry and criticism. "Student" must here have no restricted interpretation, for this collection of authoritative documents, expository and critical, should certainly claim the attention of all readers of poetry, whose judgment does not stop short with the appeal to Molière's maid. The publication of this book is opportune. No one in these days demands a return in criticism to the Johnsonian frame of mind, or to a measurement of poetry by "the indispensable laws of Aristotelian criticism."

Nevertheless, soundness and sanity of judgment on modern poetry commence only with the recollection of

* "Pâques d'Islande," by Anatole Le Braz; and "Les Chouans," by H. de Balzac. 1s. net each. (Nelson.)

"Contes Fantastiques," by Charles Nodier, and "Adolphe," by Benjamin Constant. 1s. net each. (Dent.)

"Fables." By La Fontaine. 10d. net. (Nelson.)

* "The Theory of Poetry in England." (Its Development in Doctrines and Ideas from the Sixteenth Century to the Nineteenth Century.) By R. P. Cowl, M.A. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

past theories, and increase in strength and sureness when the æsthetic principles and critical standards of previous centuries are thoroughly understood.

Prof. Cowl's book is not a collection of *obiter dicta*, and the opinions of individual writers have throughout been subordinated to the presentation in detail of the general evolution of poetic theory in England during the three most prolific centuries in our literature. Thus it is possible to trace not only the evolution and development of the theory of poetry, but to watch throughout three centuries of exposition and criticism the oscillation of theory between the poles of Classicism and Romanticism. For this reason the volume claims the attention of all literary historians. Too little work has been done on the study of poetry from the point of view of theory. In the past, ample justice has been given to that kind of criticism which finds in poetry the utterance of the finest spirit of the age, and of the nation's life: we are weary of criticism which pillages the lives of famous authors to interpret their work. Dryden's apostasies, Pope's quarrels with Addison, Johnson's splendid and overmastering dictatorship, Byron's "Childe Haroldism," how threadbare do these themes tend to become! But it is not too much to say that the most fresh and valuable work that remains to be done by literary historians, lies in the re-examination and reconsideration of those critical documents, which, in practically every period of our literature, manifest the alliance of poetic practice with poetic theory, and demonstrate the constant interplay of creative and critical work.

From the point of view presented by Prof. Cowl's book, the study of poetry ceases to be a matter of "Ages." Doubtless the old convenient classifications—the Age of Dryden, the Age of Pope, the Age of Wordsworth—will always convey to the mind of the reader the salient features of the period, but this study of critical doctrines, this tracing, with wide and patient scholarship, the ebb and flow of the tides of Classicism and Romanticism renders any sharp division of English poetry into epochs a matter of difficulty.

As the author points out in his preface, the two great conflicting theories arrived in embryo from Italy in the sixteenth century. For a time tentative efforts were made to combine the cardinal doctrines of both theories, but under the influence of the seventeenth-century French Classical School, Neo-Classicism freed itself, and gradually approached its period of authority about the middle of the eighteenth century. Yet its sovereignty in poetry was far from being absolute. The narrow, intensely logical mind of a critic like Boileau applied seemingly without question or thought of compromise the rules and "kinds" of classical poetry and criticism to French poetry. English critics were less orthodox: there never was in England any "root and branch" allegiance in criticism to the tenets of Aristotle or Horace.

What is true of Neo-Classicism with respect to its development is equally true of Romanticism. It made no sudden and decisive challenge to Neo-Classical critics: its heresies at first were very mild. The real assault began with the vindication of "Gothic" poetry. "Judge of the 'Fairy Queen,'" writes Hurd in 1762, "by the classic models, and you are shocked with its disorder: consider it with an eye to its Gothic original, and you find it regular. The unity and simplicity of the former are more complete; but the latter has that sort of unity and simplicity which results from its nature." This marks the way of liberation for Romanticism, and from this it proceeds by gradual steps to the assertion of the principle of freedom for all poetry from the bondage of formal law, and to the elaboration of theories of imagination and inspiration, which were in accord with the transcendental tendencies of the early nineteenth century.

This summary, necessarily brief and sketchy, conveys no adequate idea of the complex nature of these theories, nor of the labour involved in marshalling an unwieldy mass of evidence towards a precise and definite elucidation of doctrine. The author is to be congratulated on the freshness of his material, particularly for the study of eighteenth-

century poetry. The impressionistic and interpretative criticism of the Romantic School is sufficiently well known; its inherent attractiveness makes the practice of it permanent. But the Augustan Age of English poetry continues to suffer from the vagueness of its exponents. To say that eighteenth-century poets opposed Art to Nature, that they followed the ancients, that their ideals were circumscribed by the desire for urbanity, common sense, and the subordination of inspiration and enthusiasm to reason, is merely to touch the fringes of the subject. The only real means to the solution of "the riddle of the eighteenth century" is to go back to Neo-Classical theories, propounded in detail, and conscientiously followed. To this end, Prof. Cowl's book is invaluable. What exactly the Augustans took from the Aristotelian doctrine of poetry as a mimetic art, what they meant by the phrase "Follow Nature," what the word "Nature" itself meant to them, and for what reasons they modelled their work on the poetry of antiquity, all these questions are handled with precision and distinction. In the making of this volume, Prof. Cowl's fine and competent scholarship has had full scope: the result is a real contribution to the history of English poetry.

JOHN R. PIEDIE.

"VANDOVER AND THE BRUTE."*

It is with a feeling of doubt and hesitation, a sense as of drawn blinds and a hushed chamber, that one approaches the posthumous work of a powerful artist: a sense more-over of taking him, as it were, at a disadvantage. For he left his picture upon the easel, perhaps even turned face-to-wall, awaiting the last scumbles, the final fusing that comes of a vision cleared and refreshed by abstention; yet we view it, framed, hung in a strong gallery light, as a thing upon which the artist—in reality robbed by death of that needed privilege—has presumably pronounced his conclusive "Yes."

"Vandover and the Brute"—the fiercely unflinching title gives an instant key to the work of an unflinching Realist, one vowed to the task of tearing the very entrails from his subject. In effect its dominant idea has not merely possessed, it has obsessed him. To peruse the book is to be something more than a reader: rather is it to become the thrilled spectator of an arena-battle, fought to its whelming finish between Vandover and the Brute within him. There are no light interludes of pageantry, or even of the deadly-delicate *relatiarius* and *secutor* type. Sensual Brute and feebly striving Man are at grips, from first to last, upon the blood-stained sand.

We see Vandover first scratched, as a mere boy, by the Brute; clawed afresh, though not vitally, as a Harvard sophomore. The San Francisco life opens, thanks to the saving grace of his artistic talent, more hopefully. But there is hardly stuff enough in Vandover for art to take root in: he is pleasant, sybaritic, fleshly; a man to feed on chocolate creams while soaking himself by the hour in luxurious hot-baths. His society, mainly that of unclassed women, is diluted by the company of his two college chums. Of these Haight, the sweet-natured, is too negative to be influential; Geary, clever and capable, is morally as rotten as himself: a self-consequential "bounder," moreover, the iteration of whose little tags wears, like the insistent display of Mr. Carker's teeth, upon the reader's nerves. Nevertheless this odious Geary stands forth, later, a genuine creation, of vital import to the story.

In Chapter IV. the Brute, using the alcoholic paw, knocks Vandover out of time. Soon the sensual paw strikes him down; and the suicide of his victim, Ida Wade—the first of several vividly marked accents in the big picture—scores him deeply. The subsequent confession to his father is at once dramatic and finely human. The *Mazatlan* passage issues in a *dénouement* ghastly in its details—e.g., the wretched Jew's death—but of sustained power. The ship's death is realism at its best and soundest.

* "Vandover and the Brute." By Frank Norris. 6s. (Heinemann.)

... "The *Mazatlan* rose out of a ring of foam ... the screw writhing its flanges into the air like some enormous starfish already fastened upon the hulk."

After the death of his father Vandover has a brief uplifting; to be followed by the double crash of his social ostracism and total loss of executive faculty in art: the latter, perhaps, conjoined with the subsequent gambling craze, a somewhat too obviously built up Nemesis. But if this be a fault, the author mitigates it by a subtly-managed insertion of the Geary oar. Geary, with absolute truth to his now developed character, completes the ruin of his old chum. And so we behold at length the maudlin wreck of a once-man crawling naked about rooms, barking like a dog. Beyond doubt a weaker artist must have consummated such a *débâcle* with a death-scene: Frank Norris keeps a more poignantly ironic tragedy for his "curtain." What a mordant, what a trenchant yet true and terrible picture is that of the whimpering, half-starved, still brute-ridden creature cleaning out the filthy cottage under Geary's orders!

Is, or is not, the doom of poor Haight an artistic blemish that the author, had he lived, would have expunged? The point is arguable; but to the present writer that second tragedy seems a stultification of the central position. For surely the whole work is a stern exposition of the thesis: "Give way to the brute within you, and he'll wreck you body and soul"; and does not Haight's doom involve the shattering rider, "But live straight and cleanly, and the gods will wreck you all the same?" Perhaps Zola, Flaubert, Maupassant would have sacrificed Haight—would not Balzac have spared him?

HAROLD VALLINGS.

THE FANATIC OF HER FEELINGS.*

When someone remarked, in platitude, to the wit Luttrell that there was nothing new under the sun, "No, nor under the grandson either," was the smart reply. Termagants born, and the tyrants who manufacture them, are always with us, while the very distempers of the distinguished will serve to stimulate interest. But one may have too much of a bad thing. The sorry, if spiced, story unfolded in this fresh series of Lady Lytton's woes and *mots* is emphatically an old one—though there is certainly captivation in her style. By this time of day there are now few dark places in this desolate ruin to explain or explore. Again we watch those fierce and sometimes sordid encounters between the spithire beauty and the dandy despot, whose laced, frilled, favourite shirt we now learn that she went remorselessly and burned. Again we catch her hysterical, rabid, indiscriminate onslaughts on all the world (and especially his wife)—on everyone in the remotest degree allied to "Sir Liar Coward," as she gently termed him. Again she rails at all that she held responsible—except herself and that better self that might much oftener have been. And, on the other hand, once more we are treated to the worst self of the strange, proud man whom even when most meaning to melt she somehow most fatally incensed. So goaded do we see him by her "cheek" that he once actually—if the pun may be pardoned—bit a piece out of it. True, this exceptional proceeding horrified him next morning, and prompted a touching apology—hardly grateful, however, to inflammation. True, no one else's cheek—nor hers, of course—did he ever bite again. None the less, geniuses—and geniuses who are also gentlemen—do not, as a rule, so indulge their feelings, whatever the provocation. The calamities and quarrels of authors, the wrangles of shrews and sultans, the furies of Xantippe, Catherine in Shakespeare and Russia,

* "Unpublished Letters of Lady Bulwer Lytton to A. E. Chalon, R.A. With an Introduction and Notes by S. K. Ellis. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)



Alfred Edward Chalon, R.A.

Drawn by G. R. Ward from the portrait by J. J. Chalon, R.A.
From "Unpublished Letters by Lady Bulwer Lytton to A. E. Chalon" (Eveleigh Nash).

Henry the Eighth, and Lord Byron, the human hysterics of austere Carlyle—all these, and their like, pale into insignificance compared with the hammer-and-tongs existence of the passionate celebrity and the *belle* with the piercing tongue. The word "tongs" seems especially fitting. I have been told by one who still remembers a neighbour of the ill-starred couple in the early thirties, that he used to hear them at midnight bitterly fighting with the fire-irons. Underneath all that double brilliance lies a bitter tragedy—life withered by an utter lack of self-control. Lady Lytton could be charming—in the April weather of their earliest association, *was* so, and, indeed, only became unbearable by hugging her grievances till with them she strangled charity also. She herself took for her plea those terrible words of Queen Constance:

"... Lacking my wrong,

No other tongue hath power to curse him right."

She gradually lost, or impaired by the monotony of hate, Byron's:

"That sarcastic levity of tongue,

The stinging of a heart the world has stung."

until, like Dido in "Virgil," she showed only too clearly, "What woman's fury does and dares." But, at all times, she was ungovernable; nor was any deep tenderness, it would seem, an undercurrent of her quick exuberance. Her nature had been warped by her upbringing, possibly by her heritage. She was, in truth, the fanatic of her feelings. Had she begun to-day, who can doubt that she would have been a "Militant," and a shrew into the bargain. Her temper and temperament danced a "rag-time" long before the American negro supplied the market.

Most will recall the outlines of her story. Born in 1802, in an old family house, as ramshackle and rambling as the family, the daughter of one of Lever's typical squires and of a Doyle whose father was an archdeacon, and whose grandfather was Lord Massey, Rosina Wheeler entered an improvident world in an improvident way. She saw less and less of her parents. Her mother gradually

drifted abroad, where she lived among "Socialists" and Bohemians. At ten years of age the child was brought up and cared for by her great-uncle, the Sir John Doyle who was Governor of Guernsey. Thence, with him, she removed to London in 1816. Clever, audacious, unbridled, she startled a society at once rakish and prudish, by going out unchaperoned to luncheons. She took up with a set at once clever and ill regulated. "L. E. L." (Disraeli's "The Sappho of Brompton") was her friend, though afterwards she denounced her. Lady Caroline Lamb (Lady Melbourne), Byron's familiar yet persecuting spirit, fresh from one of those flirtations always indispensable to her—this time with young Edward Bulwer, still at Cambridge—took up the brilliant young Irishwoman, and brought them together at Brompton.* Twice, Lady Lytton maintains, he proposed, and was refused. But, at any rate, she fell violently in love with the well-born, gifted, and fascinating young man. He sympathised with the beauty and talent which seemed so forlorn and neglected. Unhappily a *liaison* was established that made marriage imperative. Bulwer Lytton's mother abhorred the match, which she foresaw rested on no firm foundation. But, in April, 1826, they were married. In April, 1836, after the birth of two children, and a thousand scenes, reconciliations and re-embitterments, after, too, a series of expensive residences with stately parks and costly gardens extravagantly over their immediate resources, after his hard and wonderfully remunerative work to support her whom, for the first years, he recognised as "an incomparable wife," they definitely parted. She travelled abroad. She wrote stinging satires and clever books. These were but links in the chain of a long series of hatreds and suspicious and accusations, culminating in open attempts to hurt his career, and his efforts to counteract them, sometimes, it would seem, with small compunction as to the means. She retired to Langollen, and to Taunton, always reviling and threatening him. Suddenly she appeared at his Hertford Election. He got her shut up (he was then a Cabinet Minister) in a Brentford *maison-de-santé*. After many sad vicissitudes she died in March, 1882, at Sydenham.

Before their marriage he had solemnly warned her against himself, and a passage from a diary of hers in 1835 accentuates the minor key:

"What a life mine has been! A sunless childhood; a flowerless youth; and certainly a fruitless womanhood. . . . I hate looking back on the last eight years of my life; I so thoroughly despise myself for having wasted so much affection, zeal, and devotion on so worthless an object. . . . Sympathy must be given before it can be received, just as respect must be paid before it can be expected in return. . . . I dread going to bed, for there this gnawing pain and low fever consume me. I cannot sleep, and therefore cannot dream, which makes loneliness doubly lonely, for dreams are a sort of phantasmagoria of life. . . . From crying, coughing, and violent agitation, I have burst a small blood-vessel. Oh, my God! my God! When will you take me. . . ."

And yet, shortly afterwards, she implores her fiend to take her back—"a weakness more of body than of mind"—and concludes: "God bless you, and may you hereafter be as happy as I have made you the reverse, and may I soon be at rest." Some twenty-one years onwards, however, when time (and torture) had hardened her, she thus addressed Alfred Chalon the artist, to whom these new letters are addressed:

"Of course, had I been a tigress and a devil, then I should have treated that monster as you suggest; but unfortunately, then, I was a lamb, a dove, a Griselda, and a fool, turning pale and trembling when I heard his footsteps approaching. . . ."

That one so full of wit and humour should lose all sense of proportion in her outrageous invectives only shows how distraught she became. Not only does she call her husband in letters of different dates "a loathsome, leprous, incarnate Infamy," denounce him as one who has compassed her life with a snare, and crowned it with a curse, and assert that he had confessed to having often "felled" his mother "to the earth," but she heaps abuse on Lady Blessington and all her set, not excepting Forster, whom

* "It was at Brompton the brute proposed for me," is her characteristic recital.

she calls a "brute," and Dickens, and Disraeli whom she vilifies as "a trading politician," together with Mrs. Disraeli, who had long befriended her, and had sent her £20:

"But my parish allowance arriving on the same day, I sent it back to her by return of post with many thanks. Upon the strength of this, I understand the vulgar old wretch boasts to every one of her kindness. . . ."

The Queen herself is not exempt—except when she shows interest in one of the Fury's novels. Such are a few instances of a love that Mr. Ellis, the able editor (though what makes him speak of "frenzical"?) well terms "vivaciously vindictive." And yet, how kind she could be to those she really (and, maybe, as unreasonably) loved, and to the countless pet dogs on whom (like Ouida) she lavished her affection. Old Lady Hotham leaves her worthy butler and his wife unprovided for. The "parish" allowancer is ready to take them in with open arms.

It is a relief to turn to the real fun of much in this correspondence. How good is her nickname—in allusion to the song of the Mistletoe Bough—for Chalon's dog Mistletoe,——"M. Bow-wow," and "Assinæum" for the Athenæum Club, or whimsical phrases, such as "The indigestion of Misery," or satirical touches, like her appeal to good nature: ". . . You must take me for better, for worse. I only hope you won't find me worse than you took me for, which is generally the result of that proceeding," and the less kindly *mot* about Lady Blessington, whose first husband's name had been Farmer, and whose after-friendship with Lord Blessington had been regularised by marriage: ". . . I think the Protectionists ought to have erected a statue to him for doing away with *Protection* by espousing the Farmer's grievance." Excellent, too, is her story of Curran ("the wellings of the old spring") who, when he was running in great haste down Piccadilly to catch the last postman, and was stopped by an inveterate button-holer to ask him what he thought of the taking of Algiers: "Pooh! pooh!" said he, "sufficient to the day (the *Dey*) is the evil thereof." Not only is a wide, if desultory, culture in all literatures abundantly evident, but there are constant streaks of shrewd sense and observation, as, for instance, the following:

"Ah! my dear Mr. Chalon, if you think giving sovereigns to people in distress, or even more than half one possesses sometimes to extricate very worthless people . . . if you, I say, think this such a redeeming point, I only wish you had the writing of my life. Your anecdote of Lane only adds another to my long list of disgusts at the private detraction and published adulation that goes on among artists and authors. I had quite enough of this with Moore and Campbell about poor Lord Byron."

And this anent her acquaintance Louis Napoleon:

"Rochefoucauld likens our actions to *bouts rimés* which every one makes correspond with what they please; the fact is they are more like mathematical problems the motive of which is the base, and the world seldom or ever being able to discover this base, the actions themselves, in every part of their superstructure, to it appear dubious or untrue."

Was this, unconsciously, the secret of her own pessimism? Nothing is so wearing and wearying—beyond all outside buffets of fortune—as the fanaticism of the feelings. She herself expressed the wish that the following text from Isaiah should stand on her tombstone: "The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve."

WALTER SICHEL.

THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.*

The Rev. Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg, is one of the pioneers of Western Canada. He has done heroic work in the cause of higher education in Manitoba, being the founder of one of the strongest colleges in the provincial University. For a quarter of a century he was professor in the institution,

* "A Short History of the Canadian People." By George Bryce, D.D., LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

and now, full of years and honours, has escaped from the trammels of pedagogy only to bend beneath an even stiffer yoke, that of a maker of books and historian of his native land. Before undertaking his Green-like task of writing a history of the Canadian people, Professor Bryce produced a number of lesser works, including a biography of Lord Selkirk, a history of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a volume celebrating the exploits of Scotsmen in the prairie country. And now he has accomplished the biggest task of all, the preparation of a 600-page history of the Canadian people.

When John Richard Green wrote his "Short History of the English People," he did not attempt to follow the political and social movements of his own time. But Dr. Bryce has been more daring; he prides himself on having brought his narrative "right up-to-date." With copious industry he begins with Plato and the story of Atlantis and does not stay his hand until he chronicles the departure of the 1913 Stefansson expedition to the Canadian Arctic regions. We are informed in the preface that the author wrote a short history of Canada that was issued some years ago, but as that volume did not contain "by far the greatest and most important part of Canadian history—the last *Twenty-five years*"—he has re-written and modernised the earlier book, and now offers it to the public in confidence that it will be appreciated because it contains: "(1) A just story, (2) the lists of authorities; (3) the Text of the British North America Act; (4) the list of all Dominion and Provincial Governors; (5) the useful table of Canadian Annals; (6) a good Index and Map of Canada."

With the exception of the chapter on the Canadian Indians, a valuable review of their origin, manners and customs, there is nothing worthy of special mention in the earlier section of this history. It is when Dr. Bryce struggles through the period of the Revolutionary War and begins to describe the emigration of the United Empire Loyalists to Canada that his pages convey a sense of newness. The detailed information which he gives concerning the Loyalist settlers, where and how they took uplands in the maritime provinces and in Ontario, is evidently the result of patient research. Of equal interest is his story of the great immigration into Canada between 1817 and 1836, when Irish, Scotch, and English settlers poured into the country. British emigrants to the number of 34,000 sailed for Canada in 1831, and during 1829 to 1833 as many as 160,000 colonists from the United Kingdom found homes in the forest townships of Canada. Ontario readers of to-day can find in these pages just why certain counties are peopled by Irish, Scotch or English, and, as in the settlement of Glengarry, just what urge of circumstances led to the emigration of Macdonell and his Highlanders.

This period is not only important in the history of Canada because it witnessed such a tide of emigration flowing from Britain and the United States, but because it saw the rise of bitter opposition to the Family Compact, the oligarchy who ruled Upper Canada with a rod of iron for so many years and whose tyranny led to the Rebellion of 1837, with its subsequent blessings of self-government for the Canadian people. Dr. Bryce has covered this ground in interesting style. He has tried to make the struggle real to us, not so much by emphasising the constitutional aspects of it, as by giving sketches of the strong personalities who figured in the stormy politics of the time, among others Governor Gore, Judge Willis, Bishop Strachan, Baldwin, Matthews, Mackenzie, and Bidwell. Such stories as the trial of Robert Gourlay and the persecution of the Bidwells, as related by Dr. Bryce, bring home to us the iniquities of the Family Compact in a way that the ordinary history of Canada fails to do.

Turning to the latter portion of this volume, we realise that the great aim of this Canadian historian has been to bring his narrative up-to-date. But we feel that he has made a mistake in departing from Green's more cautious policy. He is too near the events of which he writes to do them or himself justice, and Canadian readers

will find many rocks of stumbling in the last sixteen sections, in which estimates are given of politicians, poets, journalists, and painters of the present hour. Dr. Bryce is strong in flattery of his contemporaries, but the mere fact that he is fainter in his praise of some than of others, and, a more serious fault still, the fact that he omits to mention some worthies altogether, will bring storms about his head.

W. T. ALLISON.

A MIXED BAG.

It is often said that novelists are bad judges of novels and ought not to review them. But every novelist knows that the only really illuminative, penetrative criticism he ever receives comes from his fellow-novelists. He knows further that the only really intelligent praise he ever receives comes from his fellow-novelists. For only a novelist can see just how much has gone into the making of a novel, the difficult bits, the bits that wrote themselves, just how certain effects were achieved, and how certain failures were allowed to pass into print out of the author's sheer weariness and despair.

There is a kind of intellectual snobbery which affects to regard novels as an inferior form of the literary art, and views them from that lofty standpoint, whereas the fact is that there is nothing harder to write than a really good novel, as is proved by their scarcity. Of the thousands of novels that pour from the press, year by year, of the hundreds that pass through my own hands, there is found only one here and there that is entirely successful. Many of them are an artistic success; a few are a commercial success; but the novel that is at once successful artistically and commercially is rarer than a great auk's egg. And yet there are very few utterly bad novels published. The general reading public of to-day demands a very much higher standard of literary merit than the general reading public of yesterday. Even the most blatantly sensational novels have usually some pretensions to style and finish such as would have been derided by the popularity-mongers of a former generation. The fustian of G. W. M. Reynolds and the sickly puerilities of Geraldine Jewsbury, for example, would nowadays hardly find a publisher, or, if they did find a publisher, would not find a reader above the level of the novelette-reading class.

And I am moved to these reflections by the fact—the sad fact—that though all these six books I have just finished reading are good in their various ways, very good indeed, some of them, there is not one that is likely to repay its author for the pains and care and labour expended upon it. And yet, if only these books could each get to the right people they would all of them—with possibly one exception—enjoy prodigious sales. There should be tens of thousands of readers for five at least of these books. There are tens of thousands who would read them with the keenest delight. But they never will read them because they will never get to know about them. And that is the supreme tragedy of the author: to know that he could give great pleasure to countless unknown men and women who never have and never will read any of his books.

Of the six authors under review I should say that Mr. Bernard Capes is the best known. He has a long and honourable record. All his work is notable for real grace and charm and dignity. He has a fine sense of the colour and the rhythm of words, a neat nimble wit, and the right instinct for the essentially romantic. His style is perhaps just a little too precious at times, and his plots—in this present "Story of Fifine,"¹ at any rate—just a little too elaborate and complicated. Personally I should have preferred more dialogue and less intrigue, for Mr. Capes' dialogue is always a thing of joy to me because of its lightness and deftness, and his intrigues are rather too exacting of a close attention to a mind relaxed by enjoyment of his

¹ "The Story of Fifine." By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Constable.)

exquisite comedy. "The Story of Fifine" all happens in France, in Paris at first and then in a series of wayward meanderings through some picturesque old towns of Provence, the very names of which are as softest music to the ear. At the end a tragic note is struck that somehow jars a little; but the story is certainly one to be read not only for its own sake but for the sake of those high qualities of conscientious craftsmanship for which Mr. Capes' work is always remarkable.

"Dubliners"² and "The Island"³ are two volumes of short stories whose likenesses seem only to accentuate their differences. They are both strung on a thread of common interest. The title of "Dubliners" explains itself. "The Island" is situate somewhere in the tropics: "a beautiful horrible, place, where even sin is exotic and profuse like the vegetation." One seems to breathe the hot steamy air of this lost paradise as one reads of the loves and lusts of its mongrel inhabitants . . . which is of course a tribute to Miss Mordaunt's power of envisaging a milieu. And indeed these stories are (in the cant phrase) very powerful. If they were less powerful they might be much more pleasant to read, but then they would have failed of their purpose. But this is certainly not a book to be left lying around promiscuously when our maiden aunt calls.

"Dubliners" is in a very much more subdued key. The author is an accredited poet. These tales and sketches are written in a poet's prose; they have the vagueness and inconclusiveness of much modern poetry, and yet there is a poignancy of feeling expressed in them that ever and again takes you by the throat; as in the sketch, "Araby," which tells of a boy's failure to buy with his only florin a love-gift for a girl—a dainty, wistful piece of writing, which attains—as indeed each of these sketches attains—its end most surely by the very directness and simplicity of its means. I unreservedly commend this book to all those who have a delicate and refined taste in fiction and a palate for subtle flavours.

"The Girl of the Golden West,"⁴ like "Dubliners," suggests the nature of its contents in its title. It is a novelisation of a play, and I should like to see that play—a melodrama, obviously, abounding (as the advertisements say) in magnificent situations. The character-drawing is on rather broad, conventional lines, but there is no question of the vigorous reality of these wild and woolly Westerners of a bygone era. They are very downright, if not always upright people. The whole story goes briskly and merrily to an accompaniment of pistol-shots and strange oaths and much loud laughter over the very excellent comic relief: the very thing for holiday-reading in the shadow of the cliffs or in the boarding-house parlour on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

"Johnnie Maddison"⁵ is chiefly remarkable for its truly wonderful character-drawing and the restraint of its vivid forceful style which under less skilful treatment might have degenerated into fine writing. It is in some sort a problem story, involving the question whether one is justified in telling a woman the truth about an unworthy man with whom she is in love. There is something very winning about the personality of Johnnie Maddison himself—a man you begin by thinking rather weak and foolish and end by loving and admiring extremely. The story opens with an inimitable sketch of the "crossest old woman in Wiltshire," and then, leaving England, takes us to Buenos Ayres, whither Molly the heroine, a girl of twenty, goes to marry the altogether abominable

Edmund Serge. The development of the theme might have seemed a little hackneyed in less capable hands, but in the hands of Mr. Haslette it is full of thrills and entertainment; full of something better than even thrills and entertainment—pictures of life and men all compellingly and authentically presented.

But perhaps the best of this mixed bag is "The Last Shot,"⁶ by Mr. Frederick Palmer, the well-known war correspondent. This is a big book, in every sense of the phrase: a book planned and done throughout on spacious lines. It is a story of up-to-date war. From that first enkindling sentence in the first chapter of the book: "It was Marta who first saw the speck in the sky," to the last line of the last chapter, the story never once flags nor falters. In its every incident one feels that here is the stark truth of things; that here are men—mostly men—and women—chiefly one woman—whom one knows and likes or dislikes as in the flesh. I have not space to do anything like adequate justice to this book, which deserves a whole column to itself—and that would be, so far as I am concerned, a column of praise. I have read few war-stories that I liked so well. As a rule war-stories are too technical to be altogether intelligible to the mere stay-at-home civilian. But this is not one of them: a very fine book indeed, to be read and re-read by all, to their infinite pleasure and—one might add—profit.

EDWIN PUGH.

* "The Last Shot." By Frederick Palmer. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)



A typical German village.

By permission of the artist, Erna Michel, and her publisher, Gustav Mandt, of Lauterbach.
From "By the Waters of Germany," by Norma Lorimer (Stanley Paul).

² "Dubliners." By James Joyce. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

³ "The Island." By Eleanor Mordaunt. 6s. (Heinemann.)

⁴ "The Girl of the Golden West." By David Belasco. 6s. (John Richmond.)

⁵ "Johnnie Maddison." By John Haslette. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)



Selling Oranges, Amsterdam.

From "From Russia to Siam," by Ernest Young (Max Goschen).

THREE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

It would be interesting to learn what measure of success attends Mr. Ernest Young's volume of travel sketches entitled "From Russia to Siam." It is a book which nine publishers out of ten would frown upon as too desultory, too lacking in cohesion. "Zigzag Jaunts Abroad" would describe it more accurately, for it takes us from Russia to Holland, from Siam to Corsica, from a Boy Scout Encampment in Germany to a trip down the Danube; and we end up in Finland after a brief sojourn in Canton and Macao. To the question, "Who will buy such a book?" most publishers would make a pessimistic reply. The circulating libraries, of course, must take their quantum of copies, but who else? Not many people, one is afraid. And yet, in its unpretentious, happy-go-lucky way, it is quite a pleasant book, with many interesting and entertaining pages in it. Mr. Young writes cleverly and vividly. The pawnshops in Canton, he tells us, are "often great, square, solid, granite structures, which look more like old Border keeps than the residences of accommodating uncles." And some of his personal experiences have been strange and out of the common.

But, generally speaking, a travel volume, to achieve any degree of popularity, either must have in it something of the guide-book element, or it must deal with a region very much in the public eye, or it must express an exceptional personality. Mr. Young is modest and aware of his limitations in the present instance. He will be content, I fancy, to know that most of his readers—and especially his

* "From Russia to Siam." By Ernest Young. 10s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen.)—"Albania." By Wadham Peacock. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"By the Waters of Germany." By Norma Lorimer. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

fellow-nomads—will derive no little enjoyment from this account of his wanderings.

In his "Albania: the Foundling State of Europe," Mr. Wadham Peacock deals with a country very much in the public eye, and he does so very interestingly and informingly. The new King had arrived at his new capital when Mr. Peacock wrote his Preface, dated March, 1914. "But the soul of the Shkypetar people remains the same, and the Albania of to-morrow will be the Albania of yesterday, with only a superficial variation." Of all the Albanian notabilities introduced to us by Mr. Peacock, little Hakki Pasha is the most engaging. Here is a passage so good that I must really transcribe it in full, even though I be left without space for further comment upon the rest of the volume:

"The Vali hastened to turn the conversation and said: 'Tell the English Bev, Hakki Pasha, how they gave you sugar in England!'

"Hakki's little eyes lighted up with the spirit of fun, and he began at once, screwing up his caricature of a face and acting every part of his recital; while the Vali Pasha, who had heard the story hundred times before, followed it in the unknown tongue and nodded approval at the right places, which were vividly indicated by the narrator's wonderful gestures.

" 'When I was in England learning engineering,' said Hakki Pasha, 'I was in a Boarding House near the school, and the landlady was very mean with the sugar. You know that we in the East like a good deal of sweet, and so, when she sent me my cup of tea with only two lumps of sugar in it, I used to send it back and ask for more. Then she would search out the smallest lump of sugar in the basin and hold it out to me between her finger and thumb'—suiting the action to the word and looking with head on one side and screwed-up eyes at his finger and thumb which he pinched together as tightly as possible to indicate the very smallest piece of sugar—'she used to hold it like that and say: "Is that too much for you, Hakki Bey?"'

"Then, as he reached the cream of the joke, we all laughed, not loudly or uproariously, but in a dignified and subdued manner, as people who have heard the story before and hope to hear it again, and the little Pasha said: 'That is how they give you sugar in England!'

The third of our three books of travel, "By the Waters of Germany," has in it all the three constituents of popularity above specified, for it deals with a region of the Fatherland (the Rhineland, the Black Forest, Bavaria and Alsace), which is never out of the public eye; it



Albanian Mountaineers.

A group of Roman Catholics outside a church in the mountains.
From "Albania," by Wadham Peacock (Constable).

explains in practical and trustworthy detail how to achieve a delightful holiday at an extraordinarily low price; and it expresses a very charming and sympathetic personality. Miss Norma Lorimer, had she lived in the eighteenth century, would have been a famous letter-writer. All these travel-books of hers, whether they tell of Sicily or Italy, of Carthage or Egypt, are in their essence long, friendly, humorous, graphic Letters from Abroad. Easy writing is often hard reading, but here is easy reading which, one feels convinced, has been produced by the born letter-writer's facile pen. Expression comes as naturally to Miss Lorimer as observation. Here is an effective pen-picture which I am sure she just "dashed off"—a lightning sketch of a group of German officers at a railway station,

"As two of them wore full grey cloaks with collars, Louise said they must be men of high rank. I have certainly never seen such high collars, or such very black helmets, or such very gold eagles. The younger men were extremely smart, in their perfectly dark blue uniforms, piped with red; and their white and grey silk sashes, with immense silver tassels, encircled really very slim waists. One of them in particular, who was evidently an aide-de-camp to the more important of the two older men, took my fancy. He was as agile as a Marathon runner, and his way of clicking his heels and saluting was spirited and distinctive. Not once but many times, did he disappear from the group only to return again with some fresh piece of information which his superior had sent him to find out. He did not, I admit, equal for elegance and grace the youthful Italian *teniente* in his full war paint and feather, whose slimness and beauty of limb have come down to him as a birthright through long centuries of beauty-loving people; but if German youth is not so godlike, his Manhood is not so painfully obese. Anyhow, I was grateful to that group of officers for the beauty spot they made in that dull station."

I am sure that Miss Lorimer's book will have the wide success it so well deserves.

FREDERIC WHYTE.

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE HENRY BORROW.*

Mr. Wise is as much ahead of all other bibliographers as Eclipse was ahead of all other racehorses. Out of the dead bones of statistics he has evolved a wonderful new method for probing into the side-branches of literary history. His books have not merely an attraction for the expert—an attraction evoked by complete knowledge, accuracy, and understanding of his subject—but they appeal to all who are interested in the queer, intimate, subterranean histories of books and their writers. There can be no doubt that such works will be of unique importance to the far-future biographer, just as they are of unique importance to the present-day collector. But of all Mr. Wise's bibliographies, this of Borrow is perhaps the most curiously attractive. For it contains an account of no fewer than forty-four privately-printed pamphlets of Borrow's writings (almost entirely in verse), the vast majority of which had lain in manuscript till within a year ago. Not, indeed, owing to Borrow's fault. Far from it. He made constant efforts to get his verse translations published, but he was as constantly rebuffed. It is true that we have his "Romantic Ballads," his "Targum," and his "Sleeping Bard," all of which appeared in his lifetime, but his more ambitious efforts, the work of his maturity, remained hidden till long after his death. Mr. Wise gives extracts from some of these ballads, which may suggest that the current opinion of Borrow as a versifier needs revision. They cannot be allowed to remain in the dim obscurity of privately-printed pamphlets. The ghost of Borrow cries aloud for final justice to be done to him. Let us hope that Mr. Wise will hearken to the beckoning voice.

It is almost impossible, in such a review as this, to explain the extraordinary labour and care that have been expended in this astonishing compilation. To Mr. Wise bibliography is an exact science. In these 300 odd pages, crowded with illustrations of title-pages and manuscripts, is enshrined the expert knowledge of a life given to the

* "A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of George Henry Borrow." By Thomas J. Wise. (For Private Circulation.)

arduous acquirement of a branch of learning too long neglected and scoffed at. However, Mr. Wise has the satisfaction of seeing his pioneer labours universally accepted at last as the standard of excellence to be attained by all responsible workers in the same field. That, at any rate, is some reward.

RICHARD CURLE.

THE NEW OPTIMISM.*

It is a mistake for even the philosopher to take himself too seriously, no one being more liable to err than the man who is cocksure. This cocksureness leads him by degrees to be less eager to find out what is truth than to prove that the truth is what he has found. And the very expository method adopted by Mr. de Vere Stacpoole in "The New Optimism" is calculated to encourage any mortal in a misleading belief of his own infallibility. His plan is this: He is walking by the seashore with an elegant young lady who is in the darkest stage of pessimism; she has lost hope in all things, but when Mr. Stacpoole unfolds his gospel of optimism she is instantly convinced: she admits that he is right every time. Now, none of us would be proof against this. Such easy victories make a man self-confident, and lull him into forgetting how many of our little systems have had their day and ceased to be; how often quite sagacious theories that seemed to be firmly established have been tumbled over and shown to have no foundation in fact. It is good to walk humbly and warily in a world where we can see such a little way before us.

In his earlier pages, Mr. Stacpoole summarises brilliantly and with real imaginative power the discoveries of science concerning the beginning of things. He neither accepts nor denies the existence of God, but says:

"Yes, to me, sometimes, all that work done by matter on its own account is even more wonderful than all the work done by Life, for even had life never appeared on the world the labours of 'dull matter' and 'brute force' would still have created the house of the earth. . . . The senseless ferocity of blazing gas had calmed down, and the mind of matter, if I may use the term, had reached the dignity of expressing itself in form."

Were it not as philosophical, and as likely to be true, if instead of attributing mind to matter (whose origin there is no attempt to explain) one argued from what little we know that there was clearly some transcendent force, some God above all that whirl of vapours, blazing gas and dancing atoms, and it was He that through the centuries had been moulding them to His desire? We do not attribute mind to the calculating machine, but to the man who made it capable of calculating. But no, we must have it: "The energy of matter that had constructed the solar system . . ." though Mr. Stacpoole acquiesces in the lady's fancy that "The world is like a big head, isn't it? With all its brains on the outside." If this does not imply the exterior intelligence that unphilosophical people call God I do not know what it means. And, after all, the new optimism turns out to be only the old optimism in a new coat of paint. With all his honest doubts, Mr. Stacpoole is convinced that the world is continually growing towards perfection; it moves forward to a goal that is wholly of good; and that when this material life ends we shall go on to something higher. Well, Tennyson popularised that doctrine last century, and it was not new in his day. I have a notion that you may find what is essential of it in the Bible.

It is when he comes to deal with social developments of our own times that Mr. Stacpoole allows himself to become rather too arrogant. Surely if he regarded such of these as do not please him in the spirit of the optimism he preaches, he would be tolerant and say they are of no great moment; they are just the atoms dancing still and the vapours and blazing gas still whirling, and the brain which is outside it all will in due course mould it into the world that is still in the making. He prefers, however, to sneer at

* "The New Optimism." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Socialism; he will have nothing to do with dreamers; he formulates a fantastic conception of feminism and pours condemnation on it. Nothing could be more unphilosophical than to judge of any ideal by the views of a few extremists. It were as irrational as to judge all Christianity by the actions of those bigots who lit the fires of Smithfield. To define the claims of feminism as a demand that "women may be free to change their morals in any way they please," to say that the new women want to lower the standard of morality and enjoy the moral licence that man has so long allowed to himself, only suggests that Mr. Stacpoole has not studied the subject he is dealing with. In common fairness one must say that all the women who count in that movement are demanding precisely the reverse of this: their demand is that the standard of morality for man should be raised to the higher level that is expected of woman.

Again, touching on certain phases of religious faith, you have Mr. Stacpoole saying:

"As a rule this belief in Providence and the tutelage of a 'loving Father' is more intense in the modern civilized man just as in the uncultured savage when some good fortune has befallen him: an escape from peril of life, recovery from a severe illness. . . ."

Here, too, Mr. Stacpoole has lost his hold upon fact, for beyond question this belief is far more deeply rooted among the poor, the suffering, the unfortunate than among the rich and the successful. The poor would never have been so long patient under so many ills if that sustaining belief had not been in them. He is so opposed to all Socialistic dreams, so certain that the salvation of the race lies in a selfish individualism, that he belauds the pettiest sort of pride because:

"Pure, low-down, material pride what a tremendous force it is! From the cock that crows to the State that prospers, it is ubiquitous as sodium."

What becomes of our rising to higher things if we are to stand still by such an ancient vice as that? We shall make no progress on those lines, for of that kind of pride comes snobbery, the most soul-deadening of all human weaknesses. The man who takes pride in his bank account, his clothes, his imposing residence, his superior strength, has not advanced beyond the dignity of the savage who found a similar satisfaction in swaggering with the scalps of his neighbours slung about his person.

Nevertheless, this book of Mr. Stacpoole's is abundantly stimulating. It crystallises in glowing terms the splendid scientific theory of the universe. It is written vigorously, clearly and with a fine sense of style; there is much in it that is suggestive, well thought out and well expressed, and you will enjoy it all the more because there is so much in it that you can disagree with—so much that provokes you to disagreement.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

SONGS OF THE SEA.*

There was never yet anthology which entirely pleased, even its maker. To omit or to over-appreciate is so easy; and tastes differ. We have, therefore, no intention of chiding Mr. Patterson because his "Sea's Anthology" might or might not have contained this, that, or the other thing. Anthologists—as poets, tinkers, tailors, soldiers, policemen and parsons—are human; their work, in consequence, is little likely to be divine. Mr. Patterson has, at any rate, brought to his joyous task a fine enthusiasm, as well as a first-hand knowledge of that alluring and dreadful, awful and wonderful, strengthening and murderous element, the sea.

His purpose of limiting this volume to English verse written before the middle of the nineteenth century, has necessarily caused him to leave out some essential things;

* "The Sea's Anthology. From the Earliest Times down to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century." Compiled and Edited with Notes, Introduction and Appendix by J. E. Patterson. 2s. net. (Heinemann.)

for—coming to think of it—admirable and stimulating poetry of the sea, equal to anything in this volume, has been written by Mr. Masefield, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Noyes, and others, and it is poor recompense to read instead the nautical verse—so to call it—of Mary Howitt and Felicia Hemans. Eliza Cook with her old arm-chair was as effective a sea-singer as they, who could only sentimentalize on drawing-room window aspects of the deep and dark-blue ocean; and knew almost less of the actual sea, its breezes, play, and salt, its furies and its kindness, than the Margate "nut" or the *noisette* of Broadstairs.

Mr. Patterson, in a curious footnote about Whitman—he almost endorses the comparison of Walt with Tupper!—expresses the doubt whether Whitman's verse will ever be known in shipboard life. Of course it will not, any more than that of any other poet. The sea-dog may sing his chanties—of which Mr. Patterson gives too few—when he is hauling a rope or shoving the capstan bar; but otherwise his taste in lyrics is very like the average. He seeks no spirit of Parnassus, no tuned siren of the courts of Neptune; but attends on the muse of the theatre of varieties; and when he sings, to gladden the stars of the Mediterranean or the rollers of Biscay, or the jolly Equator-line, does so with such vocal declarations as that "He did not want to do it," or that "The yaller girl in Dixie is the lilla gal for him." Mr. Patterson is not going to palaver us into believing that the sailor—jolly good fellow though he be, and so say all of us!—is passionately devoted to Apollo and his laureate crowd. Be sure that the cherub who sits up aloft does not hear Jack so much chortling sea-songs in his joy as grouching, grouching with that proper determination and completeness to which the man who does real things is fully entitled.

As a matter of truth, there are few sea-songs of the period tawled by Mr. Patterson which are poetry. The old-fashioned sea-dog was a conventional person, who did his day's work, with an occasional frolic after his Poll or Sue, in a downright, unimaginative manner; and his spirit was generally reflected in the verse that was written around him. Now and then some hero or achievement set the lyres twanging, and we had a song of Nelson and the North or "Ye Mariners of England," which, while it may lack polish and finish, yet has life and the spirit of the seas. Allan Cunningham, too, has caught something of the music of the ocean in his well-known lines:

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast,—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys;
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee!"

There is actuality there, movement, saltiness, spray; yet take a stanza from the effort immediately preceding Cunningham's sea-song, and what stuff it is!

"My bounding bark, I fly to thee,—
I'm wearied of the shore;
I long to hail the swelling sea,
And wander free once more:
A sailor's life of reckless glee,
That only is the life for me!"

The anonymous author of that particular fustian evidently sailed the seas to the light of the midnight lamp—his bounding bark—just think of a bounding bark!—being a picture-book wooden-wall. The wonder is he does not refer to the billows—in this sort of rhymery the sea is generally "billows." It is that kind of rhapsody worked in wool, which has really threatened with degradation the service of the sea, in exactly the same manner as the music-hall, with its bow-wow ditties and drunken effusions, is a living danger to patriotism. Mr. Patterson is so true a sailor-man, so sincere in his joy of ship-craft, so thorough in his knowledge of a vessel from her stays to her stern, that he must have mentally groaned with an ardour, which in a lesser spiritual light would have been a swear, at having to copy out and print so much banjovial insincerity.

"I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep."

Steward, please, the basin bring; I need it when these songsters sing!

The older sea-songs in this anthology have generally more sincerity and appeal than those of a later day, when melodrama had tended to make Captain Crosstrees and poor Jack self-conscious.

"What pen can well reporte the plight
Of those that travell on the seas?
To pas the werie wynter's nighte,
With stormie clouds, wisslyng for ease;
With waves that tesse them to and fro—
Theyr pore estate is hard to shewe."

That stanza is more expressive of the truth of the shipman's condition and thoughts in the days when Roderick Random went a-sailing, cramped in a sour ship, than all the beautiful rapture of the quill-driving landmen who have gushed about the mighty main.

Mr. Patterson is, none the less, to be congratulated on this fruit of his industry and devotion. Now and then—as with his curious footnote about the supposed howler in Coleridge's immortal "Rime"—we were inclined to pick a bone with him; but such passing tendencies are properly submerged in a general gratitude. This "Sea's Anthology" is a useful compendium at a wonderful price, and we hope will enjoy such success that its builder and editor will be encouraged to prepare another volume, bringing his songs and subject to the present less picturesque, but not less romantic, day.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE WORLD THROUGH AN EYE-GLASS.*

It was rather a good idea of Mrs. Bland's to preface this collection of her late husband's essays by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Cecil Chesterton. The contrast between Mr. Chesterton's petulant solemnity and Hubert's genial and unaffected common sense is all to the advantage of the latter. Mr. Chesterton lectures his readers. He is severe about "the timid futility of the Labour Party." He tells us pontifically that all men pay high honour to the profession of arms "unless mad, or corrupted by cowardice, or avarice, or a false religion," and fortifies himself by appeal to a gentleman whom he (or the printer) variously calls Nietzsche, Neitzsche, and Neitzche. Now, the attraction of Hubert Bland's weekly causerie lay precisely in the fact that he did not lecture his readers. He wrote, indeed, as if he had a purpose; but he never wrote as if he had a grievance. He just talked to his unseen auditors as if he were some genial, experienced clubman chatting from one armchair to a friend in another. This simple outspokenness of manner, joined as it is with clearness of view, vigour of sense and sincerity of belief, makes his work thoroughly worth reprinting. In an age of essayistic mannerism it is refreshing to read essays that are simply good-mannered.

I fancy that criticism—at least, constructive criticism—was not Hubert Bland's strong point. Such a statement as the following needs so much qualification as to be not worth making as it stands:

"Wordsworth had not as Kipling has, the faculty of appealing to the market-place, as well as to the study, and in so far as he had it not he was a lesser man than Kipling."

Then, too, we must not take seriously pronouncements of this sort:

"Had Fielding never written we should certainly never have had a Dickens; I don't think we should ever have had a Thackeray."

* "Essays by Hubert Bland." Chosen by E. Nesbit Bland. With an Introduction by Cecil Chesterton. 5s. net. (Max Goschen.)

That is the kind of criticism we should leave to professors of literature, who are privileged to utter nonsense. We can accept, indeed, as a personal oddity of belief, a statement like this:

"Becky Sharp is one of the immortals. In English literature she stands, unquestionably, beside Portia, Cordelia, Imogen, and, in my private opinion (which I will venture only to whisper in your ear), on a plane a bit higher than theirs."

But such a view comes a little oddly from the writer who has, on an earlier page, rebuked Father Benson for confusing the popular mind by the assertion of literary heresies. "I hold that in the criticism of classics, candour should be tempered with caution." Thus Hubert, on page 15. On page 134, however, he says: "I must needs say what I think. It would be cowardice of me to sit here writing what other people say I ought to think"; and the joke is that, on each occasion, the subject under discussion is Sir Walter. For saying that he cannot read Scott, Father Benson is rebuked in the earlier passage; yet later we have Hubert himself saying that he, too, finds much to complain of in Scott, and justifying himself in the second sentence I have quoted. Well, well! there is a big consistency of literary enjoyment that reconciles even such contradictions as these.

The clear-sightedness of Hubert's outlook is manifested in two notable instances. He has a sound paper, written eight years ago, on the stupid patience of the working-classes, the truth of which is pitifully confirmed by that tragic book we have all been reading, "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists," in which the sheepish acquiescence of the workers in injustice is bitterly and unanswerably attacked by one of themselves. An equally striking piece of diagnosis is his paper on "The Decadence of Kipling," written four years ago. Hubert Bland traces unerringly the gradual debasement of Mr. Kipling's talent, and implies a prophecy of worse things to come; and now, pat at the moment, comes Mr. Kipling's recent outburst to prove the justice of Hubert's case against him. As a matter of fact, the seeds of evil were in Mr. Kipling from the first. He was always the apostle of success. He began by believing in gold lace, and ends by believing in gold. Hubert refers with praise to the story "They" as exceptionally excellent in the poor mass of Mr. Kipling's later work. Has anyone noticed the striking parallel between this story and a very, very eerie, shuddery tale by Mr. Henry James? It is called "The Turn of the Screw," and, as in "They," the interest centres about two children. The dread, disquieting impalpability of the story—an impalpability so subtle that the word "ghost" seems too sheerly gross and solid to use—shows the art of Mr. James in an aspect of unusual terror.

I find I am digressing; but that, after all, is a tribute to Hubert's volume. It is a beguiling little book. It catches your interest at many points. It opens up pleasant vistas of good things, and sets you chatting about them. Is not that a rare and excellent quality?

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

WORLD'S END. By Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetskoy). 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

One is not sure whether "World's End" is more like a French novel written by an English person or an English novel written by someone brought up in the traditions of the Continent. It is such a mixture of delicacy and sentimentality, of literary finesse and clumsiness. Briefly, the little touches in it, the instinctive touches perhaps are charming, while what is sought after, what is schemed for, is often crude and disappointing. If one can imagine a genuine taste for the fine and real in literature allied to an overwhelming desire to write a novel along the lines of the modern American sentimental love story one obtains a slight idea of what this book is like. The plot is foolish

and improbable, but it is just the kind of foolish improbability which a great section of the public adores. "World's End" is a realistic novel written in a sentimental manner. Phoebe Nelson lives at Nelson's Gift, near World's End. There are two men in her life story, her cousin Owen who lives near her, and one Richard who has spent some time in Paris studying life and art. Richard is a subtle creature, a composite picture made up of a dozen modern influences, and not very convincing at that. To his dark soul, steeped in the lore and lure of the modern world, Phoebe appears with "her daylight charm" as an exquisite revelation. He will allow himself to experiment in her innocent psychology—which he does with the usual unpsychological result. After he has won her, he deserts her, and brings her to the point of suicide. Her cousin Owen rescues her from this fate with the most romantic delicacy, and then follows the central situation of the book. Although Owen is aware that her first-born will not be his child, he shields her from the result of her folly by an assumption of ignorance that is really too tactful to be polite or even human. It is a sentimentality, this point of the book, but the author lavishes much clever writing over it and almost succeeds in carrying the situation through. With a pinch of sentiment the thing can be accepted and a charming novel thoroughly enjoyed.

RODING RECTORY. By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The relations existing between the Church and Nonconformity in a small country town supply Mr. Archibald Marshall with the theme of his latest novel, which, we may say at once, is a book that is certainly in its author's best vein. Representative types of both parties are introduced into the narrative with no little skill, but the main interest centres in the figure of the Rector, Mr. French, sincere, practical and hardworking, but a man, nevertheless, with a touch of worldliness and a sense of his own importance in the affairs of the parish. He is of good family, and went into the Church originally for no better reason than that he was a younger son; but he has now matured, he takes his work seriously and reverently, and he has been successful. Contrasted with him is the idealistic and saintly Dr. Merrow, a great Nonconformist preacher who has come to Roding for rest. In many respects the exact antithesis of the Rector, his sympathy and forbearance help the other through a time of trial and difficulty. In the background of the story are many other equally likeable characters, drawn strongly and skilfully. "Roding Rectory" proves that Mr. Marshall has lost none of his happy ability in the handling of the life of a small country town.

A SHAMEFUL INHERITANCE. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Cassell.)

LOVERS' MEETINGS. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Admirably natural in treatment, with a very natural pathos and many touches of humour, Miss Katharine Tynan's latest novel is sure of a wide welcome. Its hero is a young man who is brought up ignorant of the fact that a heritage of shame and disgrace has been passed down to him, and that his mother was the author of a terrible crime. Disguised, and working as the district nurse, she lives near to him, and in mingled joy and misery watches over him, unable to claim him or make herself known to him because of the hideous past. Of his happy young life, of his love affairs, of the accident that brings him, unconscious and at death's door, under her tender care; of how he learns her identity at last, after he has lost trace of her, and goes searching until he finds her, Miss Tynan tells vividly and touchingly. Her characters are true to life, and very lovable; particularly lovable is Prince Peter, who has sacrificed his title to become Father Peter and work among the people. "A Shameful Inheritance" will undoubtedly rank among the author's best novels, and among the very best that this season has given us.

"Lovers' Meetings," is a collection of love stories, told in Katharine Tynan's most vivacious, sympathetic style. It includes tales for every mood—tales sad and happy; romantic and realistic tales; eerie tales of the supernatural—and all of them are delightfully fresh and entertaining. The first in the book tells how a man takes an unpremeditated journey from Ireland to Paris, starting out an entirely unattached, "somewhat jaded, almost middle-aged bachelor"; and arriving a full-fledged lover with Paradise within his grasp. The pathos of "The Little Ghost" is very real and tender: the tale of a woman who lives in the shadow of a great sorrow and finds consolation at last in a little ghost-child. The reader passes from one story to the next, discovering in each that charm and tenderness which have made the author's work so widely popular. It is too difficult a task where all are so good, to say which of the sixteen makes the pleasantest reading; it is certain that everybody who gets the book will find something in it to his taste.

A LADY AND HER HUSBAND. By Amber Reeves. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The promise of Miss Amber Reeves' last novel "The Reward of Virtue" is realised in her new book, "A Lady and Her Husband," which presents a problem of family life in a new way, and incidentally gives remarkable studies of the growth of the minds of women. It is a book with much that bears closely on many of the problems that have been brought prominently to the front since the Woman Question reached its more acute stages. As a writer about women, it may be remarked, Miss Reeves has the advantage of restraint, not only in her point of view, but also in her language, which is temperate, while often beautiful and impressive. Tenderness is the keynote of a great deal that she has to say in the course of her story about the development of a well-to-do middle-class family in an industrial area. The mother finds herself, in one sense, cut off from her family, who, growing up, adopt fresh outlooks, interests and activities, while the good lady herself remains much as she was in the days when they were all nursery children. Her grown children urge her to new interests, and she is responsive, not in a half-hearted dilettante kind of way, but as a serious social reformer, keen to learn all at first hand. She makes a beginning with the "works" of her own husband; and this is the situation that enables Miss Reeves to treat in masterful way of the conflicts of the motives of the wife with those of her husband. "A Lady and Her Husband" is a noteworthy, graceful book.

SUNRISE VALLEY. By Marion Hill. 6s. (John Long.)

Miss Marion Hill has a very attractive narrative gift; she combines a brisk, humorous style with a sympathetic outlook on life and a real understanding of human character. Blanche Dering, a bright young American girl, chooses to leave the luxurious comfort of her aunt's New York residence for the sweets of independence and the hard work of teaching in a little school out West. She is a womanly, winsome personality, and the reader follows her experiences with keenest interest; her joys and sorrows, her successes and disappointments. The humour of the book is delightfully fresh and quaint; there is something new and young about the story that is wonderfully appealing. What is the result of Blanche's venture, and what the result of the love affair that is hinted at in the first chapter, readers must find out for themselves, and they may be sure of thoroughly enjoying themselves in doing so.

BEASTS AND SUPER-BEASTS. By H. H. Munro ("Saki"). 6s. (John Lane.)

We have read this volume through at a single sitting and we know of no severer test for a collection of short stories—and we felt no single moment of weariness. All who care for a definite literary manner know what to expect from Mr. Munro—a wit which consists of a gentle satire, which never degenerates into mere farce. In this volume

they will not be disappointed. The stories have not that sensational element which appeals to the great simple-minded unlettered public, and the way to get from them their finest flavour would be to read one or two aloud in a smoking room before going to bed after a gay and successful day. Those who know "The Chronicles of Clovis" will be glad to meet again that charming youth. Mr. Munro has a particular predilection for clever young people who are not quite children, but have not yet attained maturity. One example of this is "The Yarkand Manner"; whose attractive whimsicality may perhaps be said to be almost farcical. "Cousin Teresa" is satire all the more effective and convincing because it is entirely gentle and kindly. The story which appealed to us most for its "fine dramatic quality" is "The Open Window"; in which a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen gives her imagination free rein, and invents two thrilling romances. Every story has a certain unexpected flavour and individuality which will give pleasure. The author is obviously familiar with modern life and modern literature, and it is perhaps significant that the only book he actually quotes is "The Golden Journey to Samarkand."

THE CADDIS-WORM. By C. A. Dawson Scott. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Catherine Blake, married in her teens to the domineering but successful Lowport doctor, is the caddis-worm; like that insect she had created for herself a sheath. "It was woven of a discreet reticence; its walls were silken and, instead of being covered with meaningless phrases, it had a decoration of labels. According to them she was everything that civilisation has agreed to consider praiseworthy. Her weaknesses were given high-sounding names such as Meekness, Humbleness of Mind, Unselfishness, Placability; and behind them the real Catherine held herself aloof." But when her family of boys and girls demanded freedom and opportunity, began to question their father's right to ruthlessly mould them to his wishes, and find themselves against his inflexible will, she emerges from her sheath to battle with the man she loves. Circumstances rally to her aid. Richard Blake's first wife, supposed to have died long before his second marriage, returns, giving Catherine the power to dictate terms of reconciliation. Mother and children win their independence, gain the right to order their lives according to their own ambitions and tastes. The differences and difficulties between Catherine and her husband are smoothed away naturally. Although overburdened in places with revelations and situations taxing the credulity of the reader this is an enjoyable novel.

THE VANGUARD. By Edgar Beecher Bronson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is an account of the wild and daring adventures, in North America, of those men who formed the "vanguard of unlettered and unsung heroes, who, as stage-coach messengers, treasure guards and marshals, fearlessly fought, often single-handed, the raiding hostile savages, the organised bands of road agents that infested the highways, and the disorganised groups of thugs and hold-ups that thronged new mining and front railway camps. . . . These men were the real pacifiers of the early trails and towns," and helped to "win from savagery hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory now teeming with peaceful industry and trade." The story, which purports to be the record of "a humble worker in the Vanguard," is alive with fighting and the din of warfare, and is told in a simple, straightforward style that is very effective.

OLD VALENTINES. By Munson Havens. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Havens calls his little volume "A Love Story"; and as such it will appeal to scores of readers who like a pretty tale. Love will have its way; and for two generations Sir Peter Oglebay had to bear with the ways of lovers who greatly offended him by succumbing to the

emotion and leaving him. Before the story opens, Robert Oglebay, Sir Peter's brother, has fallen desperately in love with, and married, "Valentine Germain, the actress." Sir Peter never saw his brother again. When, however, Robert and Valentine, after an ideally happy married life, were drowned together, Sir Peter took their daughter, Phyllis, to his home, provided for her and loved her devotedly. It is with Phyllis's love-story that we have chiefly to do. It is very "sweet," very simple, very American. John Landless is the man. He works in the East-end, and is a poet by profession. Looking at John as a husband for Phyllis, Sir Peter does not see eye to eye with his niece, and after some hot words the lovers run from the old man's presence out into the cold world and are married that afternoon. Alas, alas, Mr. Havens is kinder to the lovers than the hard, unyielding marriage laws of England would be! "John counted the money in his pockets; enough for luncheon, fares, and even contingencies, he was glad to find." The contingencies included a special licence, which with fees and duty amount to something like thirty pounds. John had two hundred a year and his talent to live on. However, old Valentines save the situation, and all ends well. Mr. Havens is distinctly American in his "personal touches," and his estimates of some living authors.

The Bookman's Table.

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No. 276. VOL. XLVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1914.

Price Sixpence.

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

In conjunction with the proprietors of *The Daily Telegraph*, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing a series of *Daily Telegraph War Books*, which will present a complete history of the Great War. The first volume in the series, "How the War Began" (1s. net), giving a full and clear account of all the circumstances that led up to the vast European conflict, is now on sale.

Messrs. Macmillan have published Mr. Kipling's striking verses "If" as a penny leaflet. Its vigorous manful exhortations to

"keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you."

and to

"meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same."

and to

"Watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools,"

are especially timely nowadays, and should prove a source of inspiration to many in these hours when the manhood of the nation is on its trial.

Mr. Heinemann is issuing a cheap popular reprint of Franz Beyerlein's "Jena or Sedan?" a powerful novel which traces the gradual ossification of the German military system, and on its first publication, a few years ago, created a great sensation both here and in Germany.

An important book, in its bearings on the present crisis, is Sir George Aston's "Sea, Land, and Air Strategy," which has just been published by Mr. John Murray, who published some short time back two other books of great value to all who desire to understand the full significance of what is happening: Professor Cramb's "Germany and England," and "German Sea-Power," by Archibald Hurd.

It is not easy to find a single book that traces the political intrigues of the last forty years in Europe, of which we are now witnessing the tragic outcome. "The Development of the European Nations, 1870-1900," by J. Holland Rose (Constable), now in its third edition, deals in one compact volume with the causes and events of the Franco-German War of 1870, the development of the German

Empire, the making of the Triple and Dual Alliances, the history of modern Russia, the beginnings of the most troublous question of modern times, the future of Turkey in Europe, and of the Balkan States.

Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co. are issuing as a penny pamphlet the sermon preached by the Bishop of London after the outbreak of war, on August 9th.

The general interest in the war and the nations involved in it has naturally brought about an increased demand for the volumes on Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Hungary, Holland, and France in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series; and for certain volumes in Messrs. Pitman's admirable "Countries and Peoples" series, such as "Belgium and the Belgians," by Demetrius C. Boulger; "Austria and the Austrians and Hungary," by Professor Kellner, Madame Paula Arnold and Arthur L. Delisle; "Russia of the Russians," by Dr. Harold W. Williams, and "France of the French," by E. Harrison Barker. The same firm recently issued the eleventh volume of M. Olliver's, "The Franco-Prussian War and its Hidden Causes," this volume dealing with the period immediately preceding the war of 1870.

Another book to which the events of the hour give an added importance is "Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom and People," by John de Courcy MacDonnell, which was published by Mr. John Long a few days before the outbreak of the war, and is reviewed on another page.

Yet other books to gain new significance from the world-tragedy enacting in Europe are Mr. Frederick William Wile's brilliant studies in the

personalities of the men responsible for Germany's domestic policy and action in the field, "Men Around the Kaiser" (Heinemann); Mr. H. G. Wells' famous romance, "The War in the Air" (Nelson), which is in great demand; Mr. Zangwill's "The War God," a play that was produced last year at His Majesty's Theatre, and is published by Mr. Heinemann. In one of its most striking scenes is this prophetic utterance, regarding Germany's insatiable War Lord:

"Why squat here spinning crafty labyrinths,
Jetting your filthy network o'er the globe?"

You think to bind the
future? Poor grey
spinner!
Fate, the blind housewife,
with her busy broom
Shall shrivel at one sweep
your giant web
And leave the little naked
scuttling spider!"

Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing next month two new volumes by Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson: "Thoroughfares," a collection of lyrical, and "Borderlands," a collection of dramatic poems.

"Progressive Portugal," a new travel book by Miss Ethel C. Hargrove, F.R.G.S., will be published shortly by Mr. Werner Laurie. It will be illustrated with thirty-two plates, and will contain four pieces of Portuguese music, and a map.

Miss Lilian Whiting has completed a new novel which is to appear shortly under the title of "The Lure of London."

Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing a volume of epigrams, "The Reflections of a Cheerful Pessimist," by Mr. H. Cecil Palmer, late manager of Mr. Foulis's London office, and now in partnership with Mr. Frank Palmer. The book is dedicated to Mr. Eden Phillpotts.

Messrs. Putnam have published a new edition of "One Year of Pierrot," by the Mother of Pierrot—



Photo by J. J. Moffa, Edinburgh.

Mr. Ian Hay,

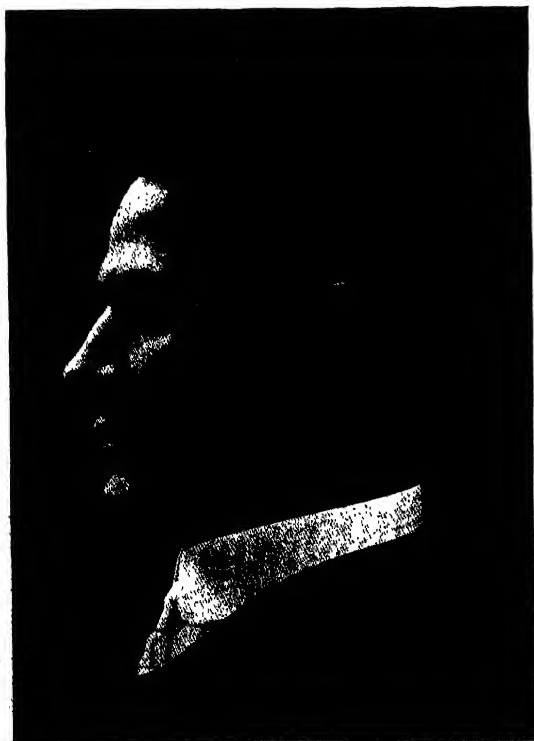
whose new novel, *A Knight on Wheels*, is reviewed in this Number.

a very charming idyll of motherhood that has appealed and is appealing irresistibly to women readers.

We have received an advance copy of "Mirandy," by Dorothy Dix, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing shortly. The quaint humour of Mirandy is delightful. She discourses on "The Troubles of Women," "Why Men Don't Marry," "Retaining a Husband's Love," "Other People's Children," "Women Popping the Question," "Worrying," "Why Women Can't Vote," "Being Good," and on a score and a half of subjects that concern everybody, with the shrewdest good sense and a wit and drollery which move the reader to that best sort of laughter that has a sense of tenderness in it and of pity for human weaknesses. There are a number of capital illustrations by E. W. Kemble.

Mr. Humphrey Milford has issued from the Oxford University Press the "Form of Intercession with Almighty God on behalf of His Majesty's Naval and Military Forces now engaged in War," prepared by authority of the Privy Council. It is published in two sizes, at 3s. net and 1s. net per hundred.

"The Flower of Peace," a collection of the devotional poetry of Katharine Tynan, has been published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. This volume contains some of Katharine Tynan's thoughtfulest



Mr. W. Hope Hodgson.
whose new novel, "Men of the Deep Waters," Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing shortly.



Mr. W. L. Cribb.

and finest poetry. It is beautifully simple in utterance, and breathes such true humility of soul and devotional feeling as inspires the lyrics of Crashaw and Francis Thompson.

Mr. W. L. Cribb, whose novel, "Greylake of Mallerby," we review elsewhere, is a Custom House

Officer, stationed in Lincolnshire. He was born at Southsea thirty-seven years ago. His father served in the Royal Navy, and his mother comes of one of the oldest families in Herefordshire they were mostly farmers in the Golden Valley, and they trace back for at least half a dozen centuries. Two of the girls of the family were Maids of Honour to Queen Anne. Mr. Cribb passed his infancy and early boyhood in that Golden Valley of Herefordshire; then he lived for nine years in Somersetshire. In 1898 he entered the Excise, and, after a year in Scotland, studied for five years in the Government Laboratory in London. He was then transferred to Louth, where he has lived for the last decade, and where the scene of "Greylake of Mallerby" is laid, with occasional excursions into a London suburb. Both in temperament and occupation, Mr. Cribb has certain affinities with Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has left us a description of himself as a Customs Officer in "The House with Seven Gables."

Mr. W. C. Scully, the well-known South African writer, has completed a new book, "Lodgers in the Wilderness," which Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing.

"With Wellington in the Pyrenees," an admirable study of one of Wellington's greatest campaigns, by Brigadier-General Beatson, has just been published by Mr. Max Goschen.

A book of great interest and importance, for the light it throws on the dark ways of European diplomacy and the unification and development

of modern Italy, is the third volume of the "Crispi Memoirs," which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. This third volume deals largely with international problems—in particular with the Triple Alliance and with Italy's relations towards France and Austria.

Mrs. Baillie-Saunders's new novel, "The Belfry," makes a special appeal at this time, in that it is a story of Belgium; its scenes are laid in Bruges, and in and about the cities that are figuring largely in the War reports. It is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who are also publishing: "Her Royal Highness," a mystery story of the Chancelleries of Europe, by William Le Queux; "The Fugitive," by Roy Bridges, a picturesque romance of old London and the Australian convict settlements; and "Blue Water," a striking tale of life among the deep-sea fishermen, by Frederick William Wallace.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing immediately a new novel, "Lovers in Exile," by Baroness von Heyking, a story that incidentally contains a striking indictment of North German Society, and the methods of the German Foreign Office.

"Women of the Classics," by Miss Mary C. Sturgeon, a series of studies in the women characters of ancient and modern literature; and "The Oriental Omar," twenty-eight studies, for which notable Omar Khayyám enthusiasts have posed, are among the new books that, in spite of the war, Messrs. Harrap are publishing.

"Forty Years of 'Spy,'" a book of personal recollections by Mr. Leslie Ward, the famous caricaturist of *Vanity Fair*, will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

For twenty-five years Messrs. Longman have issued a Fairy Tale Book by Andrew Lang. This year Mr. Henry Newbolt succeeds Mr. Lang, and has written "The Book of the Blue Sea," which will be published early in the Autumn.

Mr. W. Forbes Gray has written a volume on "The Poets Laureate of England: Their History and their Odes," and it is to be published shortly by Messrs. Pitman.

Mrs. Stephen Phillips, the wife of the well-known poet, has written a song, "Your World was My World," which has just been published by the Burleigh Publishing Company.

A year or so ago Mr. John Lane published "Austria: Her People and Their Homelands," by James Baker, F.R.G.S. The book describes the strange mixture of races that compose that Empire, and enables one to understand why Francis Joseph is proving such a broken reed as the Kaiser's ally.

Mr. George Poisue is editing for the benefit of the Prince of Wales's Relief Fund a "Who's Who of the War" (1s. net), which should be invaluable as a sort of newspaper reader's companion.

A concise and well written "Life of Lord Kitchener," by F. W. Hackwood, is included by Messrs. Collins in their sevenpenny series.

A book about Greater Britain that is sure of a ready public is Colonel S. B. Steele's "Forty Years in Canada," which Mr. Herbert Jenkins announces for immediate publication.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

Our last year's Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition proved so remarkably successful that we have decided to offer the same sum for competition again:—

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on any famous event in English history.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 1st October next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st December if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize. Competitors must please keep copies of their poems, as it is impossible to undertake to return them.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for January next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.

THE READER.

CHARLES GARVICE.

BY ARTHUR RUTLAND.

I.

SOMEWHERE Dickens has confessed that one of the proudest moments of his life came when a passing artizan recognised and ventured to stop him in the street, asking that he might be allowed to shake hands with the man who had given him so much pleasure. And only the other week I heard Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens say that he never felt prouder of being his father's son than when he was in Jamaica and an old negro climbed down from his trap to approach diffidently and enquire whether it was true that his name was Mr. Dickens; then, whether he was related to Charles Dickens, the novelist, and on learning that he was, begged that he might be allowed to shake hands with him, because of the love and admiration he had for his father and his father's books.

Now, it seems to me that testimony such as this is more largely significant and must, in the long run, be more satisfying to any novelist than the technical opinions, than even the dignified approval and commendation, of the most eminent critics. For the primary aim of your novelist is not to appeal to students and scholars; they do not constitute the public he has in his thoughts when he sits to write a story. Novelists are the lineal descendants of those wandering minstrels who used to make a living by reciting stories or chaunting old ballads in the market-places; and always the first business of the storyteller is to have a story to tell, and to be able so to tell it that all the average men in the crowd may without difficulty comprehend and be enthralled by it. Otherwise, now as in the past, when his hat goes round it comes back unfilled, and so practically demonstrates to him that he has mistaken his vocation.

"He who lives to please must please to live,"

as Dryden has it. The greatest narrators have never failed to charm both the critical and the general reader; they are in more than one sense but the poorest of novelists, however correctly they may write, whose tales leave the general reader cold and by some show of literary ability and technical finish please the professional critic only. Abler, a more cunning master of his craft and of more value in his day and generation is the author who, whatever strictures the purely academic may pass upon him, carries delight and the beauty and wonder of romance into the lives of the thousands that will not be fobbed off with pretensions to style or any literary gymnastics, but demand of the novelist that he shall first and last and all the time fulfil his essential function and tell them a tale, and tell it with such skill as to win their interest and make them willing to believe it.

No living writer meets these latter requirements more thoroughly, with a surer mastery of his medium, than does Mr. Charles Garvice. I have given up trying to

count how many books he has written—they number, I believe, somewhere near a hundred; they have been translated into French (several of his serials have run in *Le Liberté*), into German, and other languages; and some seven million copies of them have been sold. To have given pleasure to so vast a multitude of readers should be enough for the ambition of any writer. And his readers are, of all sorts and conditions. He has a large library public, but he is one of the few novelists who are bought even more extensively than they are borrowed. You may see his volumes lying in West End drawing-rooms, and find them treasured in thousands of the humblest of homes, for all his works are accessible in very



Photo by E. O. Hopfg.

Charles Garvice.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

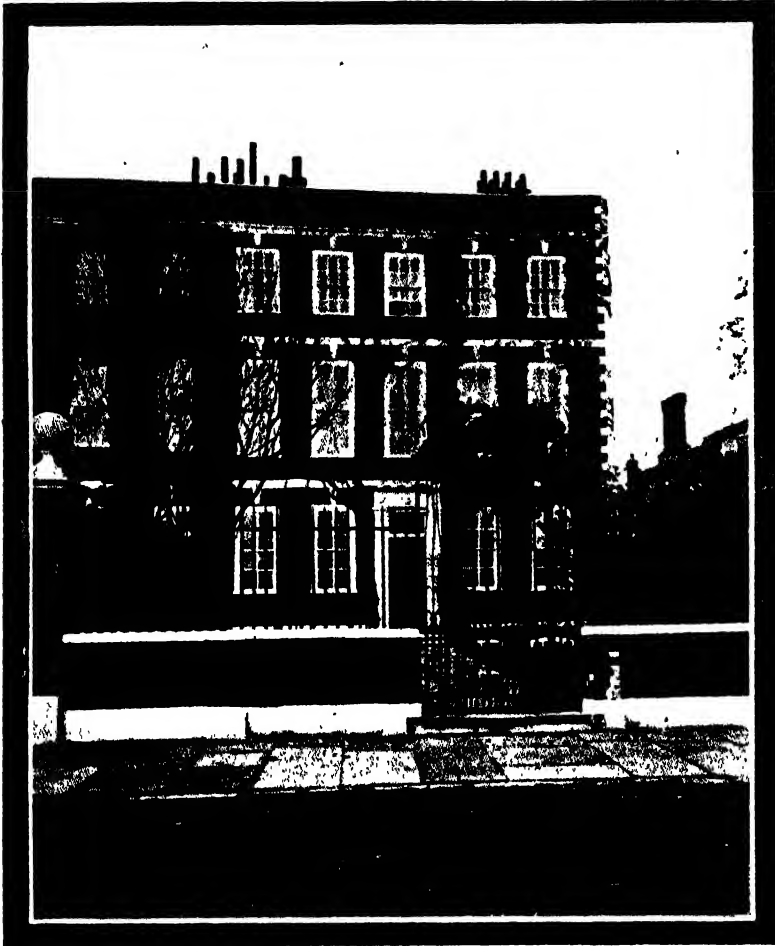


Photo by Richmond Camera Co.

No. 4, Maids of Honour Row
Mr. Garvice's home at Richmond.

cheap editions. Clerks, typists, shop-assistants, artisans, city men, society ladies, men and women of the upper and middle and all other classes are included in the enormous circle of his readers, and none of all these widely differing thousands read him for any but the best of reasons - that they enjoy doing so.

II.

In an account of his beginnings that he gave about two years ago, Mr. Garvice wrote in *T. P.'s Weekly*: "I might say that I began, wedged into the angle of a play-ground wall at a certain preparatory school at Bexley Heath, with Dickens's 'David Copperfield' on my knees." He was not contented, however, to remain merely a reader, even under the influence of Dickens, and it was not long before he was taken with an irresistible desire to become a novelist himself. He happened to be acquainted with an author who, from writing very successful farces and melodramas, had lapsed into editing one of the most

popular weeklies of its time. "In the goodness of his heart," says Mr. Garvice, "he invited me to try my hand at a short story. My head was chock full of them—I was nineteen—I dashed one off; it was accepted and paid for. A mine of wealth lay glittering at my feet. From short stories I rose to the dignity of a serial"—which met with such an enthusiastic reception that thenceforward, for many years, serials of his were continually running in the paper (to say nothing of those he was contributing to other papers). Directly one ended, another was begun; and they were invariably honoured with a place on the front page.

"I call this my real beginning," Mr. Garvice adds, "because it was while I was doing this work I learned that whatever else a serial writer may be, he must never be dull. I had not been very long on the paper before I saw that the finer your style, the closer your characterisation, the more consistent and convincing your plot, the better the great public, the vast body of readers—now counted by millions and increasing every day—liked your story. But the interest must never flag; you could not drop your readers for a week or two and hope to pick them up again; once dropped they were lost for ever and your career ended. . . . An actor on the stage knows in a moment when he is losing his audience, and the trained serial writer has the same

sensitiveness; and it is this knowledge and the power of avoiding dullness and maintaining the interest which make the good serial as successful in book form as it was, when it was running its course in a magazine or other periodical. If a novel is no good as a serial, depend upon it that it will be a failure as a six-shilling volume.



Photo by Richmond Camera Co.

Entrance Hall,
No. 4, Maids of Honour Row.



**Charles Garvice
at the age of 30.**

I speak from experience, for every story I have issued by instalments has been published in book form."

Here, then, you have the secret of Mr. Garvice's phenomenal popularity. After all, it is a very open secret, and was discovered long since by the great Victorian novelists, from Dickens and Thackeray to Trollope and Lever; they too wrote for serial publication, did not think it beneath them to keep in touch with their readers, had to have a story to tell, a plot to unfold, and knew there was no real success for them, with whatever literary charm they might write, if their monthly instalments failed to keep the tale alive and moving and its general interest maintained, I have sometimes wondered whether it might not have been the better for certain accomplished novelists of our day if their pride had been chastened in the common-sense school of the serialist; whether they are not more or less ineffectual because they take themselves and their work too seriously and are so bent upon being literary that they will not condescend to do their business and tell a mere tale; whether, if they could humble themselves a little, look up to their public instead of down on it, they might not, like Antæus when he touched earth, grow strong. For it is undeniable that the best literature has not been written for the select few, nor by writers who were too acutely conscious of the art with which they were writing.

III.

Of more value than any speculations of mine as to the secret of Mr. Garvice's vogue is his own frank account of it, so I make no apology for quoting again—this time from an article by Philip Gibbs that appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*. "The fact is," Mr. Garvice remarked to his interviewer, "that I write upon very simple and very old lines which do not change in human nature. It

occurred to me, when I was quite a young man, that I could get a wide public, including all classes of readers, if I could write fiction which would appeal to the natural instincts of men and women, whatever their rank in life. Now, there are some things which all men and women like and want. They like a story with a plot which makes them want to know 'what is going to happen next.' They like stories of love, and youth, and romance, because, however wise they are in knowledge of the world, whether they are steeped in knowledge of evil or innocent of it, the spirit of youth calls to them and they still have a little sentiment in their hearts which responds to a tale of love, and they like to forget the squalor of sordid realism in a tale of romance. My stories, such as they are, have the qualities of melodrama without being written in a sensational or melodramatic style. That is to say, they have dramatic movement, a touch of mystery, a continual thread of incident, a characterisation as strong as I can make it, so that the characters may seem alive, and a direct and simple appeal to the emotions of the readers. I try to win their affections for the characters so that they are really interested in the fate that befalls them. I try to make them laugh, and to have a little moisture in their eyes at times, and I write carefully, in plain English, so that the man of letters or the university man is not outraged by slovenly sentences while enjoying the plot and the general interest of the story just as much as the typist girl or the city clerk. That is my 'trick' if you like to call it so."

It sounds easy, but how few novelists have found a way of doing this? It is a frank and modest revelation of his art that is delightfully characteristic of this most popular and most modest of authors. Mr. Garvice has no pretensions, no affectations, no pose of any kind. He cultivates neither long hair, nor dreamy and bookish manners. He is as keenly interested in life as in books. There is nothing whatever of the conventional literary

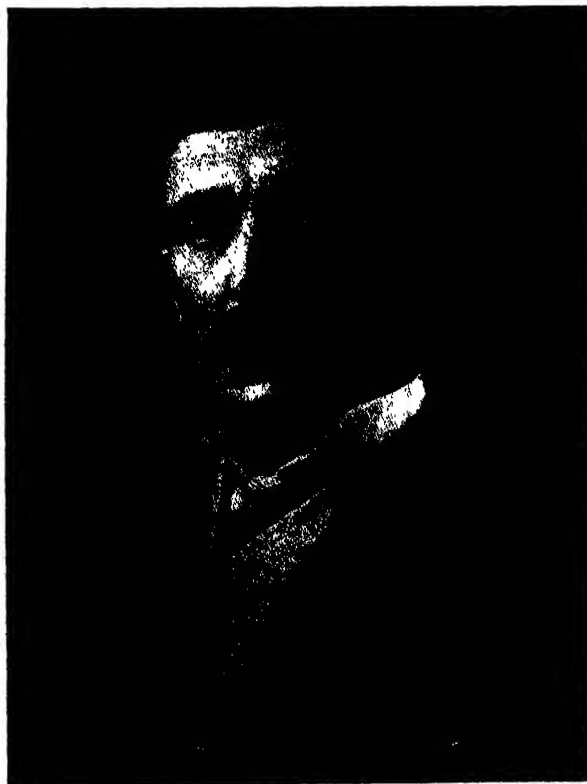
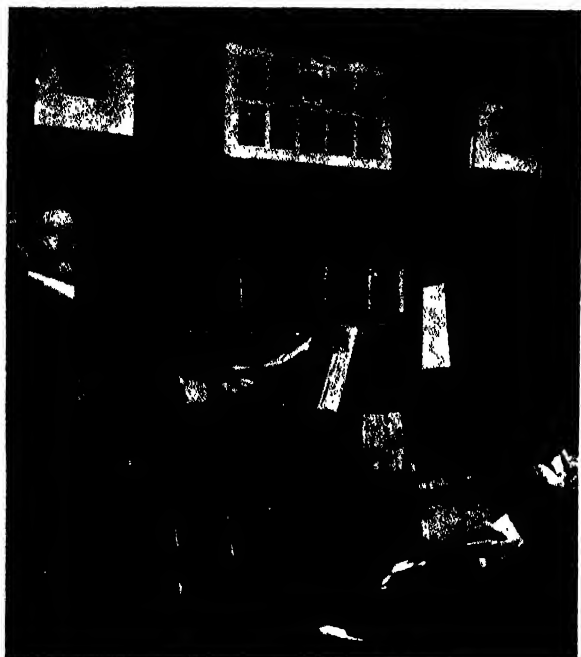


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

**Charles Garvice
at the age of 45.**



Charles Garvice in his study at Little Silworthy, Devonshire.

From a photo by Mr. Horace Wyndham.

man in his appearance ; there is no smell of the lamp or even of the library about him, but such a suggestion of eager vitality and open air breeziness that I always think he looks cramped and caged at afternoon teas in drawing-rooms, and that he would feel more at home even in his beloved Authors' Club (he has been its Chairman now for some while) if it did not shut him within walls but were free to the sky and air and carpeted with grass. Genial, kindly, tactful, everybody who knows him holds him in the warmest personal regard ; the optimism of his novels, their genuine feeling for romance, the spirit of youth that breathes through them and their broad sympathy with the ideals and fallibilities of humanity—these things are natural to him ; they are as much a part of his own charming personality as of the stories that he writes.

In London, Mr. Garvice makes his home in a beautiful old-world house in Maids of Honour Row, at Richmond ; but a good deal of his work is done in chambers just off

the Strand. He has a pleasant cottage by the river at Henley, where he indulges in fishing and boating ; and in North Devonshire he is a landowner, an amateur farmer, and takes a prominent part in the public life of the neighbourhood. He is, or has been, a member of his Urban District Council ; a County Councillor ; chairman of a local Conservative association and a Conservator of Rivers. How he makes time and has spare energy for all this I do not know, but I do know it must have involved him in unremitting and strenuous toil, and it flatters my vanity to perceive that in his youthful aspect and abounding vitality Mr. Garvice exemplifies one of my pet theories—that the harder a man works the stronger he grows and the younger he remains. It is your men of leisure, as a rule, who grow old before their time, because they have nothing better to do. Of course, in this connection, everything depends upon your heart being in your work ; it is when he is



Charles Garvice

on an old hunter, outside his house, Devonshire.

drudging at uncongenial task-work that a man feels the full weight of what he is doing and by degrees breaks down under the burden.

Before everything else, Mr. Garvice is a born storyteller, and he brings to the writing of fiction, as in a lesser degree to farming, politics, local government, the same happy enthusiasm that other men bring to hunting and playing golf. Which is not to say that he is not himself addicted to those sports—he has confessed to a weakness for fox-hunting, riding, driving, cycling and fishing, and if he is silent concerning golf I suspect it is that he is still too robust for it, and has some idea of saving it up as a restful recreation for the evening of his days. You cannot read the book in which he has related his experiences as a farmer, "A Farm in Creamland," without realising that farming has been to him a practical business and a healthful form of amusement in one. Here, from the book is his own account of how he evolved, almost as in the ordinary course of nature, from a cultivator of plots for stories into a tiller of the soil, an owner of live stock, a gentleman farmer :

"Some men are born to agriculture, some are thrust into it, some achieve it. We slid into it this way : It is necessary to state at the outset that, for my sins, I am a member of that unfortunate class which is accursed of the Socialist, and the meek prey of the tax-gatherer—



The Thatch Cottage, Hambleden.

Mr. Garvice's house at Henley-on-Thames.

the landowners. Some of the land lies in four moorland parishes; it is looked after by a patient, long-suffering, and capable agent named Dixon, who stands between the landlord and the tenants, as one may stand between the devil and the deep sea; far be it from me to specify which is which in this case.

"It is only of recent years that we have resided on the property . . . but I had a little shooting and fishing-box

it our home. There are some fields attached to it—about twenty acres—and one day I announced with a bravado which concealed an obvious nervousness, that I meant keeping 'a cow or two, and—er—perhaps, a pig.' It was the first step which, our anxious and pitying friends declared, must inevitably lead to disaster. . . .

"Humbly, meekly, I record the next step. It was necessary that the cottage should be again enlarged; and



**Charles Garvice and his daughters
Winifred and Olive.**

Painted by Frederick Whiting, and exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1913.

on the edge of the moor near two of my farms, and the boys and I used to go up there now and again, and rough it; actually rough it, for the cottage contained only a living room, a kind of dairy, and a couple of bedrooms. There were a two-stall stable, and an outhouse or two. We did our own cleaning, what there was of it, and our own cooking. I was the cook. . . .

"We were so happy in our roughing it, that we returned to our legitimate home, some fifteen miles away, on the banks of the Torridge, in such high spirits, and so improved in health and temper, that our girls grew curious, and insisted on joining us on our next visit to the moor. They liked it. Madam, who had always viewed these expeditions with anxiety and gentle pity—I think she was under the impression that we never washed ourselves—was lured to participate in our 'folly,' and, strange to say, also took a liking to the place. As we are a numerous family, it is evident that two bedrooms did not suffice; 'sleeping out' at the village inn was not altogether satisfactory—the inn was a mile away—so we enlarged the cottage, and made

the plans got out; but at this psychological moment our eldest son came home on leave. He objected that the land was not large enough for a house the size contemplated, and then made the daring, startling suggestion that we should take over one of the farms, Threshworthy, the lease of which was just falling in, build a suitable house, and—and farm the land ourselves. Whatever else I may be, I think I may claim to be a dutiful and obedient parent; and, notwithstanding the jeremiads of our friends, who indulged in a consensus of dismal prophecy, the farm was taken from the outgoing tenant, the house was built, and we plunged into farming; genuine, practical farming."

I have given this long extract because of the pleasant glimpse it affords of Mr. Garvice's home life, the hints you may gather from it concerning his own individuality and his family—that son who came home on leave, by the way, is Captain Chudleigh Garvice, D.S.O., of the Dublin Fusiliers—no less than because it accounts for his



Moorlands. A fishing cottage on Dartmoor where several of Mr. Garvice's novels were written.

developing into a farmer. There follows a capital picture of the adjacent village and its inhabitants, and then by artful degrees you are led into a gossipy, amusing, and withal minutely practical record of how the farm is run. The beginner may learn from this book how to plant, to till, to sow, to reap; how to keep pigs, sheep, cattle, horses—in fact, to an unsophisticated but envious townsman it seems to be a complete manual on the art of farming, and the joys of it too.

IV.

But we are not yet at the end of the list of Mr. Garvice's many and various activities. In addition to being a novelist, farmer, sportsman, politician, County Councillor, chairman of a leading London Literary Club, he is a dramatist, an actor and a lecturer. Incidentally, he is one of the wittiest of after-dinner speakers. Not so long ago, his romantic drama "The Fisherman's Daughter" was produced at the Royalty Theatre; the same play has delighted large audiences at a Devonshire theatre, with Mr. Garvice playing the hero in it. More recently a dramatised version of his novel "A Heritage

of Hate" has held the boards in London and toured successfully through the provinces. When a literary and debating society was established in a North Devon town, Mr. Garvice threw himself heartily into assisting its projectors, and gave lectures and dramatic recitals that were received with unqualified acclaim. "During amateur theatricals I have seen him in 'Ruy Blas,'" writes a well-known journalist, "holding his audience arrested by the tensivity of his power in the character of the minister who upbraids the fickle court, his vibrant voice ringing with a pathos absolutely moving." One of his most popular novels, "The Girl in the Gutter," was dramatised a year or two back, and an enterprising theatrical manager was anxious to arrange a series of performances, with Mr.

Garvice presenting a leading character in the drama. At the time this was found impracticable, in view of Mr. Garvice's other engagements, but one hopes yet to see him in one of his own plays on a London stage.

Meanwhile, on London and provincial platforms, he has proved himself an effective and popular lecturer, and has given dramatic recitals that have won storms of applause from crowded audiences and golden opinions from the newspaper critics everywhere. One critic bears testimony to his "rare gift of being able to hold an audience spellbound for two hours"; another speaks of how "verging between tears and laughter the audience at times hung upon his words in intense silence"; all remark upon his sure, easy skill in telling a story, his dramatic power of recital; and one says (as others have said in different terms), "He has certainly recaptured the power, once wielded by Dickens, of commanding an audience." By the way, in cataloguing Mr. Garvice's occupations, I should have mentioned that he was recently elected President of the Institute of Lecturers.



From "A Farm in Creamland," by Charles Garvice.

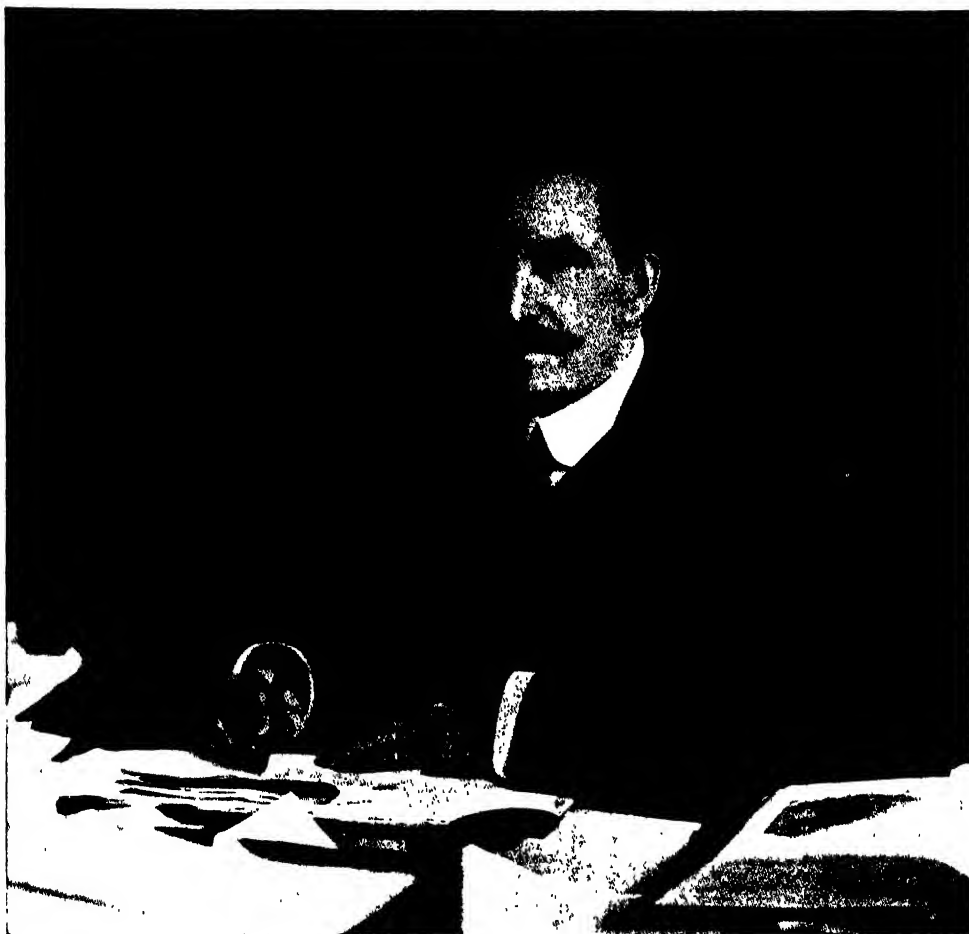
Going to the Meet.

V.

It is this multiplicity of his interests, the close personal contact he makes with so many phases of life, the rare gift he has of being on terms of instinctive understanding and fellowship with all manner of men, and the knowledge he so gathers of experiences outside his own, that stand him in good stead when he withdraws into his study to plan

out a story and to write it—or, rather, to dictate it. I should imagine he is much too energetic a man to have the necessary patience to sit down and write one. He has declared that it is impossible to compose a novel on the typewriter with satisfactory results, and I can believe it is impossible for him. His method is, first of all, to build up his plot, to have a real story to tell, but never to start telling it until his characters have grown up in his mind and become actual personalities to him—then to tell it in simple, straightforward fashion, with a keen sense of all its dramatic possibilities and of the romance that underlies all life for one who has the eye to see it. And he does literally tell his story—he never writes a line. Smoking a pipe, he walks up and down his room dictating as fast as most people talk, afterwards drastically revising his work before it goes to the typist.

A curious fact is that Mr. Garvice's books were selling by the hundred thousand in America, and his name was already a household word there before this country had taken him to its heart. I remember that when I first heard of him I was under the impression that he was an American. His first successful book over here was "Just a Girl," published in 1899—it was so successful that it lifted him at once into the ranks of popular English novelists, and from that time to this every novel he has written has met with as wide an acceptance among us as with the discerning public of the States. What is the use of trying to decide which is the best of his stories, when each of them is a favourite one with some big section of his readers? So much depends, in this regard, on whether you prefer the novel of sentiment, of adventure, of mystery, of picturesque romance, of high life, of low life, of homely English environment,



Charles Garvice.

or of a less familiar setting in foreign cities and amid the wilder places of the earth; for Mr. Garvice is one of the most varied and cosmopolitan of living novelists. He has fitted himself for his work not only by mingling intimately in the motley lives of his own people, but by travelling all about the world and making acquaintance with the peoples of other nations

and with the lives they live. "Nance" for instance, "Love in a Snare," "Maurice Durant," "The Lady of Darracourt," his latest book "The Woman's Way," and many others are stories of English life, trafficking now in mean streets, now in the fashionable society of London, and now with the peasantry and county families of our English country towns and villages; "A Heritage of Hate," "By Dangerous Ways," and others move between England and the wilds of America; "Dulcie" takes you to Italy; and so through others of them you pass to France, to Spain, to Russia, the very breadth of the stage on which his characters play their parts adding to the colour, the freshness, the continual movement, change and picturesque interest of his tales. But in the main they are stories of English life, of English people; and their author is no less at home in the romantic highways and byways of London than in the vastly different but equally, sometimes even more, romantic and pleasanter ways of the countryside.

"My ambition has been and is," he will tell you, "to write novels which may be read in the family circle without any harm to any member of it, old or young. Not a very high ambition, you will say; but there you are." Anyhow, it was a high enough ambition to satisfy some of the greatest novelists of the past; and it is an ambition that Mr. Garvice has most triumphantly achieved, for it is no exaggeration to say that nowadays his name is known wherever the English language is spoken; and I think he must feel more than compensated for any detractors of those select coteries of superior persons who have never read his books by the admiration and warm affection of the millions of grateful men and women who have read and are reading them.

BOOKS.

BY IRVIN S. COBB.

THE editor of this magazine has asked me to write a little bit about books. To me that seems almost as big a contract as handing over a column of newspaper space to a scientist and asking him to fill it with a history of creation, say, or a résumé of the theory of evolution. Not that I am a scientist or the seventh son of the seventh son of one, but because, to me, books seem to sum up and amply comprehend and include all that there is of life and to life. What other men have known of life they put into books. What each of us has known of life we hope some day to put into a book, or to see put into a book, which amounts to pretty much the same thing. After all, what is a book but a slice of life with a cover on it? It may be a book that is dull about life that is interesting, or a book that is interesting about life that is dull; but one or the other it is very apt to be. An unabridged dictionary may at first reading appear to be tolerably stupid, not to say turgid, work. The style is certainly very jumpy and the theme is not sustained, but the words which it contains, differently arranged, have made literature before now. We must remember that.

I imagine that with ninety-nine out of a hundred of us—to be conservative—our most vividly remembered juvenile impression has to do with books and with reading. In my own case I am quite sure that this is so. Certain events of early life stand out from a scrambled recollection of my remotest past with particular distinctness. For instance, there was the time when I found in the remote recesses of the hay-loft a lonely hen's egg of a weathered and antique aspect, and in the innocence of childish fancy undertook to saw it in half with a haggly little saw of tin from my Christmas tool-chest. I think I couldn't have been more than four then, and I am now nearer forty than four, but this minute I can shut my eyes and open my nose and smell the smell of that combustive egg as it went off with a muffled but significant crash. And the time when, stealing my first stolen watermelon at the instigation of two slightly more matured conspirators, I was fired upon by a farmer with a shot gun—how well I remember that too. He didn't hit me; I doubt whether he even tried to hit me; but so far as the mental effect was concerned he might as well have hit me, and in a vital spot, too, because in that one tragic fractional part of a second I had all the sensations of being shot and of dying and of arriving at the gates of the Bad Place with a watermelon belonging to somebody else in my arms and no alibi ready. Anyone reared as I was, in a strict Presbyterian household, will readily understand the embarrassment of this situation.

But more clearly than any other memory to me is the memory of the first book I ever heard read, with understanding. It was "The Tale of Cock Robin," the oldest and best account of a murder trial in which expert testimony figured. It was a linen-backed book, with pictures done in green and red that came off on your fingers, and if Donie, which was the name of the black

nurse, skimmed the job and slurred a single line of that thrilling narrative, I recall that I would make her go back and read it all over again, because I very soon knew it off by heart, and do yet.

But the first book I ever read for myself was Stanley's "Adventures in Africa," a reasonably solid work. This was a large green volume which had been sold on subscription, and when you held it on your lap your legs went to sleep. Also it bristled with long hard African names that were as full of vowel sounds as oil running out of a jug, but if you skipped over or went round them you came after a while to the chapter about Stanley finding Dr. Livingstone in the vasty depths of that dark and udder-shaped continent. Possibly it may be because earliest impressions are the most lasting ones, but it has always seemed to me, and it still seems to me, that the meeting of those two men in the middle of Africa was one of the most dramatic things in the history of the English-speaking races.

Somewhere about here Robinson Crusoe came into my life to abide there for ever after as the figure of a man who wore heavy goatskins and was perfectly comfortable, so doing, in a climate where Man Friday and all the other native-born residents went about nude as raw oysters; and shortly after Robinson Crusoe that pious and gifted family the Swiss Family Robinson gave me the pleasure of their acquaintance; and then in succession through the years there came a procession of the everlasting heroes—Tom Brown and Sam Weller, Handy Andy and Israel Putnam, Natty Bumppo and Falstaff, Don Quixote and Nick Carter, Long John Silver and Gallant Dick Turpin, Huck Finn and another boy named Kim.

The day when I got hold of "Treasure Island" is marked in my mind with a red asterisk the size of a sunset, and there is another blazing star for Huck. You see they aren't characters in a book to me. They are old friends, who grew up with me from boyhood, and whom I meet when I read, as I do at least once a year, some of Mark Twain and a good deal of Robert Louis Stevenson, and also "Pickwick Papers" and "The Psalms of David" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a few of De Maupassant's and a few more of Kipling's, mainly ballads and jungle tales these last. I read these because they are universal, and then I read "The Gentleman From Indiana" and the "Boss of Little Arcady," and a batch of Fables in Slang and several of Mr. Dooley's conversations with Hennessy, because they are so American. And about once in so long, too, I read Lincoln's Gettysburg address and Lee's farewell to the army of Northern Virginia, and I love to think that, had the positions of those two been reversed it might well have been Lee who wrote the address and Lincoln who delivered the farewell to his soldiers.

Since I began trying, a couple of years back or so, to provide material to go between book covers I don't read quite so many books as I once did—not new books anyway. But I will tell you in confidence what I do read more closely than I used to—the reviews.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best short passage from English literature (in prose or verse) in justification of War.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Miss Violet D. Chapman, of Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset, for the following:

JUGGERNAUT.

The ear of Civilization
Is bent to the earth to meet
The far-off faint vibration
Of manifold marching feet;
For despite the prohibition
Of Order, Commerce and Law,
We are slaves of the old superstition,
We bow to the Idol of War!

The ancient creeds may perish,
And fade in oblivion's night,
But still we blindly cherish
The Ritual of Might;
And bound by the old obsession
Of mingled desire and fear,
We join in the frenzied procession,
For the God in the Car draws near!

In the grip of primeval forces
We struggle and fight and pray,
'Neath the hoofs of the plunging horses
Of Terror and Triumph, we sway;
We are drunk with the dream of glory,
And the mirage of fame afar—
Though the pathway be steep and gory
"Make way for the Juggernaut-Car!"

Ruthless, remote, relentless,
He smiles as in bygone years,
Though the flowers we fling are scentless
And wet with the women's tears;
And we rush for the foremost places
In a murderous Marathon,
Where, steeped in blood to its traces,
The Juggernaut-Car rolls on!

Be it Faith or Fanaticism
We are ready to pay the price,
Be it Pride or "Patriotism"
Our lives are the sacrifice—
The ideals of young ambition
Are as though they had never been
Crushed—mangled beyond recognition
By the wheels of the War-machine!

We celebrate Civilization
By passionate pageants of Pain;
In vain is our justification
The pitiless question of Cain,
"Am I my brother's keeper?"—
Ask those who lie at the last
As wheat in the track of the reaper,
Where the Juggernaut-Car has passed!

VIOLET D. CHAPMAN.

We also select for printing:

AT LOW TIDE.

Not only in the great transcendent hour,
But in the stress and strife of little things.
Not only in the moments full of power,
But in dark days, when no bird sings,
Be with us, Jesu, Lord.

Not when we drink the brimming cup of life;
But when the nerves are shattered and awry,
And angry words stir angrier words of strife,
Hear then, we pray, our suppleting cry,
"Be with us, Jesu, Lord."

And when the soul lies dreary, and as bare
As mud flats when the swelling tide recedes,
Ugly and waste, with foulness everywhere,
And a cold wind shivers among the weeds,
Be with us, Jesu, Lord.

Come like the ocean when it turns again,
And hastens, like a lover, to the shore.
Brim every little crevice of the brain,
And of the soul, with healing evermore.
Be with us, Jesu, Lord.

(Thomas Alexander King, 94, Greenhill Road,
Moseley, Birmingham.)

THE HOLIDAY.

My soul went forth in green and gold,
It was a holiday.
In light and blossoms was she crowned,
The month was May.
The soul was blithe, I heard her sing,
As she went down the way.

"Let us be glad because the earth
Is new with youth and song;
Let us be glad that we are fair,
And that the day is long.
O, let us dance, since right and love
Have triumphed over wrong."

It was the twilight when my soul
Came silent, home to me.
Her frock was rent from hem to ruche,
There was no light to see.
Below the tattered crown her eyes
Wept bitterly.

"Why come you weeping from the feast?"
Unto my soul I said.
"Bring me," quoth she, "my cloak of gray,
The gray hood for my head.
Bring me my robe of work and tears,
The holiday is dead."

"For some will sing and others dance,
Nor see the sun drop low;
They do not hear above their joy,
The voice that bids me go.
The cloak of gray was made for me,
But why I do not know."

(Hortense Flexner, 948, S. Second St., Louisville,
Kentucky, U.S.A.)

Of the very large number of other lyrics received, we select for special commendation the best forty which are sent by Eva McDonough (Streatham Common), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Stuart Robertson (Glasgow), Miss R. D. Power (St. Andrew's), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Birmingham), G. M. Clive (Birmingham), Margaret I. Postgate (Liverpool), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), R. T. Barton (Plaistow), May Walpole-Smith (Luton), Wilfred Hales (Taunton), Edna M. Theilmann (Hull), M. H. A. Jewell (New Malden), Alice Shirley Willis (St. Louis, U.S.A.), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Walsall), Esther M. Downie (Knutsford), Hugo Irvine (Peterhead), D. Lodge (Manchester), Mary Ives (Nottingham), L. A. Ferguson (Clydebank), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), H. Baxter (Neath), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), A. W. Winston (Cardiff), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), J. P. Wynne (Manchester), Miss E. A. Burton (Carlisle), Russell Green (Sheffield), Hester Viney (Swanage), Owen H. Carsinne (Sheffield), E. J. Martin (Dewsbury), Mrs. Alex. M. Reid (Motherwell), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), S. N. Veitch (Durham), Dorothy M. Colman (Burgess Hill), Miss E. S. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), Vivian de Sola Pinto (Hamstead), Hannah Bellwood (Scarborough).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. W. L. Saunt, of 42, Stanford Road, Kensington, W., for the following:

THE WOMAN WHO LOOKED BACK. BY M. HAMILTON.
(Stanley Paul.)

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

WORDSWORTH.

We also select for printing:

ONCE A WEEK. BY A. A. MILNE. (Methuen.)

"He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys."
LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith*.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Brighton.)

GERMAN COOKERY FOR THE ENGLISH TABLE.
BY MRS. EDITH SIEPEN. (Stanley Paul.)

"We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it."
RUDYARD KIPLING, *L'Envoi*.

(Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road,
Brighton.)

WHY SHE LEFT HIM. BY FLORENCE WARDEN.
(John Long.)

"The reason why, I cannot tell,
But this I know, and know full well:
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

Old English Rhyme.

(Mrs. C. J. Mordaunt, 56, Hanson Street, Adelaide,
S. Australia.)

THE LOST TRIBES. BY G. A. BIRMINGHAM.
(Smith, Elder.)

"Leave them alone and they'll come home."
Nursery Rhyme, Little Bo-Peep.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West
Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four lines embodying the feelings of a competitor who is awarded a prize after trying so many



The Shippen.

From "A Farm in Creamland," by Charles Garvice.

times that he had almost given up in despair, is awarded to Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, of 25, Wellington Road, Brighton, for the following:

"O, Robert Bruce, what is the use?" Thus, monthly, my position.
But now my name burns like a flame—I've won a competition!
With leaps and bounds my heart redounds, my outlook now is wider:
I sit me down, flushed with renown, to eulogise that spider!

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mrs. C. J. Mordaunt, of 56, Hanson Street, Adelaide, South Australia, for the following:

WHERE THE STRANGE ROADS GO DOWN. BY GERTRUDE PAGE. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

In this book we have an old theme with a new setting. The wearisome problem—two men and one woman—is here treated in a refreshingly common-sense, and yet delightfully romantic and attractive manner. A woman who is over thirty, ten years married, who says "Damn!"—in the presence of a Bishop—when she burns her mouth with hot soup, and is yet intensely lovable and feminine, is an uncommon heroine; and the way in which she faces her supreme temptation, and conquers it, forms a welcome departure from the usual "mawkish" treatment by modern writers of the problem novel.

We also select for printing:

TANSY. BY TICKNER EDWARDES. (Hutchinson.)

The name of the book typifies its chief charm—namely, the atmosphere of open-air life, which pervades it throughout, and makes it a pleasure to the town-dweller to read. The human story is not new, but the scenes in which it is developed are so wholesome and health-bringing that even the sordid points are somewhat mitigated by the fresh rusticity of its setting. The writer of the story is able to arouse great sympathy with those whose lives he so vividly portrays, and one cannot but admire the "she-clergyman" who plays the part of Providence to so many.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, 196, Hamstead Road, Handsworth,
Birmingham.)

THE RENAISSANCE OF MOTHERHOOD. BY ELLEN KEY.
(G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

This Swedish woman, whose mind is *en rapport* with all the modern movements, possesses an old-fashioned wisdom and sanity which puts her on a par with our great grandmothers. Indeed she combines common-sense with a wonderful insight into the real bearings of some latter-day problems. Delving beneath the surface, she finds the norm and holds it up for our edification. In this latest book she considers such vexed questions as individualism versus altruism, the double standard and eugenics. To those who are perplexed by the complications of modern life her book will prove helpful.

(Hilda Ridley, 427, Prospect Avenue, Buffalo, New
York, U.S.A.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by R.W. King (Catford), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), M. H.A.

Jewell (New Malden), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), A. C. Grieve (Liverpool), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), Peggy Grant (Burnley), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), John Boylan (Glasgow), Horace W. Walker (Becston), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Miss A. M. Davis (Cheadle Hulme), Mrs. S. Stirling

(Glenfarg), M. A. Newman (Brighton) Kate E. Samuels (London, W.C.), Miss J. A. C. Smith (Borgue).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

BY G. S. LAYARD.

MANY besides the present writer must have marvelled why it was that a full-dress biography of Walter Bagehot has been so long delayed. Bagehot, of whom Mr. Birrell wrote in *Obiter Dicta*, "he carried away with him into the next world more originality of thought than is now to be found in the three estates of the realm"; Bagehot, of whom Lord Bryce, comparing him with Montesquieu and Tocqueville, wrote: "We feel in him the power of an intellect altogether to be compared even with that of the earlier and greater of these two illustrious men. . . . Whenever he touched anything he brought up a crop of new ideas on a subject that had seemed trodden hard, just as a shower of rain in the South African Karoo will bring up grass and flowers"; Bagehot, of whom it may be said not only that he was one of the greatest essayists who ever lived, but that in his own line of essay-writing he stood alone; Bagehot to whom statesmen and politicians of all parties appealed, until, without any recognised position other than that of his own outstanding and penetrating intellect, he came to be recognised as a sort of unofficial supplementary Chancellor of the Exchequer. Why, then, was it that, in these days, when even mediocre men are scarcely cold in their graves before a new terror is added to death for them, twenty-seven years were to elapse before we were to learn the life story of this rare, this uniquely interesting personality? The answer is this. It was necessary that the stage should be cleared of all his nearest relations before such a record were attempted, because of the periodical insanity to which his brilliant and beautiful mother was subject. This was the tragedy that underlay his life, a tragedy that entered into his soul, yet a tragedy which, had he not had to suffer the pain of it, might have left the most admirable qualities of his nature undeveloped. Indeed, not the least interesting and pathetic passages in this book deal with the manner in which he met the conditions forced into his life by this calamity. Endowed with brilliant vivacity, a genius for friendship and for shining amongst all who were intellectually and socially of the best, he yet never sought enjoyment at the expense of any help he could give his father in his family trial, never spared himself any tittle of attendance on and affection towards the poor sufferer herself, and, when she came to die, was so stunned by the loss of her who had filled so great a space in his life for joy and pain that he declared: "The worst of it is that by many it is looked on as a relief"; and for months after found his health seriously affected by the loss he had sustained.

This, then, has been the cause of the long postponement of his biography, a postponement which has not been without its advantage if thereby the writing of it

has fallen into the capable hands of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Russell Barrington.* For she has given us a lively picture of a man of exceptional character, gifts and personality which will long live in the memory, a man who, finding work more amusing than pleasure, was always "at play with his mind," and made others join in the game to their infinite delight, whose boyish light-heartedness was never quenched by the profundity of his thoughts, to whom every study, however difficult, was as delightfully stimulating as it was interesting, whose ingenuity and fertility of resource never seemed "to come to a dead wall or obstacle over which he could not vault or round which he could not steer." This is no biography of scandal, because there was nothing of the sort to be found in his life. He was a genius, but neither neurotic nor erratic. He was as good and sane as he was clever, and had as much sound common sense as he had uncommon imagination and invention. There was nothing that needed concealing about him, save the tragedy that has now been recorded. It might be written of him as was written of another:

"Each thought was visible that rolled within,
As through a case the figured hours are seen;
And heaven did this transparent veil provide
Because he had no evil thought to hide."

And yet the book is of enthralling interest, wholesome and stimulating in the highmindedness and simplicity of its protagonist, making for emulation to all who wish to live high and noble lives. Probably to most people Bagehot's name spells merely "The Dreary Science," for he stands labelled as a great Political Economist; but let them read his books, and they will find that Romance and Beauty can enter even into that. For he brought the alertest brain and the surest literary gifts to the prosecution of a fascinating subject, fascinating, that is to say, when regarded clear-sightedly and at first hand, and not through other people's clouded spectacles. Not that he confined himself to writing on the Dreary Science. Those who have not the courage to follow him in his "Economic Studies" should turn to his "Biographical and Literary Studies," his "English Constitution," his "Estimates of Some Englishmen and Scotchmen," and so find stimulus and refreshment in the very highest degree.

And yet, when all is said and done, Walter Bagehot was himself much greater than his books, and those who do not read Mrs. Barrington's book have only to thank themselves for not being brought into touch with one of the outstanding Englishmen of the Victorian era, and learning from him how to be better, kinder and nobler men and women themselves.

* "Life of Walter Bagehot." By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

New Books.

LONDON ORIGINS AND RELICS.*

Sir Laurence Gomme has devoted his new book to the development of that theory of the organic and spiritual continuity of the City of London from Roman times, which he incidentally touched upon in his "Governance of London." He is an enthusiast of this idea, which permits him to declare that London is to-day more Roman than Rome:

"There is no city in Europe which has preserved its historical continuity so faithfully as London has preserved hers—not Lyons, Trier, Nîmes, Arles, Turin, not Paris, or even Rome herself. If these are continuous by actual occupation; if they show remains of the forum, the bath, the theatre, or even the temple; they show no continuity of historical influences—they are not constitutionally continuous. They may possess here and there a municipal rite, a social custom, but they never reveal their original position as a city-state of the Roman Empire. Their mediæval history is wholly municipal and never contributory to the formation or the government of the State. This, on the contrary, is what London reveals throughout the ages, the something more which is always present.

Sir Laurence Gomme's first task is obviously to maintain the physical survival of London, as a town, and its moral survival, as an institution, through the century of complete darkness which followed the Roman evacuation of Britain, and then through the very dimly-seen times which open the Saxon period. Freeman, Stubbs, Palgrave, Maitland, and the rest hold that London was created by the Saxons on the site and upon the ruins of Londinium. Sir Laurence, interpreting the facts in his own way, and extracting support from their various admissions, says that Roman London saved its soul alive, and never lost the power to stand apart, to dictate terms, to bargain, and to yield at discretion. It is admitted that we have no account of any Saxon devastation of London. He points out that in London the Saxon folk-moot was not a success. It could shout and protest, but the mandarins of the Guildhall had the last word, and in the end the moot itself came under the Guildhall roof. The Anglo-Saxon kings governed from outside the city. In a word, Anglo-Saxon power "could not penetrate into London." What was this immovable morale within the old Roman walls? Sir Laurence says, and maintains with a variety of fascinating proofs, that it was the unbroken Roman spirit and polity. He does not mean that actual Roman and Saxon blood were in conflict, but, as he has it in his "Governance of London," the successors to Roman ways and policy, whether Saxon, Celtic, or Danish, "fought for the system which they preferred to live under as strongly as they would have done if they had been inheritors of it from a long line of ancestors."

I think that Sir Laurence Gomme's arguments for the organic survival of Roman London will tax historians to refute them. But his insistence that this Roman spirit has remained visible and characteristic down through the centuries, and has expressed itself in all the City's struggles, even in the stand which Beckford and Wilkes made against the House of Commons in the eighteenth century, and in the enrolment of the C.I.V.'s in our own time, seems excessive and rather fantastic. It merges at last in his welcome to a new era in which "the highest type of the self-governing unit will be the city, not the nation." In short, his theory becomes more ethereal as it descends in time, and tends to evaporate in dream. But the argument and the dream are both fine.

People who have a mania for Druidism will enjoy Mr. E. O. Gordon's book, which places no obstacles in the way of imagining great Druid rites and congregations on the

* "London." By Sir Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate).—"Prehistoric London: Its Mounds and Circles." By E. O. Gordon. With Appendices, by the Rev. John Griffith. (Elliot Stock).—"Recollections of Newton House." By the Rev. Isaac Harthill, F.R.G.S. 6d. net. (James Clarke & Co.)

sites of our sordid streets and suburbs. But unbiassed readers will hastily don the whole armour of scepticism when they alight on such calm assumptions as this: "On the highest ground on the western hillock, where St. Paul's now stands, might have been seen silhouetted against the sky, the mighty unhewn monoliths of the Druidic circle, the seat of the Arch-Druid of Caer Troia."

As a consumer of New River drinking water, I am interested to learn that the reservoir on Pentonville Hill is the site of a Druidical sanctuary, but I should like better proof than Mr. Gordon's summary derivation of "Pentonville" from "Pen-head, Ton-sacred mound." We are grandly told that the spot is "never known, even at the present day, by other than its Keltic title." True, but if Mr. Gordon did not look at London through Druidical spectacles, he would know that the name Pentonville is about 150 years old, and perpetuates not the sacred "Penton" of the Druids, but the name of a respectable Clerkenwell landowner, one Henry Penton, who died in 1812.

Similarly, we are told that the memory of the Druidic College in London, where lived the Guardians of the Circle, survives in the name of College Street, near Cannon Street Station. Poor Dick Whittington! The higher criticism has already deprived him of his cat, and now his College is given to the Druids.

Mr. Harthill's "Recollections of Newton House" is a pleasant and useful record of the old home of Sir Isaac Newton in St. Martin's Street, which Londoners have just allowed to be destroyed. It gives lively pictures, with a bias to pleasant traditions rather than to historical scrutiny, of the house which its later tenants, the Burneys, venerated for Newton's sake and loved for their own. Mr. Harthill seems content to accept the story of Newton's observatory on the roof, but it is doubtful whether it was ever used by him. According to Timbs, it was built later by a Frenchman, who showed it as Newton's. This Frenchman's name was Paul Dominique, and his tenancy fell between Newton's and Dr. Burney's. Tom Taylor says that he fitted up the instruments. The observatory finally disappeared about fifty years ago.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.*

This short book is of the highest interest, not so much on account of what Brandes has to say of Nietzsche (it is evident, in fact, that he is not the ideal critic of Nietzsche) as on account of the correspondence of the two men which is here reprinted in full. (It is the correspondence which appeared some months since in *The English Review*.) These letters of mutual esteem, mutual distrust of mankind, and of mutual disillusioning experience, give a strange and intimate glimpse of two remarkable men, and of the state of European "culture" in the 'eighties. They all belong to the last year (1887-8) of Nietzsche's conscious life, but it is not, indeed, till the very end that the shadow of his approaching insanity darkens the brilliant concentration of Nietzsche's thoughts. Acute megalomania was apparent in the last letter but one, and in the final letter of all, a letter piteous in its mad brevity and signed "The Crucified," the blow has already fallen, the light is obscured for ever. No one will be able to read these letters without being moved by their sincerity, their bitterness, and the thought of the swift approaching doom. They began by Brandes writing to Nietzsche to thank him for a gift of some of his books. Soon the two men were in the closest and most friendly correspondence. They were not always in agreement, but they always felt a mutual

* "Friedrich Nietzsche." By George Brandes. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)



Charles Garvice.

From a portrait in oils, painted by A. D. McCormick, R.I., and presented to Mr. Garvice by the members of the Authors' Club, of which he is
Chairman of Committee.

respect amounting almost to reverence. The radical-minded Brandes and the aristocratic-minded Nietzsche met upon a common basis of hatred for smug convention and present-day German culture. They lashed out upon a heavy, indifferent world and reaped a similar harvest of poisonous misunderstanding and opposition. In all, twenty-two letters seem to have passed between them. They make up 35 out of the 117 pages of this book.

The remainder of the volume consists of four articles on Nietzsche by Brandes, written in 1889, 1899, 1900, 1909. They are, of course, suggestive up to a point, but, like so much of Brandes' work, they will not appeal particularly to the reader of to-day. Brandes has the theories of an older school, though he has retained a praiseworthy youth through the continued activity of his mind. He belongs to a type of critic, common enough everywhere, who is inherently attracted by new things and inherently incapable of really appreciating them. (Possibly this is going too far.) The most attractive criticisms actually occur in the letters (note particularly a curious discussion in regard to Dostoevsky in Nos. 18, 19, 20), where the play of Brandes' old-fashioned but very vigorous mind is opposed to Nietzsche's lightning-flashes. But, indeed, it is only fair to say that throughout the whole book Brandes writes with acuteness, with comprehension, and with chivalrous warmth. True, it is one European celebrity writing of another in the final essays, but in the first it is a European celebrity writing of an unknown man.

But of Nietzsche, himself, this book is obviously an inadequate criticism. For he is one of those forces who seem to excite people into writing explanatory works that do no more than excite their readers to write other works, still more explanatory. O curious irony! Cannot Nietzsche be left to speak for himself—which is what all esoteric philosophers really desire! The flood of Nietzschean literature is terrific, enormous, overwhelming—and, in the end, mystifying. Let us read his works and ignore the critics. And probably that is what most of his readers are doing. For he is, notoriously, one of those writers who seem to have a personal message for each sympathetic listener. One may suspect that everyone who studies Nietzsche has mentally written a book on him. The unfortunate thing is that we know that so many have not only done it in their minds. . . . Nietzsche has become a sort of ninepin which everyone wants either to bolster up or to knock down. He has become a sort of touchstone by which people test their own personality.

RICHARD CURLE.

A KNIGHT ON WHEELS.*

Ian Hay's stories are always a blend of humour and romance; sometimes romance predominates, usually the blend is so even that the very romance is half humorous, and the humour half romantic. In his new book, "A Knight on Wheels," humour has it nearly all its own way; now a shrewd humour of characterisation, and now a genial humour of dialogue or incident that at intervals runs off into irresponsible, irresistible burlesque. Uncle Joseph is a delightfully quaint creation: an early disappointment in love has made him a confirmed woman-hater; he has ample private means, but for the sake of the excitement, and probably with some dim idea of avenging himself on mankind, he has set up as a begging-letter writer, and by the use of various aliases and various addresses wheedles money out of the charitable which he devotes to charitable objects, but not to the absurd ones for which it was given. Philip, his little nephew, is his amanuensis, writes all those letters under his directions, and has become so naturally subdued to the business that he is not conscious of its being wrong or particularly discreditable. A chance meeting with a pretty girl of about his own age first puts a doubt about it into his mind, for despite the fear and dislike of the other sex that his uncle has instilled in him he finds

* "A Knight on Wheels." By Ian Hay. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

himself curiously attracted to the piquant small Peggy, otherwise Pegs, in whom he diffidently confides, and who undertakes to get enlightenment from her mother concerning the truth of Uncle Joseph's dreadful indictment of women.

But the plot is not one to be crudely outlined. It is an airy, graceful, happy story that gives ample scope to Ian Hay's ingenuity in the invention of amusing incidents and charmingly sentimental interludes. You will miss some pleasant things if you fail to make acquaintance with Uncle Joseph, Miss Jennings, or the eccentric Mr. Mablethorpe and his amazing motor-car, Boanerges, which he describes as his "superb, four-seated, two-cylinder, one dog-power reaping machine." In explaining the mechanism of it, he assures Philip that

"This car was designed by a man without hands or arms—only feet and teeth. At least, I think so. His idea was to steer with his teeth and do everything else with his feet. So he started by abolishing gear-handles and side-brakes, and applied all his ingenuity to the pedals. Look at this one—the left. If I push it half down the car stops. If I push it two-thirds down the car starts again—in the opposite direction—and the engine plays 'I wish I was an Angel,' instead of Tchaikovsky's '1812 Overture,' as at present. If I push it seven-eighths down the radiator boils over, and I can have a shave or a cup of tea, and if I put it right down the car turns inside out and becomes a portable camp bedstead."

If you miss Timothy Rendle, you miss another good thing; and if you miss Peggy you miss one of the most tantalising and lovable of heroines.

Philip is the Knight on Wheels. He has a genius for mechanics, develops into a masterly manager of an automobile manufactory, and proves a capital hero of one of the liveliest, most daintily sentimental, amusingly romantic stories of love and commerce that anyone could desire.

THE SCOTTISH WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.*

It is possible to admire the vivacity, the cogency and the trenchancy with which Mr. Evan Macleod Barron describes "The Scottish War of Independence," and yet to regret the needlessly controversial tone which he adopts through the greater part of his narrative. An author who commences his work with the following sentence: "In this book I claim to have presented for the first time an accurate and understandable narrative of the Scottish War of Independence," is not only challenging the reviewer, he is trespassing on the reviewer's ground. And when he can find no other way of signifying his dissent from an opinion expressed by a rival historian than by remarking: "For this sort of stuff it is difficult to have anything but contempt," he is scarcely conciliating the good opinion of his readers. Mr. Barron, indeed, has not yet caught the proper temper in which history should be presented. He writes like a pamphleteer or a lawyer; he is apt to exaggerate the value of facts which support his contentions, and to brush aside those which conflict with them. He claims, for instance—and, we think, claims very fairly—"to have proved beyond the possibility of doubt that the War of Independence was the achievement of Celtic Scotland, and especially of the northern part of Celtic Scotland." But when he argues that "Teutonic Scotland—Lothian—had neither lot nor part in the Scots' long struggle for freedom," he conveniently ignores the resistance offered by Berwick to Edward I. at the very commencement of the war. Again, he makes out a very valid excuse for Bruce's readiness to break or to take an oath, by pointing out, first of all, that an oath taken to the usurping Edward was an oath taken under pressure, and was, therefore, not binding; and, secondly, that Bruce was no enthusiast for Scottish liberty, but a very practical adventurer, who had the double task to perform of expelling the English, and of making himself king. But, when he wants to make his hero bulk larger by sharing Wallace's halo, Bruce must

* "The Scottish War of Independence." By Evan Macleod Barron. 16s. net. (Nisbet.)

perforce become an arrant sentimentalist. After pointing out the gulf between the first six months of 1305, when Bruce was in high favour with Edward I., and the last six, when he was evidently regarded with suspicion, Mr. Barron has the *naïveté* to ask:

"Can any reasonable doubt remain that that gulf was caused by the capture, the mock trial, and the cruel death of William Wallace—the man who had fought manfully and with singleness of purpose for his country's freedom, the man who had never bowed his knee to Edward or owned him as King, the man who had been, on occasion, to some extent at least, an associate of Bruce, and the man on whose powerful assistance Bruce was doubtlessly counting when the time should come for him to strike that blow for the independence of Scotland to which he had long been committed, and of which intention Wallace was almost certainly cognisant?"

Apart, however, from this lapse into romanticism, Mr. Barron's analysis of Bruce's career is a brilliant, closely argued, and a really plausible example of historical reconstruction. Most historians have missed the clue to Bruce's tergiversations, through accepting as definitive Mr. Bain's provisional dates. Mr. Barron subjects them to an exhaustive examination, and contrives to make such a revision of them as enables him to prove quite conclusively that Bruce fought strenuously against Edward until the feud between himself and the Comyns came to a head, that on the renewal of the war he fought on the side of England, until the downfall of the Comyns was complete, and that immediately thereafter he began to plot with Bishop Lamberton to gain the Crown of Scotland for himself. Next to Mr. Barron's defence of Bruce, as an example of real research we should place the account of Andrew de Moray's campaign in Moray, which is given in Chapters IV. to VII. This story of a hitherto little known rising, a rising the success of which "caused Wallace to leave the recesses of Selkirk forest, and to make common cause with the north-eastern counties," makes a real addition to the knowledge of Scottish history.

THE NOVELIST'S ATTITUDE.*

It is a notable comment upon the state of the modern novel that only two of these very representative books depend upon exciting their readers. The others aim at something else. Mr. Stacpoole (who sometimes seems to wish also to instruct us) and Mr. Gilchrist are the two novelists who deal in shocks and sensations; all our other authors propose to illumine problems of conduct by means of the criticism of manners. Miss Rhoda Broughton salts her comedy with an unhappy ending, Mr. Fletcher, perhaps half-unconsciously, poses us with the barrenness of career, Miss Syrett pursues her later method of satirical corrosion; and Mr. Booth Tarkington shows us the human boy in relation to his peers and his hereditary enemies. All these novelists, then, with the two exceptions already named, are engaged in describing for us, at a little distance from the fray, something which is not very much unlike our own experience of life. They are showing it to us simplified rather than heightened, with criticism rather than with fondness. They design to criticise manners, and, by innuendo, as it were, to criticise conduct.

Miss Syrett, let us say, really wishes us to understand that institutes for the poor, besides being unappreciated, are also powerful temptations to their organisers; but her view goes beyond that thesis, and embraces the facts that some highly-educated girls are foolish, and that neglectful mothers with feminist fads are not women to respect. These things she shows us indirectly, by suggestion, by creating the people for us in their native hideousness and absurdity. Miss Broughton, also criticising life and affairs

by the indirect means of satire, is bent upon proving the unwisdom of solemn promises made to dying persons. In any case, I think Miss Broughton would say, a vow is a foolish enough thing; but one that is irrevocable is twenty times as foolish. Incidentally, Miss Broughton satirises vigorously the pretences and futilities of the aged; as well as the inquisitive and rather domineering young woman of to-day who comes visiting at all the most inconvenient moments in life. In Miss Broughton's book, also, then, the note of criticism is the dominant note. Criticism, not acceptance of things as they are, of things that used to be regarded as immune from criticism.

Mr. Fletcher, in tracing the career of a business man from youth to the epitaph upon his tomb, allows himself a little cynicism, as well as a good deal of criticism; and, in being just, remains upon the cold side of justice too persistently to thaw completely our indifference to his protagonist. Mr. Fletcher is preoccupied with the case of a self-made man whose hard will procures his rise to fortune and local eminence. In this aspect, as in some others, the book pursues the road of least resistance. Much better is the suggestion of the life of a Yorkshire town. That is admirably preserved. Over the contrasted "heroes" the angel of criticism has too blighting passed for their continued vitality.

Mrs. Stockley, whose novel is a book of short stories, has also a good many criticisms to make, of male chastity, of travelling in South Africa, and the like; but Mrs. Stockley's main business is hardly satire so much as the accomplished use of well-recognised conventions as they affect stories of the British Colonies—thwarted love, heroism in spite of all, kisses that hurt, the dreadful significance of opportunity. In contrast is Mr. Booth Tarkington, who is persistently satirical, whose whole manner is packed with a sort of nonsensical *double entente*, and whose work is one of the jolliest books that I have read for a very long time.

Of Mr. Stacpoole and Mr. Gilchrist there is a different tale to tell. Mr. Stacpoole is busy with French history, with a duel between Choiseul and Madame Dubarry. He is also busy with the escapades of a reckless young nobleman, with the intricacies of the Parisian police service of that day, and with the personal adventures of one of the police detectives. Mr. Stacpoole, in fact, has many strings to his bow. He does not depend upon his manner, which is businesslike and even at times explanatory; but instead of tricking us with the ordinary braggart romanticism of historical novels, he honestly keeps to his lively incidents, and seems excellently to combine the attractivenesses of Dumas and Gaboriau. Mr. Gilchrist gives us a "shocker" about a homicidal maniac, two other persons not wholly sane, a cripple, a profligate, two heroic young gentlemen of estate, and two forlorn hand-wringing maidens. Mr. Gilchrist is such a very good novelist that it is a disappointment to find him serving up such fare. That he does it well I need hardly say. He does it with bewildering rapidity and intricacy. But such intricacy leaves Mr. Gilchrist without proper opportunities for the employment of his genuine talent.

In some ways Miss Syrett's new book is also rather a disappointment. Some of Miss Syrett's recent work has been of such exceedingly high quality—to mention only "Anne Page" and "Oliver L. Carew"—that so slight a story as "The Jam Queen" does not compare favourably with it. Much of the book is marked with all the deftness of Miss Syrett's skill in creating people and households of unmistakable reality. There are many excellent passages. But Miss Syrett really ought to be warned that the facetious young man Stream is a deplorable person; and the Jam Queen herself is drawn with a hand that is too heavy. Underneath all the superficial brightness of the book, there is an unaccountable air of strain which is rare in Miss Syrett's work.

Miss Broughton, in her amazingly fresh manner, shows us with greater delicacy a party of people fully as queer as those drawn by Miss Syrett. All those parts of the book which relate to the young woman who makes the vow, and the young man whom she vows, with such dreadful consequences, not to

* "The Jam Queen." By Netta Syrett. (Methuen).—"Concerning a Vow." By Rhoda Broughton. (Stanley Paul).—"Wild Honey." By Cynthia Stockley. (Constable).—"Monsieur de Rochefort." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson).—"Under Cover of Night." By R. Murray Gilchrist. (John Long).—"Both of this Parish." By J. S. Fletcher. (Evelyn Nash).—"Penrod." By Booth Tarkington. (Hodder & Stoughton.) 6s. each.

marry, are stiff and unbelievable. All those parts of the book, on the other hand, in which Miss Broughton exercises her genuinely adorable wit, are as good and as quietly effective as they could be. Again and again, in reading, one is reminded of Jane Austen, the highest compliment I can pay. There is the same shrewd, cool, merry perception; and if the overhearings and interruptions are too frequent and altogether too fortuitous to bear examination, that is a matter which does not impair the excellence of Miss Broughton's impalement of character. It is a minor technical blemish.

The fault of Mr. Booth Tarkington's new book, which is as different as possible from "Monsieur Beaucaire" and much better than "Monsieur Beaucaire," is that it is episodic. It depends upon the interest of each page to carry the reader absorbed from page 1 to page 305. But then so did "Tom Sawyer," and so do all the other books which attempt to set forth the character of a small boy. It would be impossible to write a truthful book about a boy which was not episodic. The great point about Mr. Tarkington's "Penrod" is that it does succeed in amusing the reader continuously. One laughs at Penrod's extraordinary, convincing manuscript romance; one laughs at Penrod's innumerable adventures; and one does not tire of laughing, because Mr. Tarkington is all the time writing good comedy, with restraint and understanding. His method is quiet, able, and profoundly critical. He sympathises wholly with Penrod, with Duke, and Penrod's father, and Penrod's friends. I think that of its kind "Penrod" is an exceptionally good book; and I hope it will amuse English people in large numbers.

It is sometimes said that when the novel is critical it is arid. That no doubt is to some extent true. It is possibly true that we recognise in some of these books a defect, a poverty of theme, which is not to be observed in the best novels of any age. But in the best modern work there is the same subtle acid of criticism, the homage emotion pays to ideas. You cannot depict a *milieu* without criticism; you cannot simplify the confused life of a family or a section of the modern community without selection, which is criticism in action. When one recognises that in these novels criticism is dominant one is noting the presence in each of an intellectual quality, of an independent judgment. By criticism of manners, they are putting fresh valuations upon conduct; and so they are continuing the English tradition and most admirably relating conduct to much larger issues than those of personal expediency. Novels have ceased to be stories, they have ceased to be sermons; they are now, as it were, our consciences. And so long as they remain as amusing as the novels I have been praising they are fulfilling a very worthy function in our daily life.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

MAXIM GORKY.*

I have always preferred Gorky to the other great Russians, because he is the simplest, the sanest, and in some ways the profoundest of them all. He is not so exquisite an artist as Turgéneff, not so massive or so transcendental a moralist as Tolstoi, or so acute, so questing a psychologist as Dostoieffsky. And he depends, too, I think, more on the individual taste, the individual attitude of his reader than do his fellow-countrymen. He is the sort of artist who stimulates violent antipathies or excitable appreciation. He is satisfying to me, because he has something of the universal quality, something of the power to transfigure the rough needs and emotions of his peasants into a synthesis of the inarticulate aspirations of the human race. And his treatment of humanity is akin to that of Villon, Chaucer, and the great "popular" artists and poets. That is to say, his motive is human nature, without the sophistications, the veneer, the prejudices, the material interests which a complex civilisation imposes upon the simple human groundwork of life. His passionate sympathy with types

* "Tales of Two Countries." By Maxim Gorky. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

that convention and respectability have cast into the outer darkness of social ostracism is the natural result of this treatment, as well as of his political convictions. For he goes to them to discover precisely those fundamental, those world's qualities, which the responsibilities of civilisation have complicated or ossified. He is a realist in the best sense of the term, not in the sense that he holds up the microscope to life, but because his frank, luminous and concrete genius grasps, in a far deeper manner than a more subtly imaginative artist would do, the more elemental issues "of man, of nature and of human life." His sense of power is never a conscious, elaborate superstructure, but, as form should be, in perfect unison with his feeling and atmosphere. With him, literary artifice is always in the background; his artistic purpose is too sweeping to allow him to dally among the flowers and graces of literary experiment.

This new volume of studies, partly of Italian, partly of Russian life, comes, therefore, as a surprise. For they represent a new quality in Gorky's art, diametrically opposed to the methods one expects from him. Most of these sketches are very slight—*vignettes* of village life, allegories, fantasies, fables and literary excursions of all kinds. They are a surprise, because in them Gorky has become not only a fastidious and delicate, but a deliberate craftsman—a highly-skilled workman in precious metals. It is not that his attitudes or effects are changed, but his way of approaching them. And this is well indicated by his use of irony. In the Russian stories, which—with the exception of "Man and the Simpon," a picture of the contact between man and nature, full of essential truth, and "Love of Lovers," which has a unique tenderness of its own—are better than the Italian ones, this irony has become a conscious force, directly invoked. It has become a tool in Gorky's literary workshop. But in his former works, the irony which was spread over it, like a great canopy, was the consequence rather than the cause of his art. It was implied in it; it was its inevitable texture. But in these Russian sketches, irony has assumed the first place. It has become explicit, where before it was implicit in his manner. From the literary point of view, this new volume is within its very limited area quite perfect. It contains no artistic flaws, no inadequacy of treatment, no bungling or hesitation. But you miss the breadth, the universality of Gorky's earlier achievement. With the exception of "The Professor," "The Liberal," "The Man with a National Face," "The Jews and their Friends," "Hard to Please," and a few others, whose astringent satire has a wider significance, you feel that these sketches are more of a sally, a recreation, than the serious work of a great, a passionately sincere artist. Charming, imaginative, beautifully wrought as they are, they give very little impression of that play of world-forces he gives us in "The Lower Depths" for instance. And if we ask much of him, it is because he is one of the very few people whose reputation is thoroughly deserved. The translation (why should not the name of the translator be given?) is certainly unworthy the subject. It is rather clumsy and ineffectual. What, for instance, is the meaning of "obituary feast?"

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

THE ART AND CRAFT OF LETTERS.*

Obviously criticism, like history, has moved some way from the pedagogic. The opening volumes of this new series are not text-books. They offer us neither concise history, clear definition, nor dogmatic guidance. The point of view is rather hinted at than driven home; the analysis is tentative and episodic; the conclusions are based on a note of interrogation.

As Mr. Grotton observes of History, we seem to be "approaching a stale-mate of suspended judgment," and "the more is known, the less the tendency to assert."

* "The Epic." By Lascelles Abercrombie.—"Comedy." By John Palmer.—"History." By R. H. Grotton.—"Satire." By Gilbert Cannan. 1s. net each. (Martin Secker.)

Education, in fact—now that the keys are given to the proletariat—no longer consists in imparting a categorical statement. "Tutors and professors can hardly be said to lecture any more. They bring with them the treasure-house of authorities, and enter with their pupils. Discussion rages, assertion is silenced." We are no longer guided by monks or pedagogues.

Yet, in their own way, our authors can be dogmatic.

Mr. Palmer, indeed, is chiefly concerned in exploding the French theory of wit, which is all intellect, and only exhibited in our own tongue by Congreve and Oscar Wilde. Here "we are no longer men; we are wits and a peruke." And "the advantage of French as a civilised language is that it enables almost anybody to explain the universe in a quarter of an hour"; whereas "an Englishman cannot say what he means; there is no such thing as plain English."

Yet Shakespeare "lughed with his whole soul"; his "figures are not a criticism of life," but "a piece of life imaginatively realised." And if the average Englishman is a fool, he "is one of those d—d fools who are usually right in the end."

Mr. Gretton has taken his subject more seriously. Tracing his subject from its foundation when "the distinction between legend and truth did not exist," until established by Christianity, he leads us, with acute observation, to the historical adventure into the "rational" examination of "popular" problems. Noting the reaction after Green's complete ignoring of pageant, royalty, and the battlefield, he confronts us with Lord Acton's "remarkable profession of belief in the last word." To-day, it would seem, however, that we are actually afraid of history. We demand documents.

It is Mr. Gretton's contention that "the true value of history lies in its training of the mind to estimate evidence, balance assertions, and criticise mental attitudes, in its creation of a capacity for judgment." It must be written backwards and concern itself with the interpretation—by comparison—of contemporary tendencies and events.

But we have left ourselves too little space for Mr. Abercrombie's subtle analysis of "The Epic," grouped round Homer, Virgil, and Milton. He distinguishes between "epic material" and "epic poetry," between the "authentic" and the "literary" epic. Originally illustrating an "Heroic Age," it may recreate history or picture the supernatural; but it must have "significance," which is not allegory, and must be "an affair of evident largeness." The development into the "written" epic, created by Virgil, and the comparatively modern addition of "plot in narrative," are shrewdly noted. Milton's *dualism* of consciousness is observed.

Finally our author can only discover Epic to-day in drama—that is, "Faust" and "The Dynasts"; while for the future he indicates a sequence of odes "of epic significance," expressing as much spirituality "as is possible, in the style of Lucretius and Wordsworth, for subjective symbolism."

Mr. Cannan has discovered in "affectation" the only legitimate subject of satire. He pities the satirist "for he is a poet or a soul well-born who has been parlously out of luck." Swift, the author of "Hudibras," and the author of "Erewhon" are alike unfortunates, whose work is "always the result of chafing." The Greek satire was directed fearlessly against all persons or gods, never against the community. In England "persons are held sacred, while upon the nation and its character abuse may be poured." Because we are more grossly hypocritical than others as a nation, the art has always flourished among us; and "English indifference" has been always spoken by "Scotch reviewers"—hated by Byron and Dr. Johnson.

After the satire that bites came the "adorable nonsense" of Lear and Carroll, which Mr. Belloc has striven after; or the fantasies of Pope and Mr. Max Beerbohm. Mr. Bernard Shaw has taught us "that it is possible to think of things upside down and no great harm be done and the world go on much the same."

The fact is, that "satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception

it meets with in the world and that so very few are offended with it."

On the other hand, it may not, legitimately, ridicule misfortune or calamity, ugliness, or poverty:

"None are for being what they are in fault,
But for not being what they would be thought."

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

THE OLD AFRICAN HIGHWAY.*

"The Old Transport Road" is a book for the writing of which all of us who have known and loved South Africa must be deeply grateful to the late Mr. Hyatt; while those to whom it is only known in imagination will at least learn to understand the fascination which this great highway exerts over those who have travelled it. Every road teems with romance, but the Great Northern Road of South Africa, reaching ever northward, opened up the Dark Continent, and is now overgrown and deserted, crumbled into great holes, by reason of the coming of the railway, to which the Road was parent. This is assuredly one of those roads of the world that deserve a written record. And Mr. Hyatt has told its story worthily, which is saying much.

His book is a description of trekking, perhaps the finest description of trekking which has ever been written. Readers of "The Old Transport Road" will realise the lure of the Road, which rises above all privations and hardships. They will learn to appreciate the joy of travelling behind your own span of fine oxen, the friendliness and comradeship of the Road, the excitements, the good hunting, and also the troubles, shortage of water, the great mud holes in which a whole wagon may be lost, the tedium of waiting for a river to subside, the sometime horrors of a trading store, and the exceeding wetness of rain. Beyond and behind the very excellent tales of transport-riding is the story of one who, unlike the "Good People in books," did not remain all his life in the profession to which he had been trained. The book contains a good comparison of life in the wilds to the life of the street dweller, not altogether favourable to the latter. Mr. Hyatt tells some excellent animal stories, and gives the reader a good insight into various native characteristics. He tells us of the sorrows of the poor patient oxen, so often untrained, ill-fed and mis-handled, who by their labours in the past have added no small meed to the present prosperity of South Africa. We feel we thoroughly know Amous, the Basuto driver, who loves but two things in the world, cattle and tobacco, and who can tell by a bullock's eyes whether or no he will make a good "front ox"; and Amous who almost worships his "very little cattle indeed." We come to love Biffel, the left-hind ox, and "Peter, the Goat with a White Man's Soul," and many more. The descriptions of nature are excellent, and the book is in many ways one of Mr. Hyatt's best works, written in his own style, incisive and yet imaginative; and through it, reading between the lines, he gives us quite unconsciously a picture of a wonderfully plucky youth, working in a deadly climate, suffering from fever and phthisis, who did not lose his nerve, but instead fought through, and lived to work for Africa.

Were it not that the author's descriptions of men and types are too often coloured by his own dislikes—of which he seems to have no small store—"The Old Transport Road" would be an altogether pleasing book, worthy to rank among the few first-rate books of travel. As it is, scornful remarks against Cecil Rhodes, the Chartered Co., Colonials, the British officers, and even George Meredith, destroy the symmetry, and leave us with the sensation that the writer must have been a somewhat prickly person.

It is a pity Mr. Hyatt is so severe on Colonials, for, as in every other class, there exist good, bad and indifferent specimens, and when one considers the lack of any good

* "The Old Transport Road." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 7s. 6d. (Andrew Melrose.)

educational system in South Africa ten years ago, I think all credit is due to the Colonial for turning out so well as he has done. To compare him with the English Public School boy is a needless irony; for, were the comparison carried to its full extent, the English schools would indeed need to look to their laurels.

All through the book runs a thread of lonely feeling, a regret for the old days which are gone. Yet surely Mr. Hyatt was blessed in having so many good days to remember, and a life which has been broader than the average. The curse of most memories is that they contain nothing which is worth remembering. The book ends on a tragically dramatic note, and by that ending, as by much else in his book, the writer proves conclusively that a road possesses a soul. "The Old Transport Road" is illustrated with quite the best South African photographs we have yet seen.

M. TORIN.

THE SUCCESSORS OF TOLSTOY.*

This very pleasant volume may be taken as an appendix to Melchior de Vogüé's important work on the Russian novelists recently noticed in these pages. We say appendix rather than continuation, for the present work is much smaller, both in mere bulk and in range of critical power than the Frenchman's classic volume. For English readers, however, the little book has a clear value of its own. De Vogüé's theme is the Russian literature that, nowadays, most English people know something about; he writes of Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoevsky. Serge Persky takes up the wondrous tale where the Frenchman leaves off, and tells us something of the moderns—Tchekov, Korolenko, Veressayev, Gorky, Andreyev, Merejkovsky and Kuprin—these in detail, and more briefly of such actual contemporaries as Artzybashev (whose "Sanin" was recently the best discussed book in Russia), Kamensky, Kouzmine, Sologub and others. This bare recital of names, known and unknown in these islands, may perhaps convey to the reader a better idea of the interest of the present volume than any detailed criticism of its contents.

The author had included here a study of Tolstoy which the translator, preferring to concentrate our attention upon later writers, has omitted. We think he has done well, not, indeed, because Tolstoy has been written about too much, but because he is so colossal that his very name in a book overshadows the others whom we really want to see—these others who, though successors of the mighty, are not mere Epigoni, but have a real authority of their own.

The volume does not call for elaborate discussion. We note with some surprise that, though plays as well as novels are dealt with, no mention is made of Tchekov's now famous "Sea Gull." We dissent, too, from the author's view that Luke, in "The Night Refuge," is one of Gorky's most original creations. Luke is, indeed, a very dear and delightful old fellow; but surely he derives directly from some of Tolstoy's simple souls—from Martin Avdeitch and Elisha Bodrov, to say nothing of Dostoevsky's Myshkin. But these are small details. We commend to our readers this excellent guide to a literature that is now the most significant in Europe.

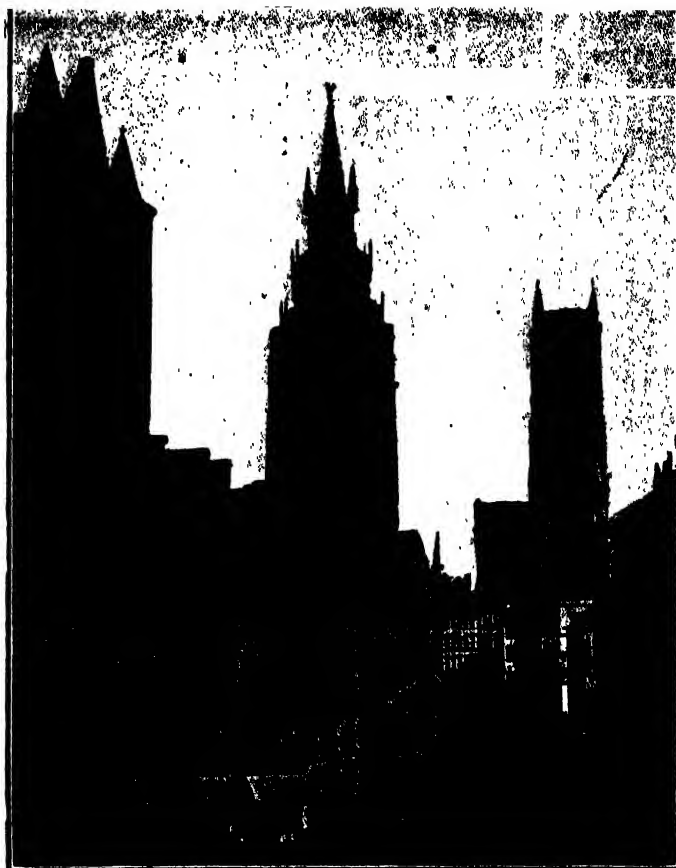
GEORGE SAMPSON.

BELGIUM.†

All eyes just now are turned towards the small Belgian state whose gallant people are offering such an unexpectedly stubborn and effective opposition to the legions of the German invader. But the stubbornness of that opposition is only unexpected because most of us have

* "Contemporary Russian Novelists." By Serge Persky. Translated from the French by Frederick Eismann. 3s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

† "Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom, and People." By John de Courcy MacDonnell. 15s. net. (John Long.)



Ghent: the Belfry and the Cathedral of Saint Bavou.

From "Belgium: Her Kings, Kingdom and People," by John de Courcy MacDonnell (John Long).

little more than a general tourist-knowledge of the country and less of the character of the shrewd, industrious, passionately democratic race that has built up Belgium's power and prosperity and is now spending its lives without stint to hold her honour and her freedom inviolate. Mr. MacDonnell's history of Belgium, its kings, kingdom and people, could not have made its appearance more opportunely. It unfolds lucidly and interestingly the story of the nation's origin, its struggles for independence, always menaced on the one hand by Prussia, on the other by France, until the guarantee of the Powers after the Franco-German War placed it in a position of security and left it free to develop its resources in peace. Fortunately, it did not trust itself entirely to the safeguard of that treaty; it steadily and strenuously prepared itself to protect its borders from aggression—as Germany is now discovering.

Mr. MacDonnell has a close acquaintance with his subject; his work is the outcome of twelve years of continuous life in Brussels, when he made exhaustive researches, collected material and came into touch with public men of every rank, party and calling, who readily assisted him in his enquiries. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the State and of its rulers, of its present King in particular; and if we are not invariably able to share his broad views of the late monarch, to minimise or palliate the Congo atrocities, or to put so much of the blame for them where he seeks to place it, we do not doubt his sincerity nor his real endeavour to look upon these things impartially. Political, industrial and social developments absorb most of his attention; the chapter on the art and literature of the country is rather inadequate. But to all who would know fully and intimately the story of the stormy past through which Belgium has come, the forces that have gone to the making of it, the peculiar genius of its liberty-loving people, we recommend Mr. MacDonnell's able survey unreservedly. It is one of the few books that will be read in this crisis of our history and it will be read with deepest interest. The photographs of places and the numerous portraits (including a beautiful photogravure of King Albert) are excellently reproduced and add much to the book's value.

POEMS AND LEGENDS.*

This is, so far as I know, Mr. Catty's first book. It is nearly four hundred pages long, and includes all kinds of verse. There are stories, of Danaë, Aphrodite, Marpessa, Demeter and Persephone . . . dramatic monologues of Hero to Leander, the King to Agnes Sorel, Mary Stuart to Mary Beaton, of Caesar Borgia to Machiavelli . . . dramatic lyrics, descriptions and memories, character sketches, personal lyrics. He likes verse, and uses a great variety of forms skilfully, but without novelty, so that rather a large proportion of his work demands a reader who, in the first place, likes verse for its own sake. Such a reader will enjoy the description of summer in London :

" . . . The tranquil, echoing, outdoor voices,
Heard though quietly, clear though distant, borne
Over the short grass, filling at times the Square:
High with iterant words that sound distinctly,
Low with intimate murmurs half divined."

Mr. Catty is sometimes particularly good with his London scenes, as in this suburb one :

"The clear cold and the fresh smell
Of earth - yon vast flame-coloured sky
Of sunset—the dim plain's expanse . . .
The few leaves' solitary dance
In the keen wind as it flows by -
These things to you are fair and sweet:
The sad suggestion of the street
But a dark foil to joy—the train's
Call, harrowing the lonely plains,
Not desolate, but like the gray
That ushers in the golden day—
Love's morning that begins at night."

But his country is equally good. He has several fishing poems, full of moorland, and of feeling for moorland, and for the tarn where

"Never an angler
Starred with timorous oar the even gloom."

In fact, the best of his narratives is the description. The women are good, but the woods are better. For example, he tells the story of Aphrodite and Anchises. It is a mere exercise. It tells nothing more than everybody knows, that Aphrodite loved Anchises and bore him Æneas. But it is charming when it pictures the woods where Anchises wandered :

"Down glades of russet sprinkling, where on spines
The charmed fern-revel frozen in long lines
Of eddying dance whirls moveless, caught and held,
In fancy rhythm's mid motion stayed and spelled."

So, too, the best thing in "The King to Agnes Sorel" is the King's wish :

"I would the world were some suave landscape, rimmed
By the far-folding purple of soft hills:
A sunny tract whereon broad rivers roll
'Mong bowered isles, past shores warm to the verge
With olive and the deeply blushing vine.
My station then should be the rising spur
Of a dark steep; and there I'd live and lean,
A lover of old songs breathed to the lute. . . ."

Nevertheless, in the narrative and dramatic parts everything is so clear and so well done of its kind, that they will provide pretty entertainment for the fit reader, that lover of verse for its own sake.

Mr. Drinkwater's play is like one of his lyrics or narratives divided up, well groomed, well greaved, cleaner and more adventurous-ardent than ever. The hero is a poet who is

"For carving on the grain
Of every intimate day the sovran shape
Of your adventurous will."

He is a magnificent poet and magnificent soldier who leads a rebel army, forsakes them for one night to meet the Queen (a kindred spirit), but returns and triumphs, yet

* "Poems and Legends." By Charles Stratford Catty. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)—"Rebellion." A Play in 3 Acts. By John Drinkwater. 1s. net. (Nutt.)—"The Two Blind Countries." By Rose Macaulay. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"Farming Lays." By Bernard Gilbert. Marginal Illustrations by W. S. Lear. 2s. net. (Frank Palmer.)

concludes the play by going away alone, refusing the crown. He despises :

"The cunning craft of men
Who think much pitiful hurrying to and fro,
The getting of some straightly forgotten right,
The twisting of laws that govern a yearly day
Swift rigorous life."

He likes the Queen's "good clean cry," her swift decision to come to the rebel leader. He likes inhumanly glorious things, such as

"The peace of the wild hawks among the rocks,"
and :

"The beauty of things made where chaos was,
The starlight on the sickle in the corn."

From Mr. Drinkwater's own ardent liking for these things comes the life in the play. Mr. Drinkwater could dramatise "The Helmet and the Helmet Feather."

At first sight I mistook Miss Macaulay for a half-seriously parodying disciple of Mr. Walter de la Mare. There are, it is true, poems where the mist hanging over her world seems an elfin mist, where an effect like Mr. de la Mare's is produced, but more intellectual, less sensuous. The majority are decidedly more intellectual and less sensuous than Mr. de la Mare's best work. Her world is spoken of in one of her two "Hymns for St. Andrew's Day" :

"The world is like to gossamer, so thin, so light, so pearly pale,
And ever just behind the veil strange joys do wait, faint
terrors stir."

Everything in the book, from the whimsical to the most grave, is enacted for the most part in that world. In one poem a bonfire is lit, and someone on one side of it sees someone on the other with eyes narrowed as if :

"In mirth, or pain, or sharp surprise,
Or fear too keen to bear . . .

The lit twigs cracked, the flame put out
A quivering glutton's tongue;
The cruel beech trees pressed about
To see you burn so young."

The rain falls and destroys the illusion which is almost hallucination :

"The great drops hurrying through the trees
Were like the noise of feet,
As if back through the centuries
A strayed hour beat retreat."

I heard you speak from miles away -
A strange, far, hollow sound—
You said it was no use to stay,
The bonfire was quite drowned."

Here you see the world being entered and left again, but in the best poems, such as "The Thief," there is no door visible between the two. In that poem a boy is out stealing apples in an orchard at dawn, and Miss Macaulay borrows from her world to describe that of perhaps many people at dawn and in childhood :

"The thief's feet bruised wet lavender
Into sweet, sharp surprise;
The orchard, full of pears and joy,
Smiled like a gold sunrise;
But the blind house stared down on him
With strange, white-lidded eyes."

He stood at the world's secret heart
In the haze-wrapt mystery;
And fat pears, mellow on the lip,
He supped like a honey-bee;
But the apples he crunched with sharp, white teeth
Were pungent, like the sea."

When she speaks more for herself she is more difficult, so that, perhaps, she only surrenders the last secret to lovers of haze for haze's sake. But it is a beautiful haze, whether it is morning's or the spirit's.

Mr. Gilbert's is a straightforward rustic note :

"When winter is a drawn' near,
Of all the things to maak yer feel
Contented wi' the time o' year,
Gi' me the pig's expirin' squeal."

I wish I could give it to him, to keep for ever in famous Lincolnshire. How can I hope to understand such a bard? Dialects are always ticklish. Sometimes it looks

to me as if most of Barnes were very moderate poetry translated into Dorset. But Mr. Gilbert would be equally good without his dialect. Instead of a gentle poet like Barnes, he is a plain rhymers of common feelings, and I can believe that "on jolly evenings in village and wayside inns, when men were gathered together after their day's work, these little poems were recited and listened to with great gusto."

EDWARD THOMAS.

Novel Notes.

GREYLAKE OF MALLERBY. By W. L. Cribb. 6s. (Sampson, Low & Co.)

It is a leisurely tale that Mr. Cribb has to tell, as garrulous as any spun by the marshmen in the chimney-corner of the dingy tavern at Swilby. The Greylakes have for generations been farmers in the Marsh, and when Epton Greylake goes to London the old standards shake their heads to express disapproval. But if Epton does not turn London upside down he thrives and prospers, and dies famous for his sound advice, printed in a dozen papers, to those about to marry, owner of four large shops, a factory where furniture and pianos are made by Britons for Britons, and controller of the destinies of two hundred men. His son Martin has been educated at a school for gentlemen, and then sent down to Mallerby to become acquainted with the village that was the cradle of his father's greatness. Martin is enamoured of the Marsh, and with his cousin Chris Farron works hard and lives roughly as a farmer, using his wealth discreetly to relieve the urgent needs of his people when his father dies. Perhaps Sybila Easting is responsible for this, but Martin belongs to the type preferring country to city. The old world characters introduced will raise many a smile and tear; old Easting the shepherd, Jesse Sinson the miller and philosopher, Ira Rainey who had his wits and young manhood battered to pieces against the hull of *The Good Intent*, the Healer, and Babbington the broken down artist are simple and charming and human.

MRS. VANDERSTEIN'S JEWELS. By Mrs. Charles Bryce. 6s. (John Lane.)

Mrs. Charles Bryce has contrived an ably constructed and exceedingly well told detective story. The title "Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels" scarcely does it justice, for one expects a more or less commonplace jewel robbery under such a name; whereas, although the story does indeed concern a jewel robbery, it is by no means a commonplace one. The plot is well thought out and unfolded with great skill, keeping the reader absorbed throughout. Mrs. Vanderstein, a wealthy widow, mysteriously disappears, together with her companion, Miss Barbara Turner. Both ladies have been to the Opera, Covent Garden; they are seen in their box there and are seen leaving the theatre, but no one remembers seeing them after that, and as they do not return home their friends become alarmed; especially as Mrs. Vanderstein was wearing some of her famous jewels on that occasion and foul play is feared. The reader is allowed to suspect several persons as likely people to decoy Mrs. Vanderstein away, the real culprit being disclosed after an exciting and well-planned hunt. What the detective finds, at length, in the window-box of Number 13, Scholefield Avenue (down Maida Vale way) will come as a thrilling surprise to every reader of this fascinating book.

THE TOLL. By William Westrup. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The publishers say that the end of "The Toll" is "unexpected." It is—and it is also the book's principal fault, for Mr. Westrup gives his readers no indication of the tragic culmination of a story which is scarcely tragic in

other respects. Apart from this grumble, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Westrup's latest—and in most other ways his best—novel. "The Toll" is a strong, well told, and well written story of South African life in the mines round Johannesburg. It introduces a large number of cleverly-drawn characters and a genuinely attractive heroine, and there are some really exciting scenes. Emphatically "The Toll" is a book that it is worth while to read, for Mr. Westrup's powers of presenting South African life in a vivid and convincing fashion seem to increase with each fresh novel that he writes.

THE BELFRY. By Margaret Baillie Saunders. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We are grown so used, in the last few weeks, to reading and thinking of Brussels and the familiar towns of Belgium as centres of the greatest, most terrible war the world has ever seen, that there is something almost incongruous in turning from the grim news of them that fills the daily papers and finding the same towns here, in "The Belfry," pleasant and peaceful centres of a tale that, though it is touched with something of tragedy, is full of the romance, the beauty, the tears and the laughter of life as it was lived until just before the thunder of war was in our ears. It tells of a young and beautiful woman married without love to a man much older than herself; her husband is stricken mentally, has to be removed into an asylum, and is said to be beyond hope of recovering his reason, though he may live on for long years. She has no children; she has no pleasure in society and the little social amenities that count for so much with most English women of her class. She is married, but a widow. London wearies her, and she is with difficulty dissuaded from going into a sort of High Church nunnery. Out in Bruges she meets with a Belgian dramatist, a man whose genius has not yet been recognised; her interest in him, her eager desire to help him in his work, grows to a deeper feeling. He, too, drifts into passionate love for her, though his innate selfishness through it all, his ready acquiescence in the idea that it is her mission to aid in the fostering of his great gifts and be sacrificed to them, is cleverly and effectively suggested. She sacrifices herself willingly and completely; then, when it seems too late, her husband recovers his sanity, remembers his past unkindnesses to her, and is deeply repentant and begs her forgiveness. To tell him the truth would be to shatter his mental health again and irreparably, and she is faced with the choice between the two men. It is a strong and well-imagined situation, and Mrs. Saunders handles it with uncommon delicacy and skill. The dialogue is crisp and natural, the characters vividly drawn, and the story a story of the most poignant human interest.

A GARDEN OF THE GODS. By Edith M. Keate. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

"Old thoughts and fair," which the author quotes from Lewis Morris in her prefatory Apologia, aptly enough describes the flavour and the limitations of this story. For it is all compact of old ingredients, with Beauty and the Beast for principal figures. The Beauty discovers a veritable garden of the gods; and the Garden-Man, as Penelope's small brother styles the Beast, joyfully welcomes Beauty and her brother to his paradise. Forthwith the Beast bows down and worships. But then begin the obstacles in the course of Penelope's love-story. The book is, presumably, a first one, but among many signs of immaturity there is not a little, both in dialogue and characterisation, to arouse expectation of better work from the same pen.

QUINNEY'S. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (John Murray.)

"Quinney's" is an excellent dramatic novel, which, even without the dedication to Mr. Cyril Maude, we should have felt instinctively was destined for the stage. Yet although this prophecy will assuredly be fulfilled, we

would advise the reader not to miss making acquaintance with certain very human characters while they remain in book form ; namely, of Quinney, a dealer in old furniture, with his sparkling eyes and plain speech, his love of the beautiful and his preference for things to people, " the small man bustin' with great ideas " ; of Sue, his little wife, who fought with such vigour to prevent his business becoming the greatest thing in his life, who lost and found " her lover of Laburnam Row " ; of James, the fluently-rhetorical foreman ; of Posy, who astonished her father, and discovered a fake, yet profited by the experience ; and finally of Mrs. Honeybun, " an accomplished lady armed with the coagulated wisdom of the ages," whose hobby was the necessity of self-expression. By so doing the reader will enhance his enjoyment of a play without missing the delightful descriptions of Milchester life and love making.

BIRD OF PARADISE. By Ada Levenson 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mrs. Levenson has so nice a sense of character and so complete a knowledge of the thoughts and actions of her world that she disarms criticism. In many respects her new book is a model of what the " society " novel should be ; in others, to be frank, it is not. The faults all centre around the story, which—with six heroes and heroines—can hardly escape being confusing. But what *does* this matter when Mrs. Levenson is at the helm ? Her story, after all, dots at least give her an opportunity for the handling of a number of situations which are never strained or untrue. That, indeed, is the distinguishing mark of this most refreshing novel—its truth. One does not question the actions of any of Mrs. Levenson's characters ; one simply knows that these things are so. The characters are alive, and you may meet their counterparts any day in Bond Street or Regent Street, well-dressed, amiable people, with a keen sense of humour for the most part, plenty of money, and nothing particular to do. " Bird of Paradise " makes an important contribution to Mrs. Levenson's considerable gallery of unforgettable portraits. It is a book at once admirable and delightful.

ONLY A DOG'S LIFE. By Baron Taube. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

It is no easy matter to make a four-footed animal the hero of your story ; to unfold the history of its life from its own standpoint, and to make it interesting and convincing. Kipling has done it ; Jack London did it, in " The Call of the Wild " and in " White Fang " ; others have attempted it with more or less success, and none of these others has been more successful than Baron Taube is in his " Only a Dog's Life." His dog, Droozok, is a half-wild Russian hound with a strain of the wolf in him. A Russian merchant has bought him from some Siberian trappers with the notion of selling him at a good profit in New York. But on the voyage, Droozok shows a fierce enmity towards his master, who is furiously resolved on avenging himself for the humiliation the dog has brought upon him, and Droozok is only saved from his brutal intentions by being smuggled ashore by friendly sailors at New York and sold to the German proprietor of a drinking-saloon, where he falls under the charge of a droll, drunken Irish bar-tender. From this time on the story grows in interest, and Droozok passes through a succession of varied and exciting experiences. There is nothing of the subtlety of Kipling's or Jack London's psychology in the presentation of the dog's character ; but Droozok and the miscellaneous Russian, American and German men and women with whom he comes in contact in the course of his adventures are ably and vividly drawn, and the story is fresh and ingenious and full of surprises. It is well worth reading.

The Bookman's Table.

JOHN BARLEYCORN. By Jack London. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)

The sub-title of this book is " Alcoholic Memoirs," and the sub-title just expresses what the book is. It is a racy, virile, and occasionally riotous volume of incidents in the author's life in which John Barleycorn is both the hero and the villain, and we must frankly admit that we are thrilled and amused without being affected overmuch by Mr. London's propaganda. Indeed, there are a number of vital weaknesses in this statement of the case against alcohol. In the first place, Mr. London writes as an alcoholic whereas he admits that he never liked drink for its own sake. All his life he had drunk, not because he wanted to, but because he was a born adventurer and only by way of the saloons could he find and follow the trails of the adventurers of his dreams. The men he admired and loved were the men who drank, " the good fellows, easy and genial, daring and, on occasion, mad." As for the others, " the ones cold of heart and cold of head, who don't smoke, drink, or swear, or do anything else that is brave and resentful, and stinging," he would have none of them. " One does not meet these in saloons, nor rallying to lost causes, nor flapping on the adventure-paths, nor loving as God's own mad lovers." It is throaty, chesty, drinking men who do these things. So he took to drink as an expedient and became its slave. Now he would suppress it. He would have universal woman's suffrage, because he believes that wives and mothers would be prohibitionist, and, if alcohol was not always lying in wait for the best men alcohol would soon be doomed. Hence this tract. But we must mention that Mr. London himself refused to turn teetotal.

CROQUET. By Lord Tollemache. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Once one of the most popular of outdoor games, the glory of croquet has for some time past been more or less in eclipse, but there are unmistakable signs of a revival of general interest in it. The tendency has been to imagine that there is something slightly effeminate in a game that can be played without violence ; but the plain truth is that a finer skill, a more scientific training goes to the making of the finished croquet-player than to the player of football, or, perhaps, even of cricket. What is more to the purpose is that, as its votaries know, it is one of the most delightful games that the ingenuity of man has ever invented, and Lord Tollemache's large and handsomely produced volume concerning it will make it clear to the uninitiated that it is a game in which there is much to learn, and one that for the sheer delight of it is worth learning. It is a book for the beginner, but not for him only ; since it gives, lucidly and exhaustively, all that lore of the game without which even the first-class player cannot hope to succeed. One of the most brilliant of living players himself, Lord Tollemache has in these pages placed all his expert knowledge of croquet at the disposal of whosoever desires to become proficient in this fascinating pastime, and the practical value of such a work by such an author goes without saying. Its utility is enhanced by numerous photographic illustrations.

ON LIFE AND LETTERS. (Second Series.) By Anatole France. Translated by A. W. Evans. 6s. (John Lane.)

The perfect critic would write of Anatole France's criticism as Anatole France writes of other authors. He would indulge in few historical comparisons, in few profound details, but he would, as it were, " taste " his author as Anatole France himself tastes his authors. He would let his mind browse upon exquisite sensations. Only then could he do justice to a critic so sensitive as Anatole France. Unfortunately for us all the perfect critic is but too rare. . . . There are nearly forty essays in this well-translated volume, and each of them has the perfection of a

work of art. They will not satisfy everyone, because everyone does not agree that the French School of the 'eighties is the ideal school of criticism; but they will interest everyone as the revelation of a wonderful and delicate personality. Anatole France brings to his criticism those very qualities which have enlivened his creative work—the finish of complete mastery, the irony of pity, the balance of a just, a romantic, and a disillusioned mind. There are writers, no doubt, whom he understands better than others, but his intelligence is so wide-awake and subtle that he *seems* to understand everyone alike. In writing round his subjects he appears to prick their very hearts. His learning is enormous, but it is half concealed in the intuitive comprehension, in the artistic nicety of his judgments. Long ago Anatole France devoted a whole volume to one poet, but this book does not suggest that it could have been any great success. His critical *forte* lies in the swift glimpse, in the deep, momentary touch. In that he is the unrivalled master of all critics.

RUSSIA: The Country of Extremes. By Madame N. Jarintzoff. 16s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

There was a time, not so long ago, when we were content to take our facts about Russia from the coloured pages of melodrama. Russia figured dimly in our imagination as a vast ice-bound territory given over to the evils of officialism and nihilism. One thought of Russia in terms of bombs and Siberian exile. We have changed all that. We are rapidly getting to know what we want to know about this misunderstood and misrepresented country. Mr. Maurice Baring was one of the pioneers who went out and saw things for himself, to our profit and enlightenment, and in his train have followed a host of writers and journalists eager to give us the fruits of their impressions. The universal importance of Russia may be gauged by the fact that Baedeker has now claimed it for his own. Madame Jarintzoff is the latest "interpreter," although her book is not so much an exposition as a commentary. It is a pot-pourri of some ten detached and independent articles dealing with such varied subjects as Church, Student Life, the Assassination of Alexander II., Cossacks, Agents Provocateurs, etc. Whatever faults we may find with the book on the score of consecutive interest, it cannot be denied that Madame Jarintzoff has succeeded admirably in presenting her facts. She has certainly added something to our knowledge of a country about which we cannot know too much. She does not think much of the Church as a means of spiritual regeneration—she is at variance with Mr. Baring in this opinion—and she paints a lurid picture of the corrupted clergy. This may or may not be. The maelstrom of religious controversy does not attract us. We are more interested in the soul of Russia—that great patient soul slowly but surely developing towards maturity—the actual life of the people, their aims, ideals, amusements, arts, etc. We should have liked more of this and less controversial matter. The book, however, has many merits. The chapter on the Cossacks is one of the best things we have read. We like also the chapter devoted to the "Agents Provocateurs," with its brief notes about Father Gapon, Aseff, etc. This is what one might call pardonable melodrama. We should have liked more of the author's "silhouettes" of everyday life; the snap-shot glimpses she gives us of the social life of the Russian people might have been prolonged. We must congratulate the publishers on the general get-up of the book; the illustrations accompanying the text, reproductions from paintings by famous painters like Riepin, Bielsky, Sversckoff, are admirable. There is also a useful glossary of Russian words.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.

The chief note in Miss Phyllis Bottome's novel, **Broken Music** (6s.), as in her previous ones, is its vivid realism. Told in strong vigorous style, with a delicious undercurrent of humour, the story is one that grips from start to finish, and the characters are drawn with her usual sympathetic skill and knowledge. It is the story of a young man's life in Paris—a young man who has been brought up in the country, and to whom the glare and glitter of Paris is a mystical, wonderful dream. The book deals chiefly with his gradual awakening; his trials, his temptations, his hopes and failures, his love—and the consequences. It is so easily natural, so intricate, so crammed with important little incidents, as is the way of life, that it is impossible to outline the plot in a few words. Those who are familiar with Miss Bottome's other books will need no further recommendation to "Broken Music"; and those who are not familiar with them may be sure that they will find in it a powerfully human novel, one that will rank with the ablest that she has written.

MESSRS. C. W. DANIEL, LTD.

Mr. E. A. Johnson says that his little book, **Small Flower Gardens** (1s.), "is simply written by a garden lover, for garden lovers, and in the hope that it may induce some who have not tasted the joys of gardening to step into the pathway of its delights, which leads to joys unspeakable." And certainly it would be difficult to read the book through and be left without a desire to start experimenting on a garden of one's own. Written briefly and lightly, with a pleasing scarcity of long, technical phrases, it is a handy little volume, compact and concise, with a wealth of information gathered between its covers; all beginners will find its hints useful and practical, and the simple straightforward style in which it is written easy to follow. It is illustrated with several charming photographs.

MESSRS. SAMPSON, LOW & CO.

The scene of **The Uplanders** (6s.), a countryside romance, is laid in the pleasant Gloucestershire uplands, and the people of the story comprise many interesting local types—rich and poor, squire and peasant, miller and maltster, preacher and poacher, in short, all the grandees and gossips of the delightful villages of Bircheston and Combe, which nestle cosily among the woods in neighbouring hollows. The story tells how a handsome stranger from Canada introduces a mysterious shadow into the life of Squire Honour of Combe, and comes near to wrecking the happiness of two women. The love stories of Miss Esther, the kindly mistress of Bircheston Mill, and of Marjorie Bryant, the maltster's daughter, are developed with some strength; but, in poignancy and power, the main theme of the novel is quite overshadowed by the love tragedy of Joe Hanks, the poacher, and Jen'fer, "his little wild dove." Some interesting gossips figure in the story, contributing their say in a vastly attractive Gloucestershire dialect.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

The Priceless Thing, by Maud Stepney Rawson (6s.), is a stirring romance which develops an exciting mystery. The heroine, a lovable young girl in a London library, seeks to improve her position by applying for the post of librarian in her titled cousin's large country mansion. How she secures the post, and what is the result of her success, forms the principal theme of Mrs. Rawson's story. It is told in an interesting, vivacious style, and with those many amusing touches which lend this author's books such a distinctive charm. The reader will be absorbed in the career of Anstice, in the misfortunes and misunderstandings which entangle her, in her love affair of which Mrs. Rawson tells with such natural sympathetic tenderness. It is an excellent story, well constructed, cleverly written, and difficult to put down till the mysteries have been solved, and the future happiness of Anstice is well assured. It cannot fail to please the reader who likes a good tale with an exciting, but perfectly probable, plot.

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AWARDS

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The prize of Three Guineas is divided as follows:—

Miss Lettie Cole, Doyer House, Pontrilas, Hereford. Two Guineas.
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No. 277. Vol. XLVII.

OCTOBER, 1914.

Price Sixpence.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Miss Marie Corelli's new novel, "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact," will be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton on October 15th.

Three out of every four new books that come in nowadays deal with some aspect of the Great War. Among books and pamphlets of this kind that have been received in the last few days are:

"Quick Training for War," by Sir Robert Baden-Powell (Herbert Jenkins).

"The Campaign round Liège (Hodder & Stoughton).

"The Siege of Liège," by Paul Hamelius (Werner Laurie). Dr. Hamelius was Professor of English Literature at the Liège University, and writes as an eye-witness.

"A.B.C. Guide to the Great War," by Edmund B. D'Auvergne (Werner Laurie).

"Union Jack Lyrics," by F. J. Johnston-Smith (Erskine Macdonald).

"The Meaning of the War," by Frederic Harrison (Macmillan).

"Bloodshed." The tragedy of a modern Cæsar, by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport (Holden & Hardingham).

"Why Britain Fights," by D. J. Medley (James MacLehose).

"Our Duty at Home in Time of War," by Paul B. Bull (Mowbray & Co.).

"In the Firing Line (Hodder & Stoughton).

"Patriotic Songs and Poems" (Erskine Macdonald).

"Poems of the Great War" (Chatto & Windus), by Robert Bridges, William Watson, Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Noyes, G. K. Chesterton, John Drinkwater, Sir Owen Seaman, Harold Begbie, Lawrence Binyon, etc.

"Remember Louvain," a poetical anthology of Liberty and War (Methuen).

"Lord God of Battles," a War anthology compiled by A. E. Manning Foster (Cope & Fenwick).

"Brave Belgium: Her History and Her People," by Angelo S. Rappoport (F. & C. Palmer).

"1914," a poem, by C.W. (W. Hopper & Sons).

"Modern Germany and the Modern World," by M. E. Sadler (Macmillan).

"Naval Recognition Book." How to identify ships at sea, by Fred T. Jane (Sampson Low).

"France and the French People" (Simpkin, Marshall).

"Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time" (John Lane), which includes nearly all the best of the war poems that have appeared in the dailies

and weeklies in the last two months by Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Henry Newbolt, Neil Munro, Coulson Kernahan, Eden Philpotts, Sir Owen Seaman, Stephen Phillips, William Watson, and other well-known writers.

We have received timely reprints of:

"The Battle of Dorking"—General Chesney's vivid and for long enormously popular tale of an imaginary invasion of England (Grant Richards). This was first published forty-three years ago, and created a profound sensation. Its lurid forecasts have never been realised like all forecasts, it exaggerates our supposed unreadiness and ineptness, but it still makes capital reading.

"Dame Europa's School," another book that was phenomenally popular in the '70's (Simpkin, Marshall).

"Germany's Swelled Head," by Emil Riche, which gains a new and striking significance from what is happening at present (Andrew Melrose).

"Pan-Germanism," by Roland G. Usher (Constable)—the complement of Bernhardt's notorious book, and you may read in it how, in German opinion, "the British Empire has never been a reality, nor ever will be"; how, if we were threatened with extinction, our Colonies would throw us over and India rise against us. The kind of book which demonstrates that even the most learned of German Professors are not nearly so wise as they imagine they are.

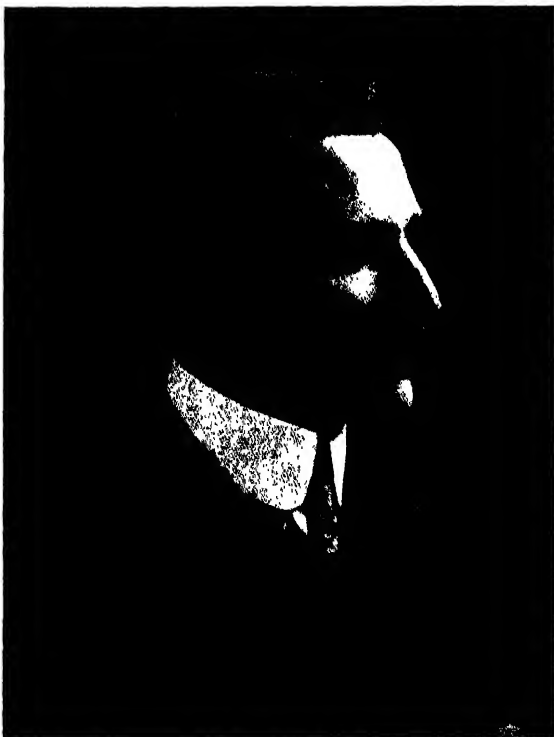


Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

Mr. W. G. Hole,

whose poetic drama, "The Master" (Erskine Macdonald), has met with such striking success here and in America.

"How Germany Makes War," by General F. von Bernhardt, and "The German Army from Within," by a British officer who served in it, two books of especial interest just now, are published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Messrs. Jarrold are publishing the first twelve of a

series of postcard reproductions of the war cartoons which have recently appeared in *Punch*.

Mr. John Murray is publishing a third edition of General Sir David Henderson's work, "The Art of Reconnaissance," with an additional chapter dealing with the principles governing the military airman's functions.

A set of six War Office maps, covering the area of the War on the Russo-German frontier, are to be issued shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

"The Unseen Empire," a story of War and Peace between England and Germany, by Atherton Brownell, will be published this month by Messrs. Harper.

Miss Marie Van Vorst's latest novel, "His Love Story" (Mills & Boon), has a peculiarly timely interest in that it is the real love story of a French officer who is now fighting at the front.

Lord Roberts has written a special article on "The Supreme Duty of the Citizen in the Present Crisis" for the October issue of the *Hibbert Journal*.

"The Franco-German War, 1870-71," by Field-Marshal von Moltke, has been re-issued by Messrs. Harper, this reprint containing all Archibald Forbes's notes and revisions.

Mr. John Long has published a cheap edition of "The Secret History of the Court of Berlin," by Henry W. Fischer.



Mrs. Florence Barclay,

whose new novel, "The Wall or Partition" (Putnam's), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. Edward Arnold is publishing next week "The Encounter," a new novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. de Selincourt). The story is, by force of circumstances, curiously opportune; it is a story of the Nietzschean attitude of mind in Germany which has produced the present crisis.



Mr. Louis Tracy.

who has lately completed a new novel, which Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Mr. Pett Ridge is among the War novelists, but, as might have been expected, he is there in his own inimitable way, and "The Happy Recruit," which Messrs. Methuen publish, is an intimate story of life in the army from the point of view of a young man who joins a London regiment at Bow Creek.

A book of exceptional interest just now is "Bruges: A Record and an Impression," by Mary Stratton, which Messrs. Batsford have just published. It is illustrated with 120 drawings by Charles Wade.

Mr. Humphrey Milford has included in his "Oxford Garland" series an admirable collection of "Patriotic Poems," selected by Mr. R. M. Leonard.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, one of the Secretaries of the National Relief Fund, asks us to call attention to a special appeal addressed to the cricket-loving public and signed by many leading cricketers, who urge that this Fund makes an instinctive and instantaneous appeal to the generosity of the public, and "We, as cricketers, know that there is no public so sportsmanlike and so generous as the cricketing crowd. As the Prince has truly said, 'this is a time when we all stand by one another.' All of us as a nation are members of a national team. We have pleasant memories of seas of faces, which in happier times have watched us play, and we ask all those who have thus watched us, and who have cheerfully paid their half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences as gate-money, to step forward and contribute over again their half-crowns, shillings, and

sixpences to the Prince's Fund, out of gratitude for the enjoyment the cricket field has given them in the past. We make this personal appeal from ourselves to all those who love the game to send whatever they can spare to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Buckingham Palace, London, S.W."

On the occasion of his seventieth birthday (August 29th), Mr. Edward Carpenter was the recipient of a congratulatory address signed by a large number of our leading men of letters testifying to the feelings of admiration and gratitude with which they regarded his life-work, and thanking him for the genius with which he has interpreted great spiritual truths, and more than all "for the spirit of comradeship which has endeared your name to all who know you, and to many who to yourself are unknown." It was a graceful and fitting tribute to the high services Mr. Edward Carpenter has rendered in the cause of human progress.

Messrs. Longmans have just published the second and final volume of Sir George Trevelyan's "George the Third and Charles Fox"—which brings to a close the series of six volumes of which the first four were entitled, *The History of the American Revolution*.

"The Lost Boy," a new story by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Harper. In it Dr. Van Dyke tells the story of the finding of Christ in the Temple much as in "The Other Wise Men," he told the story of the Nativity.

The new number of *The Odd Volume* is a generous and excellent shillingworth. It offers a wealth of good reading by many of the most popular authors, and twenty-four pictures in colour and thirty-two in black-and-white, by a brilliant company of famous artists, including Frank Reynolds, John Hassall, Willy Pogany, Arthur Rackham, Heath Robinson, Tony Sarg, Lawson Wood, Charles



Mr. Frederick William Wallace.

whose new novel, "Blue Water" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

Robinson, Will Owen, etc. The four hitherto unpublished drawings by Charles Keene are alone worth the price of this popular Annual. *The Odd Volume* is issued with the good object of raising funds for the Book Trade Provident Society.

"Behind the Scenes in the Terror," a new work, by Hector Fleischmann, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Greening.

"Never Laugh at Love," a new novel by Dolf Wyllarde, will be published this month by Messrs. Holden & Hardingham, who are also issuing "The Prelude," by the very successful Australian novelist who wrote "The Man MacDonald."

Messrs. Maunsell are publishing shortly two new books by Mr. Darrell Figgis: a new collection of his poems, "The Mount of Transfiguration," and an anthology entitled "The Lyric Cry."

Mr. Warwick Deeping's new novel, "The Pride of Eve" (Cassell), is a story of modern life with, for heroine, a woman who is the incarnation of the modern feminine spirit.

"A Cluster of Grapes," the anthology of representative twentieth-century poetry that Mr. Erskine Macdonald published last May, is still selling, in

spite of the War, and has just reached a second edition.

"The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, will be published this autumn by Messrs. Macmillan.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing immediately, in two volumes, "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France," by Elise Whitlock Ross. Other books to be published this month by the same firm are "Old Court Life in Spain," by Frances M. Elliott; "The Younger Generation," by Ellen Key; "The Dread of Responsibility," by Emile Faguet; and "Children of Banishment," a novel, by Francis W. Sullivan.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing during October Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. Haggard's "Women of the Revolutionary Era"; and, in addition to many reprints, "A Water-Fly's Wooing," by Annesley Kenealy; "The Creeping Tides," by Kate Jordan; "The Undying Race," by René Milan; and "Little Madame Claude," by Hamilton Drummond.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

Our last year's Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition proved so remarkably successful that we have decided to offer the same sum for competition again:—

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.

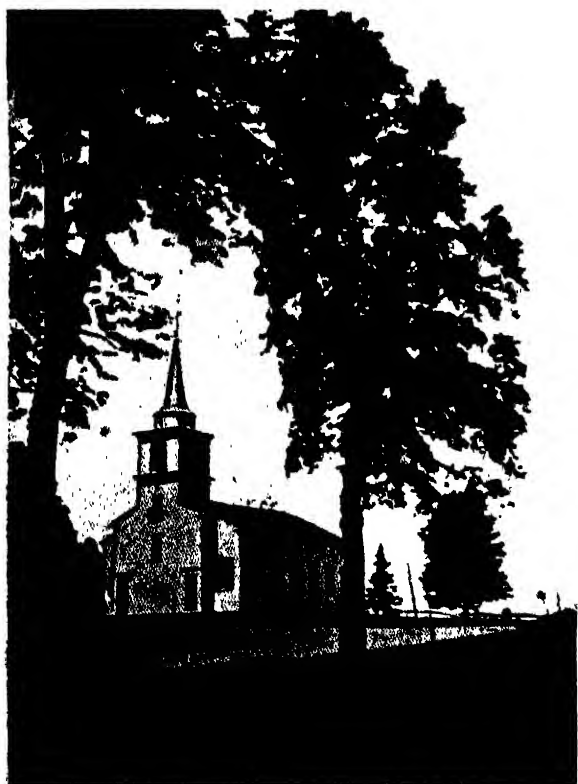
A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on any famous event in English history.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 1st October next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st December if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize. Competitors must please keep copies of their poems, as it is impossible to undertake to return them.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for January next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.



Tory Hill Meeting House.

The scene of Kate Douglas Wiggin's book, "The Old Peabody Pew."

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

RIDGWELL CULLUM.

THOSE of us who have dipped into the fascinating pages of the journals of the pioneers, men like Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the two Henrys, and Daniel Harmon, who were the first to open the shining portals of Canadian literature, must have been struck by the richness of the material still at the disposal of the novelist and historian, virgin ground still to be broken. In the past there was Fenimore Cooper who caught the glamour of the Indian and visualised the romance of the backwoodsman; there was Bret Harte who, though he did not write about the northern plains and lacked the epic talents of his predecessor, wrote charmingly and well about sentimental blackguards—creations more of the limelight perhaps than of real flesh and blood—but with a finish and subtlety that make him still the undisputed master of the novel of Californian life and manners. It is remarkable that with all this untilled field as a fresh and radiant background so few modern writers, comparatively speaking, seem to have taken proper advantage of it as a setting for the work of their imagination. Canada, one of the most exploited countries under the sun, the youngest and most strenuous of nations, seems to be very limited in its appeal to the novelist. We do not mean to say that Canada is neglected, that its varied resources are not continually being drawn on by imaginative writers and travellers, but what we do say is that it has not been exploited so much in the literary sense as it has been explored in the topographical sense.

Happily for us, however, there are one or two modern writers who are carrying on the growing traditions of Canadian prose, though not all of them are Canadians. There is quite a little group of authors who have made the Canadian backwoods their special study. There is Charles G. D. Roberts, the poet; Ernest Thompson Seton, who has raised natural history to the high level of humanity; Jack London; "Ralph Connor"; Robert W. Service, the Arctic Kipling; and lately there has come into the field a new and remarkable writer who has made Canada the background of his stories, and has been hailed by the critics as a worthy successor to Bret Harte.

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum has achieved a high reputation here and in America in a very short time; for it is only within the last few years that his star has risen steadily

above the horizon, and if we may judge from the sales of his books and the chorus of the critics, it must now be well in the ascendant. Mr. Cullum has seen life; he has not lived in the inkpot all his days where so many of us take refuge, listening to the agreeable fairy tales of the genie of the lamp which we mistake for living truths. Is there Romany blood in the author of "The One Way Trail," and that long series of novels of Canadian frontier life? What is it that makes some men stay by their own hearths, cherishing the milder humanities, and others—dear, delightful brothers of

Borrow and Stevenson!—play truant far from home, seeking elbow-room on the broad savannahs, making the rough sea their playground? It is a dancing devil in the blood that will not let him rest till he has quenched his wander-thirst and found the magic well, whether it be in a homely English dingle or in the foc's'le of a "tramp" crawling slug-like across the unknown sea that takes him far and far away into that world of adventure that most of us have never known except between the covers of a book. We know that dancing devil well. It has followed us from the land of rock and heather to the land of the mimosa, from the grey Pentlands to the soft Mediterranean, all through the pleasant land



Photo Central No.

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum.

of France. Mr. Cullum has filled his soul with this wander lust. He is a literary Ulysses if ever there was one. We like to think of him in those more strenuous days when he mixed with Kaffir and Boer and Indian, following the trail with rifle in hand and a bowie in his belt, ready for the next fray, for in the backwoods a danger lurks in every bush—every shadow is liable to spring into deadly life. He has roughed it, and he almost starved to death in Alaska, that frozen world about which Robert Service sings, but with a sorrow in the lilt of his songs, remembering its ancient hardship. He has been in the diamond mines of Kimberley, where he fell in with an organised band of freebooters who came together to oppose the Boer farmers who were beginning to play their scurvy tricks on British settlers in Bechuanaland. Like Mr. Conrad, he has been a sailor before the mast. He has "cow punched" in the Canadian States where life is cheap, and he ended his vagabondage in South Africa by mapping out the town of Mafeking. It makes one limp to think of all this stupendous energy stowed away in one individual. Never again let us

hear the unwise dictum that the man of action and the man of letters are distinct. They are not. They are a happy blend, a rare and precious endowment like the blend of idealist and man of affairs, poet and statesman, we get to perfection, say, in the character of the Scot.

And these are the blended qualities that have gone to the making of Mr. Ridgwell Cullum, the novelist who is commonly spoken of as the new Bret Harte. The comparison is, of course, the inevitable one: the two writers have certain points of resemblance; they deal with much the same primitive types of men and women: they both paint the scenery of the backwoods, the outlands, the glamorous, wild country that lies on the fringes of civilisation: but there are wide differences between them. First of all, Mr. Ridgwell Cullum works on a broader canvas; he has a stronger grip of realities, and, though it may seem a bold thing to say, a truer insight into character. Bret Harte's characters are too often mere illusory outlines; he sentimentalises them until they are no longer actual human beings. They are the ideal rogues and vagabonds you never meet with anywhere except in the pages of a romance, or on the comic opera stage. Mr. Ridgwell Cullum is a dogged realist just as Bret Harte was a dogged romantic. The author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" lives by reason of his artistry, his whimsical humour, and that warm human note that gives a colour to even his most drab, everyday scheme. There is less of this warm human note in the work of Mr. Cullum, except here and there, as in some of the love scenes; but there is instead a rush of elemental passion, strong as Zola. No living writer excels Mr. Cullum in the imaginative realism of his art. Such picturesque, vivid tales of adventure and excitement as "The Night Riders," "The Watchers of the Plains," "Devil's Keg," "The Sheriff of Dyke Hole," owe their effectiveness and their popularity no less to the interest of plot and sure skill of narration than to the imaginative realism with which their incidents and their characters are presented. You are made to feel that these are real men and women living in an atmosphere that is none the less real and the more fascinating for being unfamiliar to the average reader. I have heard people say they would like to find the softer

note a little more in these finely-conceived, throbbing stories of the northern plains, but for my part, I would not have it introduced at the expense of the strong drama and masculine vigour of style that are the distinctive properties of Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's work.

He is no hand at a pretty love story, and though love has its share in his striking series of romances it is never the lion's share. There is less of humour in them than of the sterner human elements.

As a specimen of their lighter side take the quaint and coloured speech of Doc Crombie, the revivalist mayor of Barnriff:

"It ain't your dogone dollars we want. It's your souls. D'you git that? An' when we've sure got 'em wot'll we do with 'em, you ast? Wal, I don't guess we're doin' a cannibal line of business. Nor ain't we goin' to stuff 'em and set 'em up as objec's o' ridicool to the ungodly hogs wot wallers in the swill o' no adulteratin' son-of-a-moose of a dealer in liver pizen. No, gents that ain't us. We're goin' to save 'em. An' I personal guarantees that savin' racket goes. Did I hear any mangy son-of-a-coyote guess he didn't believe no such guarantee? No, an' I guess he best not. I'm a man of peace, as all knows in this yere city, but I'd hate to try an' shut out a blizzard in winter by stuffin' that gopher's perforated carkis under the door jamb when I was thro' with it. I say right here were out to save cakises— I mean souls. An', say, fellers, jest think. Gettin' your souls saved for a few measly cents. Ain't that elegant? No argyment, no kickin'. Them souls is jest goin' to be dipped, an' they'll come up white an' shinin out o' the waters o' righteousness a sight cleaner than you ever got your faces at Christmas, washin' in Silas Rocket's hoss trough, even when his hoss soap was plenty. Think of it, fellers, and I speak speshul to you whisky souses wot ain't breathed pure air sence you last was let loose on the same gent's picklin' speerit."

First and last, Mr. Ridgwell Cullum is that rarest kind of novelist nowadays—the man who can tell a good tale. You cannot read him without feeling that he writes with large reserves of power. His last book is as fresh as his first and as full of life; he has already achieved a large measure of success, but not more than the writer of such admirable novels as "The One Way Trail" and "The Way of the Strong" has fully deserved.

B. R.

THE READER.

THE POETRY OF WAR.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

I.

WE have never particularly resented being called a nation of shopkeepers. It is not as if we had been accused of limiting our business activities to a single trade and (emulating the strange Prussian aspiration) of transforming ourselves into a nation of butchers. We are shopkeepers in the large, sane meaning of the term, and there is nothing derogatory in that description, so long as we make it clear, as we are doing again just now, that our honour is not of the things that we sell.

Shakespeare was a shopkeeper, an unusually capable one; but his partnership in a successful theatrical business did not prevent him from writing some of the greatest poetry in the world's dramatic literature. For shopkeeping in general, a peaceful, useful occupation, is no way incompatible with the pursuit of culture, with the realisation of humane ideals, with the living of that finer life of the spirit which differentiates civilised man from the crude savage whose faith is in brute force, and whose one trade is war. And peoples who have emerged from barbarism do not cease to be fighting men because they have ceased to be fighting men only. America has demonstrated that; France is at present proving it; and for ourselves—I think the native common sense of the British race brought it long since to see the insignificance, the childish absurdity of cultivating fierce moustaches and wearing spiked helmets in order to look dangerous; that sort of thing, supposed in certain quarters to be so brightly up to date, is foolishly behind the times. Even the Chinese know better now than to go on hoping to terrify their opponents by wearing ugly war-masks. Another point in our favour as a race, is that we do not devote our energies to acquiring the goose-step; like sensible folk we are contented to leave that style

of locomotion to the bird that is naturally afflicted with it.

For those manifestations of barbarism are obsolete; they are signs of moral and mental degeneracy. German professors have written us down as degenerates because the passion for militarism, the lust of conquest has departed from us and we are no longer moved to pass our lives swaggering in battle array and menacing the goods and lives of our neighbours. I like to think that since we became a lettered, civilised country the arrogant exhibition of courage has not entered into our conception of the competent, heroic warrior.

None of our poets who have themselves been soldiers have blustered about the glory of war. Chaucer fought against France under the banner of Edward III., but there is little that is martial in his poetry, though he tells in gallant fashion of tilt and tourney and the fine doings of chivalry. You remember the Knight in his "Canterbury Tales," how he had shown himself "full worthy" in war; had for his puissance been placed at table above the knights of every other country; yet, as his crowning praise, Chaucer records that, though brave, he was wise,

"And of his port as meek as
is a maid.

He never yet no villainy
he said

In all his life unto no
manner wight :

He was a very perfect
gentle knight."

Moreover, into his conception of the Temple of Mars, Chaucer puts nothing of that dignity and splendour of war which might be supposed to appeal to a soldier-poet; it is a "sory place," he says, and the paintings on its walls are of murderings, assassinations, "open warres," with bleeding wretches in agony, and in the midst sits Mischance,

"With sory comfort and evil
countenance."

It is true there is a figure of Conquest* painted up in a tower, but as he sits with a sword suspended above



William Shakespeare.

From a copy of the Davenant bust.

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."—Henry V.

him by a single thread it is not to be presumed that his position is worth occupying.

Reading his amatory verses and scholarly translations one would not guess that the Earl of Surrey had soldiered in France. Sir Walter Raleigh, that daring, brilliant hero, never fought with his pen; all his poems are of the amatory, the philosophical or the pleasantly pastoral order; and Sir Philip Sidney, our ideal soldier, made no song that triumphs over his enemies, but wrote the loveliest sonnets to the moon, to sleep, to love, and verses that sigh over the vanity of human things. These and other such seem to be a vastly different type of fighting man from the "blond brute," the professional slaughterer, adored of Bernhardt and the German Kaiser; but we are having an object lesson at this moment in which is the more effective type of the two.

Our bowmen who won at Crécy and Agincourt were called up from the field, the forge and the workshop to go out and fight for their country; they are called up again to-day from the field, the factory, the desk, the counter and are going out to fight in the good old fashion, and winning in the good old way. All down the ages, so far as one who reads can judge, it has best suited the peculiar genius of our people to maintain a small, thoroughly-trained army in readiness to stem the first onset of aggression, and then to meet the emergency by inviting a free people to join in the defence of their rights and, so far, they have never failed to respond to that invitation, joyously and at once. Two hundred years after Chaucer was dead, you find his ideal of knight-hood still living in Ben Jonson's epistle "to a friend, Master Colby, to persuade him to the wars"—an appeal that might well have been written yesterday instead of three centuries ago, so applicable is it to what is happening in our generation:

"Wake, friend, from forth thy lethargy: the drum
Beats brave and loud in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rouse, or are not loth to quit
Their vicious ease and be o'erwhelmed with it.
It is a call to keep the spirits alive
That gasp for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried honour, in his sleepy life,
Quickening dead nature to her noblest strife . . .

Go, quit them all, and take along with thee
Thy true friend's wishes, Colby, which shall be
That thou be just and honest, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience when thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for truth than glory,
And never but for doing wrong be sorry;
That by commanding first thyself thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st;

That fortune never make thee to complain,
But what she gives thou dare give her again;
That whatsoever fate thy fate puts on
Thou shrink nor start not, but be always one;
That thou think nothing great but what is good,
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still precious with the odour of thy name;
And last, blaspheme not; we did never hear
Man thought the valiant 'cause he durst swear.
These take, and now go seek thy peace in war:
Who falls for love of God shall rise a star."

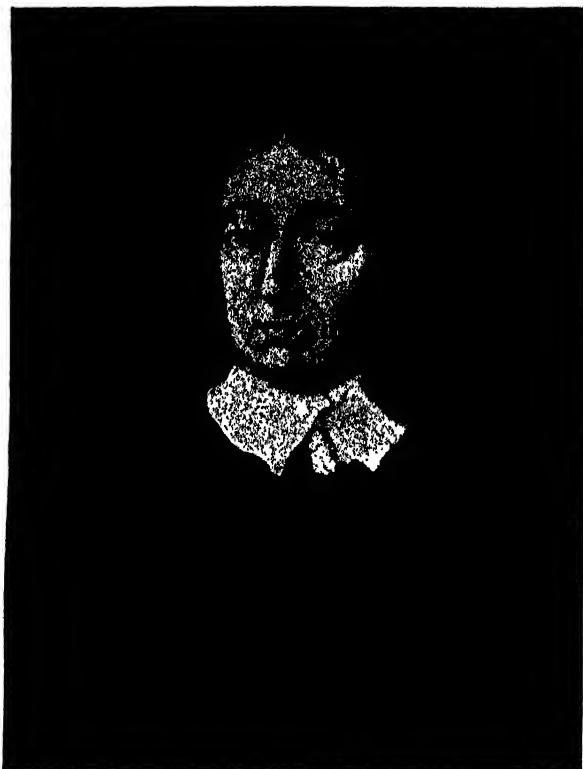
Ben was no milk-and-water poet either. In his youth he had fought with our armies in Flanders; he had had experience of war, and you may take it he was addressing, in Mr. Colby, the type of Englishman who shattered the pride of the Spanish Armada, who wrought on the same field as the chivalrous Sidney—men who went out to battle not as ravening brutes, but as free human creatures, who were yet prepared to take up arms and slay or be slain in a cause that they felt was just.

Pass over another two centuries, and the same great ideal of the warrior as hero remains inviolate in Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington":

"Yet remember all
He spoke among you, and
the Man who spoke:
Who never sold the truth
to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal
God for power;

Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right;
Truth-teller was our English Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed."

A good deal has been written in praise of war by men who have done no more than sit safely at home to think about it; of its regenerating influences on mankind; of how it gives fresh impetus to commerce and fosters the arts. There is some truth in this; but with equal truth you might say as much of religion. Ruskin somewhere sees significance in the fact that spears, shields, helmets, implements of war, were lovingly and richly encased with artistic decorations, whilst no man has carved images of beauty on the handles of his plough. Whatever significance lay in that fact belongs to the past; it is, in the same way, significant now-a-days that nothing could be more severely unadorned than the modern cannon and rifle. In sober earnest, we are coming to recognise war only as a necessary



John Milton.

From an engraving after the painting by Fairthorne
"Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war."
—Sonnet to Cromwell.



National Portrait Gallery. **Robert Southey.**

After a drawing by Henry Edridge.

"And the world
Shall soon believe my mission; for the Lord
Will raise up indignation, and pour out
His wrath, and they shall perish who oppress."
—*Joan of Arc.*

there could have been no enthusiasm roused in this country to-day for an unjustifiable war; our friends and fellow-workers are arming in thousands, not because they love "the sport of kings," or because they are keen after glory or booty, but because we dare not turn aside from the voices of humanity and honour that called to us out of Belgium, as Cromwell called to the French King when the Piedmontese, whom France was pledged to protect, were brutally massacred:

"There are reasons of state which might give thee inducement not to reject these People of the Valleys flying for shelter to thee: but I would not have thee, so great a king as thou art, be moved to the defence of the unfortunate by other reasons than the promise of thy Ancestors, and thy own piety and royal benignity and greatness of mind. So shall the praise and fame of this most worthy action be unmixed and clear, and thyself shalt find the Father of Mercy and his Son Christ, whose name and

evil in the human community, and as not the less evil for being still necessary. Men of reason face it now precisely as a rescue party descends a blazing mine, mounts into a burning house, launches the lifeboat into the blind fury of a storm—unafraid, but not glorying. I believe

doctrine thou shalt have vindicated, the more favourable to thee and propitious through the course of thy life."

II.

It is such a principle as this, and such emotions as these, that give War nearly all the poetry and glory that may belong to it. There is nothing of either in

the raw carnage, in the piles of mangled slain. Albeit, something magnificent there is, apart from every ethical consideration, in the heroic fighting against odds; in a charge like that of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, in any act of high courage in the field; but perhaps the incidents that thrill and uplift us most in the telling are those in which the kindlier, self-sacrificing instincts of men are seen to survive amidst all the barbarity and indescribable inferno of a battle-field. The dying Sidney's little kindness to the soldier who lay wounded beside him at Zutphen, and his quiet self-renunciatory, "His need is greater than mine," are worth nearly all his poetry. The right touch, too, is in each of those innumerable tales of how on a stricken field a man will stop under a hail of bullets to carry a wounded comrade into safety. It is in countless anecdotes of the present war: in that of how when a company of British artillery

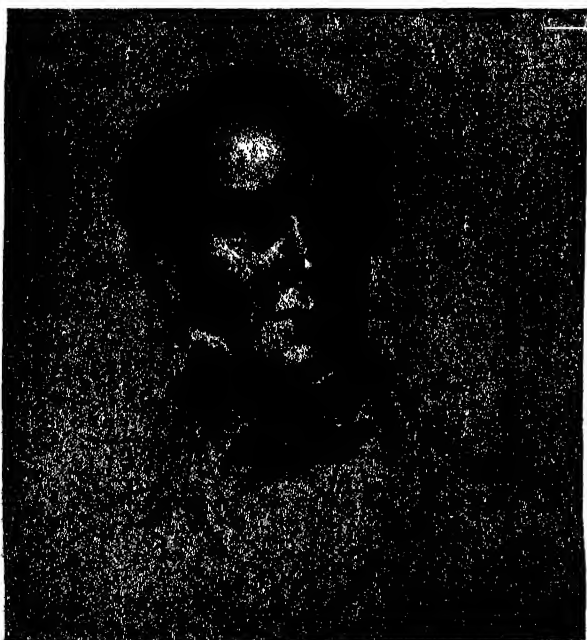


National Portrait Gallery.

Thomas Campbell.

From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

"... Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause."
—*Men of England.*



Thomas Moore.

"Had you but hurled
One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife
Between freedom and tyrants had spread through the world."
—*To Italy when Austria entered Naples, (1821).*



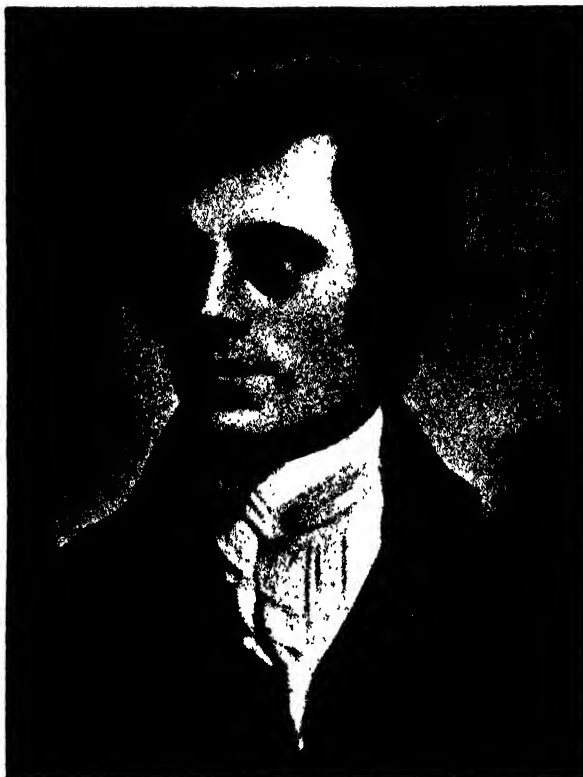
Lord Byron.

"What! shall reviving thralldom again be
The patched-up idol of enlightened days?
Shall we who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage?"

—*Childe Harold.*

were so decimated that only three of them remained, these three alone worked the gun unflinchingly until relief could be sent to them; in that of how a war-worn troop of Britishers shared their rations with starving refugees; in that of how our seamen sunk the enemy's ships, then lowered their boats to save the drowning Germans. And see how finely one slight act of German chivalry shines against the black record she has elsewhere made for herself. Somewhere along the Marne, a French non-commissioned officer found himself and two hundred men cut off from their regiment and surrounded. He held his ground until he and all his men were shot down; then when the victors came forward the German commander saluted and shook hands with him, and was so keen to honour his bravery that he had him carried from the field with his rifle lying beside him on the stretcher. A trifle, no doubt, but there is a different light about it from that which haloes the ruins of Louvain.

A few days ago I saw the Scots Guards tramping along Cannon Street, from the Tower to Waterloo Station. A sturdy, cheery, martial body of men, they marched past with their band playing, rank after rank, four deep and in such numbers that the band was beyond hearing in the traffic before the last of them went by me; and the most vivid recollection of them that stays with me is of how a wife, a mother, a sweetheart, a brother, a friend marched here and there beside or among the soldiers; particularly of how one bronzed guardsman, a handsome, well set up fellow, marched a little out of the line to make room betwixt himself and his khakied comrade for a fatherly, grey-bearded civilian who had shouldered the soldier's rifle, so as to leave him free to carry his little girl, a child of two, whilst his wife, heavy-eyed and tremulous at the mouth, kept pace with him, linked to his arm. The



National Portrait Gallery.

Robert Burns.

From the painting by Alexander Nasmyth.

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!"

—Bruce's Address to his Army.

and the innocent, of resentment against man's inhumanity to man that are growing to a louder undertone in the poetical literatures of the modern world.

There is good honest fighting in the brave old Border ballads—"The Battle of Otterbourne," "Chevy Chase,"

and a hundred others; the clash of good honest fighting, also, and a passionate love of liberty, and a deep and rapturous patriotism in Scott's vigorous romantic poems: a relentless fury of animal courage rages in Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome"; and so much of the ancient Adam persists in all of us that we can still exult in such robust clean valour of the valiant men of an earlier day. There is, indeed, an unregenerate sense in which courage and daring are their own sufficient justification, and even if you tell me that Henry V. had no right in France at all, I am so mortal and illogical that, none the less, I must give my heart to such a glowing fervour of national pride as inspires Drayton's great "Ballad of Agincourt." I am indifferent to what of



National Portrait Gallery.

Sir Walter Scott.

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"

—Marmion.

that sentiment may breathe in his dreary "Wars of the Barons," because they are dreary, but I yield at once before the glorious onrush of his ballad with its breezy opening:

"Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry."

its doughty boast of our English King Harry:

"Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain";

and the rejoicing tribute to the skill and staunchness of the English archers who:

"None from his fellow
starts,
But playing manly
parts,
And like true English
hearts
Stuck close together."

We are not always so happy in our patriotic bards. Thompson was, anyway, not the man to write a great patriotic hymn; he was naturally too sluggish, too placid, too didactic, and if "Rule Britannia" had not been set to inspiring music it would never have been disinterred from the dead "Masque of Alfred" to which it belongs. Does anybody ever sing more than the first two verses and the chorus of it? Is it conceivable that in these times we should get any thrill out of such a last verse as:

"The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair."

There is no fire, no spontaneity in this as there is in Burns's fiery, white-hot song of patriotism "Scots wha' hae"; and in the "Marseillaise," which sprang full-armed from the heart that felt it and gathered up into its haunting cadences all the sense of wrongs endured and lives broken, all the rage against tyranny and injustice burning in the souls of a France newly risen and resolved to be free. If the "Marseillaise" for its firm exultant ardour is the greatest of democratic battle-hymns, I would put next to it Julia Ward Howe's noble "Battle Hymn of the Republic":

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword—
His truth is marching on . . ."

Campbell had the true Drayton spirit, and breathed

it into "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic"; and the same splendid spirit shouts in Macaulay's "Armada": in Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," his "Charge of the Heavy Brigade," and in his ballads of "The Defence of Lucknow," and "The Revenge." His "Hands all Round" may be poor poetry in the main: it is good patriotism: but a greater patriotic and poetical utterance of his is "The Third of February," addressed to the House of Lords in 1852, when there were rumours that Napoleon III. was preparing to attack England, and the Lords seemed disposed, for the sake of peace, to condone the bloody *coup d'état* that had placed him on his throne:

"As long as we remain
we must speak free,
Though all the storm of
Europe on us break;
No petty German state
are we,
But the one voice in
Europe: we *must*
speak,
That if to-night our
greatness were struck
dead,
There might be left
some record of the
things we said.

"If you be fearful, then
must we be bold.
Our Britain cannot
salve a tyrant o'er.
Better the waste At-
lantic rolled
On her and us and ours
for evermore.
What! have we fought
for Freedom from
our prime,
At last to dodge and
palter with a public
crime?"

Lord Macaulay.

From a bronze medallion by Baron Marochetti, modelled in 1848.
The original belongs to Viscount Knutsford.

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day,
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.—*Ivy*.

Always Tennyson spoke
stoutly for liberty, for
human brotherhood and

the rights of men, rejoicing in "England and America" that the Americans, those strong sons of England, had, in 1782, "wrenched their rights" from us, and retaught us the lesson of freedom we had taught them rejoicing that:

"The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom."

Since Shakespeare we have had no greater patriotic poets than Wordsworth, in his noble sonnets on Liberty, and Tennyson; and the beacon fires they lit are answered along the years by Kipling's "Song of the English" and "The English Flag," by his statelier, nobler "Hymn before Action" and "Recessional"; by Henry Newbolt's "Drake's Drum," "Admirals All," and other of his brave sea-lyrics; by Alfred Noyes's glowing epic of "Drake" and with a grander flame than all by Henley's:

"What have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?"

IV.

Few contemporary poets drew inspiration from our Civil War between King and Parliament. Lovelace, a King's man, wrote gallantly to his Lucasta "on going to the warres":

"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more."

and there is that resplendent sonnet of Milton's to the Lord-General:

"Cromwell, our chief of men who, through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies
and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream,
with blood of Scots
imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds
thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate
wreath. Yet much re-
mains
To conquer still; peace
hath her victories
No less renowned than

Marvell wrote, none too well, on Blake's victory over the Spaniards at Santa Cruz, though he wrote far finelier than Dryden on the death of Cromwell. There is little else, but later days have made amends, and no period of our history is more honoured now in story and in song. One recalls Browning's dashing "Cavalier Tunes," Walter Thornbury's "Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads," Praed's loyalist ballad of "Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor"; but the palm goes to Macaulay's thunderous thanksgiving after "The Battle of Naseby":

"Oh, wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the winepress which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong
Who sat in the high places and slew the saints of God . . ."

Less fortunate in poetry, though sufficiently celebrated in prose, have been the great Duke of Marlborough and the Battle of Blenheim. Prior commemorated the victory and ridiculed the vanquished in some rather pedestrian satirical verses addressed to his French rival Boileau; meanwhile, Addison produced that famous, frigid poem on "The Campaign," which he dedicated

to the Duke—a formal, detailed narrative, a mechanical performance that is scarcely relieved by the one extravagantly-belauded passage describing how his lordship:

"Amidst confusion, horror and despair
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform;
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."



James Russell Lowell.

Fears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines:
Peace, too, brings tears; and mild the battle din
The wiser ear some text of God divines,
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin."
—*The Washers of the Shroud.*

It is an elegant, flattering picture, this of Marlborough gratified to serve as a sort of orderly officer to Omnipotence; but you need not grudge the Duke his compliment, for by and by, when he died, Swift wrote the satirical elegy upon him that is surely the bitterest, most scathing indictment ever written against war and a successful commander:

" . . . Behold his funeral
appears:
Nor widow's sighs, nor
orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each
heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his
hearse.
But what of that? his friends
may say—
He had those honours in his
day;
True to his profit and his
pride,
He made them weep before
he died . . ."

A century later Southey takes up the theme, and in his simpler, gentler vein, he too

satirises the Duke and his triumph, in "The Battle of Blenheim," where old Kaspar, sitting outside his cottage moralising over a skull his grandchildren have picked up from what had been the battle-field, finds himself unable to explain to them why the victory of Blenheim was a great and a famous one. His father's house had been burnt to the ground during the conflict, there was terrible slaughter; but he did not know why the French and English killed each other. Horrible it may have been; it may have been wicked; he can only assure them everybody considers it was glorious:

" 'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'"

V.

In these days we are coming more and more to little Peterkin's way of regarding this matter of war. We are more insistently asking why it should be a necessary evil among rational Christian peoples; what is the use

of it, with its appalling waste of life and money, its nameless brutalities, the weeping, the heartbreak, the desolation that are left in its track, and we grow less and less contented with the reiterated answer of non-combatant professors and philosophers that these are the inevitable ordinary price of glorious victory and that war is a healthful, recurring phase of human progress that is not to be evaded.

We have never been satisfied with this doctrine; it was suspect as long ago as the days of Elizabeth. The pomp and circumstance of war sweeps majestically enough through Shakespeare's historical dramas, and in some of them at times he soars to a poignant ecstasy of martial and patriotic exaltation. Never was love of country clothed in such heart-stirring language as is given to it in the speech of the dying John of Gaunt; and no country has thrown down a more proudly defiant challenge than flashes from the last page of King John:

"This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror . . .
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue
If England to herself do rest but true."

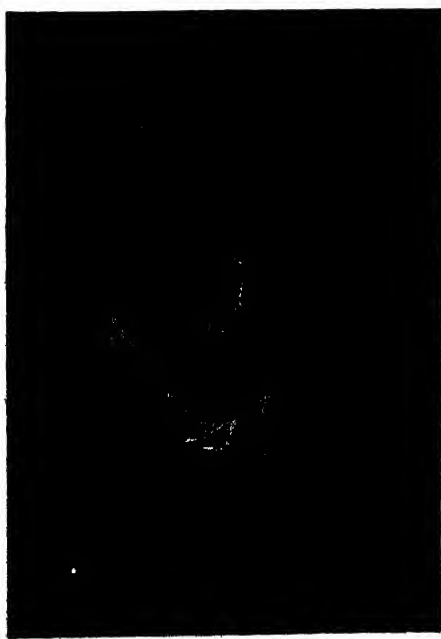
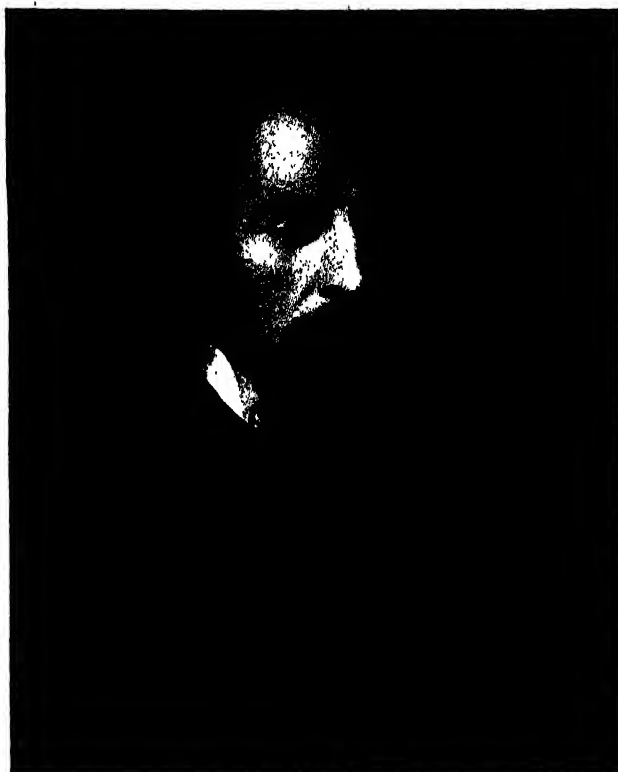


Photo by Ruchner,
Sydney.

Arthur H. Adams.

"Then each shall take with stubborn grip
His rifle as he took his whip,
And when the Flag's unfurled,
The clerk shall drop his futile pen
To lift his well-loved lance—and then
A nation fronts the world!"
—Grant Us One Hour to Arm.



Tennyson (1859).

From a painting by G. F. Watts.
Thank Him who led us here, and roughly set
His Britain in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought and kept it ours."
—Ode on the Death of Wellington.

The clarion note of war echoes throughout Henry V., and then, as in our own time, could be said:

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies"—

and now again on the fields of France, but against another enemy, our captains are exhorting their eager followers, as Henry exhorted his before the walls of Harfleur:

when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, 'We died at such a place,' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now if these men do not die well it will be a black matter for the king who led them to it."

Here is the innate sanity of civilised man waking to a lucid interval, the still small voice of reason trying to get a hearing amidst the insensate tumult and chaos of battle. It is only when you are beyond the touch of war and can look upon it from a distance of many years that you are able to see any glamour



Photo by
Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Wilfred Campbell.

"Show the way, England!
Let that grim master
Of earth's disaster,
Let the war shadow
But darken the sun—
Trust your child, Canada,
She will be with you"
—The Children.

"Once more unto the breach,
dear friends, once more
Or close the wall up with
our English dead!
. . . . Teach them how to
war! And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in
England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture . . .
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.
The game's afoot: Follow
your spirit!"

Yet in the same play there is a hint of compunction in Exeter's thought for

"the poor souls for whom
this hungry war
Opens his vast jaws";

and it is the same seamy side of glory that is looked upon again in the conversation of the common soldiers, one of whom considers, "If the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make,

of romance about it. Byron on the field of Waterloo had no exultant thrill: he saw it but as a "place of skulls," where "the red rain hath made the harvest grow"; and thought of the

"vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,"

that had gone to the making of that Emperor's pride who, as utterly shorn of it all as if he had never possessed it, was then eating his heart out at St. Helena. His withering scorn of the empty folly of the mere conqueror, in the "Ode to Napoleon," and his admiration of America's clean-handed patriot-ruler are things to remember, in this hour when Europe is cursed with a pettier tyrant who is trying to play the part of the dead Napoleonic lion, and betraying himself when he roars,

"Where may the wearied eye
repose,

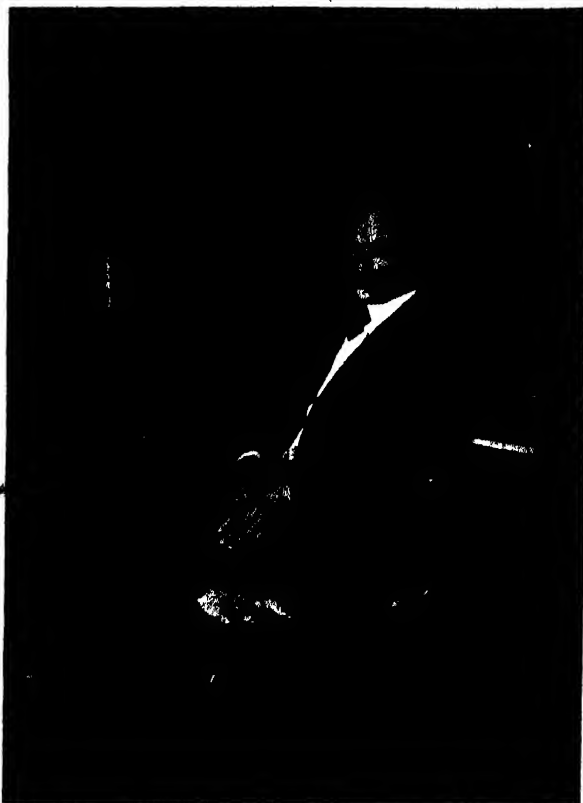
When gazing on the Great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yet one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
"To make man blush there was but one!"

The grim horrors and shining heroisms of the Crimean War inspire Gerald Massey's "War Waits"; but it is wholly the pitiful side of it, the broken homes, the heartache for the wounded and the dead that moves you in Sydney Dobell's "England in Time of War." For when you aim at the man in battle you are not aiming at him alone. As Longfellow has it, in "Killed at the Ford,"

"I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry."

During the War of North and South that stirred the conscience of America to its depths the Quaker Whittier sorrowed in his poems "In War Time" that a democratic people should have no other than the old-world's barbarous way of settling its differences; saying, as some of us are saying at present:

"The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but, meanwhile, pain
Is bitter, and tears are salt: our voices take
A sober tone; our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;



Thomas Hardy in his
study at Max Gate.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

"But—a stirring thrills the air
Like a sound of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages

Shall be cancelled and deliverance offered from the darts that were."
—The Dynasts.

And innocent mirth is
chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that
never more shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more,
the unreturning feet."

Whitman, in his "Drum Taps," strode through America's grim Valley of the Shadow in the robust spirit that was native to him, looking fearlessly to a future that should bring good out of all the evil; and it was another countryman of Washington's, James Russell Lowell, who raised the great rallying cry of all civilised democracies, insisted on the soldier's personal responsibility, and, in the "Biglow Papers," spoke the plainest truths that have ever been spoken about war and its makers:

"Ez fer war, I call it murder—
There you hev it plain and
flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testament fer
that . . .

Ef you take a sword and dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Gov'ment ain't to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you."

The same essentially modern note sounds persistently through the realisms and the ironic comment of Thomas Hardy's great epic-drama of the Napoleonic wars, "The Dynasts," and through the sombre "War Poems" that he wrote during the struggle of Britain and Boer. He is oppressed with the tragedy of it all—that "this late age of thought" can only argue in the old bloody mode, and marvels:

"When shall the sane, softer politics,
Whereof we dream, have play in each proud land,
And patriotism, grown Godlike, scorn to stand
Bondslave to realms, but circle earth and seas?"

That is the question that is appealing to thinking men once more, and is not lightly to be put by; the one hope in the dark days of the Great War is that its shameful savageries, its unimaginable horrors and woe may shock a civilised world into wisdom at last and, in self-defence, draw its common peoples, of all races and creeds, into a league of universal brotherhood that shall enable them to realise Tennyson's prophetic vision of a day when

"The war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags
were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

ÉMILE VERHAEREN: THE POET OF BELGIUM AND OF EUROPE.

BY FRANCIS BICKLEY.

"THE greatest of all French poets, past and present, is Émile Verhaeren," says Mr. Jethro Bithell, who has made some clever versions of Verhaeren's poetry and has just translated Stefan Zweig's brilliant critical study of the poet. It is one of those statements the truth whereof can neither be proven nor finally denied; but in France itself, where the acceptance of Verhaeren at his true value has been but tardy and partial, it would probably be controverted more vigorously than in England, Germany, or Russia. For, though he grew up in ignorance of the Flemish tongue, the poet's nationality is plainly visible in all his work. He is a Latin in nothing but the form of language which he uses. On the other hand he appeals to what Arnold used to call the "German paste" in us no less than in our present enemies; while he has taken the mind of Russian liberalism by storm. That his place is among the very great there can, at all events, be no question.

The names of the places most closely connected with Verhaeren's childhood and youth have lately been made painfully familiar to us. He was born, in 1855, at Saint Amand on the Escaut, in the neighbourhood of Termonde. He got his education from the Jesuits at the College of Sainte Barbe, in Ghent. There Georges Rodenbach was his schoolfellow and intimate; and thither, a few years later, came another couple of boys equally destined to literary fame, Maurice Maeterlinck and Charles van Lerberghe. From Ghent Verhaeren went to the University of Louvain to read for the bar.

The study of law, however, was only a pretext, an alternative to his father's unacceptable project of placing him in an uncle's factory. Literature had already claimed him, and at Louvain, stimulated by congenial fellowship and a course of reading anything but legal, he flung himself with energy into his destined career. He took a leading part in the production of more than one collegiate magazine, which the authorities saw good to suppress, and one day he called, with a bundle of manuscript verse, at the house of Camille Lemonnier, the novelist, to whose generosity and ardour Belgian literature owes even more than to his actual achievement.

Lemonnier must soon have realised that the poems to which he had consented to listen were no common undergraduate outpourings. They were, in fact, those which were to compose Verhaeren's first published volume, "*Les Flamandes*," and were such as would have arrested the attention of the weariest critic. Violent, sensuous, implacably realistic, they were of the order of poetry which can never be denied a hearing; and though they met with the approval of Lemonnier (himself on more than one occasion the victim of public prudery), their general reception was very much that which, in England nearly twenty years earlier, had been accorded to Swinburne's "*Poems and Ballads*."

These earliest poems are wrought out of Verhaeren's observations of his boyhood's surroundings and the preoccupations of his youth; vivid, objective pictures of Flemish country life, or praise of the past inspired

by his admiration of the virile genius of the old Flemish painters; an admiration which has taken another shape in some fine critical studies. "*Les Flamandes*" was followed at a three years' interval by "*Les Moines*," a collection of poems very different in theme but similar in method, the offspring of three weeks spent in retreat at the monastery of Forges, near Chimay.

Verhaeren's work falls into several definite, though organically connected, groups. The first consists of "*Les Flamandes*" and "*Les Moines*," which though of an individual stamp show no formal departure from the tradition of French poetry. The three books which form the second group are of very different quality. Briefly, they are the record of a terrible nervous crisis which resulted from the excessive ardour of the poet's first plunge into life. Later, he was to experience the mystic's communion by ecstasy with the heart of life. Now he knew that terrible mystical experience, the dark night of the soul. "*Les Soirs*," "*Les Débauches*" and "*Les Flambeaux Noirs*," are the expressions of an intolerable despair, of horror of life, and of longing only for death or madness. Verhaeren in this phase reminds us of Van Gogh, who is the painter of paroxysms, just as his racial kinsman is the poet of paroxysms. The great difference is that the painter suffered defeat, the poet won through to victory.

Verhaeren came out of this black epoch with an enlarged emotional experience and a new sense of the meaning of life. Henceforth, his poetry was to be one tremendous affirmation, growing in intensity and constantly reinforced by new arguments. He is one of the great positive poets of the world. He has, indeed, many analogies in modern literature. His kinship with Whitman is obvious; he has the large rhetorical manner of Hugo, an early master, and he sometimes reminds us of the young passionate Swinburne who wrote "*Hertha*" and the "*Hymn of Man*," though his grip on actuality has always been far firmer than either Hugo's or Swinburne's. To Henley also he bears a superficial resemblance both in his violent yea-saying to life and in his metrical practises; but Henley was essentially a romantic impressionist, Verhaeren a psychologist and a metaphysician.

Zweig frequently compares him with Nietzsche, who is at present under so dark a cloud for the sins of his children; but, whatever else he may be, Verhaeren is a democrat. He believes in the will to power, but dreams of it working through an ever-widening group rather than through the chosen individual. His affirmativeness is too absolute to admit of selection, and boundaries and distinctions are for him things to be annihilated. He is intensely conscious of the unity of life, and of his own identity with its other manifestations. "*J'existe en tout ce qui m'entoure et me pénètre*," he writes, reminding us of the final pronouncement of John Davidson, that "men are the universe become conscious." Perhaps Davidson is nearer akin to Verhaeren than any other contemporary English poet; they resemble one another in a certain metallic quality which the

style of each has caught (it may be) from the industrial machinery which interests them; but in his acceptance of the developments of modern life and his desire for and imaginative vision of a comprehensive order which shall resolve its chaos, the Belgian reminds us most strongly of H. G. Wells. He is no sentimental Luddite who would scrap the inventions of human ingenuity, the evidences of that strenuous development and experiment which are life itself. Man must win to unity by the solvent of understanding, not by restriction on effort. If these adventurous ones sometimes do injustice and violence,

"Ils innovent un droit moins rude et suranné
Qui se tempère, et s'illumine, et s'humanise . . .
Ils représentent ce que la terre a de meilleur."

Action and progress are their own justification:

"C'est l'angoisse, c'est la fureur,
C'est la rage contre l'erreur
C'est la fièvre, qui sont la vie."

This creed of eternal development of an all-embracing synthesis, is set forth in wonderful poetry. The group of books which immediately followed his return to health, "Les Campagnes Hallucinées," and "Les Villes Tentaculaires," have for their theme what sociologists call "the rural exodus." In a series of vivid pictures, which are so intense and simplified as to be symbols rather than portraits, he shows the villages answering to the lure of the towns, and the gross, teeming centres of life which devour the population of the countryside. He does not, however, like most reformers, cry "Back to the land!" Retrogression is a form of negation. But he sees beyond the anarchy to the new order on the birth of which closes his play, "Les Aubes."

To do anything like justice to the final and lordliest phase of Verhaeren's work would be impossible here. One cannot do better than borrow Zweig's summary exposition. "In 'Visages de la Vie,' Verhaeren has

extolled the eternal forces: sweetness, joy, force, activity, enthusiasm; in the 'Forces Tumultueuses,' the mysterious dynamics of the union which shows through all the forms of reality; in the 'Multiple Splendeur,' he has sung the ethical part played by admiration, man's happy relationship with things and with himself; in the 'Rythmes Souverains,' finally, he has typified the loftiest ideal."

In these four volumes the poet deals in the broadest generalisations, appearing as the poet not of a country nor even of a continent, but of humanity. Contemporaneously, however, he has not only written some intimate and tender love poetry, inspired by a happy marriage, but also paid his fatherland a beautiful tribute:

"Oh, l'ai-je aimé éperdument
Ce peuple—aimé jusqu'en ses injustices,
Jusqu'en ses crimes, jusqu'en ses vices!
L'ai-je rêvé fier et rugueux, comme un serment,
Ne sentant rien, sinon que j'étais de sa race,
Que sa tristesse était la mienne et que sa face
Me regardait penser, me regardait vouloir,
Sous la lampe, le soir,
Quand je lisais sa gloire en mes livres de classe!

Aussi, lui ai-je, avec ferveur, voué ces vers
Qui le chantent, dans la grandeur ou l'infortune,
Comme la Flandre abaisse ou lève au long des mers
Avec ses sables d'or, sa guirlande de dunes."

And so in the five books of "Toute la Flandre," writing in that *vers libre* which he has gradually developed as the expression of his own violent, enthusiastic temperament, the very rhythm of his soul, he has celebrated the country of his youth, with its dunes and waterways and farmsteads; depicting as in his earliest poems but with a larger sympathy, the life of the Flemish peasant with its hardships and gross appetites; and showing, what is perhaps the surest cause which our shattered Europe has for hope, that it is possible to have sympathies at once national and cosmopolitan.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best eight lines of original verse in appreciation of Lord Kitchener.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

We are sending this month, and every month in future, a beautifully engraved BOOKMAN Certificate to each Prize winner, to each Competitor whose work is printed, and to each of those honourably mentioned who are given the first three places in the list.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is awarded to Mr. B. R. M. Hetherington, of Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle, for the following:

VALOUR OF WOMAN.

Because we stand unharmed within the gate,
And hear the noise of battle surging by,
Because it is our lot to watch and wait,
And, waiting, send our dearest out to die,

Is it a little thing we do, who give
Our kith and kin, our brothers, husbands, sons,
And must ourselves untouched, unwounded live
Whilst they are broken by the roaring guns?

It is our courage that enkindles theirs,
Our strength that holds them steady front and flank,
And where the oriflamme of battle flares
Our souls, in them, go marching rank on rank.

Because we give our dearest to be food
For lyddite, shrapnel, mitrailleuse and shell,
Ungrudging send our very flesh and blood
To over-brim the brimming deeps of hell,

Amid the rattle of artillery,
The clang of steel where sword on sabre jars,
Not they who die, not they alone, but we
Uphold the Flag against the constant stars.

We also select for printing:

SONGS.

I sing of the country,
You sing of the town;
Mine is all the golden-blue,
Yours the dun and brown.

I sing of the woodland,
You sing of the street;
Mine is the music of the birds,
Yours of human feet.

I sing of the silence,
You sing of the din,
I sit waiting for the Muse
You go forth to win.

I sing of the country,
You sing of the town;
To the songs we both sing,
The Lord leans down.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

THE WORLD'S CHALICE.

As if in His still sanctuary He heard
The distant, rolling drum,
Upon His carven crucifix the dumb,
Stone Jesus stirred.

Stirred, with the everlasting arms outflung
To heal a stricken world,
And, wondering, heard the battle challenge hurled
From every tongue.

Then He Whose tender side was pierced and torn
On newer wounds looked down,
And saw vast hosts in conflict for a crown
That was not thorn.

He for Whom Simon Peter drew the sword
And bidden, put it up,
Beheld again the precious blood outpoured
Into His cup.

"This do"—into His eyes a horror crept—
"In memory of Me."
And, as of old in far-off Bethany,
Christ Jesus wept.

(Vivien Ford, 12, Priory Road, Tyndalls Park, Bristol.)

From the very large number of lyrics received, we also select for honourable mention those by Margaret Postgate (Liverpool), Mrs. C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow, W.), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate, N.), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), A. Glyn Prys-Jones (Walsall), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Lillian Bentham (Indiana), Arthur S. Wilshire (Dalston), Robert Everall (Plaistow), Martha Boswell (Brevard, U.S.A.), Reginald Grey (Darlington), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Mrs. L. Gordon Lawrie (Colwyn), J. P. Davis (Manchester), D. Compton James (Leicester), Eleanor Bull (Salop), Harry Eyden (St. Helens), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon),

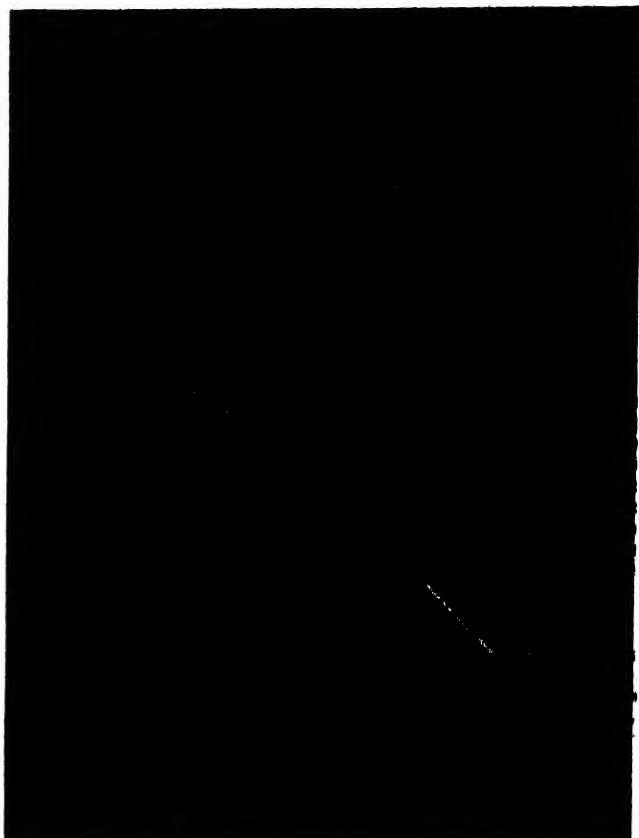


Photo by E. O. Hoffé

Rudyard Kipling.

"Who stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?"—For All we Have and Are.

Anette Heard (Swanage), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Walsall), Mary Ohm (Conway), Miss C. Ransom (Torquay), Miss D. M. Rawcliffe (Wigan), C. A. Blakeley (Wallesey), Evelyn San Garde (Accrington), Alice Wise (Leicester), Fred H. Holland (Port Elizabeth), A. Ellerton (London, W.C.), Evelyn Winterton (S. Hampstead), Gwen Elton (High Barnet), A. L. (Teddington), Vivian de Sola Pinto (Hampstead), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (London, W.), Gladys New (Birkenhead), R. B. J. (West Ealing), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Lois M. Taylor (Alaska), Louise D. Goldsberry (Washington), Thomas A. King (Birmingham), F. J. Popham (Gasstown), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), D. Waterson (Ontario), Frances Bexfield (Audley), Marjorie Owston-Booth (Anerley), Hannah Bellwood (Scarborough), M. F. Watson (Maidstone), Janet W. Kendall (Scarborough), Mary Trevorian (Cirencester), L. A. Talbot (Clydebank).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham, for the following:

GERMAN MEMORIES. BY SIDNEY WHITMAN.
(Heinemann.)

"Them there sossiges."
WM. HENLEY, *Culture in the Slums.*

We also select for printing:

THE NOVELIST'S ATTITUDE. REVIEW BY FRANK SWINNERTON.

"I scent which pays the best, and then
Go into it bald-headed."

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

MEN AROUND THE KAISER. BY FREDERIC W. WILE.
(Heinemann.)

"... a valiant crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal."

SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard the Third.*

(H. S. Watson, Knapton Rectory, North Walsham.)

III.—The extracts received in justification of War were much more numerous than varied. The same well-known passage from Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olives" was sent by fourteen different competitors, and almost as many sent equally well-known lines from Tennyson's "Maud." We award a PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

"... government spared no pains to satisfy the nation that though they were to be animated by a desire of glory, glory was not their ultimate object; but that everything dear to them, in religion, in law, in liberty, everything which as freemen, as Englishmen, and as citizens of the great commonwealth of Christendom, they had at heart, was at stake. . . . A danger to avert a danger; a present inconvenience and suffering to prevent a foreseen future and a worse calamity; these are the motives that belong to an animal, who, in his constitution, is at once adventurous and provident; circumspect and daring; whom his Creator has made, as the poet says, 'if large discourse, looking before and after.' But never can a vehement and sustained spirit of fortitude be kindled in a people by a war of calculation. . . . On balancing the account of such wars, ten thousand hogsheads of sugar are purchased at ten thousand times their price. The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity; the rest is crime."

BURKE, *Regicide Peace I.*

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mr. R. Johnson, of 45, Argyle Road, West Ealing, W., for the following:

THE END OF HER HONEYMOON. BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has been distinguished always for the artistic subtlety which she applies to sensational plots. Her style, her characterisation, and her atmosphere belong to the best type of emotional analysis: her narrative is melodramatic.

Here, for example, the story depends on crime, mystery, detective ingenuity, and strained coincidences. The solution might have escaped Sherlock Holmes. These details are well managed, and therefore interesting. But its *charm* arises from "fine shades" in life-like characterisation; exemplified in her delightful Americans; from the skilfully marked contrasts between national temperaments; and from the emotional development of Mrs. Dampier.

We also select for printing:

GIL BLAS. BY LE SAGE. (Nelson.)

At last we have an edition of this masterpiece within reach of all. How many adventures have been written since Le Sage gave this inimitable mirror of the world to a delighted public, and how few of them have equalled it in vivid portraiture, kindly humour or keen satire. Some of us who are middle-aged and who made the acquaintance of "Gil Blas" in musty calf-bound volumes with quaint letterpress and still quaint woodcuts may be disposed to feel some chagrin at seeing an old friend in a new dress but the clear type and handy size soon dispel our regrets.

(S. Hunter, L.L.A., 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by H. M. Cresswell Payne (St. Austell), W. M. Lodge (Norwood, S.E.), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), John Skitt (Newcastle-under-Lyme), Peggy Grant (Burley, Hants.), Edgar Caton (Leeds), Florence G. Fidler (London, N.W.), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Eleanor MacGregor (London, S.W.), F. C. Baddeley (Stepaside, Pembrokeshire), Nellie Hill (Ledbury), Florence L. Payne (Bodmin), Edna Smallwood (London, N.), Mrs. F. E. Ashwell Cooke (Buxton), E. L. E. Bosanquet (Bath), Janet W. Kendall (Scarborough), A. C. Grieve (Everton), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), John Gowers (Haverhill), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEARS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Marjorie Crosbie, of 4, Victoria Villas, Herne, Kent.

New Books.

THE MUSIC OF OUR ALLIES.*

Germany, we are informed by many Prussian military gentlemen, who, of course, should know, is peculiarly the land of *Kultur*, and Russia the land of *Unkultur*. I glance, as I write, at the wall before me, where hangs a print of Dirk Bouts's "Last Supper," now gone up, like many other beautiful and holy things, in the smoke of Louvain. Louvain, once a city of light, and now the ashy symbol of *Kultur* and all its works, is an outward and visible justification of the instinct that led England to prefer the *Unkultur* of Russia to the *Kultur* of Potsdam, even at the cost of giving pain (as I understand) to those excellent persons, Messrs. Eucken, Häckel, and Harnack. Yet it is open to discussion whether, after all, *Kultur* (in its best sense) is bounded on the east by Königsberg. I have great respect for Messrs. Eucken, Häckel, and Harnack, and I would do anything to show it—except read any more of them than the little I know already. Still, respectable as I find that melodiously-named trio, I am not sure that I lose much when I turn from their *Kultur* to the *Unkultur* of Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoevsky; and, I hasten to add (lest this digression should go on for ever), I am not greatly the poorer even when I pass over Germany's contribution to modern music, and listen rather to the song of Russia. Music is certainly the glory of Germany; yet in music, as in most other things, Germany has been living on its capital. It has stood still for half-a-century. It has made no advance since Wagner—the symphonic poems of Strauss being no more than an interesting development of Wagnerism along the lines of Liszt. For music that is really new we have to turn to non-Germans like Ravel and Debussy, Stravinsky and Scriabine. We may not like that new music; we may prefer to hear Brahms

saying ditto to the classics, and Strauss saying ditto to the romantics; but there is the fact: the modern pioneers who have tried to strike out new paths in music have not been Germans. The best of them have been Russians.

To find matter for admiration, the timid hearer need not go all the way with the newest men. He need not seek for modern musical beauty solely in such freaks of ironic drama as that moment in Stravinsky's "Night-ingle," where the two ambassadors from Japan announce their mission to the Chinese Emperor in a duet compendiously made up of the same tune written in perfect fifths, the effect of which you may try for yourself if you go to the piano, and pick out the notes of "God Save the King" with the right hand in the key of G, and with the left in the key of C, having first started the cat across the keyboard by way of accompaniment. Such oddities are meant to fit into a scheme of satiric drama, and are no more representative of pure music than is Beckmesser's Prize Song; and we need not, I repeat, turn to them for the new note in modern music. That note, that genuine note of something never said before, something interpretative of a people, can be heard very movingly in the work of Moussorgsky, once a dandy officer in the Guards, and later a poor broken wreck, dead at forty-two, after an accomplishment that includes "Boris Godounov," the "Khovantchina," and a number of smaller pieces, all of the highest originality, and all instinct with the mystical and almost disquieting simplicity that spells Russia. In Moussorgsky the soul of a nation was made music, and dwelt among us.

Moussorgsky is another of the many examples of artist, prophet, and reformer in one. Wagner waged war against the artificiality of the old opera formula, and excelled specially in proving with Teutonic verbosity that the kind of thing he knew he could write was the only kind of thing that ought to be written; but in much of his

* "A History of Russian Music." By M. Montague-Nathan. 5s. net. (William Reeves.)

work he merely replaced a lesser theatricality by a greater: he wrote not so much music-drama as super-opera. The composer, of "Rienzi" is still to be found in the "Ring." Moussorgsky was a reformer of another sort. He was (in the best sense) a Puritan of music, and his view of art anticipates much that Tolstoy was afterwards to preach. To him, opera was just a bigger kind of folk-song, with the same source of inspiration, and the same austere simplicity of utterance; and the result, so far from being arid, is curiously appealing, both to hearer and performer. Happy the generation that has seen the genius of Moussorgsky set forth by the art of Chaliapine!

Moussorgsky is the Synge of Russian music. He is the central figure of interest in a nationalist movement profitably comparable with the artistic enterprise of the Abbey Theatre. With him in the crusade were joined four others of varying importance. Pray observe the diverse activities of this band. César Cui was a Lieutenant-General and Professor of Military Engineering; Moussorgsky was in a fashionable regiment; Rimsky-Korsakov was in the Navy; Balakirev was a man of comfortable means; and on the coffin of Borodin, feminist and physician, was placed a silver crown with the inscription: "To the founder, protector, and defender of the School of Medicine for Women, to the supporter and friend of the students. From the women doctors qualified between 1872 and 1887." Surely this is the most remarkable quincunx of amateurs to be found in the history of any art!

To the life and work of these composers the present unpretentious volume is not merely an excellent guide: it is the only one. It is not specially well written; it has no felicities of criticism, its strength lying rather in matter of fact; but it is an almost indispensable handbook to what may be called our newest music.

After Moussorgsky, the most interesting of the nationalist school is Rimsky-Korsakov. He, too, is really new to us, for the flashy "Capriccio Espagnol," which was the only piece of his ever played regularly at English concerts, is quite unrepresentative of his art. Unlike Moussorgsky's, his was a discursive and assimilative gift—witness the occasional Tannhäuserism of "Ivan the Terrible," and the outburst of pure Weber at the end of "Nuit de Mai." But with all deductions made, the composer of "Scheherazade" and the "Coq d'Or" is a great man. If there is anywhere a more delicious piece of pure musical burlesque than the triumphal entry of King Dodon and the Queen of Shemakhhan I should like to know of it.

Altogether outside the nationalist school is Tchaikovsky, first of all Russian composers to be well known here (for Rubinstein hardly counts), and now cast down from the eminence on which we too hastily put him. We have discovered his sophistications, his not infrequent blatancy, and his rather maudlin and distinctly un-Russian weakness. Our Gallic friends were right about him from the first. The Parisians found Moussorgsky; they found out Tchaikovsky. Our author is rather chilly about him. But we must be careful. We English are such thorough-going fellows. It is all hot or all cold with us. Having begun by over-praising Tchaikovsky, we are now proceeding to under-estimate him. The "Pathetic Symphony" has certainly seen its best days; but the composer of "Francesca da Rimini" is not entirely a back number.

Stravinsky of the present generation is still a doubtful quantity, and his "Rossignol," produced since the present volume was written, has simply multiplied the doubts. But of one thing there can be no doubt—that his terse, mordant, ironic style is a new acquisition to music. He makes curious noises sometimes, but he makes exactly the noises a situation requires, and he makes them with the least expenditure of means. Action has never been more precisely and punctually wedded to music than in "Petrouchka"; and the last act of "Le Rossignol" is a masterpiece of terse, penetrating economy of material, delicately-poised effect, and cerie, disquieting suggestiveness. Beside its grim directness certain other modern

pieces seem mere sprawling distended rhetoric—a Frith banality beside a Dürer engraving. One piece remains for Stravinsky to write. Richard Strauss in his "Don Quixote" has given us what he calls "Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character." Stravinsky the ironist was born to write another set of variations, a "Carnival de Potsdam," setting forth the ideals and achievements of the ineffable William.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

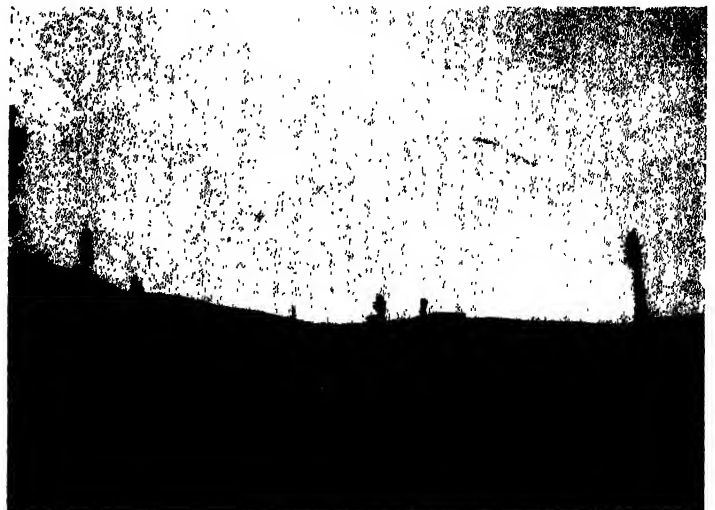
VITTORIA AND AFTER.*

Here are nine days of hot and valiant fighting by the British soldier with Wellington in the Peninsula. They compare with the opening days of the present campaign, when the same "stubborn valour of the British soldier" was shown in Belgium and the north of France. But Wellington's men fought under disadvantages which their descendants have happily escaped. Clothing, arms, accoutrements all tended to hamper them; and of course no man in the ranks in those days carried a handy little "emergency ration" on which it is possible to subsist for thirty-six hours. But the spirit of the British army (albeit so cruelly disciplined by the lash) was quenchless; and on the whole the Tommies of 1813 seem to have been only less cheerful than those who have told us that "in the thick of it all"—retreating, too!—"we were singing Harry Lauder's latest." As General Beatson says, both officers and men in the Western Pyrenees "considered it a matter of course that, given reasonably equal terms, they would beat the enemy whenever and wherever they met them. This absolute confidence in themselves had its foundation in an equal confidence in their leader."

Yet we know that during phases of this campaign arm-chair critics at home spared no abuse of Wellington. In October of 1812 news had been received of the retreat of his allied army from Burgos. Despite brilliant successes, the campaign had ended with a farther retreat to Portugal, Spain being still in the grip of the French armies. The ministry at home was in danger of collapse, and with it the war in the Peninsula. Wellington was assured that he had no pretensions to command an army. Then came the surprising intelligence of Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow. It came, as General Beatson says, in the very nick of time.

"The news gave fresh impetus and strength to the determination to see the war through, which happily filled the majority of Britons of that day. Had the French been victorious in Russia, they could have maintained the war in Spain for years.

* "With Wellington in the Pyrenees. Operations Between the Allied Army and the French from July 25th to August 2nd, 1813." By Brigadier-General F. C. Beatson, C.B. Plans and Illustrations. (Max Goschen.)



The Bridge of Sorauren.

From "With Wellington in the Pyrenees" (Max Goschen).

Perhaps Napoleon himself might have gone there; and if he had, who shall say what the result might have been?"

Would the result have been to dim the glory of Vittoria, which no reflex of fortune *has* dimmed? This was the smashing victory of June 21st, 1813, which freed from French dominion all but the north-east corner of Spain, and had infinitely wider and more important results "in its effect on the negotiations for peace then in progress between Napoleon and the Great Powers."

Napoleon did his utmost to suppress the tidings of Vittoria, but from London they spread rapidly to the Powers and over the Continent. The allies were at once stiffened in their resolution to renew hostilities—suspended by a brief armistice; and the campaign began which was not to end until the great pounding-match of Waterloo was in sight.

Obviously the first thing for Napoleon to do was to improve his command in Spain. King Joseph, his brother, was the merest figure-head, not much better than a duffer. The Emperor put it politely when he said: "Poor Joseph's plans, measures, and combinations are not exactly up to date." Poor Joseph accordingly was shelved. "I have forbidden the King of Spain to interfere in my affairs." The army was forthwith given a new commander, whose task was to retrieve the defeat of the French at Vittoria. The new commander was Soult, Duke of Dalmatia. Born (as was Wellington) in 1769, Soult was at this date in his prime, forty-four years of age; a Marshal of France since 1804; a hard, brave, active soldier with no little administrative talent, and a man whose soldiers had the fullest belief in him.

But Soult had been entrusted with a task scarcely less than impossible. Napoleon had not reckoned with popular feeling in Spain. The whole country was infuriated against him. It was the beginning of the movement of nations which was by and by to drag him down and overwhelm him. The victory of Vittoria had swept beyond the northern frontier of Spain almost the whole of the French host. There remained, in fact, of the troops who had so long held the country in subjection only the beleaguered or besieged garrisons of Pamplona, Santona, and San Sebastian, and the forces under Suchet in the north-eastern provinces, some 60,000 men.

After nine days of almost continuous fighting, the expedition under Soult which was to drive the allies beyond the Ebro showed its leader a loss of more than 13,000 officers and men, killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing; and the morale of the force was gone. Soult said, not very generously, that his troops had given him no proper backing. General Beatson's comment is:

"No, it was not the soldiers' fault that the expedition had failed. The causes of failure must be sought elsewhere, and . . . chief among them were rashness in starting with an insufficiently thought-out plan and with insufficient means, indifferent leading by the commander and some of his highest officers, and an under-rating of the enemy's general and his troops."

Wellington was hardly the sort of man whom an opponent could afford to underrate, and the troops he commanded were seasoned veterans who always went into action with the conviction that they were going to win. What Alexander's Macedonians were at Arbela, says Napier, Hannibal's Africans at Cannæ, Cæsar's Romans at Pharsalia, Napoleon's Guards at Austerlitz, such were the British under Wellington at this period. "Six years of uninterrupted war had engrafted on their natural strength and fierceness a confidence which rendered them invincible." And Napier, let us remember, had shared their deeds before he sat down to chronicle them.

"They and their great captain have long since passed away and the times have changed. Many of them lie in nameless graves on the ridges and in the glens of the mountains, and before their task was ended many more were yet to fall in that far corner of fair France whose soil has been so richly watered by the blood of brave men. Around and above them lie the Pyrenees, *monumentum ære perennius*."

General Beatson's book, if a little technical for some of us, is extremely well done.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

THE HISTORY OF THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.*

The history of the *Entente Cordiale* is one of the most remarkable episodes in international relations. It was preceded by a whole series of incidents which created hostility and misunderstanding between the French and English peoples. There was the perpetual problem of the English occupation of Egypt, and this was revived in an acute form by the heroic journey of Marchand to Fashoda ending in his virtual expulsion by the English, an affair which was exactly of the kind to create the storm of national feeling that produces war. The long-drawn agony of the Dreyfus case roused a violent antagonism against the French, which found over-violent expression in England from those writers who forgot that the bravest defenders of Dreyfus, and the noblest servants of justice in his case, were themselves Frenchmen. Then followed the Boer war, in which the sympathies of most Frenchmen were naturally enough enlisted in the cause of two small Republics, and the visit of President Kruger to France, where he received a popular welcome comparable with that of Kossuth or Garibaldi in England. Moreover, France, as a naval and colonial power, touched our Empire in various parts of the world, in Africa and Siam particularly, so that the two nations had a whole portfolio of unsettled and possibly dangerous controversies. Further, she was formally and strongly allied with the great Power which was then regarded as the most powerful and dangerous rival of Great Britain. M. Lavissee, the great French historian, and one of the most influential advocates of a friendly understanding between his nation and the British, writing in 1899, declared that a few years before a war between the two nations would have appeared impossible, but that at that moment such a conflict was most to be feared of all that threatened the world's peace. Yet out of this most grave and critical set of conditions within a year or two there had emerged a warm and friendly understanding between Governments and peoples, which was destined to regulate the alliances of nations in the greatest struggle the world has known. An optimist might well argue that the *Entente* forbids us ever to despair of international friendship and good will.

But this agreement, which historians in the future will probably regard as the decisive diplomatic instrument in the years of preparation for the present war, is remarkable further because it was the result, not of a statesman's Machiavellian scheming, like the *renversement des alliances* of Kaunitz in the eighteenth century, but of the private and individual efforts of a single man. Sir Thomas Barclay devoted himself from the first to the great cause of Anglo-French friendship, and he tells in this book, modestly and sometimes humorously and always with his eye on the actual fact, how he stimulated public opinion and multiplied and magnified its expression with the skill and energy of a born organiser. No one has ever better understood how to pull the wires, and no one has ever pulled wires to greater effect.

"Three elements are essential," he tells us, "apart from choice of a propitious moment, for success in agitation. The one is never to publish to the world an isolated resolution. Several keep each other company and encourage others. Another is never to take anybody into one's confidence during negotiations, and expose oneself to the danger of 'hearsay.' And the third is not to ask for funds!"

His book clearly demonstrates that in free countries public opinion shapes the destiny of nations, and that the vast apparatus of the Press, of meetings, resolutions and committees, which seems so futile and so fatiguing to all but the most sanguine and energetic, is sometimes as important even in foreign affairs as the talk of ambassadors within the sacred enclosures of the diplomatic world. No history of the twentieth century will be really complete which omits Sir Thomas Barclay, and there are not many living statesmen of whom that can be said! Of course, he could not have accomplished his task if great forces

* "Thirty Years' Anglo-French Reminiscences (1876-1906)." By Sir Thomas Barclay. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

had not been at work to make it possible and even necessary. He was himself actuated by a profound love for France and by the highest humanitarian motives. The two Governments, which were able to come together because Sir Thomas Barclay had prepared and matured opinion in the two peoples, were influenced by interest as much as by ideals. Great Britain abandoned her old policy of splendid isolation because she was suddenly confronted by the German naval expansion, and France saw in the new friendship an additional guarantee against renewed German aggression, and possibly the ultimate instrument of French revenge. Sir Thomas Barclay was always most anxious to demonstrate that the *Entente* was in no way hostile to Germany, and among the most interesting pages of his book are those which recall how the German Government declared that the interests of Germany were unprejudiced by the new agreement, and how he himself tried to follow his French success by a further *Entente* between England and Germany.

He had shown high qualities of imagination and statesmanship in dealing with the French and British peoples. It was a stroke of genius to begin by reviving the old traditions of Franco-Scottish alliance, and further to seize upon the Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States as the precedent for an agreement which should secure friendship without formal alliance. Thus the Treaty that was frustrated by the American Senate bore rich fruit in Europe. The movement was fairly launched by Sir Thomas Barclay's speech to the French Arbitration Society in March, 1901. Owing to a great snow-storm only about ten people assembled to hear this address, but Sir Thomas left the MS. with the *Figaro*.

"The next day no one was more astonished than I to see it appear with flaming head-lines as the first columns of the first page. The impression produced was as if thousands had attended the meeting, as if I had been carried off my feet by an acclaiming and enthusiastic multitude. Our poor little meeting in the basement of the *Mairie* became historic! I had scored owing to the luck of good causes which make effort and imagination worth while."

The good cause prospered greatly in the outer world, but when it passed from the street to the Chancery, no progress was made until after Lord Salisbury resigned the Premiership. He belonged to an older world.

"A diplomatic inquiry resulted in one of those ironical, half-jocular *jeux-de-non-recevoir* of the late Lord which made further discussion impossible. His answer, while jovial in tone, was as laconic as it was emphatic. 'C'est de l'utopie!' and there the matter ended. M. Delcassé repeated the answer to me as a proof of the hopelessness of trying to conciliate England."

Under Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne events moved with great rapidity, and M. Delcassé was able to suggest the exact formula for an Arbitration Treaty which was signed on October 14th, 1903. The great task of Sir Thomas Barclay was accomplished, but its results were not perhaps so conducive to world-peace as he had hoped and believed. His book is a valuable record and it is enriched by many stories and sketches of the men, from Gambetta to Delcassé, who have preserved the French Republic, and built up the new France from the ruins of the second Empire.

WALFORD D. GREEN..

THE TRAGIC HOUSE OF HAPSBURG.*

Since the Countess Zanardi Landi wrote "The Secret of an Empress," the Royal House of Austria has come within measurable distance of extinction, and whether she makes good her claim to being a daughter of the late Empress of Austria seems of less consequence than it might have been.

* "The Secret of an Empress." By Countess Zanardi Landi. (Cassell.)



The Countess and her children.

From "The Secret of an Empress," by Countess Zanardi Landi (Cassell).

a few months ago. She presents a baffling case, and her strange story is full of interest; but the average human being, living an unpretentious, natural life outside all the nonsensically extravagant ceremony that appears to hedge the Hapsburg family will not be instantly convinced by the Countess's reasonings. She explains that her mother, the late Empress, in accordance with the strict formalities of the Court, was not permitted to live in intimate relations with her children; she had no voice in their training, was not allowed to select the persons who were to be about them. This was the settled practice of the Court; she was to be kept "constantly on a pedestal above the rest of the world"; the Emperor being elevated on an even higher pedestal above her, and the kindly mortal habit of mingling with their own offspring was denied to them as too far beneath their astonishing dignity. Thus the Countess, who goes on to say that the Empress rebelled against these restrictions:

"When she would have surrounded her children with her care and interest they were torn away from her, one to be made wretched and finally destroyed, the others to be reduced to mediocrity. At last, finding how she had been deceived in her hopes about her fourth-born child, Marie-Valerie, she resolved that for once she would have her own way, and that at any rate one of her family should be as she had wished them all to be. That is why I was brought up as I was, away from the Court."

As an infant, the Countess was handed over to foster-parents of good family who lived in Vienna. The Empress's dressmaker had her rooms on the first floor of their house, and so she had facilities for visiting her child without attracting any public notice. The Countess stayed with her mother from time to time at Lainz and elsewhere, but though at six years of age she learned that this lady was

her mother, it was only by accident she found out a few years later that her mother was the Empress. Withal, as she says, there remains the question: Why does the Emperor Francis Joseph refuse to recognise her? "All I can say is that I do not believe that it is the Emperor Francis Joseph who himself refuses. It is the Court of Vienna that looks upon me as dangerous," because "having been brought up by my mother in the free and broad-minded ideas of modern education, I must, I suppose, be regarded as a menace to the traditions of the Imperial House, and therefore recognition must be absolutely denied me."

It seems an odd sort of reason, but perhaps it is only that these high matters are beyond a plain man's comprehension. More vividly sensational is the account given of the tragic death of the Crown Prince Rudolph—the Countess is convinced that he was murdered; and of the mysterious drowning of Ludwig of Bavaria, who was always held by the Empress to be perfectly sane, though the world at large has pretty generally accepted the official word for it that he was mad. There has been a lingering doubt about it in the minds of a minority, and that doubt may be strengthened by the statements in this book. The fourteen photogravure illustrations are excellently done, and add considerably to the interest of a curiously interesting volume.

SERBIAN FOLK TALES.*

The preface to this beautiful book is dated from Belgrade on June 28th of the present year—the day before the double tragedy of Sarajevo, which, as a consequence of Austria's attack on Serbia, was to precipitate the world-struggle between Teuton and Slav. At a time when the Serbians are courageously repulsing their truculent neighbour on the other side of the Danube, and are winning fresh admiration from those who are taking part in the same mighty contest on the west, north, and east, a book such as this should serve the very useful purpose of making British readers realise that the Serbians, if a nation of soldiers are also a nation of poets. Mr. Petrovitch points out that the Serbs are indeed the most spontaneously poetic of all the Slavic peoples, possessing to a remarkable extent an exceptional national gift for composing heroic ballads. They seem to retain something of that gift which made the harper an honoured guest in the old time halls of this country, for it is said that scarcely had the events of the recent Balkan War happened than they were being sung and passed on in oral form to become part of that great body of truly national literature of which this fascinating volume is a fine indication. The tales and legends which the author has chosen to render here in prose are many of them peculiarly national, presenting incidents in the marvellous career of such heroes as the unconquerable Prince Marco, while others are but variants of legends that in one form or another seem part of the inheritance of all branches of the great Aryan family. All are given with so much skill in the rendering, that the work is a very notable addition to our collections of national tales, one to interest the student of folklore and to fascinate those who delight in the marvellous. In the "Veela" and "Zmay" of Serbian tales we have creatures peculiar and distinct from the more familiar fairies and dragons of our own stories.

In his introductory words Mr. Petrovitch points out that "the English language is the only one which, instead of the correct forms 'Serbian,' 'Serbia,' uses the solecism 'Servia' etc. Suggesting a false derivation from the Latin root which furnished the English words 'serf,' 'servant,' 'servitude,' this corrupted form is, of course, extremely offensive to the people to whom it is applied and should be abandoned." The volume is beautifully illustrated with coloured drawings by Messrs. William Sewill and Gilbert James.

WALTER JERROLD

* "Hero-Tales and Legends of the Serbians." By Woislav M. Petrovitch. With a Preface by Chedo Miyatovich. 15s. net. (George G. Harrap & Co.)

THE GREEN ROADS OF ENGLAND.*

Mr. Hippisley Cox's book is a welcome addition to the literature of roads. It is wonderful how very small that literature is; for almost nothing on the philosophy and natural history of roads has been written. You look in the Encyclopædia and find articles on Roman roads and on modern road construction, but hardly anything more. And in particular, little has been written yet about roads in their most interesting stage, that is to say before they were planned from beginning to end by people like the Romans, who made roads for a definite purpose and had resources without end for doing so. Mr. Belloc stands almost alone as one who could from looking at a piece of country or a map, give an interesting conjecture as to where the roads would go. At least, he was almost the only writer who had given evidence of this ability or laid claim to it. But now Mr. Cox comes forward with a book founded upon a life's travelling on the oldest roads in England. Originally, perhaps, the travel was for the sport and pleasure, and never to make a book. As a book, in fact, "The Green Roads of England," is not skilful or ingenious, for it takes a dozen similar roads in the South of England, and traces them one after the other, without developing any view or picking up new interests. Some of the description might have been sacrificed to a fuller use of larger scale maps, and some of the plans of ancient camps we could do without. But Mr. Cox has views; above all, he believes that the ancient roads, running by or near these camps all over the hills and higher land, were constructed more or less consciously to connect the camps, and formed parts of a great system having Avebury for its centre. Many of the roads, however, are of the very oldest kind, often winding extravagantly, as the lie and quality of the land suit them, and with small or no consideration of any distant object, although two or three or more of them combined will take a man from anywhere to anywhere. And Mr. Cox can hardly show that the camps are earlier than the roads or contemporary with the combination of separate, perhaps tribal, sections. Nevertheless, the view is one that must be considered, and that out of doors. To argue with Mr. Cox along the Harrow Way, Ridge Way, Icknield Way, or any of their subordinate roads, would be a fine outdoor sport for a summer month, and his book will have succeeded if it persuades a few to this argument. It deserves to do so. For it bears marks everywhere of experience, of enthusiasm, of curiosity. It brings the old roads, particularly those on the chalk, vividly before the mind and the eye—the green river of daisies and dark turf winding over the undulations, the fan of white scars at a steep descent. Mr. Cox is no mere archaeologist. He likes the road for the road's sake, to begin with. Thus, it is to be hoped that he will enlist the services of new road philosophers, and awaken the sense of the lie of the land, of the personalities of roads, which must be sleeping in many tourists. He has added almost a new charm and interest to the Chilterns, the Downs, Salisbury Main and the Mendips. He has perhaps invented a new and never ending game, for if one of these roads take you to the sea it is only for a short passage, and you have before you the task of hitting upon the port opposite and the continuation in Wales or France. You may travel round the world on these roads, though you need more than a purse to do it with.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE THIRD EARL STANHOPE.†

Now that "The Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope" has at length been given to the world, it would be easy to say that the book tells us a good deal about Stanhope the politician, quite enough about Stanhope the man of

* "The Green Roads of England." By R. Hippisley Cox. With 24 Illustrations by W. W. Collins, and 8 Maps in Colour, and 87 Plans. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

† "The Life of Charles, Third Earl of Stanhope." By G. P. Gooch and Miss Ghita Stanhope. 10s. net. (Longmans.)

science and inventor, and next to nothing about Stanhope the man. But this line of criticism would, after all, be scarcely fair; for—to put the matter quite bluntly—Stanhope the man appears never to have had a chance of existing. It seems to have been largely a matter of education. William Pitt the younger was trained by his father to be a statesman. Charles James Fox was trained by his father to be a libertine. Lord Mahon was trained by his father to be a prig and a Puritan. But whereas Pitt managed to survive the education he received, thanks to his native caution and coldness; whereas Fox was too big-brained and big-hearted a man to wallow for any length of time in the sty of sensuality, Stanhope, reared in the Spartan simplicity of morals and of manners that prevailed in the little republic of Geneva, retained till the last days of his life that uncompromising and impossible rigidity of principle that characterises the politics of the schoolboy. Taught by professors, instead of being sent to a public school, Mahon returned to England in 1774 with a very lofty contempt for the young men of his own rank and years. In an age in which his brother-in-law Pitt was ridiculed for his clean living, and described as "the virgin boy," in which so austere a moralist as Dr. Johnson could be persuaded to dine at the same table with an infamous scoundrel like Wilkes, so stiff and unaccommodating a public man as Stanhope was doomed to failure. A man so ungenial and non-human was, of course, temperamentally antipathetic to politicians of the Sheridan and Thurlow breed, politicians who, if they were inclined to be flunkies, were at least warm-blooded animals. But on what common ground could Stanhope have expected to meet *any* of the men of his period? For women, for the Turf, and for the theatre he cared nothing. Drinking, betting, gambling had no attractions for him. To his clothes he never gave a thought, and he always refused to powder his hair. Finally, unlike Fox and Erskine, he was interested neither in the classics, in pictures, nor in *belles lettres*. While, as if he were not sufficiently hampered by this abstinence from the more human virtues and vices, all his life long he was rendered incapable of co-operating for public ends with other men by that hatred of compromise, that lack of a sense of proportion, that absurd idea of his own importance, that reluctance to use means to attain ends which a public school education would have knocked out of him. Moreover, like so many acrimonious men who champion liberty in the forum—and he consistently supported all the Liberal causes, from Reform and the French Revolution to relief of Roman Catholic disabilities and opposition to the Union—Stanhope, true Puritan that he was, was not above playing the domestic tyrant. His end was miserable without being pathetic. His sons and his daughters all left him. His (second) wife ran away from him. And he spent the last two or three years of his life in the company of his mistress, Mrs. Lackner, his food and drink never costing him more than an annual expense of £75. It only remains to add that this very interesting "Life" of one of the ablest and certainly the most disinterested of eighteenth-century politicians is the joint work of Mr. G. P. Gooch and of the late Miss Ghita Stanhope, the "Citizen's" great-great-granddaughter.

HERE AND THERE AFLOAT.

We cannot tell whether or not this novel¹ was intended to be a sort of disciple of "*Pêcheur d'Islande*"—"a sort of disciple," because, as things novelistic, racial, etc., go, imitation of this kind is bound to linger some way behind the original; and in this case the follower might do well to keep away from the prototype, on one count. In spite of the condemnation that may be called down by this avowal, and of the real genius of Pierre Loti's simple and true tragedy—realistic in the very best sense of the word—the construction is far from being satisfactory, because of the abrupt way in which the scene changes repeatedly

¹ "*Deep Sea*." By Francis Brett Young. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

from France to Iceland, back again, and elsewhere about the world. And in continuity of scene and action "*Deep Sea*" (which is certainly not the right title for this book) is an improvement on the French masterpiece, to whose author it is inscribed. An improvement on a masterpiece? This is heaping Ossa upon Pelion, or painting the lily—whichever you prefer—with a vengeance. Yes, but only in one of the less necessary things that go to make a piece of really creative fiction. Where Mr. Brett Young gains in cohesion, for the simple reason that his story moves in one scene (a Cornish fishing port), he loses, alas! in fundamental grip in the power to put before us a section of crude life, drawn broadly yet completely, with that simplicity, vigour, directness of story, photographic reality of characters and scenes, and that personal detachment, which makes "*Pêcheur d'Islande*," "*Paul and Virginia*," and other such books, what they are.

Yet when all this is said, "*Deep Sea*" is not much inferior to its French forerunner. Its scenes are generally as vivid, although they are painted in with much more detail than Loti gives. As we read, we see the stricken Jeffery on his couch by the window, looking down on the busy fish-market (where he had been wont to move and buy and gossip), all as clearly as with physical eyes. It is a living, moving scene on the harbour-side, with the little town of stone houses clinging to the steep slope of the hill above, like monstrous, grey crabs. We know his character by his comments on the market, his neighbours, etc., as we do that of the poor weakling, Ruth, by the way she goes to and fro and looks about. As for Mrs. Kenar (Jeffery's wife, who has taken to his fish-hawking with a cart in the country), we do not need to be told that she has in her veins some of the Spanish blood that is supposed to have been left on the south west coast by seamen from the prizes taken out of the Armada. Vivid yet real as life—she is to the story what a red, irregular streak would be in a fabric of drabs and greys, except that she is of a piece with it, and there lies some of Mr. Brett Young's remarkable talent. Reuben, the fisherman, and some of the others are alive; but they are not clearly defined, except Mr. Silley, who is compounded all of flesh and blood and sufficient of their by-products to make him red and human. If any reader wishes to know what life is in a Cornish fishing village, let him get this book.

In Mr. Wallace's story² we have a phase of the existence of men who fish in really deep water. This time it is the Bay of Fundy and the Banks of Newfoundland, and the vernacular is that of western Nova Scotia, as strong as it is rugged and uncouth. Here the Colonial writer could have benefited considerably by copying Mr. Brett Young. The latter, while giving us a strong flavour of Cornish dialect, has spared us from its worst features; but Mr. Wallace has gone the whole hog. In treatment he is a sort of romantic realist. The language, characters, doings, etc., are all as real as life itself is there to-day; but Frank Westhaver's career, from his smoking plug-tobacco as a boy and driving an ox into the school during lessons, to rescuing Lillian Denton in a gale on the Banks, his success as a skipper and as an organiser in the fishing industry, and his winning of Lillian are of the weft and woof of romance. As a piece of actuality, with the hard grip of life marking it from end to end, therefore as a piece of art, it is far behind Mr. Brett Young's book; but as a story it is certainly the better of the two. Its ocean happenings are vivid, indeed, and move pretty frequently to the organ-roll of a north-west gale; they make us feel that we are truly at sea (a feature that seems to lie beyond Mr. Brett Young's powers), in all the welter of wind and spume, torn canvas and striving men.

Of "*Bartimeus's*" sketches³ of naval life we have not space to say much, nor is there need to. The fact that nineteen out of the twenty-five have been published in first-class periodicals—mainly the *Pall Mall Gazette*—is

² "*Blue Water: A Tale of the Deep Sea Fishermen*." By F. William Wallace. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

³ "*Naval Occasions*." By "*Bartimeus*." 1s. net. (Blackwood.)

sufficient warrant that if they be not literature they are, at least, excellent bits of journalism, mostly of the light variety. They make capital reading—for an odd hour they could hardly be bettered; in addition to which they have the value of being truly of the Navy as the "Elder Service" is to-day.

J. E. PATTERSON.

MODERN ITALY.*

Miss Zimmern's book has in eight years run into a fifth edition, and it certainly is a volume which deserves success. We have long ago ceased to dream of Italy as a land of art alone; anyone who has travelled in the northern part of it will bear witness to the industrial activity, and yet the north is also the home of Marinetti and his futurist friends, whom Miss Zimmern passes over. She might, perhaps, devote in the next edition a little more attention to Italy's foreign relations, seeing that Africa, Austria and Albania have so great an effect, directly or indirectly, upon the whole of her affairs. It would have been instructive to show a photograph of one of the frontiers opening on to her ally Austria: no frontiers are so strongly fortified. A good deal of space is given in this book to the consideration of the various arts, to politics, philosophy and agriculture; but, of course, within one small volume of 300 odd pages, it would be impossible to more than glance at many things which ought to be treated in detail. For those who know Italy this book will be rather superfluous, but for those who, before going there, would like to acquire a trustworthy general knowledge, it may be recommended. In the next edition we would advise Miss Zimmern not to say that our lawn-tennis is derived from the Italian game of pallone. "Few spectators," she says, "of the modern game of lawn-tennis know whence we derive our chalked lines, the central net, the graceful gestures, the rapid strokes." Let her go to Queen's Club and watch the parent game of real tennis. Pallone is much more like pelote, and is played with a cylindrical wooden glove instead of with a fin-like basket.

Apparently Mr. Egerton R. Williams, Jr., is an American who is very devoted to Italy, and has already written several books on various parts of the country. There is no reason why he should not continue; his books are quite helpful in pointing out what is pointed out by Baedeker and others, and since Mr. Williams makes no attempt to clothe his observations in literary style, but simply says what he has to say, he at all events does not offend us. But if he goes as far as Mantua, why leave out Brescia, which is a place of delight, and why in a book of this kind pay scarcely any attention to the people? A town is not made by architecture alone. One thinks wistfully of Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's book, "In Tuscany," and of the natives of all these Lombard towns who are kept back from us. What gives Mr. Williams's book some value are his frequent quotations from authoritative persons; he himself does not appear to have any exciting opinions. His book is not nearly as good as those of Mr. Edward Hutton, but he evidently enjoyed himself when he composed it—it reads like a diary kept from day to day—and it requires a certain amount of self-control to travel in Italy and not to write about it.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

MINE OWN: A BUNDLE OF ESSAYS.†

Some of Mr. Clark's charming little essays are about boys, chiefly from the standpoint of one who has to teach them. He believes strongly in the Boy-Scout movement for example, and he has a sensible essay on "The Teaching of History," which ought to be read by all whose business

* "Italy of the Italians." By Helen Zimmern. 6s. net. (Pitman.)—"Lombard Towns of Italy." By Egerton R. Williams, Jun. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

† "Mine Own: A Bundle of Essays." By Arthur J. Clark, M.A. 5s. net. (Robert Scott.)

it is to teach history in schools. The discussion of books, subjects, and methods is written from experience. But, as Mr. Clark admits, in teaching history or anything, the dominant factor is personality, not method. "We should labour to keep abreast of the important research-work of our day, for when once we slacken off we shall become dull. We want a vivid imagination, that will breathe warm radiant life into still flesh, and we shall find that imagination will be kindled by foreign travel, and by thought, and by concentration. But, more than all, we need to know our boys, and to come down from our desks among them. We want to keep human; we want desperately badly to keep young, or we shall never be teachers of history." Mr. Clark urges the need of teachers taking their work seriously. "Urges" is too rough and didactic a term, perhaps. Let us say "expounds." For some of his essays are semi-dialogues or sketches. And when he upholds the dignity of his profession, it is in a human, natural way. He keeps before him the end of teaching, which is not cramming for examinations, but the formation of character during the period of adolescence. If teachers were imbued with the spirit of this little book, the results of our schools would be more satisfactory to parent and to the State. Mr. Clark, however, has other interests—art especially. He is fond of fishing, but evidently as it affords an excuse for being lazy; as an angler, therefore, he does not come into the picture. But the essays on art show a sympathy and an intelligence which are not very common. That upon Botticelli is based on M. Diehl's biographical study. Mr. Clark modestly hopes it will "induce others to journey, with M. Diehl as guide, to the Botticelli room in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, hard by the Palazzo Vecchio, and the old, shop-covered bridge over the yellow Arno." The religious side is not forced, neither is it checked. It is there, and present generally with a sort of artistic fitness. A small book of essays is, in some respects, as difficult to review as an encyclopædia volume. But the single test which it is fair to apply to it is: Does it produce the impression of personality? Does it present its items as personal estimates of truth and fact? Mr. Clark's little essays meet this test. They are his own, evidently the product of his own experience and observation.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

STRINDBERG YET AGAIN.*

"Fair Haven and Foul Strand" is a book of three stories about the fair haven of love and the foul strand of marriage. In the first two of them (which constitute 213 of the whole 243 pages) there is as obvious an autobiographical basis as in anything Strindberg ever wrote. They go the usual way of Strindberg's love stories—passionate devotion (mixed with a shrewd suspicion that the beloved lady is a very inferior person), marriage, hideous disillusionment. It is all very curious, rather unreal, and rather fatiguing. If ever there was a wise man who was a fool that man surely was Strindberg. His misery is graphically depicted—but, then, were the ladies really so very happy . . . ?

The volume of "Plays" is the fourth in Mr. Palmer's collection. It consists of "Swanwhite," "Advent," "The Storm." "Swanwhite" is Strindberg in a fanciful, romantic, and tender mood. The mediæval stone castle, the Duke, the wicked stepmother, the Prince, the good and lovely Swanwhite, and the angry sea—these are the ingredients of this play of magic and symbolic atmosphere. "Advent" has already been reviewed in *THE BOOKMAN* (September, 1913). It is an incoherent, dreary mystery play, whose meaning, deep though it may be, appears at first reading no better than nonsense. "The Storm" is a play of the present time. The relations between a divorced wife and husband make a typical Strindbergian

* "Fair Haven and Foul Strand." By August Strindberg. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)—"Plays." Vol. IV. By August Strindberg. Translated by E. and W. Oland. 3s. 6d. net. (Palmer.)

situation, and the play can be read with some interest. In it is one of the few instances (presumably) in Strindberg in which a man does really dominate the situation, and is not shaken by the first smile of the serpent.

The amount of Strindberg's output was colossal, but let us still hope that the translators will show a little mercy. His talents were various, but his outlook was terribly monotonous. Moreover, the very acuteness of his insight had a tinge of madness about it, and he was a man plunged in the whirlpool of *idées fixe*. A remarkable and unhealthy mind (not wantonly, but inevitably, naturally)—that will be the final verdict on Strindberg. He will never count amongst the really great masters.

RICHARD CURLE.

Novel Notes.

KING JACK: THE LOVE STORY OF A MOST ENGAGING OUTLAW. By Keighley Snowden. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It certainly is a most engaging outlaw whom Mr. Keighley Snowden has taken as the central figure of his new story, an outlaw who will win the admiration and sympathy of all who do not find their whole gospel comprised between the preamble and closing clause of the Preservation of Game Acts. The period is that of the 'thirties of last century, and the scene is Nidderdale, one of those Yorkshire districts the country and people of which Mr. Snowden has so often presented with rare skill in other novels. Jack Sincler—to give him the name by which he won the love of his fellows and the admiration of some of those gentry who wickedly went against their own caste in winking at his iniquities—was a born "open-air" man, and one who strongly resented the legislation which preserved to all "game" the privilege of being slain by the landed gentry. He was, furthermore, an unbeatable runner, and possessed a perfect genius in the resourcefulness of daring, whether such had to be shown in making good his escape from pursuit on the moors, in rescuing his great "slammock" of a brother from the constable's hands, or in getting out of a cottage besieged by his would-be captors, to hint at but three of the episodes. Such hint may perhaps suffice to suggest that Mr. Snowden's story is not lacking in action and incident, but it must be said also that it is full of individuality and character, making us acquainted with some well-diversified Yorkshire folks, from the genial parson with his appreciation of "King Jack's" quality, to the rhyming "knapper" of stones by the wayside who sings in rude, forceful voice of the exploits of the "Sincler" brothers, or from the otter-hunting Lady Anne Bellerby to the engaging village schoolmaster who is buoyed up by the hope that he may have the training of some future John Hampden. And these people are presented with a naturalness which is the result of true art on the part of the novelist, who is particularly happy in rendering the vigorous mother-wit of his country people.

TENTS OF A NIGHT. By Mary Findlater. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

"But we are often made to feel that our affections are but Tents of a Night. . . . There are moments when the affections rule and absorb us, and make our happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently seen again—its over arching vault bright with galaxies of immutable lights."—*Emerson*.

This is the keynote of Miss Findlater's delightful new book concerning Anne Hepburn and her summer in Brittany. Unhappy Anne views life with discontented, ultra-critical eyes, and so well is her mood described that we find ourselves viewing life in Brittany through grey-coloured



Miss Jane Findlater.

Miss Mary Findlater.

From a portrait by Lady Jane Lindsay

spectacles in sympathy with her; we can almost smell the stale, omelet-haunted boarding-houses; see the dreary, dull "sights" that Anne sees on her tour. Then comes Anne's awakening—she does not fall in love (she has already done that and been disappointed) she falls out of love—and the world is fresh and sweet again. And she discovers that her life, which she almost loses in some quicksand, is of value to her. Her point of view shifts, and she picks up her rose-coloured spectacles. We have no sooner done the same, in sympathy with her, than the story ends, and leaves us wanting another book about Anne in which we shall again meet her and Barbara Lennox, who is the most fresh and charming "flapper" it has ever been our luck to meet with. Barbara, unspoilt, clear-eyed, sincere, "she had somehow escaped all the bad points of her generation, and accentuated the good ones. Anne thought she seemed a perfect embodiment of a new spirit—a spirit that had barely come into existence, even ten years before, when she had been the age Barbara was now. Her uncramped limbs . . . her free, swift movements, her look of being perfectly able to take care of herself, were all indications of the same thing. Even her candid, almost brusque way of speaking of her elders differed from the way in which Anne had been brought up." "How odd," Anne thought, "that ten years difference in time should have given such a different start. I view the world from quite another angle." If the clear fresh spirit of Barbara could creep into many of our modern books, how much better the books would be. Miss Findlater is to be congratulated.

THE WALL OF PARTITION. By Florence L. Barclay. 6s. (Putnam.)

Mrs. Barclay has chosen a popular author for the central figure of her new novel; and around him she has woven a pleasant, romantic story, in which the partition wall of a flat near Regent's Park plays a leading rôle. Rodney Steele, for that is the author's name, returns to England, after ten years travelling abroad, to find everyone talking about his latest book, "The Great Divide," which he has published under a *nom de plume* as it contains some personal history; it is, in fact, the account of a great tragedy which came into his life ten years back. Critics in reviewing "The Great Divide" declare that the chief incident

is not true to life; Rodney knows that it is only too true, and has spoilt his. Then—he discovers that, after all, it was not quite true: he had not known one important fact in the tragedy. How he discovers this fact (and, incidentally, is obliged to side with the critics), and what happens afterwards, make an interesting story, written in Mrs. Barclay's usual charming and easy fashion. The characters are drawn with care and skill. Mrs. Barclay works mostly to touch our emotions, but the story has its lighter side, and comedy and tragedy follow quickly on each other's heels. There is plenty of love interest in the book, plenty of whimsical fancy, and plenty of healthy, wholesome, moral teaching.

KERNO: A Stone. By Tarella Quin. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Kerno is the name of the distant sheep-farm whence Wynne Holland, the elegant Melbourne lawyer, drew a more than comfortable income without troubling himself in the least as to the men who ran it for him. The even tenor of his way was broken by Judith Acton, who, fleeing from a brutal husband, sought rest and peace at distant Kerno. It is a far cry from the ballroom to the bush, and the author makes effective use of this dramatic contrast of scene. Both the beauty and the terror of the wilds are finely depicted, and we do not remember having read a more engrossing and convincing account of the everyday life in that back-of-beyond. There is not a character in this story that is not vital, and the author has cleverly depicted how they were variously affected and moulded by their lonely environment. Wynne Holland renounces his city career for the woman he loves, and gallantly, but too late, endeavours to take up his neglected inheritance. One of the best characters in the story is the misanthropic old book-keeper, Wilkie, whose cynicism is finally routed by the delightful child, Margaret, the daughter of Wynne and Judith, who, unlike her parents, responds to her surroundings with every fibre of her being. The call of the city was destined to prove too strong for Wynne Holland, but he escaped from Kerno only to die. The major love-story could only have had a sombre ending, but Judith found recompense in the greater happiness of Margaret and her lover.

JETSAM. By Victor Bridges. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

We believe that with "The Man from Nowhere" Mr. Victor Bridges made one of the great successes of last year, and we have no doubt that many of his admirers will be glad of the collection of short stories—twenty-one in all—which he has made in "Jetsam," while they are waiting for his next novel. The stories in "Jetsam" are of three kinds, the melodramatic, the humorous, and the love-story, and it is in the first of these that Mr. Bridges shows to most advantage on the whole. "The Later Edition," for instance, is an intriguing and very well-managed tale, and the last of the collection, "The Understudy," is one of the best worth reading. Facility and invention are the distinguishing characteristics of the numerous love-stories in "Jetsam," and the humour which underlies nearly all the tales, though unequal, finds its best examples in "The Ordeal by Water" and "His Reverence," both of which are really funny. In every way "Jetsam" is a readable and attractive volume, and one that shows Mr. Bridges' freshness and versatility at their best.

LOVERS IN EXILE. By the Author of "The Letters that Never Reached Him." 6s. (Nash.)

"Lovers in Exile" is a book that comes opportunely, for though in the main it is a love story, German diplomacy forms a strong and well-developed secondary interest. Ilse, the heroine, contracts a loveless marriage with a Prussian of an old and primitively old-fashioned family. She soon finds that life with Theophilus von Zehren entails the complete destruction of her individuality, and though she has not a strong character, Ilse is intelligent and broad-minded. It is not especially

difficult to get a divorce in Germany, but Ilse holds back until she has given her heart irrevocably to Wolf von Walden, a young diplomatist, to whom she is quickly married. The remainder of the book describes the diplomatic experiences of the two, their struggle against unfriendly interests in Berlin (controlled by the von Zehrens), and their temporary success. But in the end von Walden is made the scapegoat for a serious diplomatic error—thereby somewhat resembling another and more distinguished German in recent history—and his career is ended. The book is admirably written, the character of the heroine in particular being skilfully and sympathetically presented. It also gives the reader a vivid picture of the life of two very different types of the German aristocracy, and in every way it is a book which is well worthy of attention.

THE GATE OF ENGLAND. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A sparkling romance, this, of the great days of Drake, written with a fine appreciation of the wholesome patriotism and sturdy spirit of the men who formed Elizabeth's "sure shield" in that critical period of English history. Mr. Morice Gerard knows well, none better, how to utilise all the spectacular and formidable elements of Elizabeth's court; nobles, statesmen, sea-captains, and papal spies are made to live again in these glowing pages. Christopher Stone, of the Queen's bodyguard, has the good fortune to ward off an attack on the life of his royal mistress, and his reward is to be sent on a secret mission to Dunkirk to ascertain particulars of the Duke of Parma's forces, and of the boats preparing for the threatened invasion. His companion on this perilous enterprise is a red-haired piratical sea-captain, whose cunning, as well as his good ship the *Golden Hind*, and his longsighted mate Moses, is considered indispensable to the success of the expedition. Victims of a base betrayal, Christopher and his red-haired ally fall into the Duke's clutches, and the instruments of torture are about to claim them when—the reader who remembers Drake and Cadiz may hazard a guess at the sequel, which is a happy one, and ends in a lover's meeting.

THE GREENSTONE DOOR. By William Satchell. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Open it and you pass through into the land of the Maoris, participate in thrilling adventures, and gain a splendid idea of what New Zealand was like in the pioneering days under the Governorship of Sir George Grey. The story of Cedric Tregarthen begins when his father is killed by Te Waharoa at the sack of the Te Kuma pa. Men, women, and children were slain, and Tregarthen was the last to die, his death wounds being gained by his own fury. The small child is rescued from the bush by Wake the missionary and Purcell the trader, on their way to beg the conqueror to spare the captives and to refrain from giving the bodies of the killed to the ovens. In the camp of the chief Purcell has to fight for the boy, who in the end is adopted as The Little Finger of Te Waharoa. Cedric grows up with Purcell, his Maori wife Roma, and their daughter Puti-Huia, at the trading-station on the Waipa River. Maori folk-lore, witchcraft, and customs are woven into the various chapters, which clearly show the events leading up to the last war. When the conflict comes Purcell fights with the natives, takes part in the last stand, sees his daughter and her lover Rangiora shot, is captured and executed to satisfy another trader's vengeance. Cedric, forced to act as interpreter for the British, arrives with a reprieve in time to see his father fall. The love story of Cedric with its happy ending relieves the gruesomeness inseparable from the time and setting.

THE CURSE OF CLOUD. By J. B. Harris-Burland. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Full of surprises is this exciting story of mystery. Henry VIII. took the estate of Compton Ferrers from the monks, who pronounced a curse which strikes at the eldest son of the man holding their lands. The story commences with descriptions of Philip Cloud, a coward, only son of Sir

Henry Cloud, and John his cousin, an overbearing man, with a reputation for brutal sternness and exploration work. Driven out of Compton Ferrers by an unjust charge of forgery, he is back from an expedition in Arabia when Philip disappears. His body is found in the river; the shock kills Sir Henry, and John Cloud succeeds to the property. Marrying Grace Maryland he promises to cease exploring, but the change from activity to the monotony of a country gentleman's life drives him to gambling and drinking. Ultimately his wife, for his own sake and that of his child, hoping to retrieve their squandered fortune, releases him from his promise, and he departs to relocate, in South America, a gold mine discovered by a former partner. Tricked of this, he returns to find the ill-omened estate sold and his wife duped out of the profits on a speculation which would have restored their vanished splendours. The latent nobility in John Cloud's character enables him to triumph over ruin, and in Canada he learns that a man may lose all and yet gain everything.

THE HIDDEN CHILDREN. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Appleton.)

This fine novel is remarkable for many reasons. It is remarkable for the lavish scale on which it is planned, and for the strength of its plot, which does not wince for a moment under a weight of six hundred and fifty pages. It is remarkable for its masterful grasp of historical details; the pictures it gives of the savage warfare waged between white men and red, between the liberty-seeking American colonists and the hated British and their Indian allies, have a vivid, imaginative-realistic touch. It is remarkable, above all, for the insight and understanding, amounting almost to intuition, with which it represents, in all their subtle characteristics, the several Indian tribes whose feuds increased ten-fold the horrors of the war. The plot centres on the mysterious mission of a ragged, grey-eyed waif of a girl known as Lois, who haunts the soldiers' camps and bewitches, in spite of himself, a gallant young officer of Morgan's Rifles. Every year, on a certain day, wherever she chances to be, Lois finds outside her door two little beaded mocassins, and with them a strip of silver birch on which is written: "Swift mocassins for little feet as swift against the day that the long trail is safe. Then, in the Vale Yndaia, little Lois, seek her who bore you, saved you, lost you, but who loves you always." The story tells how Lois, with the assistance of her soldier lover and a Mohican guide, follows the dread trail to Yndaia, and after braving terrors unspeakable comes at last to her heart's desire. The Mohican guide is a strikingly clever piece of characterisation, and of the many memories which haunt the reader on closing the book the most insistent, perhaps, are the delicate beauty of the White Bridal, and the stark horror of the sacrificial rites of the Red Sorcerer.

The Bookman's Table.

PAULINE BONAPARTE AND HER LOVERS. By Hector Fleischmann. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

The style of Mr. Hector Fleischmann, as it is revealed to us by his anonymous translator, is evidently meant to intrigue the reader and to lure him on to peruse this chronicle of scandals. But to a good many people it may quite possibly have the opposite effect. It is a bad style. It suggests that the author is winking knowingly at the reader as he unfolds his frivolous, aggressively chatty narrative. Pauline Bonaparte was one of the loveliest and most temperamental members of an extraordinary family. She did not attain to such eminence in love

as her illustrious brother did in war, but she loved passionately and often, and only a lack of intelligence and seriousness in her methods prevented her from being one of the world's *grandes amoureuses*. The author's attempts to envisage her as a person of dignity and importance are futile. She was no Catherine de Medici, no Messalina. She was a luxury-loving woman, the spoilt and petulant sister of an Emperor, an ardent and capricious creature with a distinct trait of eroticism in her character. Her love affairs were almost as numerous as her brother's victories. She began to occupy herself with the tender passion as early in her life as possible, and she remained coquette and *intrigante* to the last. "When I am dead," she whispered at the last hour, "cover my face." Fréron was her first lover. She married then Prince Borghese, and he proved even more indulgent than Napoleon to her escapades and adventures. She was very beautiful—Canova modelled his Venus from her—very gay, and rather silly. She was reputed to have the figure of a goddess and the intelligence of a bird. She was Napoleon's favourite sister and upheld for him the dignity of his toy court at Elba. The story of her wanderings from spa to spa over the Continent in search of adventure and happiness is one of the most extraordinary episodes of a fantastic career.

SEEDS OF PINE. By Janey Canuck. Illustrated. 6s (Hodder and Stoughton)

Somewhere in this volume the author declares her intention of one day writing a book that "will flow along without a break in the smooth, natural way people talk when they are alone with their families." We do not hesitate to say that Mrs. Arthur Murphy in this book has gone far to realise her ambition. "Seeds of Pine" are the symbols of the hardy pioneers engaged in carrying the steel trail of the Grand Trunk Pacific into the remote far north-west of Canada. The author has brought to her work an admirable faculty of observation, having the keen eye and good judgment to discern the literary value of apparently unimportant details which, as a matter of fact, are the very marrow of such a record. The writer's enthusiasm for Canada is boundless and contagious, and she has been able to convey to us a wonderfully clear impression of the grandeur of the open country and the hardihood of the men and women that it produces and absorbs. That she has had the courage to be critical as well as eulogistic gives additional value to a record which, in spite of the author's prohibition, we venture to call "breezy" as well as fascinating and informative. The volume closes with a prose, "Song of this Land," to which the Great War gives special poignancy and force. "We are the wide-ruling seed of the Saxons, and ever shall we answer to the rally of the race. All hands around! We will pledge the homeland of Britain!"

TOLSTOY. By Edward Garnett. 1s. net (Constable.)

Mr. Garnett's contribution to this series of vignette "Modern Biographies" will attract many readers. That Tolstoy should have been permitted to live, and write, in Russia, remains one of the most startling surprises in history. Always fearless, outspoken, fanatical, he was never apparently even in danger. We have here no attempt at an explanation in detail, but a suggestive analysis of the Count's complex personality, an appreciation of his art, and a revelation of his moral grandeur. The secret of Tolstoy's apparent inconsistencies is found in one sentence of "My Confessions": "One can only live when one is intoxicated with life." Hence the constant struggle, in his nature, between an intense joy in every experience possible to humanity, and self-denial's extreme asceticism; and between the vitality of a supreme artist, and the narrow outlook of a fanatic preacher. Mr. Garnett endeavours to prove that, however unpracticable were Tolstoy's social and political ideals, however ludicrous the attempts to embody them in enthusiastic communities, his *principles*

were far-reaching and ennobling, though they "struck at the whole fabric of modern civilisation," and found the root of all evil "in the false doctrine which is taught to the people under the name of Christianity." Tolstoy, in fact, hated all so-called Liberalism and reform, was thoroughly sceptical towards Progress and Civilisation, and actually indifferent to the organisation of society; yet he was too great a man to deny "the egoist roots of his own instincts." He personally inaugurated certain original methods of education; twice organised famine relief; and devoted much time and attention to the relief of poverty and sickness. If his Christian anarchism "ultimately leads to the most sombre denial of human life," he never neglected the appeal of humanity. We should prefer to have seen most of Mr. Garnett's footnotes incorporated in his text, but he has covered the ground with vigour and insight, leaving us an impressive picture of Tolstoy, Artist and Man.

IMPERIAL AMERICA. By J. M. Kennedy. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Near the beginning of his book Mr. Kennedy gives a photograph of "the oldest house in the United States," a ramshackle place at Santa Fé, New Mexico, and towards the close he gives us a photograph of one of the highest of New York's "skyscrapers," a 32-storey building. In that pictorial contrast we may see typified something of the difference between the America of the "revolted colonies" and the America which declares that the Munroe Doctrine holds good for the southern continent as well as for the northern; between colonies that fought for independence and a combination of States that may think it necessary to fight for markets. It is the present and the immediate future with which the author of this deeply interesting book is concerned, though to make the present clear he gives a brief but illuminating survey of the past, from the first settling of the eastern seaboard of America. Mr. Kennedy sets out with a slight sneer at the Puritans (and their "lineal political descendants" the Liberals of to-day), in that their religious enthusiasm so well fitted in with their commercial exploitations, though he recognises that their solidity of character enabled them to thrive in the stubborn soil of the west and that that solidity has in a measure persisted to the present, when English is the mother tongue of but 31 per cent. of the population, and German the mother-tongue of 27 per cent. The story of America in its relations with the home country of Europe is succinctly stated by one who shows himself well fitted to present the essentials of an historical survey in a clear and telling fashion. The impression that we get is of the almost inevitable development of "Imperialism" in America, and of an aspect of the relationship of this country and the United States which, as the author declares, "if less seductive and tender than that held up to us by the peace-mongers, is certainly more manly and more in accordance with reality." Essentially this study of American relationships is an addition to the already considerable body of volumes called into being by the completion of the Panama Canal. It is a deeply interesting book, and one that may be the better welcomed for its note of bracing criticism, its author's refusal to accept the deadening doctrine that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Find the Picture (6s.) is an attractive melodrama in which the love interest is unusually well developed. So is the collecting interest—for the hero is a young man who possesses infallible taste in artistic matters, and invincible luck as well. Many readers will find a curious fascination in the manner in which he discovered Turner's greatest picture, for instance. Even the villain, who has defrauded the heroine of her inheri-

tance, is a distinguished amateur collector—and even if the whole business seems a great deal easier than it really is, the very readable level which the book reaches will ensure the reader's forgiveness for its author, Mr. M. McD. Bodkin, K.C., who seems to have deserted detective fiction for the time being.

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON.

The mere fact that *The Wife in Ancient and Modern Times*, by E. J. Schuster (1s. net), which was first published in 1911, should have been reissued this year, is, perhaps, the best testimony to its excellence, and, indeed, we cannot call to mind offhand any other book of approximately the same size which contains so much information so soberly, clearly, and concisely put. Mr. Schuster, indeed, makes no pretence of concealing his sympathy with the cause of the wife, and he is quite ready to break a lance in his struggle with the "convenient assumptions of prejudiced or interested adherents of the present state of things," but he is rarely partizan in his statements, and he is very far from adopting that attitude towards the relative advantages of marriage and free union which is taken up by a certain number of the most advanced feminists. Occasionally, perhaps, Mr. Schuster is somewhat bigoted, as where he writes that "blindness to notorious facts marks the opposition to a reform of the Divorce Laws," and some of his statements on the inevitability of woman suffrage betray an unwillingness to credit opponents with any superfluity of brain-power, but on the whole he is fair enough, and, whatever his comments, he does not distort his actual facts.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN & SONS.

Negro Folk-Singing Games and Folk Games of the Habitués is a delightful collection of negro folk-singing games, preceded by interesting and amusing textual matter, and illustrated with photographs which add greatly to the book's quaint charm. The traditional melodies and text are transcribed by Grace Cleveland Porter, and the accompaniments are by Henry Worthington Loomis. On the cover is a portrait of Mammy Mary, whose motherly benevolence seems to shed its radiance through all the pages. Some of the games included in the book were given in Europe for the first time last year by the children of the Esperance Guild of Morris Dancers at Miss Porter's recital. "That the book will be an addition to the English folk-art books," says Miss Mary Neal, honorary secretary to the Guild, who writes a short foreword, "is, in my mind, assured by the fact that the children loved the games and entered into the playing of them with great zest." Miss Porter's excellent collection will do much to bring English children in contact with the games that have delighted the heart of the little negro for generations; and to make them known will surely mean to make them popular, for, as Mammy said: "Dey wuzen' only enjoyin' deyselves, but dey wuz a-gittin' exercise 'sides de fun."

MR. WILLIAM HODGE.

The Trial of the Seddons, edited by Filson Young (5s.) is a new volume in the "Notable English Trials," which already includes "Eugene Aram" and "Mrs. Maybrick," and promises "John Thurtell" and "Dr. Crippen." The four hundred pages cover a full report of the trial. Mr. Filson Young contributes an introduction, outlining the case, and pointing out its significance as "a classical example of the working of the Prisoners' Evidence Act in capital cases." "To one who heard the whole of the trial," he says, "it appeared as if in fact Seddon was convicted not because the Crown succeeded in proving his guilt, but because he failed to prove his innocence." There are photographs of the then Attorney-General, Mr. Marshall Hall, Mr. Gervais Rentoul, the Seddons and Miss Barrow. "Slips of life in this form are more excusable than in fiction. They may be expected to serve the cause of truth as well as to provide solid reading matter to the leisured. Whether anyone will living might be hurt in a manner likely to outweigh those advantages it is not for us to say, but it must be mentioned as a consideration worth attention. The right of the volume to exist will, we suppose, be taken as proved only by the measure of its success. Mr. Filson Young's point might have been made in less than four hundred pages, and apart from its reading matter as interesting could be found in trials involving no one now alive."

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

In **The Mystery of Dark Hollow** (6s.), Miss Anna Katharine Green attempts—with much success—a variation on the usual scheme of the detective novel. The crime with which the book deals is twelve years old. It was a murder, for which the heroine's husband has paid the penalty with his life. Now her daughter, Reuther, has fallen in love with the son of the judge who sentenced Scoville to death. Such a marriage is, in Mrs. Scoville's eyes impossible; unless her husband's innocence can be established. It is with this end in view that she betakes herself to her old home, there to start the careful inquiries which end in the solving of the mystery, and the reunion of Reuther and her lover. As is usual when Miss Green is the writer, the steps by which the crime is gradually reconstructed are at once extraordinarily ingenious and completely logical, and the book is in every way an admirable specimen of its work. It should appeal to every reader who prefers detective stories that make him think to those of which the interest is merely sensational.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The picture on our cover is from one of Mr. A. D. McCormick's colour illustrations to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's new edition of Mr. Henry Newbolt's "Drake's Drum, and other Songs of the Sea."

Mr. Newbolt's first book of poems, "Admirals All," was published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in 1897; but "Admirals All" made its earliest appearance in print in *Longman's Magazine* for August, 1894, and Messrs. Longmans are now publishing his delightful "Book of the Blue Sea," as the successor this Christmas of the "Fairy Book" series edited by Andrew Lang and issued annually for the last twenty-five years.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, jointly with Messrs. Allen & Unwin, are publishing a biography of Treitschke and a selection from his writings in a single large volume to be called "Treitschke: His Life and Works." It is an announcement of special interest at present, for Treitschke was a sort of forerunner of the amazing Bernhardi.

Too late for inclusion in our War Book Supplement come nine more books on the Great War:

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Mr. William Lawrence Chittenden,
a fourteenth edition of whose volume, "Ranch Verses," has just been published by Messrs. Putnam's.



Mr. Charles Wade,
the well-known artist, who has illustrated Miss Mary Stratton's "Bruges: A Record and an Impression" (Hatsford), a charming book about the beautiful Belgian city that is now in the hands of the Germans.

Mr. Harold Ashton, of the *Daily News*, the first War Correspondent to return from the field of war, has written an account of his experiences which Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson are publishing under the title of "First from the Front."

"What of To-Day?" a new book by Father Bernard Vaughan dealing with some of the great questions of the hour, will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell. Father Vaughan, who was born sixty-seven years ago, is a son of the late Colonel Vaughan, of Courtfield, and brother of the late Cardinal. For eighteen years he took an active and conspicuous part in the religious and civic life of Manchester; then, fourteen years back, he took up his position at the now famous Farm Street Chapel, and

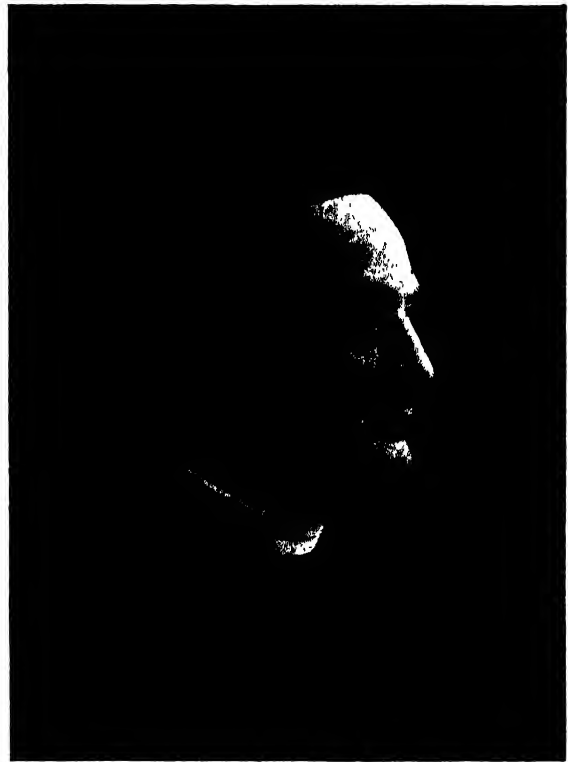


Photo by Sarony.

Father Bernard Vaughan,
whose new book, "What of To-Day?" Messrs. Cassell are publishing this month.

soon made his presence felt by his fearless denunciations of the low and flashy ethical standards that prevailed in public life, and by his energetic and beneficent work among the poor of Westminster and the East End. His widely discussed series of outspoken sermons, "The Sins of Society," obtained an enormous vogue, and one may be sure of finding him equally fearless and stimulating in the counsel and opinions he expresses in "What of To-Day?"

Mr. Percy Westerman, the well-known writer for boys, made a happy choice when, in the early part of this year, he sat down to write a book about Heligoland. He called it "The Sea-Girt Fortress," and Messrs. Blackie & Sons are publishing it. His



Mr Gilbert Thomas,
whose new book of poems, "The Voice of Peace" (Chapman & Hall) is reviewed in this Number

heroes, a young English Naval Lieutenant and his American friend, are arrested as spies and clapped into that island fortress. They play their adventurous rôles in a *mise-en-scene* of insolent German officers longing for "The Day," terrific fortifications, twenty-inch disappearing guns, mined waters, fleets of Zeppelins and their hangars, steel work, cement work, and wire work. And the climax is war with Germany! The book comes in the nick of time to show what a tremendous weapon of offence and defence the Germans have made of this grim island in the North Sea.

Two more new war anthologies are "Marching Songs," giving music as well as words of about fifty songs with good marching tunes, which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing; and "The Battle and Breeze Reciter," a collection of naval and military ballads and poems suitable for recitation, compiled by Mr. Alfred H. Miles and to be published by Messrs. Max Goschen.



Mr. Horace Wyndham,
author of "Reginald Auberon," "The Call of the Drum," and other successful novels, who has been appointed Captain in the Intelligence Department and is shortly leaving England for the Front.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate are publishing immediately "Echoes from the Fleet," by Mr. L. Cope Cornford, a collection of stories inspired by the spirit of the Navy, together with sketches done from life. Lord Charles Beresford has written a preface for the volume.

"Land Marks," a new novel by Mr. E. V. Lucas, has just been published by Messrs. Methuen.

Miss Gertrude Ford is editing a series of Georgian bibelots which Mr. Erskine Macdonald will publish. Each volume in the series is to consist of a selection of the verse of one of the younger poets of the day.



Photo by Miss Compton Collier.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs,
whose new book of stories, "Night Watches," is reviewed on another page.

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, whose two new books, "Thoroughfares" and "Borderlands" (Elkin Matthews) we review on another page, is recognised as one of the truest and most original of our younger poets, but that recognition had no sudden or sensational growth. He published his first book, "Urlyn the Harper," as far back as 1902, and, without making much noise in the process, it went immediately into a second edition. For the most part, it was made up of conventionally romantic verse, but it also contained a little series of poems about the peasants of La Beaux in a more individual vein, the development of which has led to the production of his later, more characteristic work. "Urlyn the Harper" was followed by several other volumes of romantic verse: "The Queen's Vigil"

(1902); "The Golden Helm" (1903); "Nets of Love" (1905); but in "The Stonefolds" (1907) and "On the Threshold" (1907) Mr. Gibson broke away altogether from the tradition of literary romanticism, and "Daily Bread" (1910) and "Fires" (1912) develop his characteristic vein of realism fully and effectively. "Daily Bread" was the first of his books to be published in America, where it had a very considerable success. Now all his work appears simultaneously there and in this country. Arrangements are being made for him to go through the States on a reading tour, and he will probably undertake this engagement next year.



Photo by S. Ward.

Mr. W. L. George,

whose new novel "The Second Bloomer" is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

His Majesty the King is the Sovereign head and patron of the Order, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught its Grand Prior. The membership throughout the empire amounts to about 400, and including Mrs. Murphy there are not more than half a dozen Ladies of Grace of the Order in the Dominion of Canada.

A new novel by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, "The Wolves and the Lamb," is just published by Messrs. Ward, Lock.

We regret that we omitted to mention that the new portrait of Mr. Thomas Hardy which we published last month, was taken by Mr. E. O. Hoppé.

"Duke Jones," a new novel by Miss Ethel Sidgwick, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

The work of Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Jancy Canuck), the popular Canadian author, whose newest book, "Seeds of Pine" we reviewed last month, has been recognised by a bestowal on her of the decoration of a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

A "Life of Sir John Jellicoe," by Mr. Harold F. B. Wheeler, has just been published by the Aldine Publishing Co.

"The Real Kaiser," a very remarkable character study by an anonymous writer, is published by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

The BOOKMAN half-yearly index—April to September—will be included in our December Number.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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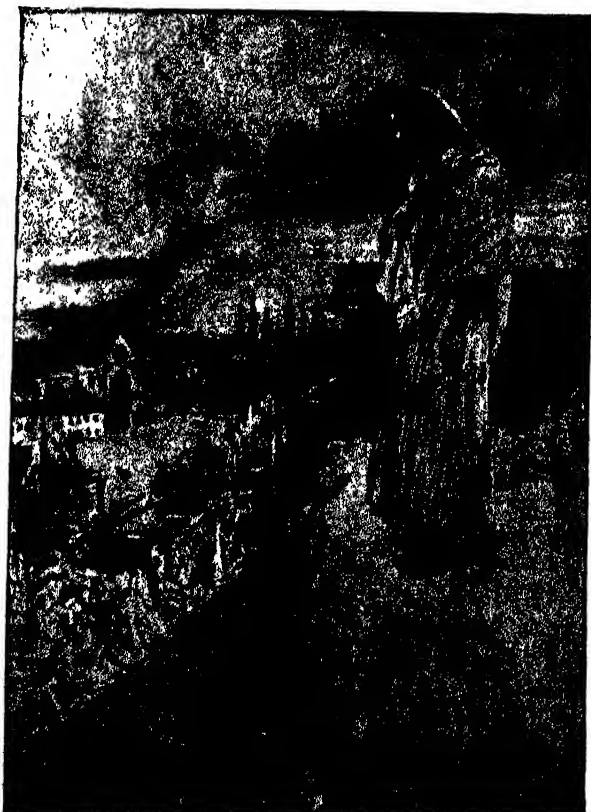
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THE READER.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

FOR a nation incurably romantic and sentimental, we English are at times quite strangely literal. We want the fact as well as the metaphor; we ask for stones when we have the bread, and are urgent for the bottle when the wine is poured out before us. The time gives this proof. Among our heroes is the almost mythological Francis Drake, whom we love because he combined, in the happy English manner, piety and piracy. The drum of Drake beat a prelude to some of the most glorious deeds of a glorious age, and when the great captain dropped to his last anchorage beneath the waters of the Spanish Main, belief in the endurance of the English sea-dog spirit embodied itself in the legend that Drake, like many another mighty leader, had passed but had not died, and only awaited the sound of his drum, in England's hour of need, to rush from his berth and scatter the enemy as in the days of Gloriana. To-day that drum hangs bodily and visibly in Buckland Abbey, a priceless relic; but will it be believed that some unhappy literalist has actually written to the papers suggesting that, in this time of danger, Drake's drum should be beaten round the country to encourage recruiting? It is hard to believe that the same country can have produced both the legend and the literalist. Not all the drums in Kneller Hall could do us good if we needed such an anti-climax by way of stimulus. Drake's drum is an inspiring metaphor, but (by this time) a rather feeble fact. Its beat is to be heard in the heart, not in the ears. And there is no need to ask for it. It is scarcely ever silent. Its summons to the spirit of the race can be heard in the call of need or the whisper of danger, in the stories of great struggles or the songs of old heroes. Drake's drum beats very vigorously in "Drake's Drum."

I.

There is an air of the unexpected about Mr. Newbolt's work. No one could have predicted "Admirals All" and "The Fighting Téméraire" from the author's previous record. His first known work was a little adventure

in fiction published in 1892—the story of an attempt to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena by means of a submarine boat. In this there is at least a hint of action and dangerous business on the waters, with something of a fine climax in the dramatic announcement of the Emperor's death just when the plot is at its thickest; but though Mr. Newbolt has found it necessary to reissue the volume, I am bound to say that I find it a little inclined to fall between two stools: the love interest is too thick for a boy's book and the substantive interest too thin for a man's. Remember that in 1892 Robert Louis Stevenson (with Britannia) ruled the waves, and the main features of "Taken from the Enemy" are accounted for. At any rate, the book was duly sent out to Samoa, and got kindly spoken of.

History tells us nothing more of Mr. Newbolt till 1895, when he offered the callous world a tragedy in five acts and in blank verse on the subject of Mordred. This was to be looked for. "*Così fan tutte*," as Mozart said musically in the eighteenth century; "Everybody's doing it," as we say (with syncopation) in the twentieth. Whoever we are that itch at the sight of a pen, whether we sink ultimately to the depths of mere reviewing, or rise to three addresses and a first impression

of five hundred thousand, we must all disgorge the blank verse tragedy that chokes our preliminary utterance. We are none of us guiltless. Even I— but 'tis no matter. Mr. Newbolt's tragedy is a level, equable production, a drama without passion, a tragedy without intensity. I have read it, but I have never met anyone else who has, so perhaps a quotation may be welcome. This is from the last conversation of Arthur with Sir Bedivere, and, since we are out to find any trace of originality, let us observe that in all the scene there is nothing samitic, mystic or wonderful, nothing about Excalibur or the Lady of the Lake:

"Look forward, forward,
And let the past, with Arthur
and his sins,
Fade on the dim horizon far
behind!
Yet, even so, meseems I shall
not die;

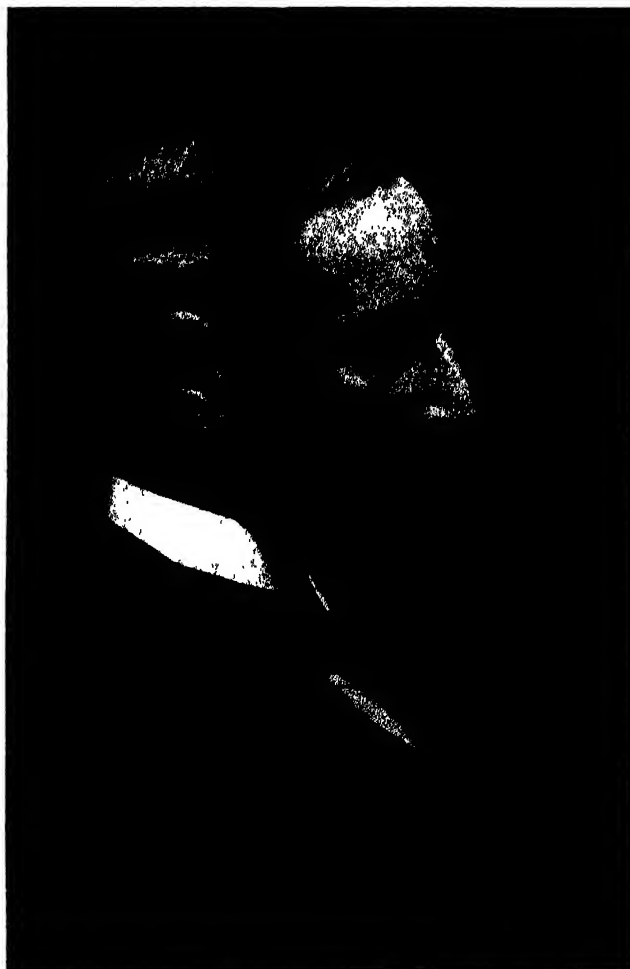


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Henry Newbolt.

My purpose lives, my will, that which hath been
The life-blood of my spirit, my soul's breath—
What shall a man not suffer and not dare
That this may be ? . . .

. . . Though my name be lost
For ever, and my race with me to-night
Fall into dust, that which I willed remains,
And while that lives I shall not wholly die."

We might call this, if we were very imaginative, a faint adumbration of "Drake's Drum." The play has a becoming dedication to Mr. Swinburne; but no Swinburnian influence is discernible. That tempestuous lyricist would scarcely have written, "And while that lives I shall not wholly die."

II.

So far, no hint of Tyrtæus; and when he did come, the new Tyrtæus, like the old, was something of a surprise. No one had expected him to come out of Vigo Street. The name of Mr. Elkin Mathews is indelibly written in the history of later English poetry. He has been the impresario of many bards, major and minor, and he has actively educated the public into buying verse by coaxing shillings from them when crowns would have been denied. Books are many, readers, perhaps, less many. In the stress of competition, the new poet at five shillings net is apt to be passed by; but our mere sporting instinct rises to the chance of putting a bob on an outsider. So Mr. Elkin Mathews has often dealt cunningly and wisely in shillings-worths; and in the midway of the sad, bad nineties, began to issue a "Garland" at that easy price—slim paper booklets, the verse, too, rather slender and anæmic, as the fashion then was. Vigo Street, for instance, did not like Mr. Kipling; it preferred "Aucassin and Nicolette," and had shuddered out its disapproval of military bards in a volume of pretty-prettiness issued from the house of Mr. Elkin Mathews' neighbour. All the more surprising was it, then, that Number VIII. of the shilling "Garland" was the salt and racy "Admirals All and Other Verses, by Henry Newbolt." Tyrtæus had arisen in the realm of bibelots. Among the minor poets there appeared something rather like a major prophet.

That booklet of 1897 is a sort of microcosm of Mr. Newbolt. It represents all he has done since. It contains, for instance, "Admirals All" and "Vitaī Lampada"; in other words, it has the Nelson touch and the Public School note, both of which Mr. Newbolt has made his own in verse. He has, indeed, combined them; and in that union lies the difference between him and Mr. Kipling, comparison with whom is odious but inevitable. Somehow you feel that Mr. Kipling could not write a perfect poem on Nelson and that Mr. Newbolt could. To Mr. Newbolt battle is a kind of sacrament; to Mr. Kipling it is a kind of beanfeast. The one extols the spirit, the other exalts the machine. You will search Mr. Newbolt's verse in vain for the note of boastfulness or glory in victory for its own sake; but in Mr. Kipling's Imperial purple there is more than a full proportion of Prussian blue. I am not attempting to deny that Mr. Kipling is much the bigger man of the two, with an incomparably wider range; I am merely indicating a difference in tendency. That difference is indicated even in the personal appearance of the two poets. Mr. Kipling with

his stalkerly visage looks capable of anything, even of his political speeches; but Mr. Newbolt looks like a barrister suffering lifelong regret because he did not enter the Church; and though this mitigated asceticism hardly suggests the vigour of "Drake's Drum" and "The Gay Gordons," it certainly indicates the main idea of all Mr. Newbolt's work, the idea that life is a spiritual combat, and that actual battle is merely one of the modes of the eternal conflict. Hence it is that Mr. Newbolt can sing of defeat more nobly than others can chant of victory. The chief stanza of his best school poem is the message of all his work:

"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth—
My son, the oath is yours. . . ."

To such a view, school is the novitiate of a knighthood, and life the fulfilment of its vows.

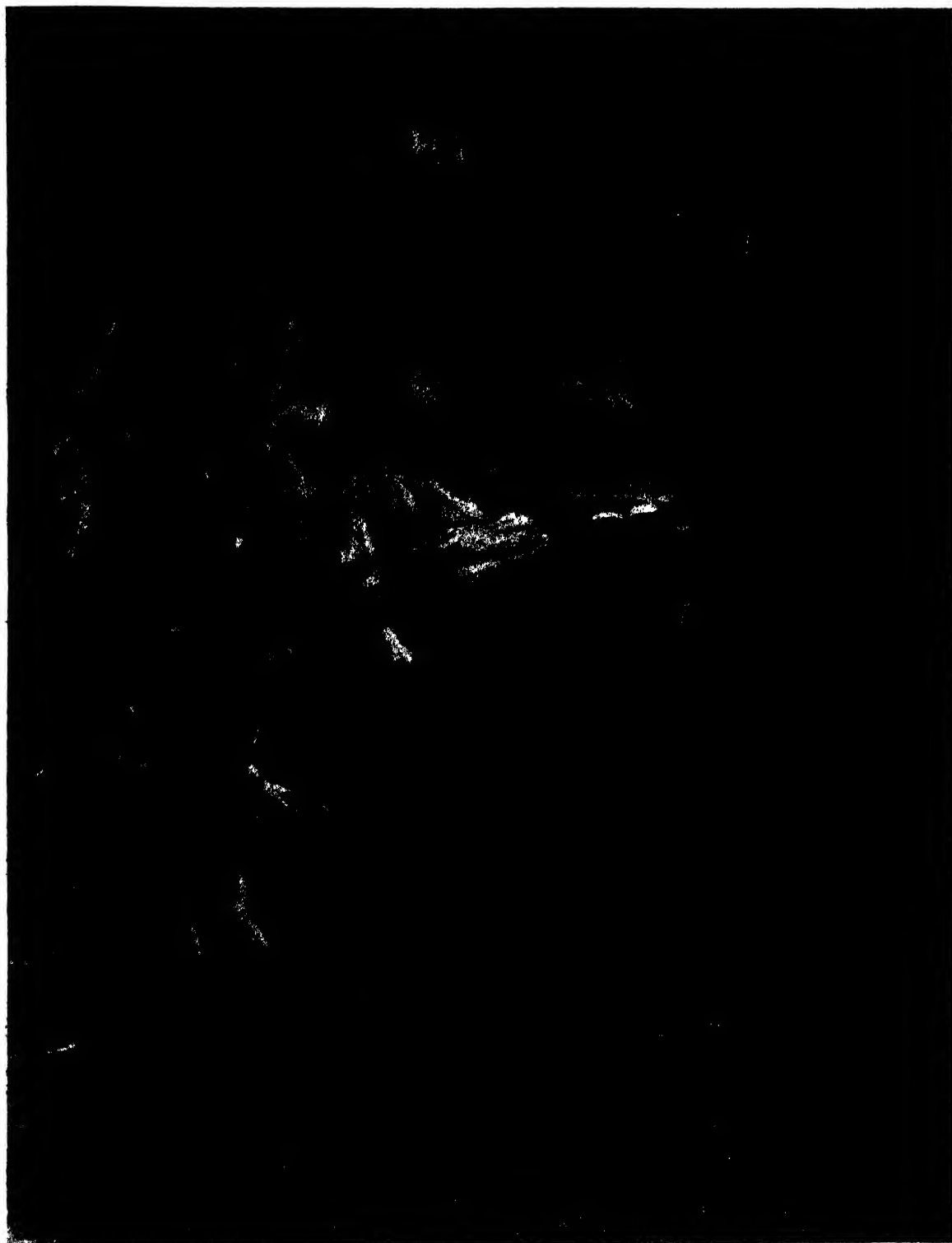
III.

Mr. Newbolt has translated his school poems into the prose of "The Twymans," his latest novel, but not, I think, with entire success. The verses will influence thousands whom the more lengthy and rather self-conscious exposition of the Clifton and Oxford ideal will leave untouched. Thus, no boy will enjoy "The Twymans" as he enjoys "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Tom Brown at Oxford," though the comparison, I admit, is rather unfair, as "The Twymans" is not meant primarily to be a boy's book. But certainly no one of an age to like its school and college chapters will be moved by that story as he is by "Clifton Chapel," "Commemoration" and "The Best School of All." Mr. Newbolt's verses are the finest influence that schoolboys have had for many a year. I do not credit the author with any democratic breadth of view. I fancy he still regards mankind in general from the angle of Clifton; but mankind in general takes a larger view of him, and he will doubtless be surprised to learn that boys of the kind that Clifton would call "cads" so far fall under the spell of his verse that parents have been known to complain (but not unkindly) of the excessive devotion to school—the despised bedrugged elementary school—fostered in their sons under the influence of his poems.

There is, I fancy, some autobiography in "The Twymans," a supposition that may bespeak the admirer's most kindly interest; but neither that book, nor the three other stories to Mr. Newbolt's credit, will persuade the general public that prose fiction is the right vehicle for his best qualities. His novels are too thin. There is not enough "stuff" in them. There is not even much "go" in them. You have only to think of young Twyman and young Clayhanger together to become conscious of the difference between the compelling art of a master and the engaging, creditable effort of an amateur. In a story by a born novelist you feel yourself right among the people and incidents he describes, continuously interested in them, and aware, somehow, of their doings even when they are out of sight; but in such "literary" novels as these of Mr. Newbolt, you seem

to be out of the press and jostle of life, to be remote from the centre, and to catch momentary, unrelated glimpses of extremely proper people through a very elegant and carefully adjusted field-glass. Still, such novels have

The tales have, however, one quality in common with the poems. Let me call it a sort of Essential Cleanness. Someone in a French hospital has been struck by the insistence with which those dear lads of ours, badly



The Death of Admiral Blake.

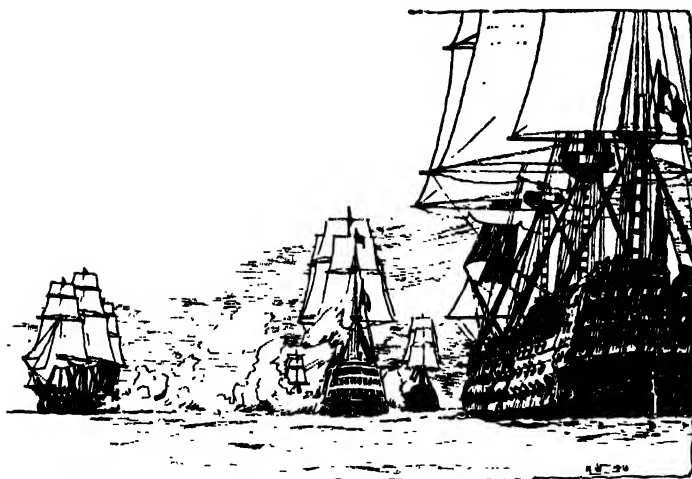
Drawn by A. D. McCormick, R.I.

"For the great heart faltered on the threshold,
And darkness took the land his soul desired."

From 'Drake's Drum and Other Songs of the Sea,' by Henry Newbolt. With illustrations in colour by D. McCormick, R.I.

their interest, and I hope they will continue to be written; only we must not mistake them either for the real thing or for the writer's proper employment. Mr. Newbolt has his own sphere—which is not the writing of novels. He could no more write "Clayhanger" than Mr. Arnold Bennett could write "Clifton Chapel."

wounded in the trenches of the Aisne and the Marne, ask for both a chaplain and a barber. To get right with God (as the older pietists used to say) and to be decent in body as well, to get ready for his last master as for his first parade, that is the Englishman's instinct when he is at his best; and this cleanness of soul, which is a kind of natural healthiness, together with



"She had to run the gauntlet of the whole of the enemy's van."

From "The Book of the Blue Sea," by Henry Newbolt (Longmans).

the cleanness of body, which is a kind of natural religion, though of course nowhere crudely prescribed, is a sort of general inference from all that Mr. Newbolt writes. Let us be thankful. It is good for a clean nation to have clean singers.

IV.

Mr. Newbolt's activities extend to criticism, and we shall welcome the day when he publishes his collected papers; for a poet's view of poetry is always of singular interest. Still, we have to admit that in criticism, as in fiction, Mr. Newbolt is not quite himself. There is something withheld. In his verse he speaks out, and we take him to our hearts; in his prose he is a little frigid and aloof, and we are slightly chilled. Even criticism may have its gaieties and endearments. Upon one topic he speaks with unusual warmth—the belittling of poets because they happen to be alive; though his brightest utterance under this head is to be found, not in prose, but in verse, and in verse of a rather unusual kind for him. The estimable Sir Edward Clarke, with the privilege of years and the cocksureness of a King's Counsel, once addressed an audience to the effect that literature ceased abruptly during the great days of Queen Victoria, and that later writers were entirely negligible. He added the usual kind of remarks upon Tennyson, Browning and Carlyle. Mr. Newbolt thus shortly and wittily sums up his forensic eloquence:

"Prisoners, attend! of Queen Victoria's day
I am the Glory, you are the Decay.
You cannot write like Tennyson deceased,
You do not sing like Browning in the least.
Of Tennyson I sanction every word,
Browning I cut to something like one-third:
Though, mind you this, immoral he is not,
Still, quite two-thirds I hope will be forgot.
He was to poetry a Tom Carlyle—
And that reminds me, Thomas, too, was vile."

With proper scorn Mr. Newbolt proceeds:

"To be alive—ay! there's the damning thing,
For who will buy a bird that's on the wing?
Catch, kill and stuff the creature once for all,
And he may yet adorn Sir Edward's hall;
But while he's free to go his own wild way,
He's not so safe as birds of yesterday."

From which it will be seen that Mr. Newbolt handles his couplets like a born fighter. He turns them against

another kind of sinner—the Jingo poet who apes the crudity of the party journalist:

"So comes the Pressman's heaven on earth, wherein
One touch of hatred proves the whole world kin—
'Our rulers are the best, and theirs the worst,
Our cause is always just, and theirs accurst,
Our troops are heroes, hirelings theirs, or slaves,
Our diplomats are children, theirs are knaves,
Our Press for independence justly prized,
Theirs bought or blind, inspired or subsidised.
For the world's progress, what was ever made
Like to our tongue, our Empire and our Trade?'"

The lines are capable of immediate application. Once, he tells us, the newspaper bard was content with his modest "Poet's Corner"; now he rushes into the pages of controversy:

"He in the forum now his art employs,
And what he lacks in knowledge gives in noise.
At first, ere he began to feel his feet,
He begged a corner in the hindmost sheet,
Concealed with Answers and Acrostics lay,
And held aloof from Questions of the Day.
But now, grown bold, he dashes to the front,
Among the leaders bears the battle's brunt,
Takes steel in hand, and cheaply unafraid,
Spurs a lame Pegasus on Jameson's Raid,
Or pipes the fleet in melodrama's tones,
To ram the Damned on their Infernal Thrones."

The allusions need no explanation. These quotations, I fear, are somewhat out of proportion, as they represent an unexpected and perhaps rather irrelevant phase of Mr. Newbolt's work. But that, really, is our justification. The heroic Newbolt is well known, the satiric scarcely known at all. It is well to remember that our Tyrtæus is also something of a Juvenal.

Such passages, too, have more than their immediate humorous interest. They are part of a serious creed. They justify us, out of Mr. Newbolt's own utterance, in the view we have taken of his abstinences and repudiations. Nothing exceeds like success and nothing succeeds like excess. To win is hard, to win nobly harder still. When success finds its feet it sometimes loses its head, and the more blatant bards can always command the applause of the gallery by playing to the coarser acquisitive appetites. From any trace of this Mr. Newbolt is wholly free. The England of his verse is often a successful England, but never a vulgar England. In his view, better an honest failure than a tainted triumph. This is the prevailing spirit:

"England! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right."

Hast thou counted up the cost,
What to foeman, what to friend?
Glory sought is Honour lost,
How should this be Knighthood's end?
Know'st thou what is Hatred's need?
What the surest gain of Greed?
England! wilt thou dare to-night
Pray that God defend the Right?

So shalt thou when morning comes
 Rise to conquer or to fall,
 Joyful hear the rolling drums,
 Joyful hear the trumpets call.
 Then let Memory tell thy heart :
 'England ! what thou wert, thou art !'
 Gird thee with thine ancient might,
 Forth ! and God defend the right !"

Let us take leave of him upon that note. In this time of national trial by fire we might do worse than make these noble words our prayer. Mr. Newbolt tells us elsewhere that the pulpit and the stage are apt to dwell over-

much on the rare crises and strong situations in human existence, so that we come to imagine life to be louder than it is. Some of our poets have certainly associated Empire with loudness, not to say rowdiness. But to think imperially is not to think in election posters, and Mr. Newbolt does not mar his Imperial message with party catchwords. He has written much of which every Englishman may be proud—so have others ; but mark the difference : he has written nothing of which the countrymen of Sidney, Nelson and Gordon need be ashamed.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. NOVEMBER, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses ; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best acrostic on the name of any British admiral or general engaged in the present War.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Mr. Ivan Adair, of 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin, for the following :

IN WAR.

Oh, Christ, Whose word in Galilee,
 Drew silence o'er an angry sea
 And turned the tempest's rage aside
 Till every wave was pacified,
 Now hear again the anguished cry
 "Have pity, Master, lest we die."

Oh, Christ, Who in compassion wept
 Because a brother lay and slept,
 And yet Who opened Death's dark door
 And set it thus, for evermore,
 Again with many mourners weep,
 For those beloved who lie and sleep.

Oh, Christ, Whose word abideth yet,
 Forgive us, if our hearts forget
 That life and death and sea and land
 Are held within Thy saving Hand,
 And that the storm of human will
 Must die before Thy "Peace! be still."

IVAN ADAIR.

We also select for printing :

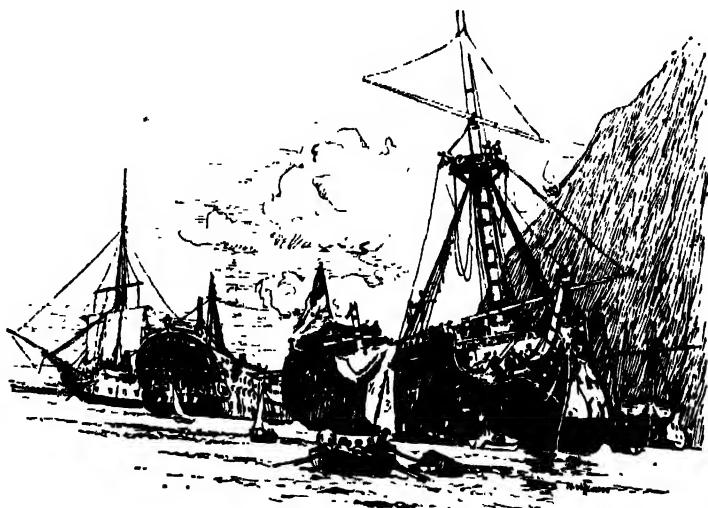
SONG OF THE ZEPPELIN.

The night-wind is humming,
 My engines are thrumming,
 Swift as a spark
 Through the night and the dark
 I am silently speeding ;
 Hovering grim and grey
 Over my human prey,
 Sowing the seeds of death
 Over the stricken earth,
 Where nations lie bleeding.
 Ship without sails am I,
 Bird without wings am I,
 Lord of the gales am I,
 Terror of Kings am I,—
 I am the Zeppelin !

The cities are sleeping,
 Their searchlights are sweeping,
 Into the skies
 I advance, I arise,
 Where the distance grows vaster ;
 See where the sky grows red,
 Lit by the bombs I shed—
 Stealthy and swift,
 I fling them my gift,
 Death and disaster !

Mark well the flight of me,
 Ships ! Have a care of me !
 Shrink at the sight of me !
 Cities ! Beware of me !
 I am the Zeppelin !

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)



"There lay four ships of the line"

From "The Book of the Blue Sea," by Henry Newbolt (Longmans).

OLD WOMEN.

Their eyes are filled with tears that will not fall,
Through which they see the things that are not there,
As every day beneath the sun-bathed wall
They sit with folded hands and heedless air.

It is not theirs to note the passing throng,
Nor theirs to wonder at the cloudless sky :
Their ears are deaf to every lovely song,
Their eyes are blind to every passer-by.

Only their bodies linger here—away
Down the dim avenues of vanished years
Their minds are ever wandering—at play
With old-time memories of hopes and fears.

So will they sit until the glad day close :
Until the shadows fall—the daylight wane,
Then will they totter in to their repose,
Nor know—nor care—if they shall wake again.

(Norman Boothroyd, Holmleigh, Batley.)

We have not space for the complete list of those to whom honourable mention is awarded, but we specially commend the lyrics sent in by A. E. Davison (Hampstead), Hilda K. Taylor (Chepstow), Edith Ruttar-Leatham (Durham), E. D. Bangay (Chesham), Eva McDonough (Streatham Common), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), May Walpole-Smith (Luton), B. Stewart Nicholson (Cupar, Fife), J. H. Browning (Watford), Leslie D. Cockerill (Forest Gate), A. G. St. Fillan (Edinburgh), Harry Eyden (St. Helen's), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Wilfrid J. Halliday (Pudsey), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), A. M. Gill (Weston-super-Mare), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Ina S. Dabbs (Manchester), Mrs. Douglas Blair (Gisborne, N.Z.), G. Chester (Penarth), C. E. Ransom (Torquay), F. J. Popham (Garstown), R. J. Barker (Birmingham), Charles Pitt (Washington, U.S.A.), S. S. (Bournemouth), R. C. Booker (Buxton), Miss G. M. Northcott (Colwyn Bay), S. V. Oddie (Luton), Frances Boxfield (Audley), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), James S. Bailey (Earl's Barton), Arthur Powell (Stratford, U.S.A.), J. Carruthers Smith (Edinburgh), Mandeville Thorpe (Banbury), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Agnes Fox (Sevenoaks), Roslyn (Auckland, N.Z.), Mrs. H. M. Carrod (Wembley), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Dorothy Plimpton (Munster Park, S.W.), M. A. Newman (Brighton), T. A. King (Birmingham), Beatrice Craig (Straitdarran), A. Ellerton (London, W.C.), Mrs. John Archibald Morison (St. John, Canada), John B. Martin (Hull), David Moore (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss Mary C. Jobson, of Wingrove, Corbridge-on-Tyne, for the following :

THE SUPREME DUTY OF THE CITIZEN IN THE PRESENT CRISIS. BY LORD ROBERTS.

"Beware of the Rhine and take care of the Rhino."

Ingoldsby Legends—(A Legend of Germany.)

We also select for printing :

IN THE FIRING LINE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"'Our skirts,' said he, 'are black, ye see,
Because we carry coal.'"

T. HOOD, *The Demon Ship*.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

HOW GERMANY MAKES WAR.

BY GENERAL F. VON BERNHARDI. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Never mind the 'Why' and 'Wherefore.'"

W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor, Basingstoke.)

AUNT JANE AND UNCLE JAMES.

BY DOROTHEA CONYERS.

"Still amorous and fond and billing
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling."

SAMUEL BUTLER, *Hudibras*.

(Eileen Brock, Clairvaux, Rondebosch, Cape Colony, S. Africa.)

THE ENCOUNTER. BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. (Edward Arnold.)

"The muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

LEWIS CARROLL.

(Miss A. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road, Brighton.)

WHAT A WOMAN WANTS. BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY. (Heinemann.)

"Let me not burst in ignorance!"

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act i. 4.

(Miss H. M. Barrow, 77, Thurleigh Road, Clapham Common, S.W.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best eight lines in appreciation of Lord Kitchener, is awarded to Mr. Leslie D. Cockerill, of 113, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, E., for the following :

TO "K. OF K."

O Man of men well tried in camp and field
'Tis given to thee our righteous sword to wield.
Born to command, a leader great of men,
Show us the way to victory again.
We know thee well, there is no need to ask
Whether or no thou canst fulfil the task ;
Thine is the might to break our foeman's power ;
To thee we trust in this our darkest hour.

LESLIE D. COCKERILL.

The best of the numerous other appreciations sent in are by William J. Elliott (Cophthorne), Rev. Leonard S. Shutter (East Grinstead), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), W. A. Lambe (Brighton), Peggy Grant (Burley), Laurence Tarr (Upminster), Anthony Dobbing (Halifax), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Walsall), Mary Ohm (Conway), A. J. Grieve (Herne Hill), Miss Rawcliffe (Haigh), W. Hodgson Burnet (Kensington), A. H. Lenowens (Kensington Gore), Marie Russell (Glasgow), C. A. Bayley (Down).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss Irma L. Wallace, of 681, Pass Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A., for the following :

SĀDHANĀ. BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan.)

As I closed Tagore's "Sādhana," I felt that I had communed with the people's God. A sudden subtle sense of brotherhood, of universality, of togetherness with mankind filled me with new-born spirit. Death seemed but life's "change of key," evil but unseen good. The "unbreakable continuity of relation" between the spiritual and material world was made manifest. Sādhana is sunshine upon labour. It proves the possibilities of immortal bliss on earth. It is a treasure house of inspired content and its gospel is Joy—"the oneness of our soul with the world and the world-soul with the Supreme lover."

We also select for printing :

MEMOIRS. BY LORD CHARLES BERESFORD. (Methuen.)

Lord Charles Beresford here tells of what he aptly terms his "singularly varied" career. With charming, sailor-like simplicity he narrates his activities at home and abroad ; and for enthralling interest this record of brave deeds and stirring adventures will not easily be surpassed. Replete with entertaining stories, this volume, in which the bitter controversies of recent years have wisely been ignored, will be widely welcome, and will do much to increase the well-deserved trust of Britain in her sailor-men, whom Lord Charles presents invariably as very human but, not infrequently, very loveable, men.

(Mrs. H. Wyatt, 11A, Hamilton Road, Wimbledon, S.W.)

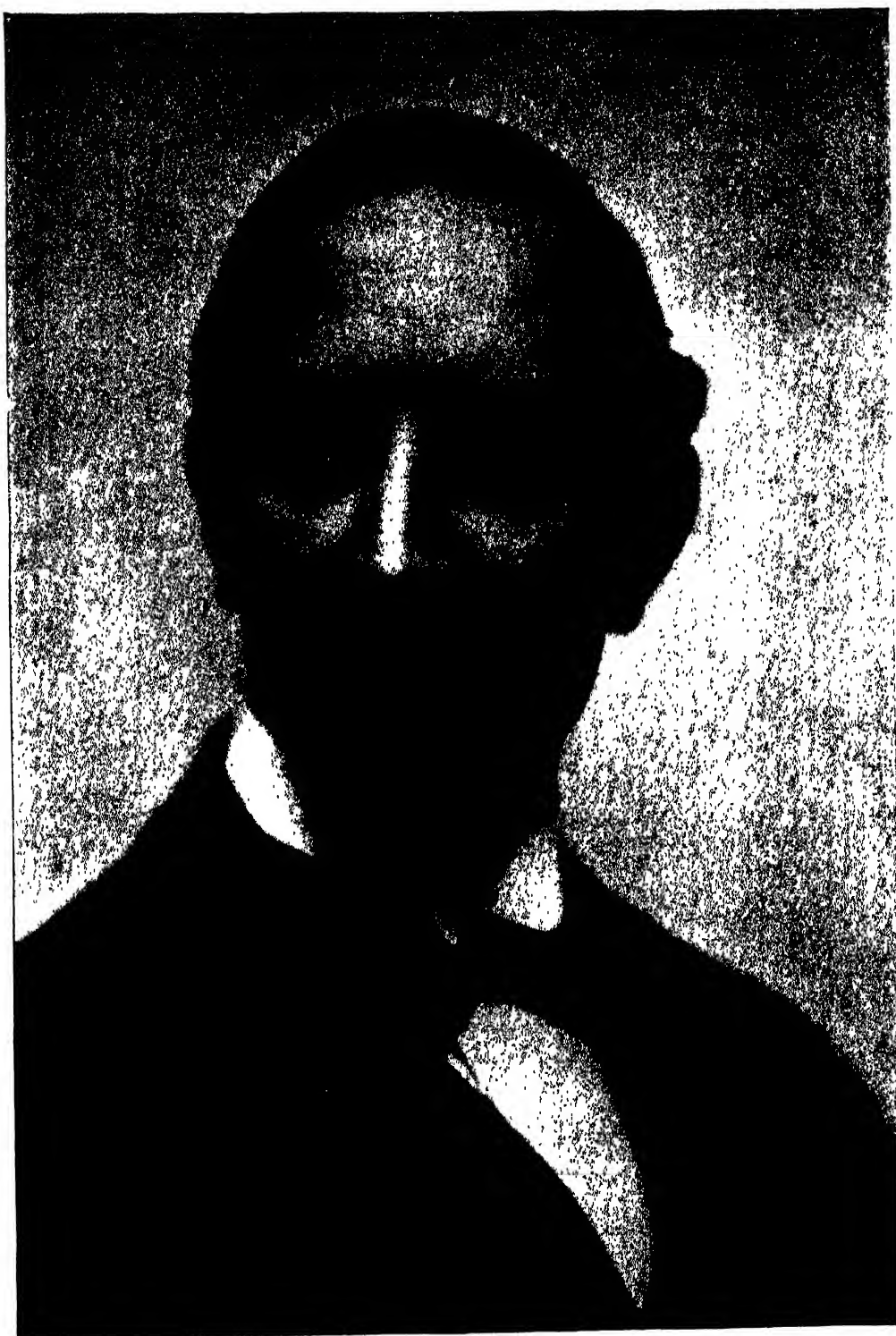


Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Henry Newbolt.

TRADER CARSON. BY JOHN BARNETT.

(Ward, Lock & Co.).

This collection of stories of love and adventure in the Pacific Isles, those lonely outposts of Empire is, without being brilliant, yet very good to read. The clear-cut phrasing, the strong forceful description of island life, and the attractive character drawing of John Carson and his love, go to make a rather original book and slightly out of the common. The situations are well worked out, and altogether there is a virile sense of life about the book which makes it notable.

(Seagrave Neale, 39, Compton Road, Highbury, N.)

THE GIRL WHO FOUND THE BLUE BIRD.

BY MADAME MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

Translated by A. T. DE MATTOS. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In these days of strife and carnage it is comforting to know what man, by care and love, can make of man, and to realize the strong devotion that went to the making of a girl who, without speech, without sight, without hearing, has yet become a sentient being through the fineness of her sense of touch. Madame Maeterlinck has an immense enthusiasm for her heroine, Helen Keller, and she gives it full emotional play in the description of her two visits to this wonderful deaf and dumb girl, who has, in truth, found the secret of "The Blue Bird."

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.)

THE SHEEP TRACK. BY NESTA H. WEBSTER.

(John Murray.)

"The Sheep Track" is a fresh and interesting book about London Society. The heroine, Marica, has had an unusual

up-bringing, and longing to meet unaffected and amusing people she leaves the sheep track of her set and chooses a more Bohemian path. She meets her mate with the "glorious morning face," but their romance is effectually squashed by his own friends. Marica's character is too fine for pain to spoil it, but tragedy lies in the fact that the really nice hero becomes commonplace—and does not realise it. The book is delightfully written and ends on a hopeful note.

(Lettie Cole, Doyer House, Pontrilas.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), A. C. Grieve (Liverpool), Rose Jessop (Nottingham), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), Vivien Flanders (Clapham), Miss Fenemore (Windsor), Miss A. G. Crawley (Balham), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Mary Mudd (Manchester), James A. Richards (Tenby), Gladys Frank (Sheffield), Miss E. Webster (Bristol), F. S. Smith (Wood Green), C. Roy Price (Wellington), May Green (Dublin), Marie Russell (Glasgow), P. W. Jew (London, S.E.), M. H. Menzies (Hampstead), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. S. Stirling (Glenfarg), Catharine M. Ritchie (Merstham), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), John Boylan (Glasgow), Reginald P. Connell (Kennington Park).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. Robert M. Bradbury, of 13, Park Street, Haslingden, near Manchester.

THE POEMS OF EMILY HICKEY.*

BY HENRIETTA KNIGHT (H. J. ARDEN).

"THIS I did," he says, "without any design, except to amuse myself, and I got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read. . . . I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way." Pope must have written this sentence near upon two hundred years ago, but it came into my head lately when a small bundle of Miss Emily Hickey's books was laid upon my table. Tender, full of colour and of music, and of love for all that is good and noble, Miss Hickey's poems remind me of Pope's great "Garden of Flowers."

It is puzzling to choose from out this bundle of varied poems the richest and the most beautiful. "Michael Villiers, Idealist," rises with a great force under the gentle words of a true poet, and stands out, marked with its strength of purpose, and then close by, as harebells and gorgeous crimson poppies really grow in one garden of delight, we come upon a sweet little cuckoo song, a song which we ought to hear set by Miss Liza Lehmann; and still as we read further a "Babies' Mystery Play," from which I must quote these few lines:

" ' You shall be Adam and Eve,'
Said Charley, ' You shall kneel, and I'll be God,
And frown on you, and lift my angry rod,
And tell you both my Eden bower to leave.'

* "A Sculptor and other Poems." Out of Print. (Kegan Paul.)—"Verse-Tales, Lyrics and Translations." Out of Print. (Arnold Bros., transferred to Elkin Mathews.)—"Michael Villiers, Idealist, and other Poems." Out of Print. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—"Poems." (Elkin Mathews.)—"Our Lady of May." (Catholic Truth Society.)—"Later Poems." (Grant Richards.)

And Muriel answered, eager of voice and soul,
' No, you be Adam and Eve, and God I'll be !'
But Charley would not take the lesser rôle ;
Each would be God—and what a God ! Ah me,
We grown-up folk fight too for high control,
And play at being God continually."

We are not surprised to come across sweet little Irish songs running through these volumes (indeed, we should be surprised if we did not).

In "A Sculptor and Other Poems" there is a charming little artless "Paddy" who will win his way into every heart.

Then again we turn from the graceful "Harebells" and come face to face with the agony of a mother dying far away from her Irish home and telling the clergyman of her broken life, broken by the sin most grievous to the children of Erin. It is a true and pathetic picture, a story being told of a daughter who was led into sin and died, and the old mother bewailing and wishing to cry vengeance on the stranger who betrayed her girl, till the fierce anger melts before the lesson which she has always been trying to learn at the foot of the Cross. The lesson is learnt as life flickers out, for we read:

" I owe him a terrible grudge,
But I don't want to pay it, yer Riverince, I lave him to
God his Judge.
What do ye say, sir ? " . . . " Suppose he had never dreamt
how it was,
Had never thought *that* could be—had gone away because
Things of importance had called him ? " " Well, Sir, I
only say—
God knows all about them things iv unportance that called
him away."

"But suppose when he heard—when they told him that
Katey—that *she* was dead,
He had nearly died of the sorrow, and scarce could lift up
his head ?

And suppose he had sought out her mother, and meant—
Ah, God !—to atone
And found she had left the place, and none knew where she
had gone ? "

"Well, suppose all this, yer Riverince ? If he had ha'
found me, ye see,
He'd ha' offered a five-poun'-note, or even a ten, maybe :
An' I might ha' spit in his face an' curst him : an' now
I say,
The Lord forgive him his sin, as I forgive him to-day."

Can anyone write a finer
description of an Irish mother
than this ?

In the "Later Poems," the
old Irish story of Etáin the
Queen is most beautifully
told ; it is the principal poem
in the book. King Eochaid is
waiting in grief, and his heart
is anguished sore, when Etáin's
voice cries :

"Dearest, our loves were lovely
fair,
Blest beyond thought or
dream we were.
Oh ! mine own one, what is
this ?
What the shadow that darks
our bliss ?
Shadow of fear that striketh
numb—
He who divideth our loves
will come."

And so the old Irish tale
with an exquisite tenderness
is repeated.

But quite as beautiful, quite
as tender are St. Anne's words
in "After Our Lady's Presentation" :

"God's was she, so we gave her Him—
But—the house without her, Joachim !"

And then we pass from grave to gay, and "Happy-
go-lucky" almost dares us to read : it *must* be
sung :

"Happy-go-lucky, you darling, and is it yourself come
at last ?
We thought how the Spring was delaying, the Winter
would never be past !
But Happy-go-lucky is here, and with her the breathing
of Spring,
And the Earth has awoken from sleep, and the birds
are beginning to sing."

In verses like "Happy-go-lucky," there is the true
ring of an Irish joyance and a great understanding
and love of children, but like all large-minded people,
Miss Hickey can sympathise with every age. It is not
the little ones only who appeal to her ; the following
will to many of us :

"In the day of understanding
Shall we know
We who grieved each other so
All the wherefore, all the why,
You and I ?

In the day of understanding,
Shall we see,
Eyes enlightened perfectly,
How it was that heart and heart
Went apart ?

In the day of understanding
Shall we say,
Each to each *O Love to-day,*
Do I love you, love you, more
Than of yore ?"

"Our Lady of May and other Poems" is a little book
which Catholics will be glad to possess. It is so real
and so simple ; the poems are
sermons written in poetry and
not in stone.



Photo by G. Vandyk.

Miss Emily Hickey.

Everyone who reads Miss
Emily Hickey's poems will
like to know, if they do not
already, a little bit about
herself. She is Irish of course,
which accounts for the charm
of her words, and is the grand-
daughter of "Martin Doyle,"
the great philanthropist, whose
services to Ireland in the
teaching of better methods of
agriculture, general sanitation,
etc., were acknowledged by
the State ; and who at an
advanced age, was asked by
Mr. Blackwood (of *Maga*)
to make a tour of enquiry
through Ireland. In her own
words she has told us that
her early girlhood was passed
in the town of Carlow, which is
surrounded by very beautiful
country. She loved books and
could not remember when she
did not know how to read (she has certainly learnt her
cris-cross-row !), but as a child, in an earlier and purely
country home, she also loved romping and climbing
trees. She loved Sir Walter Scott's fine swinging verse,
which she learnt by heart. Then Lord Tennyson's
works came into her life, and by and by the Spirit of
Poetry which was in her could not be repressed, and
the young girl began to write her own poems. "Told in
the Firelight" was one of her early pieces, and appeared
in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Then, as was only natural,
Mrs. Browning's poems took great hold upon her, "And
at once I felt it as greater, higher, deeper and fuller than
any other verse I had come upon." It was as deep
calling to deep, both singers seem attuned to the same
chord ; their very harmony is alike.

Later on she became a friend and fellow worker of
Dr. Frederick Furnivall, and it was by his advice, after
having heard Miss Hickey read a paper on "Measure
for Measure," that she began giving lectures on Shakes-
peare, which met with very wide appreciation. In
conjunction with Dr. Furnivall, Miss Hickey founded
the Browning Society ; she was Honorary Secretary,
and what the work must have entailed few of us can
imagine ; but Miss Hickey is a great organiser and a
great philanthropist as well, and, if I may be forgiven

for such a paradox, I think her mind could not be at rest unless it was busy.

And busy to overflowing it has been: full measure pressed down and running over has she given to the world of her talents, not only of the talents of pure literature, but of the talents of charity and of sympathy and of help. "I have known the poor as one loving them, and as I hope, in some degree, understanding them," she once wrote.

Space will not allow me to say much more about her now, but I do not feel I can end without quoting these few lines, which show how the Spirit of Religion wraps round and inspires all her work:

"What would I choose, and what would I forgo?
Would all desire go up in that swift cry,
Were it one little minute's space, to know
God's love, which passeth knowledge, verily,
And ere the glory fadeth off to die?
Would God that I were sure of choosing so!"

It is a far cry from Pope to Mrs. Barrett Browning, but as I put Miss Hickey's books away, four lines of our great poetess came back to me:

"The Poet's arms have wound thee,
He breathes upon thy brow,
He lifts thee upward in the glow
Of his great genius round thee."

CRISPI.—CONSPIRATOR AND STATESMAN.*

By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D.

IT has been the lot of few men to figure during half his life as a conspirator, and then to rise to power and direct the policy of his country towards courses that came to be deemed conservative. Only in Italy, that land of dazzling romance and humdrum realities, could this have happened. Germany and Austria underwent somewhat analogous changes between 1848 and 1890, but their patriots of the revolutionary time—Blum and Kossuth—either perished or fled into exile. Among the Italian patriots Crispi alone possessed the political capacity that raised him to high office when Italy gained the unity for which so many of them had died. Mazzini, to whose self-denying zeal these pages bear eloquent witness, possessed none of the adaptability needed by the statesman. His was the mission of the seer. As Meredith finely said in "Vittoria": "He cried out to Italians to wait for no inspiration but their own; that they should never subdue their minds to follow any alien example. Watching over his Italy; her wrist in his meditative clasp year by year; he stood like a mystic leech by the couch of a fair and hopeless frame. . . . 'Arise!' he said, even in what appeared most fatal hours of darkness. The slack limbs moved; the body rose and fell. The cost of the effort was the breaking out of innumerable wounds, old and new; the gain was the display of the miracle that Italy lived." Still less was Garibaldi fitted for threading the long intricacies of statecraft. In her poem, expressing his thoughts on hearing Cavour's bartering away of Savoy and Nice, Mrs. Browning limns him to the life:

"Perhaps, he said, I was not born
With such fine brains to treat and trade."

Of course this is unfair to the statesman. The skilful bargainer was no less necessary to Italy in her time of sore need than the inspiring prophet, the dashing soldier and the "honest King." Only by a wondrous confluence of personality in its most intense yet diverse forms could that distracted people find the political salvation for which, previous to the year 1850, it had striven in vain.

The rôle of Crispi was at first subordinate, however honourable. After the failure of the Sicilian Revolution, in the crushing of which the Neapolitan Bourbon earned

immortal notoriety as "King Bomba," Crispi spent some time in exile in the Kingdom of Sardinia. As he phrased it in his Diary (I., p. 30): "The exile is no deserter who flies from the camp for fear of death, but rather a soldier who retires behind the entrenchments to rally his strength on safer ground." The Government of Victor Emmanuel thought differently, and expelled him to Malta, "whence" (wrote the Duke of Taormina) "like a wild beast in the depths of his lair, he may sniff the air of Sicily in search of prey." Kossuth, then in London, helped Crispi and other Sicilian exiles to do more than sniff. He offered to hire fast steamers which might help to start a Sicilian rising. Enterprises of this kind led to Crispi's expulsion from Malta at the end of 1854, and he proceeded to London. But by that time the Crimean War had begun, and Cavour soon pledged the Sardinian Government to an alliance with France and Great Britain, which was to lead to momentous results. It is doubtful whether we need take seriously the phrase in Cavour's letter (quoted on page 71 of Vol. I.), respecting "the unity of Italy and further rubbish of this sort." That diplomatist often used language of that kind, but surely as a blind. *Festina lente* was always his motto.

Readers of these Memoirs will of course turn to the interesting pages dealing with Garibaldi and the Thousand. But as Mr. G. M. Trevelyan has fully treated that romantic episode in his work bearing that title, and has made use of Crispi's *Diario*, I pass* over that portion of the work for others that are less known; but I must note that the evidence adduced on p. 328 of Vol. I. by no means proves that the British Admiralty in July, 1860, sold warships to the Garibaldians. The person who sold them was merely "connected in a way with the Admiralty." He bought them and then sold them privately to the Italian patriots. But in that matter, as also in the action of Admiral Mundy on H.M.S. *Hannibal* at Palermo, the British Government went further than was warranted by the rules respecting the conduct of neutrals during the progress of hostilities. We have never regretted those irregularities, and Italy remembers them to-day. She also remembers that when Napoleon III. protested against the aggrandisement of the Kingdom of Sardinia,

* "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi." Translated by Mary Prichard-Agnetti. 3 Vols. 24s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and demanded either Genoa or the Isle of Sardinia as "compensation," the British Government encouraged that of Turin to resist that effort at filching. On October 13th, 1860, Crispi resigned his portfolio for Foreign Affairs, which he had provisionally held in Sicily during the triumphal progress of the Dictator through that island and northwards to Naples and the River Volturno.

It is curious that Crispi, the revolutionist, should have been the first Italian to propose friendly relations to Austria. But in October, 1877, his interview with Andrassy (himself a revolutionist of 1848-9) pointed the way towards the Triple Alliance. Crispi laughed at the notion of embarking on a policy of adventure on behalf of Trieste and Fiume, because ports ought to belong to the people who supply their commerce. Andrassy listened warily, but seemed to like Crispi's offer, though he preferred to await the end of the Russo-Turkish War before coming to an understanding. The Austrian Minister, Robilant, was more threatening, and implied that his Empire was ready for war. The fall of Crispi from office postponed an *entente* with the Germanic Powers. The occupation of Bosnia by Austria

was therefore proposed at the Congress of Berlin by Lord Salisbury, and was seconded by Prince Bismarck, Italy playing always an insignificant rôle. As is well known, Bismarck then suggested to France the seizure of Tunis, an act which so angered Italy that she threw herself into the arms of Germany and Austria. The Cairoli Cabinet then in power (1878-1881) having left Italy isolated and weak, Bismarck's Machiavellian policy won complete success. It is worthy of notice that that slippery politician, Freycinet (who kept saying that he did not mean to take Tunis, but that the future was in God's hands) on one occasion asked the French ambassador why Italy persisted in thinking about Tunis—"Why not turn your attention to Tripoli, where you would have neither ourselves nor any one else to contend with?"

Austria having declared in February, 1881, that she did not intend to take either Albania or Salonica, there was no reason (apart from sentimental recollections of the time of Radetzky) why Italy should not clasp hands with her. In fact, the accession of Italy to the Central Alliance took place in May, 1882, Mancini being then in power, and Crispi out of office. The details here presented on this compact are meagre. On the other hand, there is an interesting account of

Crispi's unofficial interview with Lord Granville on the Egyptian Question on July 29th, 1882. Crispi warned him that Bismarck was coquetting with the Sultan—we now know why. Our *coup* against Egypt gave him the opportunity for that *entente* with Abdul Hamid II., which was to lead on to the Bagdad Railway and other Levantine schemes dear to Pan-Germans. As regards Italy and Egypt, it is clear that Crispi would have desired to help us in our intervention against Arabi; but the timid Mancini Cabinet refused, to the annoyance of Lord Granville, who knew that Bismarck was pushing on the Turks. Perhaps pressure from Berlin on Rome accounted for the refusal of Mancini; his assent would have weakened the Triple Alliance, and might have led to an Anglo-Italian *entente* that



Francesco Crispi.

From "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi."

would completely have changed the course of Mediterranean politics.

Crispi, on taking the portfolio for Foreign Affairs in 1887, did good work by inducing the Powers to leave Bulgaria alone in that year; and the election of Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, therefore, was not contested even by Russia. Thus began a career which has proved the most successful of any in the recent history of the Balkan States. Bismarck, during his interview with Crispi in 1887, declared his wish to back up Austria against the Tsar, if the latter intervened by force in the Eastern Question; but Germany wished for peace in that quarter. As for Crispi, he expressed an urgent desire for the welfare of Austria, which could be assured only "by respecting the various nationalities which

go to make up the Empire." That, as we know, was then the policy of Vienna. The days of Æhrenthal, Tisza, and Friedjung, had not then dawned. Berlin and Vienna then advocated and really worked for peace and quietness; and Italy supported them. The friction between Italy and France was still acute, and remained so until 1890, when the latter definitely annexed Tunis.

In that year a new order of things began when Kaiser Wilhelm II. dismissed Bismarck. As Crispi says, their natures were utterly incompatible; but the Kaiser assured Crispi that he would continue the peace policy of Bismarck, and uphold the Triple Alliance. Comment is superfluous.

These volumes show more clearly than before the unwisdom of France in irritating Italy about Tunis. But for that irritation, the Triple Alliance would soon

have lost all vitality. The French assurances to us and to the Italians, that Bizerta would not be fortified, show the tricky nature of French policy at that period; and the wonder is that France, during her time of deserved isolation, was not crushed by the Triple Alliance. Not until 1902 did Italy and she come to an understanding on African questions. We have no space in which to notice the interesting chapters on *Italia irredenta*, the Armenian Massacres, and the friction between England and Germany respecting the Jameson Raid. Before that incident Crispi believed that the Kaiser was sincerely friendly to Great Britain; for when reference was made to certain colonial differences between the two Powers, he said: "*Bah! Wer sich liebt, neckt sich (Qui s'aime se querelle).*" Crispi retired from office before the era of Pan-Germanism had fully dawned.

New Books.

MUFFLED MAETERLINCK.*

Miss Una Taylor's worst fault is really a proof of her sensitiveness—she has yielded to that subtlest of all the temptations which the sympathetic critic has to fight against—the temptation to make his or her manner harmonise courteously with the manner of the particular subject, pitching the comments, with a delicate politeness, in the key of the utterances they criticise. She has written of Maeterlinck, that is to say, much as Maeterlinck might have written of himself, using a pensive, murmurous prose of incessant pale images and gravely ingenious conceits; the result being that we only get a kind of tender continuation instead of a sudden synopsis—an echo instead of an essence. Thus,

"The Poet," says Miss Taylor, speaking of Maeterlinck's first book of verse, "has severed his sadness from the sadness of his fellows: he has even severed it from all the accidents, the occasions and stimulants to sadness, that belong to the exterior life of humankind. It is, in truth, the essential subjectivity of lyricism carried to the verge of the possible."

(The essential subjectivity of lyricism carried to the verge of the possible!)

"The circle of the self-soul is the horizon-line, and there is nothing to tell of what outer circumstances have fashioned and wrought this nameless mournfulness within those spiritual precincts." "If the inaccessible and secret wisdom," she says again, this time of the Essays, "transcending reason and understanding and coming only as a special revelation to the inner group of the illumine, eludes verbal formulas, we may still inquire what growths there be, healthy or poisonous, good or evil, which germinate in the atmosphere of light surrounding the disciples of mysticism. If we cannot aspire to see the feet of the forerunners of transcendental thought—the feet of messengers that pass in the night—we may still track the footprints left upon earth and snow and sand, and divine in their direction a goal. . . ."

That may be most true, it certainly sounds irreproachable; but it is an unfortunate fact that if you would track a mystic's foot-prints successfully you must adopt the materialists' methods. Set about it transcendently, with your sympathetic head in the stars, and you may possibly leave exceedingly beautiful prints of your own, but you will prove an imperfect detective. And the literal reason is plain. Consider the specific case before us. It has taken Maurice Maeterlinck, the supreme master of this mode of writing, some twenty volumes to explain his meaning in its terms. Is it not then perfectly evident that the only hope for the critic who desires to sum that meaning up in one book is to try another kind of terminology

altogether? It is a principle, indeed, that applies all round. The man who will some day explain Shaw will have to write simply and humbly; the perfect definition of Chesterton will be a platitude not a paradox; the best criticism of poetry is in prose. To cut the required clean cross-section which reveals the core of the case there must always be a kind of antagonism; the critic must have courage enough, not only to challenge and face his man, but also to appear to the dear disciples a dreadful irreverent ruffian of an outsider, obviously incapable of appreciating their beloved Master's moods.

Miss Taylor has not had this courage. She has preferred to prove her pluck in precisely the opposite way—by braving the Philistines, wearing her soul on her sleeve, and carrying Platonism "to the utmost verge of the possible." *C'est magnifique*—but it isn't what was wanted. For Maeterlinck's case, more even than others, requires a complete, point-blank contrast to pierce to its innermost heart—that heart being, as it happens, just the heart of a child, a simplicity, almost infantile, of mood, motive, thought, and method, which is exactly the opposite of the remote and dubious intricacies which the play of these simplicities seems to produce. To define Maeterlinck fairly, to make his æsthetic impulses clear, requires language of a primitive plainness and gaiety—not murmurs about "the verge of the possible." He is not at all a great thinker, this gentle-eyed Fleming—his beliefs are simply those that have trustfully come to every sunny, mild saint in the world; and the graceful prose in which he worked out this philosophy falteringly, owes its charm, even when it seems most insidious and subtle, to a delicious childishness, impressionable but absorbed. Listen. "*Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost. Let us not be afraid of sowing it along the road. It may remain there for weeks or years, but, like the diamond, it cannot dissolve, and finally there will pass by some one whom its glitter will attract; he will pick it up and go on his way rejoicing.*" Rhythm and thought, hand in hand, tiptoe softly forward together, naïvely grave, prettily shy, and tremendously conscious of the immense need for decorum, but at the first bright object in their path, that glittering diamond, they come to a full-stop entranced, capable of playing contentedly with the pretty metaphor for hours. And the technically interesting thing is the fact that it is just this ingenuous absorption that creates the effect of mysterious significance. Just as a solitary twig against the moon, or a single figure on a sky-line, gains an immeasurable significance from its isolation, so do the little images which Maeterlinck pores over, like the

* "Maurice Maeterlinck: A Critical Study." By Una Taylor. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

lonely puppets in his early plays, gain an indescribable mysteriousness from his mild, peaceful content with them. They produce an effect far more complex than the author's gentle, brooding mind—see how they make Miss Taylor talk about the circles of the self-soul! And it is with this quaint discrepancy that criticism ought to deal. It ought to disclose the absurdly boyish basis of those first beautiful bogey plays—plays that were the result of little more than a love of ghost stories plus a limited knowledge of modern French literature—a knowledge too tolerantly limited to let the earnest peasant-playwright realise how pathetically meagre and odd was his material. Solemnly content with his borrowed properties, his ruined towers and pale princesses, and with his innocent copies of decadent French verse, he used them with an earnestness that made them seem surcharged with secret meanings, and surrounded them with an artless emptiness that left them looming like strange omens. Because they were so finite, they seemed weighted by infinity. When he faltered, we felt a shiver of rich awe. The edge of anything (even "the verge of the possible") always does suggest the dark immensities; and the very limitations of this young writer's experience and skill made all his work seem on the edges of great gulfs. And one has a theory, too, that the safe retention by his art of its first innocence until a comparatively recent date, was largely due to the fact that he was writing in a foreign tongue. Even after success had reached him he remained an unsophisticated writer, handling the alien language with a certain simple awe. He was saved (much as Conrad was) from the dead dexterity which comes from habit. He built his sentences up solemnly, gave his whole absorbed attention to the conduct of the very smallest parts of speech, and so lent a pure, oracular, priest-like accent to every mild remark he made, and a certain strangeness that seemed to breathe of high concerns.

But if Miss Taylor, star-entangled, has passed homely foot-prints like these by, we can still be grateful to her for her book. For one thing, it does possess a drooping beauty of its own—she writes with a kind of willowy skill—some of her sentences are all violet and silver. For another, even if it doesn't tell us how Maeterlinck's work was done, it does show us what that work can do. It may not reveal many causes, but it is itself a charming consequence. From the enchanting caverns which Maeterlinck explored, his excited voice, as we have seen, emerged transformed into the most mysterious cries and croons and quavers, which echoed thrillingly among us for some time. Well, here, in one neat volume, you have the very last and loneliest of those echoes, perfectly caught as it trembles on the verge of the possible, before it fades finally away; and that though it may not be criticism is surely a service for which criticism is sincerely obliged. Just think! From the innocent child's play in the caverns to these exquisite reveries and elaborate runes doesn't it simply round off irresistibly the whole beautiful case—make it one of the best things of the kind there has ever been?

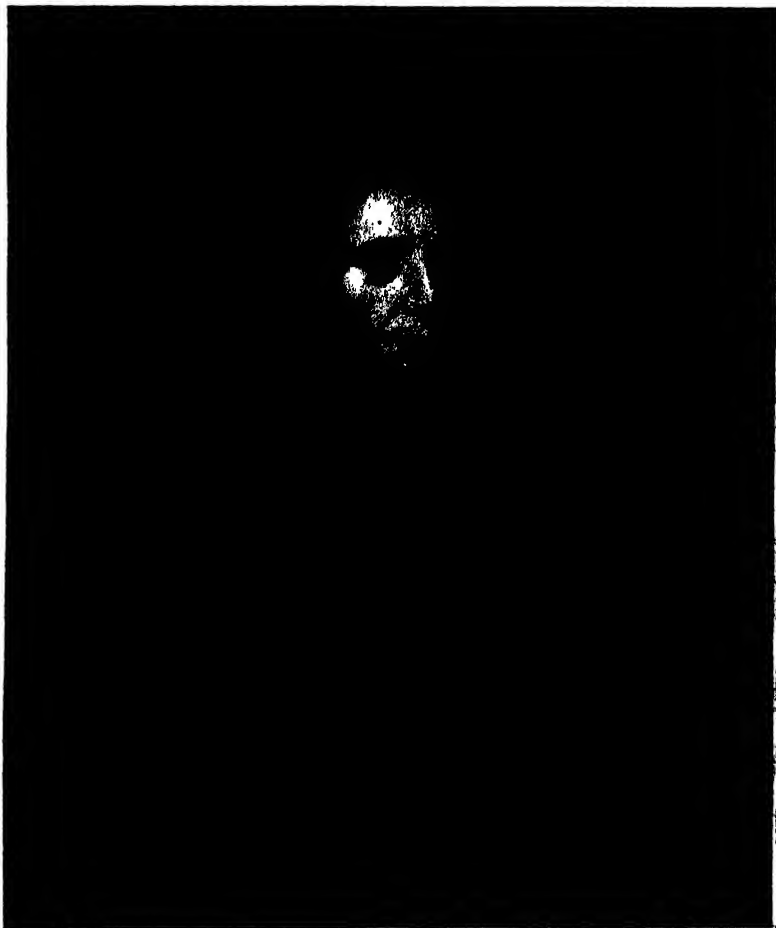
DIXON SCOTT.

ISAAC WATTS.*

It would be a difficult, though, perhaps, not an impossible task to determine when the "Divine and Moral Songs" of Isaac Watts went out of vogue. For considerably over a hundred years since its first publication in 1720 the little book had no small share in the home education of many generations of children brought up in a religious atmosphere. But to the modern child the recitation of such lines as "How doth

the little busy bee Improve each shining hour," etc., or those beginning, "'Tis the voice of the sluggard," would not, one is inclined to think, call up any smile or look of recognition. More probable is it that he would be reminded of one or other of the parodies with which Lewis Carroll has made him conversant: "How doth the little crocodile improve his shining tail," or "'Tis the voice of the lobster I heard him declare." On the other hand Watts's hymns still hold their place in the hymnody of the various Anglican, Scottish and Nonconformist churches. In this connection, however, although the verses may be well known and a source of comfort and consolation to many, the name of their author may be less familiar. It is not a little surprising that some clergymen and lay-folk are hard put to it to name off-hand the author of such beautiful and frequently-sung hymns as "When I survey the wondrous cross," "There is a land of pure delight," and even "O God, our help in ages past," and one or two others no less popular. Perhaps when informed that the only begetter of these treasurable productions was Isaac Watts they may wish to know something of their author. And this they may do pleasantly by reading Mr. Wright's recent addition to his series of the "Lives of the British Hymn-Writers."

Isaac Watts was the son of a Nonconformist school-master in Southampton, and the grandson of a captain in the Navy, who lost his life by the blowing-up of his ship in the Dutch war of 1656. Originally the family was a Scottish one, a fact not noted by Watts's biographers, and one branch of the family claimed to be of royal descent. Watts received his education in the grammar school of his native town, where he appears to have been thoroughly grounded in the classics, a love of which he retained throughout his life. On finishing his school training he was sent to the Nonconformist Academy at Stoke Newington to be prepared for the ministry. Ultimately he succeeded Dr. Chauncey as pastor of the chapel in Bury Street,



Isaac Watts.

From the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery.
From "Isaac Watts and Contemporary Hymn Writers," by Thomas Wright.
(C. L. Farncombe.)

* "The Lives of the British Hymn-Writers. Vol. III. Isaac Watts." By Thomas Wright. 5s. net. (Farncombe & Sons, Ltd.).

in the City of London. Many of the wealthy merchants were Nonconformists, among them being Sir Thomas Abney, who became Lord Mayor of London. It was at his country seat at Theobalds, and, after his death, in his widow's house at Stoke Newington, then a delightful country village, that Watts lived an honoured and much-beloved guest for a good part of his life. Here he died on November 25th, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was buried in that *campo santo* of the Dissenters—Bunhill Fields.

Of him, Johnson, who was a great admirer of his "Improvement of the Mind," wrote:

"Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reasoning and the Science of the Stars."

On the whole his life was a happy one, and, for the most part, uneventful. Towards the end he was saddened by the action of two of his relatives.

"The principal trouble of his latter days," Mr. Wright states, "was the snake-like attitude towards him of his brother, Dr. Richard Watts, and his once favourite nephew, Joseph Brackstone, whose treatment of him amounted to persecution, though why they so acted is quite inexplicable. To the abject Brackstone Watts had been persistently kind. In his will made on July 26th, 1746, he left a thousand pounds (about half of his estate) to be equally divided among Brackstone and three nieces. If Brackstone had been informed of this (as probably he was) he ought to have been grateful to his uncle. Possibly he was a dissolute wretch, continually writing for money, to be spent in improper ways. But if that were the case, how was it that Watts did not by codicil remove from his will the scoundrel's name?"

Now it is quite true that Joseph Brackstone was mentioned in his uncle's will along with his sisters, Mary, Sarah and Martha, but it is not a fact that "the scoundrel's name" was Joseph, as may be seen from the following unpublished letter in my possession. Mr. Wright ought, therefore, to apologise to the manes of Joseph. The letter is an extremely interesting and important one, throwing as it does some light on the "mystery that hangs over Watts's later years," and on the nature of the delinquencies of his nephew, James Brackstone, of whose existence Mr. Wright does not appear to be aware. It is written by Dr. Isaac Watts to his brother, "Mr. Enoch Watts in Southampton," dated April 8th, 1746, and runs thus:

"DEAR BROTHER,—At length we have finished the necessary work of casting a wicked member out of our Church. I write the very words of our sentence on him.

"At a Church Meeting April 4th, 1746. Whereas Mr. James Brackstone has in a shocking manner damn'd and cursed his uncle Dr. Watts one of our Pastors, and having in a letter to Mr. Price our other Pastor declared that he will be no longer a member with us, we do now exclude him from our Communion.' [The beginning of the next sentence is undecipherable, but it goes on]: 'There were severall months forbearance exerciz'd towards him out of Tenderness to him and his family. I intended to have told you some months ago how we suppose Jemmy Br. got the knowledge of somethings in our Letters. In conversation with Joseph Parker [the Dr.'s amanuensis] whether he knew how to open a sealed letter dextrously and seal it again. Jo. Parker answered no: Jemmy said he could do it; and shewed him how and I fear this has been a frequent practice with him as bad as it is. This informs us of a peece of his villany.

"He is still the same bouncing fellow, and all his family are at present gone from our Church. Whether they will ever return we neither know nor care, but my heart is much easier. The Dr. is endeavouring to lett his house at Newington and the Dr. says he will seek another habitation shortly, at some further distance from London. If he should go soon the Lady Abney hopes ere the summer is past to see my sister at Newington, but I don't think he will remove soon. I hope my Dear Sister is growing better daily, but there is an utter separation between us and the Dr. R. W.'s family. Grace and Peace be with you all at Southampton. We are much commended by our friends the Dissenters here for doing what we have done.

"Farewell—Yours affectionately,

"I. WATTS."

Mr. Wright may be interested to learn that it was James Brackstone who published his uncle's once popular work, "The Improvement of the Mind," which was brought out in 1741. Brackstone was both publisher and bookseller, and his shop was situated at "The Globe" in Cornhill.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

WONDERFUL WOMAN.*

I have ventured to use the title of Mr. Clayton Calthrop's book as the title of this review, not for any invidious reasons, not because I think his book is the best of the bunch—I am expressing no opinion as to that—but because it is so befitting. For all these books are about wonderful women. And another wonderful thing about them that impresses me deeply: any one of these books would have been good enough to have established the reputation of its author—twenty years ago, say. Which shows how the literary level of fiction has been raised during the last two decades. It is only because there are so many novels published nowadays that we do not appreciate the supreme excellence of so many of them. To reverse the old hackneyed French saying: We cannot see the trees for the forest.

Mr. Calthrop's book, for example. It is in quite a new genre. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say that I have never before read a book by Mr. Calthrop. But after all, that is a fault very easily to be rectified. If any of his other books contain as original and compelling characters as "Flip" and Lord Almirac—to name only two of many as good—then there is indeed a treat—many treats—in store for me. In the limited space at my disposal it is quite impossible for me to do justice to the merits of "Wonderful Woman." It is quite impossible for me even to convey a vague impression of the daintiness and airiness of Mr. Calthrop's style, and not only the daintiness and airiness, but the something higher, the something more profound, a sort of bitter-sweet philosophy that is at once both pungent and poignant. The lightness, the deftness, the delicacy of Mr. Calthrop's art is beyond praise. From the opening chapter of this book, with its glimpses of the Pierrot and the Troubadour in the early dawn, the most beautiful and magical dawn of London skies, to the last pale glimpse of devoted souls, old and young, breathing the philosophy of those who have proved life and found it out, the whole book is in its way—and that not a narrow way—a triumph.

In strong contrast is "Ape's-Face": a book that for sheer intensity of horror is as remarkable as some of the best of Poe's tales. Not a book to read late at night, if you are at all highly-strung or highly-imaginative, but a book that acts like an electric battery on the nerves by a series of shocks and thrills. The story is all about a legend of that oldest and most mysterious English county, Wiltshire, in which the old morality of Cain and Abel is embodied—with a difference. And the cleverness of the book is enhanced by the fact that it all ends—if not happily, at least in not such ghastly wise as at first seems likely to be the case. There is a sigh of relief in the penultimate chapter, and a prompting to slightly hysterical laughter. It is as if the ghost story had nearly reached its end, and the hair of the auditors was rising as the teller of the story lowered his voice to a more and more bloodcurdling whisper, when—"Tea is ready," is called out, and we leap to our feet, and life becomes once more just jolly and commonplace.

Jolly and commonplace as "The Rise and Glory of the Westell-Browns," which is the sort of novel that makes us say: "I know that kind of man—or woman": a human document. Not that there is much that is too much jollity or anything that is commonplace in Mr. Neuman's story. Certainly there is nothing commonplace in his style or in his treatment of this everyday tragedy of humble ambitions made glorious by success, and then pathetic by defeat. Mr. Neuman has the knack of making you feel that the things he describes are really happening, that you are not reading about them, but actually witnessing them. And the same may be said of his characters. They seem not at all like characters in a book; they are like the people next door. A fine, painstaking piece of work that deserves more general recognition than I am afraid the war will permit.

* "Wonderful Woman." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Ape's Face." By Marion Fox. 6s. (John Lane.)—"The Rise and Glory of the Westell-Browns." By B. Paul Neuman. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Perch of the Devil." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (John Murray.)—"The Pride of Eve." By Warwick Deeping. 6s. (Cassells.)—"Oddfish!" By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

It is perhaps almost enough to say of Mrs. Atherton's new book that it is worthy of its author. Its theme is mainly that most dreary and overworked theme of mining interests. But Mrs. Atherton does not make it dreary. Indeed, long as the book is, and packed with incident and character, one reads every word of it with unction; and perhaps one reads it more for its psychological interest than for any of its other manifold interests, which is meant for a tribute to the extraordinary, almost uncanny, insight into the human heart that its author exhibits. A book for the more seriously-minded, but a book that no one who would keep abreast with the best of current fiction should on any account fail to read.

Another piece of realism—for Mrs. Atherton's book is realism of the best kind—is Warwick Deeping's "Pride of Eve." But it is not the kind of realism that must always go wedded indissolubly with the word "morbid." It is in a way rather a sad book, being all about frustrated love and the sufferings of the human heart under the stresses of vain desire, but not sad in the sense that it leaves us mournful. Rather does it leave us proud of the fineness inherent in humanity. In *Eve*, Warwick Deeping has presented us with an authentic portrait of a woman, as he has presented us with many other authentic portraits, not only of the leading male character Jim Canterton, but of the numberless others who cross these richly interesting and moving pages. I have never read a book that so made me want to interfere with the destinies of the various protagonists. They are all so vital and true to type, and the things that happen to them seem so essentially the things that would happen to them. Especially do I love John Parfit, who is fit to grace the gallery of Dickens's immortals, and especially do I admire the strength and truth of those scenes in which *Eve* goes down into the depths, but without defilement. In "The Pride of Eve" Warwick Deeping has done a notable piece of work, told a good story in the right way, and justified himself throughout of his high enterprise.

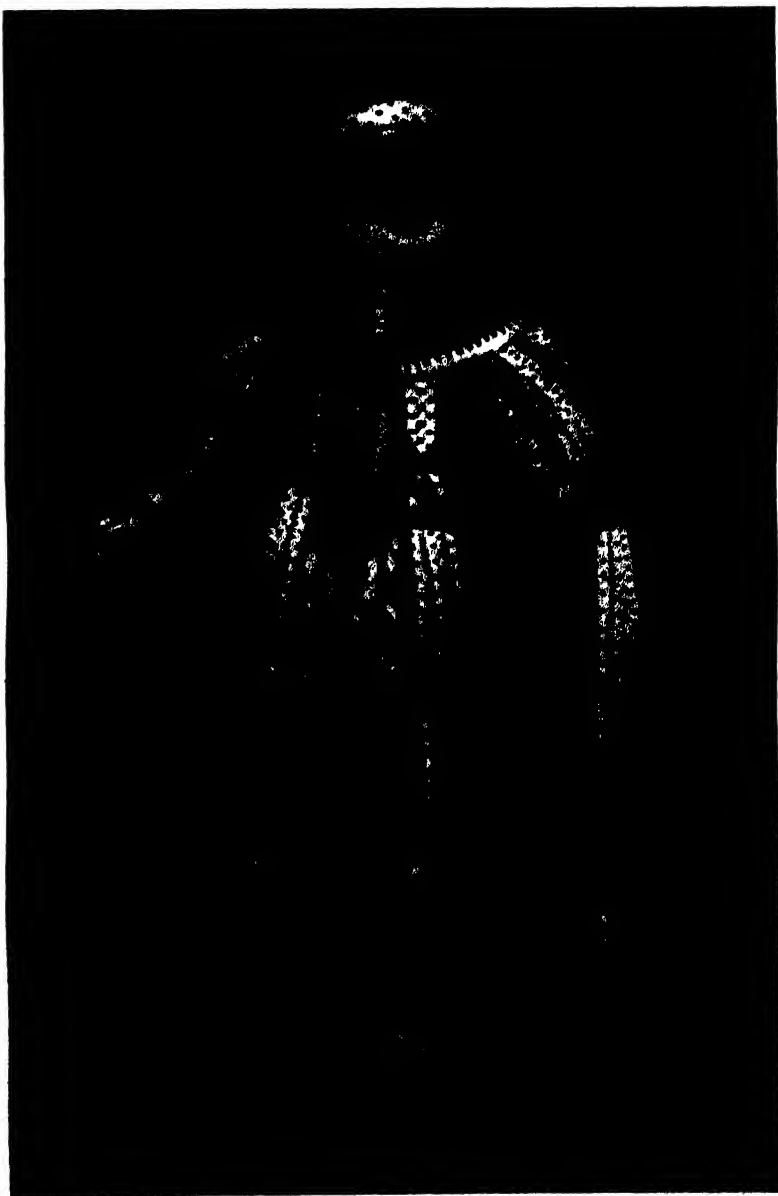
Remains only Father Benson's "Oddsfish!"—a little artificial, a little too clamant, and all about that very obnoxious person, Charles II., but nevertheless a fine, sound romance—hardly that!--and instinct throughout with a feeling for something even deeper and more important than mere art, as all Father Benson's work is.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE ROYAL STEWARTS.*

In the histories of England written for school-children some thirty or forty years ago no narrative of a reign was complete which failed to furnish a so-called "character" of the sovereign. This character, crude in conception and devoid of neutral tints, had at least the merit of presenting some sort of portrait of the monarch alike as ruler and as man. To-day we have changed all that. Even in the cheapest scholastic circles the habit of using ready-made labels, such as "Bluff King Hal," "Good Queen Bess," "The Merry Monarch," and "Farmer George," is quite obsolete; while the serious historian, whether of the Oxford or of the Cambridge school, would look askance at the bare idea of doing anything so vulgar as making a deliberate attempt to paint likenesses of our kings. Greatly daring, then, at first sight, might Mr. T. F. Henderson be reckoned, who, in the introduction to his volume dealing with "The Royal Stuarts," tells us that, "while

the primary purpose [of his work] is biographical, an attempt has been made to trace the influence of the idiosyncrasies of the several sovereigns on contemporary and subsequent events." A careful reading of the various chapters shows, however, that the author has scarcely made good his promise, that he has, as a rule, hardly risen above the level of the writer of that not too welcome hybrid, the popular historical biography. He gives an admirably vivid character study of King James I., and he succeeds equally well in presenting the ablest of the Stuarts—King Charles II. But he makes nothing of Mary, Queen of Scots; he affords us merely a chromolithographic sketch of Prince Charles Edward; while, in an endeavour to make out a case for King Charles I. as politician, he applies that much misunderstood "historical spirit" as if it were a kind of moral whitewash. The remaining monarchs Mr. Henderson tackles in more or less conventional fashion, and throughout his book the two leading idiosyncrasies that give the clue to any clear estimate of the character of the (English) Stuarts—their inability to keep their word, and their failure to behave decently to their wives—are completely ignored. It may be added—as a comment on the style which Mr. Henderson adopts—that in his prose "homologated" stands for "assimilated," "resiled" for "refrained," and "credited" for "believed." Like Mr. Henry James, too, this author has a trick of overworking the adverb: he writes "ingenuously convinced" when he means "really convinced."



King James VI. and I.

From the painting by P. Van Somer in the Royal Collection at Hampton Court Palace.
From "The Royal Stuarts," by T. F. Henderson (Blackwood).

* "The Royal Stuarts." By T. F. Henderson.
16s. net. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THE BOOK OF ARMAGH.*

Even if they had done nothing else, the Royal Irish Academy would yet have had the distinction of issuing what is, probably, the cheapest book that has ever been published. Yet that is the least part of the achievement. Both they and Professor Gwynn have brought to a conclusion a labour on which it was a considerable honour to be occupied—an honour only commensurate with the difficulties to be encountered, and the patience and learning by which they could alone be met. The result is that a book comes now within the reach of most that, originally known as "Canoin Phadraig" (The Rule of Patrick), held a place of peculiar honour in the esteem of Irishmen; and so may be said to complete a long and sufficiently perilous journey. More than one-half of this great book is occupied by a reproduction of the old MS. in Roman type—as the proclamation runs, *paginatim lineatim verbatim literatim*—in order that references to it or to the original may agree precisely; and the other half, a matter of two hundred and ninety pages, is occupied with Professor Gwynn's introduction: explanatory, expository, and critical. We could have wished that some portion of the passages that relate to Patrick himself had been accompanied by a translation; though it is true that this would probably have marred the scope of the introduction, and added to the huge mass of the book. Yet, written as they are in difficult Old-Irish of the ninth century, and being of the utmost importance to early Irish social history, they both need and demand explanation for the wide circle of readers who are now beginning to discover their value. Fourteen years ago Father Hogan translated some of them into Latin; but the bulk of them yet await authoritative translation; and, if disappointment be possible in such a book, we experienced a little disappointment at not finding one given for these passages in Old-Irish. But it is not fair to demur; for Professor Gwynn's introduction is a wonderful piece of work, and we may mention that the book has been in his scholarly charge for nearly twenty years, since the death of Dr. Reeves who was at first elected for the labour.

Despite the fact that "The Book of Armagh" for some time was known as "Canoin Phadraig," Patrick had little to do with it, other than as the subject of a large section of it. The "huc usque volumen quod Patricius manu conscripsit sua" with which Patrick's "Confessio" concludes, at the end of the first section of the book, does not mean that any portion of the original was written by him, but only that it was copied from his own document. As Bishop Graves long ago proved, the manuscript was written by one Ferdomnach, under the direction of Torbach, *comharb* of Patrick at the Primacy of Armagh. At repeated intervals throughout the manuscript he bids us in the margin to "pray for Ferdomnach"; but this holy wish was quietly erased, no doubt in the hope that the "manu conscripsit sua" would lead to the book being ascribed to Patrick. Such things have been before in ecclesiastical and other history; and how well it succeeded the title "Canoin Phadraig" may show.

Yet, though the book may lack Patrick's own authority, it bears the authority of a ripe enough antiquity, to say nothing of a chequered enough history. Written about the year 807 it rapidly became the object of much veneration. We read in the "Four Masters," under the year 937, that "Canoin-Phadraig was encased by Donnchadh, son of Flann, King of Ireland," and a keeper was appointed who went by the name "Maor na Canoine" (Steward of the Rule, or Canon), and gave rise to the family of MacMoer, that the English turned later into McMoyer. The great King Brian Borumha, on one of his two visits to Armagh in 1004 and 1006, confirmed the Primacy of Armagh, as over the Archbishopric of his own capital Caiseal (*finituit pro omnibus regibus maceriae*); and on the reverse of folio sixteen his private confessor,

Maolsuthain (latinised into *Calvus Perennis*, The Ever-Bald), took advantage of a blank space to have this fact endorsed, and there gave to Brian the title of "Imperatoris Scotorum"—a title, by the way, the significance of which has never yet been properly examined. The history of the various Stewards into whose hands the book came, and thus the history of the book itself, Professor Gwynn traces in one of the chapters of his introduction, resuming, and amplifying with his own arguments, what Dr. Reeves had already stated in his two "Memoirs of the Book of Armagh." The strange history of its travels and adventures itself makes a tale worth the hearing, because with it so much of the history of Ireland is bound. The last MacMoer who had charge of the book on which the most sacred oaths were taken was one Florence McMoyre, a *Ludi-Magister*, and he attempted falsely to swear away the life of Dr. Oliver Plunket, titular Primate of Armagh. Called to London he passed the book out of his care for a loan of money. Fortunately it was still carefully tended, though by more worthy hands; and, from hand to hand, it at last reached Archbishop Beresford, who, with a better sense of dignity and honour than some have shown since in other like matters, did not sell it for hard cash, but presented it to Trinity College, Dublin, where it remains as one of its chiefest glories. It only remained for some distinguished body to add further distinction to itself by publishing the book adequately; and that the Royal Irish Academy have now done.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

TWO HUMORISTS.*

There is only one subject of supreme interest for all of us just now—the War. We live in the shadow of it; we read of it daily, are anxious for the first news of it of a morning, and the last at night. But there are intervals when we feel the need of some sort of relaxation, and are glad to turn for an hour or so to the reading of things that are not horrible or sorrowful, and for such reading one may always safely rely on a book by Pett Ridge or W. W. Jacobs.

Mr. Pett Ridge's new novel, "The Happy Recruit," in spite of its title, is neither of war nor even of military experiences. His hero is Carl Siemens; he arrives from abroad, a little alien, rather mysteriously, with his mother, who dies soon after, leaving him alone in the world with a baby sister. The care of the two children is undertaken by a kindly woman with a drunken husband, and they are brought up amidst the poverty, squalor, and shabby happiness of Bow Creek, in the East End of London. Carl is a new recruit in the great army of London's poor, and he fights in the battle of life as all such civilian soldiers must, and has his defeats and his victories and struggles through at last to be proprietor of a prosperous restaurant and Mayor of his Borough. You follow his rising fortunes and see him as schoolboy at a Council School; on trial as a boxer in the ring; as waiter in a third-rate hotel, in a Bohemian literary club, in a Soho restaurant—his whole career unfolds before you and you make intimate acquaintance with him, his sister, his various employers, the pretty housemaid who wins his love but is not easily won, and a vast variety of men and women who people the motley world in which he lives and moves. It may not be one of Mr. Pett Ridge's best stories but it is a good one, and he has sketched in his various characters with the deftness and humour, the understanding of human character and geniality of outlook that are the charm and distinctive quality of all his work.

In "Night Watches" you have nothing but laughter—another ten of those droll, delightfully humorous stories that have had many imitators but no equals. Only one living writer has the real Jacobs touch, and that is Mr. W. W. Jacobs himself. There is no need to criticise them, it is so.

* "The Happy Recruit." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen).

† "Night Watches." By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton).

* "Liber Ardmachanus: The Book of Armagh." Edited with Introduction and Appendices by John Gwynn, D.D., D.C.L. Paper, £1 1s.; cloth facsimile of original polaire, £1 11s. 6d.; leather facsimile, £2 2s. (The Royal Irish Academy.)

much better to just enjoy them. We know his incomparable night watchman and are always glad to renew his acquaintance; we know his quaint, shrewd, witty or fatuously sly waterside characters, and would know more and more of them. If any reader thinks them extravagant figments of Mr. Jacobs's imagination—suspects they, with their odd sayings and absurdities of conduct, are too amusingly good to be true, he may be assured that he errs. The other day this present reviewer, being in the right quarter, spent an hour in a curious little waterside inn frequented by the fishing and miscellaneous waterside race; he listened to their conversation, noted their general aspect, was tickled by their conscious and unconscious humour, and came away convinced that either Mr. Jacobs had studied them closely and reproduced them in his pages with amazing fidelity, or they had been studying his books and copying his whimsical style and modelling themselves on his descriptions. It is enough to say that here is a series of new stories by Mr. Jacobs as fresh, as grotesque, as ingeniously funny as any he has written, and if there are a few people about who do not know what that means, "Night Watches" offers them an excellent opportunity of repairing their misfortune.

JOHN MASEFIELD AND WILFRID GIBSON.

Mr. Masefield and Mr. Gibson are, I believe, often connected: I have heard it said that Mr. Gibson's later manner was founded on Mr. Masefield, and I have heard it credibly said that there is no truth in this whatever. Both write about "working men," and make use of words or actions which are supposed to look odd in poetry. Yet neither of them is exactly a "working man," or seems to write of "working men" except in complete detachment, however admiring. Both, perhaps in consequence, have to make up for some lack of reality in the whole by intense and often violent reality in detail. Both are fond of describing the dreams or visions of minds in some kind of ecstasy. But the men themselves must be very different. Mr. Masefield hardly ever fails to depict a thing at its best or worst. He loves "a ship made sparkling for the shore," or one seen on a Christmas Day,

"Untouched by Time,
Resting a beauty that no seas could tire,
Sparkling, as though the midnight's rain were rime,
Like a man's thought transfigured into fire."

And he likes to sink such a ship, as he does in "The River," as he did in "A Mainsail Haul" long ago. Extremes of calm and storm he loves. Perhaps he is least like Mr. Gibson when he is describing action. That he has no constant sense of drama "Philip the King" makes certain, but physical action is drink to him. The boat-race in "Biography," for example, is all action. Many times he brings before us brief moments of great movement, as in "The Wanderer":

"I heard the sea
Roar past in white procession filled with wrack;
Intense bright frosty stars burned over me,

And the Greek brig beside us dipped and dipped,
White to the muzzle like a half-tide rock,
Drowned to the mainmast with the seas she shipped;
Her cable-swivels clanged at every shock."

Compared with some writing, this of course, must be said to show rather appreciation of movement than movement itself; but compared with Mr. Gibson's its spirit is vigorous action. Besides, Mr. Masefield is himself always intensely, personally interested in his tale and moral; his violent or extreme words depict him invariably, whether they do the sea and wind.

* "Philip the King, and other Poems." By John Masefield. Portrait by William Strang. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Thoroughfares" and "Borderlands." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. 2s. 6d. net each. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Gibson also admires vigorous activity, but by comparison with Mr. Masefield he possesses none. They are both spectators, to some extent connoisseurs, but Mr. Gibson chiefly so. He never for a moment seems to be or to resemble the thing presented. His style, except in "Bloodybush Edge," lacks movement and even the words of movement, which Mr. Masefield never leaves idle. Where Mr. Gibson seems to be most purely natural is in the lyric:

"Youth that goes wool-gathering,
Mooning and star-gazing,
Always finding everything
Full of fresh amazing,
Best will meet the moment's need
When the dream brings forth the deed."

He who keeps through all his days
Open eyes of wonder
Is the lord of skiey ways,
And the earth thereunder;
For the heart to do and sing
Comes of youth's wool-gathering."

It seems likely that with him "the dream brings forth the deed."

The ecstasies in Mr. Masefield's book come while he is "breasting up the fells," or walking forth after storm

"Upon a glittering earth
Intensely sparkling like a world new-born."

Mr. Gibson's come to a delirious man in a hospital, to another who has narrowly escaped drowning. When he speaks in his own person it is always humbly and quietly, though it may be with great intensity, as where a cat at a skylight fills

"My heart with the Fear of the Fen and the Dread of the Hill
And the Terror that stalks by night through the Wood of Doom."

Even in describing others he keeps them for the most part still; their activity is in recollection or imagination; or they are themselves looking on admiringly at someone active; the camel-keeper looks on the clown in "Hoops," as the poet looks on the young man in "A Vision in a Tea-shop":

"About him in a blinding glory shone
The sons of morning singing together for joy."

His poems seem to express an innocent envy of glorious things, a generous admiration of simple and humble things. Only I cannot see what is gained by imagining a hunch-backed camel-keeper who admires a clown, and then letting him speak his admiration as if he were a poet. At least the only gain I can see is that for a camel-keeper to speak so is remarkable, and that his hump makes it pathetic too. Or is it absurd to complain that a camel-keeper should express himself like Mr. Gibson?

In the same way Philip II's daughter talks of ships exactly like Mr. Masefield, in the play "Philip the King," and enumerates the men in the Armada, including

"Passionate half-bloods from the Indian seas."

But Mr. Masefield has felt intensely about so many things in life and books that one must not complain of his ingenuity in getting them expressed. What is more questionable is his turning a good story into an allegory. He will not leave us free to feel what we must about a ship "like a bad woman, she has tasted blood," but will say that he and the rest wondered

"How next its triumph would compel man's will
Into compliance with external Fate,
How next the powers would use her to work ill
On suffering men; we had not long to wait."

If Mr. Masefield said that *he* wondered, or if he told us something more exact and less abstract about the rest, all would be well. He concludes this story miraculously, incredibly, oleographically. Then, however much must be forgiven to his hotfoot energy, need he so often take any word because it rhymes? In a Berkshire poem he uses

"brae" to rhyme with "way": in "Biography," in a catalogue of "golden instants" he includes the instant

"When the rent chapel on the brae at Slains
Shone with a doorway opening beyond brains . . ."

in a song, where he has to rhyme with "water," and a girl announces "she's dead," she says instead:

"She's met her end,
That grey-eyed daughter,
That voice of hers is stilled,
Her beauty broken."

But no other active poet living can give me half the pleasure Mr. Masfield gives.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE GROWTH OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE.*

Satisfactory histories of Germany are so comparatively rare in English that this volume which Mr. A. W. Holland has written for "The Making of the Nations" series is all the more welcome. To write a history of Germany is one of the most difficult tasks that any historian could undertake owing to the kaleidoscopic manner in which the country was divided and redivided for so many centuries into numerous principalities, each with its maze of shifting relations towards its neighbours. And when, as in the present case, this difficult work has to be confined rigorously within comparatively small limits the task becomes even more hard, and it is no small wonder that certain important events do not get the treatment they deserve and that due proportion has to be sacrificed in order that other events may receive even that minimum of notice which cannot be refused to them. The Franco-Prussian War of 1870 is a notable case in point, and we can only assume that Mr. Holland, in giving so slight a sketch of that great series of events, has, consciously or unconsciously, acted upon the hypothesis that its causes, occurrences and results are so familiar to the present generation as to excuse more extended treatment. In general, however, Mr. Holland shows a scholarly discrimination, and when one considers how little latitude has been allowed him one must congratulate him upon having contrived to make a history so replete with facts as interesting as it is. There are, we notice, one or two errors, as, for example the statement on p. 122 that it was Richard III. of England who in 1377 confirmed the privileges of the Hanseatic merchants; but clearly this is only a slip, and neither it nor the others detract essentially from the value of a most useful piece of work.

WAR†.

Any book which bears upon the title-page the name of Sir George Trevelyan is very welcome, but nothing from the pen of this distinguished historian could be sure of a reception more hearty than that which will be accorded to this volume, which brings to a conclusion a work upon which he has been engaged since 1897. Sir George Trevelyan set himself a great task. It was bravely planned, and has been nobly executed. He has the gift of style, he marshals his facts well, and parades them simply; and if some think that his enthusiasm for Charles James Fox is carried a little too far, not only is it pardonable in a Whig statesman, but few will quarrel with his predilection for a man so lovable. There were never two men more human than George III. and Fox, nor two men less alike. George III. narrow-minded, narrow-visioned; Fox great-hearted and an idealist. The one parsimonious, the other lavish

to excess; the king suspicious, the subject generous, sometimes all too generous, in his judgments. Sir George Trevelyan may praise Fox too highly—we should like his book less if he did not say everything he could in favour of a man whose only enemy was his sovereign. Fox's weaknesses, indeed, were more than counterbalanced by his many fine qualities. There are two stories, typical of him, that one loves to read. When the younger Pitt had made his maiden speech in the House of Commons, and some one remarked that the young man would one day be a great Parliamentary figure, "He is so already," said Fox. The Prince of Wales, on hearing of the death of the Duchess of Devonshire, remarked: "Then we have lost the best-bred woman in England. 'Then,'" said Fox, "we have lost the kindest heart in England."

This volume, Sir George Trevelyan states in an "Address to the Reader," was already in print some weeks before the outbreak of the European war, and it therefore contains no allusion whatever to passing events, either direct or covert.

"There is nothing in the book which the author desires to correct or alter, and the subject matter is not inappropriate to the soul-stirring period in which we are living," he adds. "Regrettable things were done on both sides during the War of Independence; but that war was, in the main, conducted by British and Americans alike after a fashion which their descendants may remember with legitimate pride. Viscount Howe and Sir Guy Carleton, General Greene and General Washington set a memorable example of how it behoves gallant and humane men to comport themselves under the stress of arms. The story of the manly and chivalrous spirit in which, four generations ago, the two great English-speaking nations fought out, and ended, their famous quarrel, is a story that an Englishman need have no scruple about telling even at a moment when his country, with a steadfast and grounded belief in the justice of his cause, is in the throes of war."

The book, as its author urges, appears appositely. Though it contains no allusion to the present War of Independence that is being so urgently waged, the lessons that England learnt from the struggle with America stand out very clearly. We have learnt, first and foremost, the art of governing colonies. In the eighteenth century we drove America into revolt, and lost the United States, to our abiding regret. We perforce accepted the inevitable, and profited so well by what we were taught that to-day every British colony and dependency is fighting side by side with us in the very hour that it was asserted they would take the opportunity to break the shackles that lightly bound them to this country. The true Empire of which Joseph Chamberlain dreamt, and for the consolidation of which he worked so hard, has been founded by the very action that was intended to destroy it.

"If the Archangel Michael had come down from Heaven, with an offer to marshal the hosts of England for battle, George the Third would have felt no hesitation in rejecting his services unless he had voted with the Court on the question of the Middlesex Election," Sir George Trevelyan has written, and the truth of this statement is undeniable. Personal government was the ambition of that monarch, "I and the nation," his watchword. "The nation and I," is the principle that guides our present King. At this moment there is no party, except the British party. The Irish question, which loomed so large, has disappeared, and Ulsterman and Nationalist, putting aside their apparently irreconcilable differences, have combined against the common foe. In the hour of our peril, domestic strife has ceased as if by magic.

We read the story of the history of the American Revolution, so skilfully unfolded by Sir George Trevelyan, with indignation against the King's Ministers who brought about that war, a war that was fought strenuously but generously on both sides. Then we fought to retain a colony whose principles we had wantonly outraged, a colony fighting for its independence; to-day we are fighting for our own independence, for our very existence, for our honour. So far this is a different state of affairs. Wherein it is the same is that we are fighting as strenuously and as generously.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "Germany." By A. W. Holland. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

† "George the Third and Charles Fox: The Concluding Part of the American Revolution." By Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., O.M. In 2 Vols. Vol. II. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE BOOKMAN WAR BOOK SUPPLEMENT.

WAR—PAST AND PRESENT.

Barely three months have passed since the War began, and already we have a large library of books devoted to almost every phase of the campaign so far as anybody has been allowed to learn anything about it. "The Austro-Servian Dispute,"¹ for instance, furnishes a succinct account of the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, "the actual event which gave the first impetus to the greatest war of history," and traces the far-reaching racial differences in Central Europe that have led to the present titanic upheaval. Sir Edward Cook's "How Britain Strove for Peace,"² is a masterly exposition of the relations that have subsisted between England and Germany for the last fifteen years. Based on official documents and ministerial speeches, it sets forth how England strove to arrive at an agreement to discontinue the oppressive Naval competition between the two countries, and how Germany negatived every such attempt, recapitulates all our futile diplomatic negotiations and shows how our strenuous efforts to keep the peace of the world were frustrated last August by a long premeditated blow of the mailed fist. Mr. J. M. Kennedy tells the story more in detail in "How the War Began,"³ with quotations from Parliamentary papers and speeches, and drives home convincingly the truth of Mr. W. L. Courtney's statement in his preface that this "is a war not only against dynastic ambition, but against all those forces of a soulless materialism which sap the very foundations of civilisation and culture." Nothing could be clearer, more comprehensive or more comprehensible than the twelve reasons "Why We Are At War,"⁴ that Dr. J. Holland Rose has distilled from the official despatches printed in the Government White Paper; and an excellent popular account of "Why Britain Fights"⁵ is given in a pamphlet of that title by Mr. D. J. Medley, who does not, however, touch on the sequence of events that immediately led to the war, but explains the wider issue of the conflict, its social and economic causes, the end that Germany has in view, and what the attainment of that end would mean to the more democratic nations of Europe. A luminous, vigorously written tract on the same theme is Mr. Frederic Harrison's "The Meaning of the War,"⁶ He asks, "Why—for whom—for what are we at war?" and answers these enquiries in a brilliant little study that should be read by everyone. A fine trumpet note of confidence rings through his few pages, even though he believes that "since the years just before Trafalgar, Britain has never been so near a tremendous catastrophe as it is this day." He foresees victory, but after long struggle, and he foresees as one outcome of it "the peaceful union of a European confederation," and the passing away of the nightmare of perpetual expectation of war: "I may not live to see it, but I shall die in the conviction that it is to come." That vision of a world renewed and at peace comes also to Mr. H. G. Wells, and in "The War That Will End War,"⁷ he discusses in a series of eleven articles Britain's object in taking up arms, the various problems that faced the country in the early days of the war, the problems that will face us when the war is over, and how we should deal with them. Mr. Wells is always stimulating; he is a man of clean-cut, passionate opinions, and a downright manner of stating them that leaves you in no doubt as to his meaning. His humanity, his sound good sense, his idealism—these are as life and wings to his argument; he neither spares our own folly nor the cruel and swaggering egotism of our enemy. Here is one passage out of scores to illustrate his method of coming straight down to hard fact and revealing its significance in a flash:

"We have to reiterate over and over again that we fight resolved that at the end no nationality shall oppress any nationality

¹ Macmillan. 6d. ² Macmillan. 2d. ³ Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. ⁴ Heffer & Sons. 1d. ⁵ MacLehose. 1d. ⁶ Macmillan. 1d. ⁷ Palmer. 1s. net.

or language again in Europe for ever, and by way of illustration we want not those ingenious arrangements of figures that touch the Angell imagination, but photographs of the Kaiser in his glory at a review, and photographs of the long, unintelligent, side-long face of the Crown Prince, his son; photographs of that great original Krupp taking his pleasure at Capri and, to set beside these, photographs pitilessly showing men killed and horribly torn upon the battlefield, and men crippled, and women and men murdered, and homes burnt and, to the verge of indecency, all the peculiar filthiness of war."

"The Great War Book"⁸ is a perfect *vade mecum*; it is exactly the book that the average man needs to enable him to understand in all its bearings all that is happening. The countries engaged in the war are geographically and historically described; you are told briefly of the events that fore-ran it and how Armageddon came; there are chapters on the navies on the sea and the armies in the field; the raising of Kitchener's new army, on the laws and customs of war, the wonders of modern warfare, the Red Cross organisation, the world's financial crisis, and, among others, an informing chapter on Nietzsche's influence upon Kaiserism—and despite what the curious apologists for Nietzsche may say his influence has been and is there. Two chapters on "Who's Who in the War" and "Places Prominent in the War" should come as a boon and a blessing to the newspaper reader. If you are in search of light upon the character and aspirations of modern Germany and the influences that have helped to mould them, you can scarcely do better than go to the two essays Messrs. Macmillan have reprinted from *The Round Table*, "The War in Europe,"⁹ "Germany and the Prussian Spirit,"¹⁰ and to Mr. M. E. Sadler's "Modern Germany and the Modern World."¹¹ In tone and style they are temperate and eminently reasonable; their analysis of Germany's

⁸ Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. ⁹ Macmillan. 6d.
¹⁰ Macmillan. 3d. ¹¹ Macmillan. 2d.



THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE."

No. 12.

(Reproduced by special permission of the proprietors of "Punch.")

One of a very successful series of penny postcards (sold in packets of twelve) reproducing *Punch's* Recent War Cartoons by Bernard Partridge, Raven Hill, and F. H. Townsend. Published by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.



Russian Cavalry Charging.

From "The Russian Advance" by Marr Murray, the newest addition to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's "Daily Telegraph War Books."

mental and moral qualities is as just as it is severe. The writer of "Germany and the Prussian Spirit" draws a vivid, picturesque comparison between the German of the past and of the present that is curiously suggestive:

"The name of Germany calls to mind two dissimilar human types. The one, sanctioned by a moribund tradition, is a genial, wool-gathering professor in a formidable pair of spectacles, untidy of habit and far from athletic in form, the dedicated slave rather than the possessor of several large note-books and a collecting-box. . . . The other type of German is in spirit the absolute antithesis of the professor, though he conceals a strong touch of the professor under his uniform. He is a military figure of imposing build, helmeted, cuirassed and spurred, with upturned moustaches, a commanding eye, and a powerful arm encased in mail. This warrior type has come into existence, so far as the British public is concerned, only during the present century. We have regarded it with increasing dislike and anxiety, as a somewhat uncivilised *parvenu* in the comity of nations. It has, to our eye, an outline of primitive and almost brutal suggestion like the rudimentary masses favoured by modern German architecture. Contrasted with the public school type which we prefer, it calls to mind a strong and clever, but ungentelemanly, bully. Like John Bull or Uncle Sam, these two German figures are, of course, merely the rough types of popular caricature; but like all such types they represent an instinctive popular judgment which is seldom very much astray. In the case of Germany, as in other cases, the two figures are founded on broad truth, and they epitomise together in a very significant way the origin and character of the German Empire. The transformation of the one into the other is one of the most remarkable events in history. Even so Faust, calling in a dangerous doctor for the trouble of his soul, abandons his study, his books, his tubes and retorts, his doctor's gown, in order to live the worldly life he has hitherto despised."

Other very handy and serviceable books for the newspaper reader are Mr. D'Auvergne's "A.B.C. Guide to the War,"¹³ a concise encyclopædia of the persons, countries and armies concerned in it; and "War Facts and Figures,"¹⁴ edited by Mr. Charles K. Sugden, a comprehensive Enquire-Within-Upon-Everything relating to the Great War and a gazetteer of fortified towns and places of strategic value.

Perhaps the most important public pronouncements made since the outbreak of war are the "King's Message to his People Overseas"; and the great recruiting speeches of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. These are all published now as penny pamphlets, and should be, and assuredly will be circulated broadcast.¹⁵ Messrs. Jarrold issue in simple and fitting form the "Prayers in Time of War,"¹⁶ prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Boyd Carpenter, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Lincoln, and other distinguished clergymen. Few things are more difficult of decision than "What ought to be the Christian's attitude towards war in general?" Mr. Paul

B. Bull has set himself the onerous task of defining that attitude in "Our Duty at Home in Time of War,"¹⁷ and though you may not agree with all the opinions he utters by the way, you will find his booklet thoughtful and helpful. The same author's "God and our Soldiers"¹⁸ is a timely re-issue of the narrative of his experiences with our soldiers during the Boer War. It won commendations from Lord Roberts and Sir John French, and in a foreword General Sir Charles Douglas urges that it should be "in the hands of the young soldiers as a means of giving them an insight into the lives and actions of their brothers in arms during the South African War."

Mr. Wells lays it down in one of his chapters of "The War to End War," that "until the mind of Germany is changed there can be no safe peace on earth." And everybody who has read what is the most important book of revelations in this regard, Bernhardt's "Germany and the Next War,"¹⁹ will recognise the truth of his assertion. For the general mind of Germany, its conception of its own destiny, its ambitions, its duties towards itself and its neighbours, has in Bernhardt a frank and most uncompromising spokesman. The Kaiser and Germany's ruling caste have adopted or helped to inspire his doctrines, which have filtered down and sunk into the national consciousness and blown it with blustering pride in the strength and importance of the German people and their predestined mission as a world-dominating Power. Here, in this book, is a key to the needless and appalling brutalities that have disgraced the arms of Germany; for Bernhardt is the true prophet of German Imperialism; he has absorbed and codified and intensified the perverted national morality; but we shall know the real value of his arrogant, bloody-minded philosophy by the time this war is ended. Take a few of his maxims, as they appear in two of his books, "Germany and the Next War," and "How Germany Makes War." In the former he holds that war is "the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture and power"; he considers that "war is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a true civilised nation finds the highest expression of strength and vitality. . . . Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war," which, of course, is a revival of the stupid, mediæval practice of trial by combat, when the weak, innocent man who had never handled a sword being put up to fight a martial accuser was considered guilty if he got killed. He argues that "character does not obtain due respect" in times of peace; but that is true only of the military character, and character has other and even higher ways of expressing itself. He agrees with his forerunner, Treitschke, that "war is elevating"; he even makes the fatuous assertion that "the love which a man showed to another country as such would imply a want of love for his own countrymen." His conception of Christian ideals is ludicrous; by a juggle of the most bare-faced sophistries he argues that "combat, moral combat" is the very essence of Christianity, and "if we transfer the ideas of Christianity to the sphere of politics," we are able to satisfy ourselves that "according to Christianity we cannot disapprove of war in itself, but must admit that it is justified morally and historically." Christ's adjuration that we should love our enemies, he explains, refers only to individual enemies. He passes over the other command that "thou shalt commit no murder" with silent disapproval. Presumably he would feel that murder by retail is a sin, but wholesale murder is a virtue. The Bible annotated by Bernhardt would be a distinctly precious document. He thinks that "the efforts directed towards the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral, and must be stigmatised as unworthy of the human race"; he breaks out lyrically about "the inevitableness, the idealism, and the blessing of war." The notion that "the weak nation is to have the same right to live as the powerful and vigorous nation" rouses him to indignation. In a word, his gospel is simply

¹³ Werner Laurie. 1s. net. ¹⁴ Leopold B. Hill. 6d. net.
¹⁵ Methuen. 1d. each. ¹⁶ Jarrold. 3d. net.

¹⁷ Mowbray. 2d. ¹⁸ Mowbray. 1s. net. ¹⁹ Arnold. 2s. net.

the gospel of the bully, the brigand, the unimaginative aborigine who can conceive of no nobler state of existence than the being able to swagger abroad with his less assertive neighbour's scalp hanging from his belt.

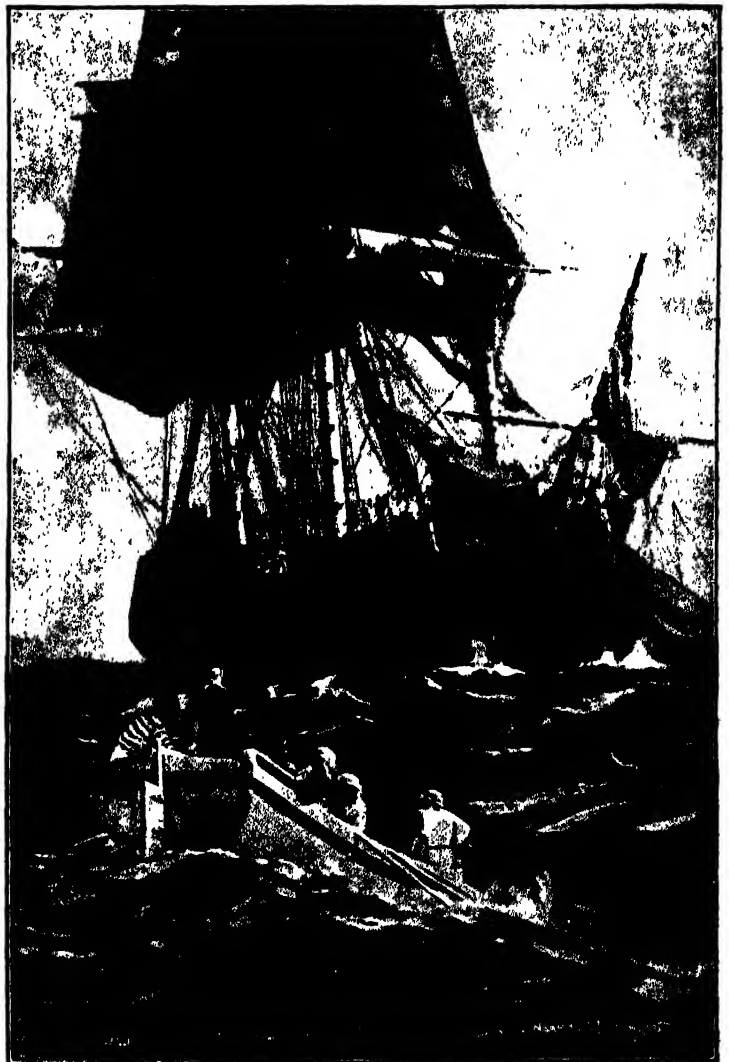
The same bellicose, narrow-minded conception of life plays through the pages of his "How Germany Makes War."¹⁹ Force is his god; he is a monomaniac on the subject of German expansion and aggrandisement; all the learning, the intellect, the culture, all the good things of the world are German, therefore it is a just and even holy undertaking to manufacture war machines and go forth to crush and slaughter other nations in order that any survivors may be beneficently inoculated with the truth as it is known in Germany. He is as short-sighted, for all his logic and his astuteness, as the most spectacled of Prussian professors. He and his like firmly believed that when Bismarck humbled France and filched two of her provinces he was laying the lasting foundations of a great German empire; but we can see now that he was, in reality, but digging its grave, and we have every confidence that it will not be long now before that grave receives its tenant. Read these two books—no man who does not can realise to the full what the present struggle means—and read also the reissue of Professor Roland G. Usher's important study of "Pan-Germanism,"²⁰ which will make it clear as daylight to you that "the Germans aim at nothing less than the domination of Europe and of the world by the Germanic race"; the new edition of "Germany's Swelled Head,"²¹ by Dr. Emil Reich, who, although he was an Austrian, had no sympathy with the preposterous pretensions of the Kaiser and his fiercely egotistical professors and military chiefs—Reich ridicules the contention that all the great nations of Europe and most of the small ones are essentially German, and ought to be gathered up into one Universal Germany, that all the world's greatest men, not excepting Christ, were of German origin, and he accurately foretold the end towards which such bedlam boastfulness was leading. In "The Kaiser Unmasked"²² Mr. Frank Mundell takes up this topic of the overweening, self-esteem that has made Germany a public nuisance for years past, and deftly exemplifies it with reproductions of the Kaiser's speeches, sermons, addresses and other manifestoes; and "The German Empire's Hour of Destiny,"²³ by Colonel H. Frobenius, helps to justify these critics in their verdicts by restating the German case from their own side, and restating it, if less ably and less dogmatically than Bernhardi, with all Bernhardi's conviction of Germany's unapproachable greatness, and the invincibility of her armies. No wonder the Kaiser sent his famous message of contempt concerning England's soldiers; all the Prussian authors of the Bernhardi type had quite satisfied themselves that England had become a degenerate, peace-loving people and could be reckoned with and disposed of pretty easily; and the egregious Crown Prince sent a telegram to Colonel Frobenius congratulating him on his book, whilst the Kaiser is known to have studied and put his faith in Bernhardi's lucubrations. They are now finding out a few of the mistakes that were made by their favourite authors and will be in a position to assist them in making the necessary corrections for new editions. Meanwhile, they may learn of their mistakes by reading "A Scrap of Paper,"²⁴ Dr. E. J. Dillon's incisive inner history of German diplomacy and her scheme of world-wide conquest—one of the few new books of the day that will survive it and hold a permanent place among the records of recent events.

Testimony to the value of Bernhardi's "Cavalry"²⁵ (a popular edition of his "Cavalry in Peace and War") is borne in a preface by Sir John French. Bernhardi is himself a distinguished cavalry officer,

and to say that our own most brilliant officer in that service has a high sense of the soundness of the German's teachings in this book leaves no more to be said. The German army has been fashioned with one aim, says the author of "The German Army from Within,"²⁶ and that is world-war, with world-domination for its outcome, and he has written this valuable and interesting analysis of "the mechanism of the mightiest machine of destruction that the world has yet produced," from his personal experiences as a British officer who has served in it. From similar inside experience Mr. W. Barnes Stevens describes the Russian commanders and soldiers and the workings of "The Russian Army from Within."²⁷ The greatest book ever written in its kind was Clausewitz's "On War," and "In the Reality of War"²⁸ Major Stewart L. Murray has epitomised its teachings and called attention to its most significant passages. It is a popular manual of war's realities that, as the editor, Mr. Hilliard Atteridge observes, "should be read not only by soldiers, but by every one who takes an intelligent interest in the great events of our time."

Two sound, well-informed little books, the first in a series that is to include all the nations involved in the present crisis, are "Germany and the German People,"²⁹ and "France and the French People."³⁰ Briefly, and in an admirable spirit of fairness, they trace the origins and histories of the countries dealt with, discuss their politics and religion, their commerce, literature, manners and customs, ideals and ambitions. They are well written and well arranged and make a promising beginning of what should prove a very successful series. For obvious

¹⁹ Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net. ²⁷ Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net. ²⁸ Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net. ²⁹⁻³⁰ Simpkin Marshall. 1s. net each.



"Whenever a prize was captured she had to be sent off at once to the nearest port."

From "The Book of the Blue Sea," by Henry Newbolt. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Norman Wilkinson (Longmans).

¹⁹ Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net. ²⁰ Constable. 2s. net. ²¹ Melrose. 1s. net. ²² Jarrold. 1s. net. ²³ John Long. 2s. net. ²⁴ Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. ²⁵ Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net.



Mr. Saint Nihal Singh,

whose two new books, "India's Fighters" and "The King's Indian Allies," books about the Rajas who have rallied to the Union Jack and about the Indian soldiers who are now fighting for the Empire, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

reasons there are not yet many books that attempt to narrate the actual progress of the war so far as it has gone. There are two that are alive with human interest and give personal glimpses of the first four or five weeks of the fighting as it may be obtained from the letters sent home by the soldiers and sailors: "In the Firing Line: Heroes of the War by Land and Sea," by A. St. John Adcock,³¹ and "Atkins at War: As Told in His Own Letters," by James A. Kilpatrick.³² As was to have been expected, there are several books specially devoted to Belgium and the immortal stand she made in the early stages of the war; notable among these are "The Siege of Liège,"³³ by Dr. Paul Hamelius, a lecturer at Liège University and an eye-witness of the things he tells; "The Campaign Round Liège,"³⁴ by J. M. Kennedy, with an introduction by W. L. Courtney; "Captive of the Kaiser in Belgium,"³⁵ by Georges La Barre, with a record of the fall of Namur; and "Brave Belgium: Her History and her People,"³⁶ by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport.

"Lord Kitchener,"³⁷ by the author of "King Edward the Seventh," is a new and very good biography of our great organiser of victory; and "Lord Kitchener,"³⁸ by Horace G. Groser, is a new edition brought up to date of a book that won wide acceptance on its first appearance. "The Secret History of the Court of Berlin,"³⁹ by Henry W. Fischer, contains a good deal of back-stair gossip and small beer; you read it with a feeling that you are peering through keyholes and listening at cracks of doors, but within those limits it does give you strange peeps at the private lives of the Kaiser and his consort, for it is compiled from the papers and diaries of one of the Empress's Ladies in Waiting. The special constable is provided with a handy manual in "The Special Constable: His Duties and Privileges,"⁴⁰ and with so many Belgian refugees now living amongst us there should be a large demand for Mr. E. V. Bisschop's "Flemish-English Phrase Book."⁴¹

Mr. Archibald Hurd's authoritative conspectus of the navies of Great Britain and her Allies and her enemies, "The Fleets at War,"⁴² is an indispensable guide for all who are following the doings of the senior service on the great waters; and Mr. Fred Jane's "British Ships,"⁴³ a naval recognition book instructing you how to identify ships at sea, and illustrated with silhouettes of British fighting ships, is a most serviceable work of reference, the more serviceable because it can be understood at a glance. Commander E. Hamilton Currey has written an exhaustive and thoroughly entertaining, well illustrated story of "The Man-of-War,"⁴⁴ what she has done and what she is doing—a story of our great sea-fights of the past, and of the development of the modern Dreadnought; and it is of great sea-fighting in the past, too, that Mr. Henry Newbolt tells in "The Book of the Blue Sea,"⁴⁵—a fascinating volume that comes this year in place of another of Andrew Lang's Fairy Book series for Christmas reading. It is illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Norman Wilkinson, and tells five capital tales of the sea in the graphic, realistic manner that boys love—six, if you include, as you must, the greatest tale of them all and the finest and most detailed narrative we have ever read of the battle of Trafalgar.

The one book of humorous verse that the war has evoked is Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Swollen-Headed William,"⁴⁶ a delightfully amusing travesty of the old German morality, "Struwwelpeter," quaintly illustrated by Mr. George Morrow; but it has given us eight books of serious verse, to say nothing of a broadsheet edition of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's breezy "Ballad of The Gloster and The Goben,"⁴⁷ and Messrs. Methuen's penny editions of Kipling's "Hymn Before Action," "The Recessional," and "For All We Have and Are"; Alfred Noyes's "The Searchlights," and Bret Harte's poignant lyric, "The Réveillé." With one exception the eight are anthologies, five of general poetry relating to war, liberty and the love of country: "Remember Louvain,"⁴⁸ compiled by E. V. I.; "The Country's Call,"⁴⁹ compiled by E. B. and Marie Sargent; "Patriotic Songs and Poems,"⁵⁰; "Lord God of Battles,"⁵¹ compiled by A. E. Manning Foster, and "Patriotic Poems,"⁵² selected by R. M. Leonard; two, "Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time,"⁵³ and "Poems of the Great War,"⁵⁴ are collections of the poems of the Great War that have recently appeared in the newspapers; and the exception is Mr. Fred J. Johnston-Smith's "Union Jack Lyrics,"⁵⁵ which are all his own, and make up in sincerity and patriotic ardour for anything they may lack of poetical quality.

"The Fight at Dame Europa's School,"⁵⁶ and "The Battle of Dorking,"⁵⁷ are reprints of two books that were immensely popular in their day—the one a tale of an imaginary invasion of England, the other a satirical version of the Franco-Prussian war, showing "how the German boy thrashed the French boy and the English boy looked on." The story of the same war is retold well and vividly by Mr. H. C. Bailey in "Forty Years After,"⁵⁸; and "Great Battles of the World,"⁵⁹ contains Stephen Crane's brilliantly realistic accounts of eight of the most famous battles of the past. There is no room here to do more than recommend readers in search of stirring and sensational fiction to get "The Enemy in our Midst,"⁶⁰ Mr. Walter Wood's story of a German invasion, and the cheap re-issue of Lieutenant Bilse's powerful sensational novel, "Life in a Garrison Town,"⁶¹ which on its publication in Germany was suppressed by the Government. One last book—the last in two senses, for it is also, to this hour of writing, the latest arrival that has a direct bearing on the war—is "Germany's Great Lie,"⁶² in which Mr. Douglas Sladen shrewdly and convincingly controverts the official German account of the circumstances that brought about the war. Reprinting in roman type the amazing and, in England, unobtainable book "Truth About Germany: Facts about the War," which was prepared by a committee of influential Germans with the special object of appealing to the sympathies of America, Mr. Sladen exposes almost every one of its statements, printing his remarks, or extracts from white papers and official reports, in italics immediately after each passage he answers. He explodes and discredits completely the official German misrepresentation and justification of the mendacious and dishonourable German diplomacy that immediately preceded the outbreak of hostilities, and clinches upon the Kaiser and his advisers beyond all question the responsibility for the scourge now that is devastating Europe. Mr. Sladen has done a very appreciable national service in making this astounding German book accessible to English readers and in carefully and capably dissecting its subtleties, testing and proving its falsities and nailing them smartly to the counter. The nation that could condescend to such sheer lying as Mr. Sladen exposes here has not got much farther to fall, anyhow.

³¹ Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. ³² Herbert Jenkins. 1s. net. ³³ Werner Laurie. 1s. net. ³⁴ Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. ³⁵ Mills & Boon. 1s. net. ³⁶ Palmer. 6d. net. ³⁷ Nisbet. 1s. net. ³⁸ Pearson. 1s. net. ³⁹ John Long. 1s. net. ⁴⁰ Pearson. 1s. net. ⁴¹ Leopold B. Hill. 6d. net. ⁴² Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net. ⁴³ Sampson Low. 1s. net. ⁴⁴ Jack. 3s. 6d. net. ⁴⁵ Longmans. 5s. net.

⁴⁶ Methuen. 1s. net. ⁴⁷ Poetry Book Shop. 2d. ⁴⁸ Methuen. 1s. net. ⁴⁹ Macmillan. 2d. ⁵⁰ Erskine Macdonald. 1d. ⁵¹ Cope & Fenwick. 1s. net. ⁵² Humphrey Milford. 1s. net. ⁵³ Lane. 1s. net. ⁵⁴ Chatto & Windus. 1s. net. ⁵⁵ Erskine Macdonald. 6d. net. ⁵⁶ Simpkin, Marshall. 6d. net. ⁵⁷ Grant Richards. 6d. net. ⁵⁸⁻⁵⁹ Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net each. ⁶⁰ John Long. 1s. net. ⁶¹ John Lane. 1s. net. ⁶² Hutchinson. 2s. net.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S LATEST.*

Perhaps it is advisable to say at once that in taking up Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest novel the reader will do well not to anticipate from him this time another "Clayhanger" or "Old Wives' Tale." Those splendid books were based on the associations of the author's childhood, and had the benefit of the child's retentive memory and automatic registering of impressions. For them Mr. Bennett could command a wealth of details which by their cumulative arrangement and photographic minuteness produced a singularly convincing effect of realism. When he transfers his attention from the Five Towns of his youth to the Five Towns of to-day this resource is no longer at his disposal, with the result that even had he as good a story to tell in "The Price of Love" as in the biographies of Edwin Clayhanger and the Baines' sisters, an idea of comparative thinness must inevitably be conveyed. It may well be that Bursley, Kype, and the rest are less rich in types and "characters" than they were a generation ago, that the life of these places has lost a little of its more individual quality in approximating to the average of civic England, that along with something of the bleakness of its temper has gone certain compensating features—the ardour in evangelical religion, the joviality of the local feasts, the earnestness of the volunteer choirs. What is certain is that though his art achieves its ends as deftly and easily as ever, there is an air of superficiality about Mr. Bennett's chronicle of his Five Towns contemporaries which the masterpieces of earlier days never betrayed.

Let us, however, do justice to this admirable craftsman. Neither in scale nor in tone has he attempted on the present occasion to rival his more serious works of fiction. The lightness of his touch is calculated no less than the unpretentiousness of his plot-material. "The Price of Love" hardly aims at more than providing entertainment for an idle hour. Without surrendering himself here as in "The Card" to the lead of whimsical fantasy or the promptings of farce, Mr. Bennett hardly extends himself more than in that sprightly *jeu d'esprit*. This is a tale of domesticity, almost mid-Victorian in pattern, its ingenuousness occasionally relieved by streaks of burlesque. Rachel, so busy at her tasks of polishing the silver and keeping spotless the furniture of the gentle old lady she serves, so full of sweet illusions about the scamp she loves, is among the most old-fashioned of modern heroines. The whole scheme of the book, divided between the mystery of the lost bank notes and the disillusion of the girl over her dishonest husband, reminds one of the simple stories in which our maiden aunts took delight. Can it be Arnold Bennett, we ask ourselves rubbing our eyes, the champion of youth's revolt against age, the moralist so full of sympathy with the generation knocking at the door, who thus harks back to the conventions of the past? And then when we have got used to the transformation we bow to the novelist's caprice in delight at the skill with which he manages his revival of the mid-Victorian domestic romance.

For his technique remains masterly, his dialogue combines the old wit and humour, his knack of character drawing has forgone none of its neatness. Councillor Batchgrew with "his crimson, shiny face, and the vermilion rims round his unsteady eyes, and his elephant ears, and the absurd streaming of his white whiskers, and his multitudinous noisiness" is as real a figure as any of Mr. Bennett's Five Towns originals. And equally good is Julian Maldon, who could not do or say a gracious thing if it were to save his life. They are stippled in lightly these portraits; you know them, on the author's introduction, rather as acquaintances than as friends; indeed you are not sure you want to cultivate them at close quarters, so repelled are you permitted to be by their manners, so ready are you to take for granted and leave unexplored the decency of their intentions. You do not get to the bottom of them and love them as you do old Clayhanger, who is at first meeting quite as grim-seeming a Midlander. But they are hit off most amusingly and most faithfully none the

* "The Price of Love." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

less. Mr. Arnold Bennett is never less than an artist in his least ambitious flights, and those who cannot enjoy every page of his new volume are to be heartily pitied.

F. G. BETTANY.

ARTHUR OF BRITAIN.*

Since Caxton published Sir Thomas Malory's prose version of the chief Arthurian legends in the "Morte D'Arthur," those wonderful romances have haunted our literature all down the years. Milton considered them as a fitting theme for a great epic, before he wrote "Paradise Lost"; that worst of poets, Sir Richard Blackmore, founded his "Prince Arthur," one of the worst of epics, upon them; they supplied subjects for innumerable ballads and poems before Tennyson recast them and made them his own in "The Idylls of the King." But nobody has supplanted Malory; nowhere except in his pages do the glamorous old legends retain their beautiful simplicity, their rich quaintness, and the colour and atmosphere of the Middle Ages that are essential to the full expression of those phases of life and thought they represent. There is scarcely a breath of the Middle Ages in Tennyson; he turns the ancient lore into great poetry, but it is a poetry of modern thought and feeling.

One considerable virtue of Mr. Reginald Buckley's "Arthur of Britain" is that it does recapture the right mediæval spirit of the Arthurian legends. For sheer poetical beauty his rendering will not compare with Tennyson's, but then he does not challenge that comparison. His aim has been to reconstruct and recreate the dramatic substance of them "so that one has at once a cycle of dramatic poems, personal in expression and national in subject and bearing." He has sought to do for them what Wagner did for the great legendary tales of Germany, and there is no doubt his work can only be justly appraised when it is seen on the stage, with the adjuncts of scenery and musical setting for which it was designed. He substitutes for the formal measure of conventional blank verse an irregular metrical harmony that he uses subtly and effectively, varying its cadences to suit the changing moods of his theme. The cycle is made up out of four of the legends: "The Birth of Arthur," "The Round Table," "The Holy Grail," and "The Death of Arthur." These stories Mr. Buckley unfolds with a keen sense of their dramatic properties, a sensitive feeling for the picturesque romance and poetry of them; there is real imaginative power in his narrative, and he has had the art to make the old tales fresh and new without modernising them either in form or manner.

We gather from a preface that a movement is afoot to establish a British Bayreuth at Glastonbury; that a theatre is to be built there for the adequate production of this impressive drama-cycle in conjunction with the musical setting of Mr. Rutland Boughton, and one may congratulate Mr. Buckley on his thus achieving the end towards which he has been working since he first planned "Arthur of Britain" some ten years ago. Meanwhile, he has written a series of poetical plays of signal merit and distinction, and the story and dramatic forcefulness that hold the interest of the reader in them augur well for their success when they are presented on the stage for which they are obviously adapted.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALIAN PAINTING.†

Despite its title, this book is scarcely a History of Italian Painting. Rather, it is a catalogue of Italian Painters, but a complicated catalogue, overweighted by criticism, and somewhat deficient, we would submit, in the clear exposition and illustration which alone could make this

* "Arthur of Britain." By Reginald R. Buckley. 5s. net. (Williams & Norgate).

† "A Short History of Italian Painting." By Alice V. V. Brown and William Rankine. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

criticism really valuable. The industry of the authors, however, is unquestionable. The book has an appendix of nearly one hundred pages of index to painters, to collections of paintings, and books; and as a handy volume of reference doubtless will be useful.

The authors say: "A true estimate of schools and masters is now seen to rest upon the correct attribution of individual works of art, and this attribution depends upon the expert weighing of evidence for the authenticity of examples traditionally or otherwise attributed."

Now this matter of attributions is not at all, necessarily, tedious or dull. On the contrary, if the evidence be given at first hand by the expert, it may be made extremely interesting, even to the beginner. If, for instance, we go a hunting through the great galleries of Europe with Morelli, we can be immensely excited by being shown the different ways of drawing the lobe of an ear, and can readily follow Morelli's reasons for attributing one drawing to Leonardo and another to Lorenzo di Credi. We find Cosima Tura and Lorenzo Costa conclusively different in their manner of drawing the knuckles of a hand.

We see all these differences because Morelli illustrates them clearly. We are interested, because to Morelli, in his enthusiasm, they are a matter as of life or death. The coreggiosity of Coreggio is thrilling when you are, as it were, following a detective story and proving the coreggiosity was never produced by Coreggio at all. But it is not thrilling to read such a description as this of a painting by Timoteo Viti: "The poses of Costa appear with greater realism, as in the angel and dog—some Umbro-Florentine feeling indeed." We can sympathise with a distracted beginner (the book is written for "beginners") who shall cry out upon this, What angel? What dog? For no information whatever is given about either one or the other, and that they were Umbro-Florentine is a statement the hapless "beginner" must perforce accept with faith, since, be it spoken with reverence, none of the peculiarities of this breed are pointed out to him. Without illustration, or particulars of some kind, how can either the angel or the dog have any entity at all for our "beginner"? They must be relegated to Carlyle's "shoreless sea of Phantasms."

However, something is done for the hard-worked student, for he is warned off certain books by being told they are "heavy," though the authors' style itself is perhaps not very exhilarating. He is encouraged to read "Romola," by George Eliot, by the assurance that this work is, "in general, correct in fact and detail." If we complained that the contributions of Thomas Carlyle towards art criticism are ignored, the authors might be justly offended. Yet, after all, the Seer of Ecclefechan has something to say to the point. "Why is it that Pictures exist in this world, and to what end was the divine art of Painting bestowed by the earnest gods upon poor mankind?" He does not really weaken the force of such a tremendous riddle when he adds his opinion that he considers the "Flaying of St. Bartholomew," and "Piping and Amours of Goat-footed Pan" to be ugly and unworthy, fabulous, unimportant "and not to say impossible."

F. EMILY PHILLIPS.

Novel Notes.

MEN OF THE DEEP WATERS. By W. Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Hope Hodgson has not gone to work in the orthodox way and put his best stories first in this book; but that is not the only sense in which he is unorthodox. "On the Bridge" is a very vivid sketch—a brilliant bit of imaginative realism, and "The Sea Horses," which has second place, is a story of no little charm, though the sentiment is now and then in need of a restraining touch; it is when you come to "The Derelict," and "From the Timeless Sea" that you find Mr. Hodgson right at home, where he belongs; these, with "The Voice in the Night,"

"Through the Vortex of a Cyclone," and "The Mystery of the Derelict," are stories that, in their kind, would add something to the reputation of any living novelist. They grip you, as Poe's grim stories do, by their subtle artistry and sheer imaginative power. In fashioning his most uncanny, most supernatural occurrences his imagination so completely realises them that he describes them, and what led up to them, and all their environment with a minuteness of detail that makes them convincingly real to a reader's apprehension. The fury and terror of storm at sea has never been more impressively pictured than it is in Mr. Hodgson's wonderful description of how the four-masted barque, *Golconda*, was drawn into the mighty vortex of a cyclone; and of the mystery, the perils, the loneliness of the sea, the almost unthinkable horrors that lurk waiting for the castaway in its unknown places, we have read few stories equal to the others we have named. No lover of tales of mystery and imagination that are also good literature should miss this book.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE. By F. Hamilton Moore. 6s. (Erskine Macdonald.)

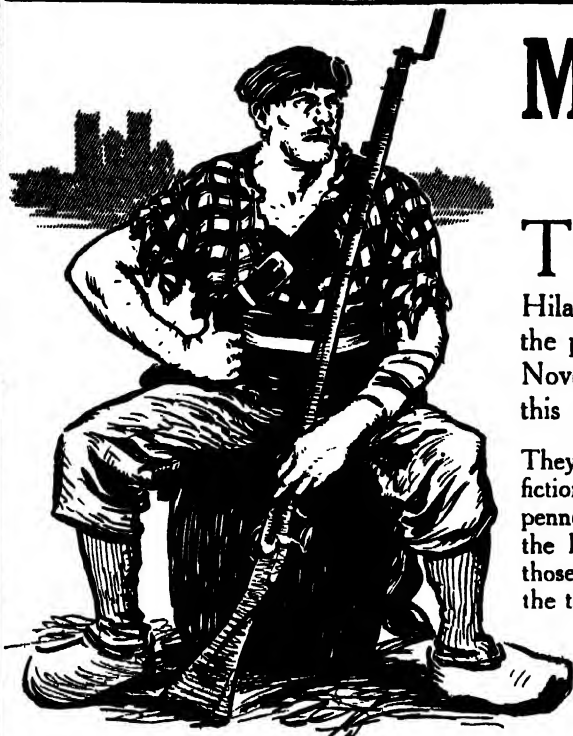
A sense of tragedy broods over Miss E. Hamilton Moore's new story; there is in it something of the gloomy beauty of a threatening storm, when the eye may be taken with some wondrous effect of light and shade the while "o'er all there broods the shadow of a fear," imparting a sense of the inevitability of doom. The story is that of an independent young artist, self-centred, self-sufficient, until there comes the awakening shock which rouses him at tragic cost; it is a narrative of self-revelation, psychological, emotional, in which the author depends but little upon incident or description—she does not even give the disturbing intruder into the garden of love a name. The young artist is summoned by a friend, a heroic invalid, to stay with him at a fascinating place on the Spanish coast, and there after flirting with Dionysia, one of a quintette of girls, he falls in love with Dolores, the Cinderella of the group of cousins, and so opens the way for tragedy—the tragedy that comes of selfishness, jealousy and self-sacrifice. Readers may feel impatient with the artist, may feel that Dolores lets herself go all too easily, that as dreams and visions play their parts in the story so is there something of dreamlike unreality over the whole; yet they will surely agree in finding a note of true literary distinction in the style in which the story is told. The author has a fine feeling for expression which, if it sometimes leads to exaggeration, is frequently impressive; indeed, it is by the charm of its telling rather than by the story told that the "Garden of Love" holds and delights

PRINCE AND HERETIC. By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Prince and Heretic" is a vivid, romantic story, written with a verve and picturesqueness which will add much to the popularity of the author of "The Viper of Milan." Those who have much to do with the making of books, in the selection of what shall see the light, and what shall pass into, at least, momentary oblivion, have been warned, willy nilly, that the day of the historical novel is in the calendar of yesterday; but, judging from recent experience, it looks as though there is a rejuvenation in such fiction. Of course, a writer of proved excellence as Miss Bowen, is always sure of a sympathetic public, and she has given of her very best historical conception, in this new story, which—and what a period of romance it was!—concerns Philip of Spain and William of Orange. It will be remembered how violent and bitter a struggle went on in those days in the Netherlands, the upshot of which was the Dutch Republic. We shall place "Prince and Heretic" next to Motley, as a kind of a sweet!

THE GREAT MIRACLE. By J. P. Vaneworda. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

For young as well as older readers, says the wrapper, and it certainly is difficult to say which of the two, school-boy or sage, will read this audaciously-planned story with



STORIES OF THE
French Revolution
 By HILAIRE BELLOC.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC for "THE PREMIER."

THERE is, perhaps, no writer whose name is more in the public mind at the present time than Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and the greatest interest is aroused by the publication in the December "PREMIER" (ready November 4th—4½d.) of the first of a set of stories by this author.

They are termed "stories" advisedly, for although they are not fiction, they are perhaps more fascinating than any fiction ever penned. Mr. Belloc has taken as his theme the stirring days of the French Revolution, and it is of the romantic episodes of those days that he writes. No writer could be more fitted for the task. Mr. Belloc has made a deep study of the Days of the Terror, and is the author of many books on the subject. The first story appearing in the November 4th issue is

"The Story of the Flight to Varennes"

and never has the tale of that romantic night in history being better told. Other contributors to this splendid issue of "THE PREMIER" Magazine include:—John Oxenham, Mary E. Mann, Rex Beach, William Le Queux, W. Dane Bank, Guy Thorne, Sax Rohmer, etc.

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LONDON AND READING

the greater relish. For our part, if called upon to give a public reading from its pages, we would prefer our audience to be made up of sages rather than schoolboys, an ordinarily intelligent and imaginative child would ask too many questions, and we fancy even the author himself would soon retire from the ordeal "stumped." Your experienced teller of fairy tales, however, knows how to brush aside awkward questions, and "The Great Miracle" has the distinction of being a fairy tale as fanciful and engrossing as the wildest dream, yet possessing withal a modern cosmopolitan setting and something of the satirical atmosphere of a topical revue. It sets forth in matter-of-fact terms the amazing adventures of an auctioneer's clerk who, with the aid of a mystical spell, laughs at prison walls, sinks a battleship, stops a prize-fight, and sways the fortunes of kings and countries. The spell in question confers on him immunity from death, injury, or pain, as well as the power of passing through solid matter, and the chief conditions stipulated are that a certain formula must be repeated daily and that the spell must not be used for purposes of revenge. There are many dramatic moments in which the spell fails, or all but fails, owing to the machinations of a mysterious "man in grey." In the hands of an imaginative producer "The Great Miracle" would make a striking film drama.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER. By Baroness Orczy. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The hero of Baroness Orczy's latest novel is no other than the original of the famous painting by Frans Hals in the Wallace Collection, from which it takes its title. As the painter contrived to get the spirit of laughter into his picture, so does the author capture it in her book, and the jovial personality of the Laughing Cavalier swaggers through her pages with all the gallantry and great-heartedness we expect from the genial cavalier whose twinkling eyes have called a smile to so many lips. It is a dashing, well-imagined story full of adventure and excitement, with the glow and colour in it we have learned to look for from Baroness Orczy's versatile pen. The hero, one of three Dutch philosophers, is known by the name of Diogenes, a big, gallant, genial man, with a witty tongue and a very admirable courage. He meets good and ill-luck with the same cheery optimism, and even death itself cannot scare him or silence the jests on his tongue. The plot is ingenious, and full of incident, and it goes without saying that it makes a thoroughly good story, and one that is every way worthy of the author of the immortal "Scarlet Pimpernel."

The Bookman's Table.

RUDYARD KIPLING. By G. Thurston Hopkins. 2s. 6d. net. (Digby, Long.)

The author himself, no doubt, would not claim his book to be an elaborate critical study of Mr. Kipling's literary achievement. It is just a snap-book of impressions, interspersed with descriptions of Mr. Kipling's attitude, table-talk, personality and so forth. A number of pages are devoted to miscellaneous notes, references and a partial bibliography. The book is, in fact, a rather hasty and haphazard sketch, not of Kipling, but of what we may call Kiplingiana. The author, in fact, hardly approaches his subject from the æsthetic point of view. He writes simply as an average man who likes the "message" and aroma of Mr. Kipling, and so throws out some occasional reflections about him. Assuming the validity of this attitude, he makes a mistake, we think, in concluding that the critics who quarrel with Mr. Kipling's verse, are actuated by political, rather than artistic motives. It is true, no doubt, that people of anti-Imperialist temper dislike the tone of Mr. Kipling's patriotic poems; but it is emphatically untrue that there do not exist observers who regard



Rudyard Kipling.

A caricature by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.
From "Rudyard Kipling," by R. Thurston Hopkins (Digby, Long).

his accomplishment as a fault, regarded solely from the angle of literature. The substantial charge against Mr. Kipling's verse is, of course, its opportunist character. He writes active and not meditative verse, because his inspiration is directed towards immediate and not ultimate issues. Much of his verse is ephemeral, for the simple reason that it is based on ephemeral things and not on the universal laws of beauty. But his short stories, which Mr. Hopkins might have discussed more amply and consecutively, are in a very different category. A few of them, in their intimate knowledge of the canons and exigencies of perhaps the most intricate and difficult of all the arts forms, are the very best that our literature has produced. That is not, perhaps, saying so much as might be, if our Kipling were a Frenchman. He is not so good as Maupassant, but then, Maupassant, if he were living to-day, would be the best short-story writer in the world.

THE VOICE OF PEACE. By Gilbert Thomas. 2s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is Mr. Gilbert Thomas's third volume of poems, and it has all the qualities that gave charm and distinction to the earlier two. They are not qualities of showiness or loudness; he does not try to startle you by disguising trite thoughts in eccentric metres or affectations of extravagant phrase; he does not aim at loud or gaudy effects by choosing themes that are squalid, sensational or bizarre. He gives his thought the simplest possible expression and the unpretentious beauty, the human tenderness, the grace and natural harmony of his verses are as far removed from the self-conscious vapourings and posturings of some of our noisy, much-vaunted little latter day bards as the delicate music of a violin is from the insistent rattle of the triangle and the drum. Mr. Thomas walks in the ways of common men and finds his inspiration by the roadside. He passes a pavement

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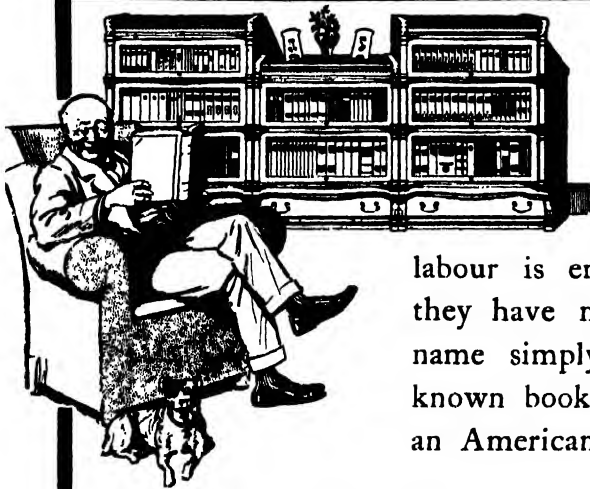
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artist in the city and glancing down on his crude sketches sees beyond their crudity :

" Art ? We talk of art, and the proud may gaze in pity
On his landscapes. Ah, the critic's eye that chills !
But I came upon him suddenly amid the dusty city,
And he lifted up mine eyes to the hills."

Beauty for him is a homely spirit sanctified by dear associations ; the loveliness of the world is lovelier because of these, and his best music always chimes with the beating of human hearts. There is this music in the simple tale of " The Storm," the longest poem in the book ; it is in the wistful lines " To my Sister," in " The Pilgrim," in the charming dedicatory verses to Arthur Waugh. Except for " The Futurist," which strikes a jarring note of satire, this is a little book of soft colours, of restful tones, of high and gracious moods ; it is individual and sincere—its poetry is the real thing.

HAMMER AND FILE. By a Son of the Workshop. 1s. net.
(Jarrold & Sons.)

One does not expect great things from a modern workshop, and in " Hammer and File " there are no surprisingly great poems. But if not great there are some good verses which have a virile swing and roar, the best being " The Street and the Beach." This is a really vigorous piece of writing and shows clearly what few people who have had no intercourse with the masses seem capable of understanding ; namely, that the brutal bully of a drunken brawl may be a hero of the finest calibre when faced with danger of any description. The poem opens with a scene of a crowd of brutes engaged in kicking a solitary policeman. In the midst of this piece of pleasantry, a posse of police appears and, at the same instant, a signal gun roars—a ship is on the rocks.

" Men for a moment at foemen glared,"

and then all sped to the lifeboats.

" Creeping down where the ocean threw
Mountains of foam o'er a breaking bow,
Fighting with death for a dying crew
Hiding under a cloud of snow."

But these brutes of a few moments ago went and snatched the wrecked mariners from the clutch of the sea :

" And side by side in the tempest gloom,
Sailors and scalawags proudly bear
All they have saved, to the waiting home,
And pass unnoticed, to slumber where
Ever the gods of the good world frown,
But the God of the Nations in smiles looks down."

ABU'L ALA, THE SYRIAN. By Henry Baerlein. 2s. net.
(John Murray.)

A few years ago Mr. Baerlein translated for Mr. Murray's " Wisdom of the East " series, " The Diwan of Abu'l Ala "—a collection of a hundred and nine quatrains, a string of pearls that challenged comparison with the Rubáiyát of Omar, and came through the ordeal triumphantly. The charm and oriental beauty, the grotesque humour and imperturbable philosophy of those stanzas awoke an interest in their author, the Syrian poet who has been dead for eight hundred and fifty years, and now, in another " Wisdom of the East " volume, Mr. Baerlein relates the story of Abu'l Ala's life—the quiet story of a man so studious, modest, so retiring that his son said of him that even " on the Day of Judgment he would make an effort to avoid the crush." Something of his everyday sayings, something of his attitude towards the eternal problems of existence Mr. Baerlein has woven deftly into this very adequate and interesting record of the poet-philosopher's uneventful career. He supplements the biography with translations of further selections from Abu'l Ala, and from other Arabian singers. Some of these are very trivial things, but a few stanzas of Abu'l Ala's own are worth a place in the earlier book, of which this is the complement.

THE GIRL WHO FOUND THE BLUE BIRD. By
Madame Maurice Maeterlinck. (Georgette Leblanc.) 5s.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Most of us, nowadays, have heard of Helen Keller, the marvellous American girl who, though deaf, dumb and blind, is able to communicate with the outside world by her writings as well as by her wonderful sense of touch, and some other sense or understanding which the normal individual does not possess and can scarcely comprehend. Madame Maeterlinck's book tells of visits she has paid to Helen Keller's beautiful home at Wrentham ; of " conversations " with her, and gives an intimate study of the character of this girl, who has grown up in silence and darkness and complete solitude. Nobody could have written more tenderly, more vividly, or with a finer sympathy than Madame Maeterlinck has done ; she has crossed the gulf dividing Helen from the world we live in and with wonderful intuition divined the workings of the so strangely isolated mind. The beauty of Helen's language—spoken sometimes in a far-away voice, and sometimes communicated by touch of the hand—is proof of the genuine poetic feeling that pervades her peaceful, happy life : " I wish you knew," she says, " how prettily children spell into one's hand. They are the little blossoms of humanity, and their tiny fingers are, as it were, the wild flowers of conversation. . . . It is delicious to feel one's palm tickled by a baby's silky laughter." The book is illustrated profusely with excellent photographs, and is written in a sparkling, sensitive, very attractive style, that makes delightful reading. One can complain of nothing but its brevity !

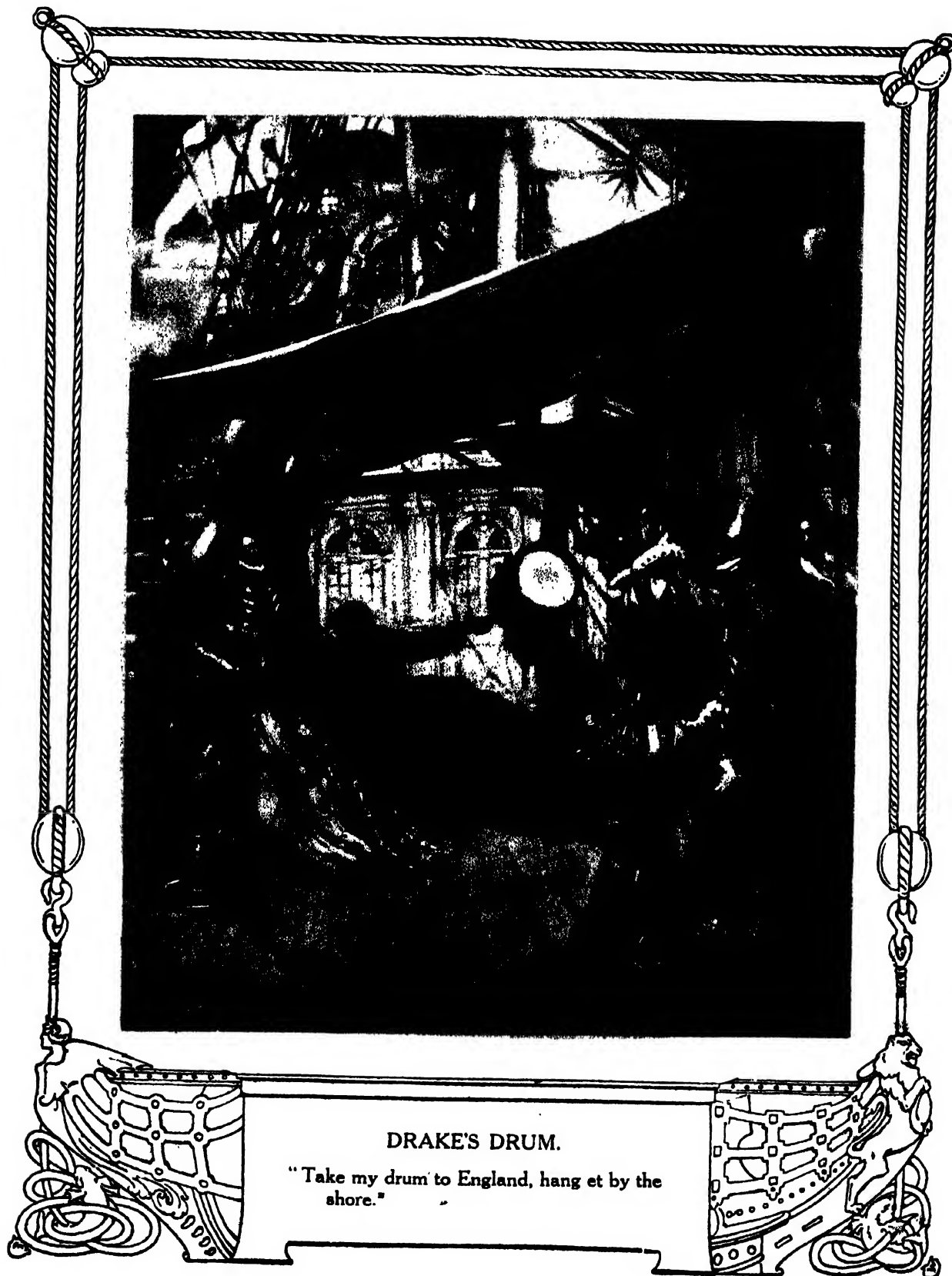
Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & CO.

A novel centred round the Salvation Army in these later days of its history is something new, and for those who are not Salvationists, as well as those who are, Miss Muriel Clark's *Sister Jefferies* (1s. net) is a distinctly interesting story. It tells how Margaret Jefferies, at a critical time in her life, is " called " to the Salvation Army, abandons love and the prospect of a happy married life, and, despite the pleadings of her heart-broken lover, keeps firmly to the path she has chosen. Dedicating her whole life to the " Army," willing to sacrifice anything to what she considers is her duty to God, she dons the uniform and becoming a sister enters thoroughly into the strenuous work ; going among the slums of London ; visiting prisons and public-houses, and finding a very different happiness to the one to which she had lately looked forward. Miss Clark, who is herself an active Salvationist, gives intimate details of the work of an Army sister, and her book cannot leave its readers indifferent. Even those who maintain that the heroine is somewhat narrow-minded, and perhaps even selfish to her principles, will have to realise the splendid work of the " Army " and the sincerity of its advocates. By no means full of religious preaching, it is an entertaining novel, as well as a novel with a purpose—one that will explain the inner life of a great movement to those who have only looked on from the outside, and being outsiders have not, perhaps, understood or been quite in sympathy with it. Both for its high teaching and the vivid interest of its romance, this is a book to be read.

MESSRS. HEATH, CRANTON & OUSELEY.

Cinderella's Sisters, by Florence Scannell (6s.) is a delightful story of childhood and girlhood. A sweet little maiden, suddenly orphaned, is brought from India to her aunt in London by a young officer on sick leave. A passionate friendship springs up between the man and the child and her two little cousins, Philippa and Janet, who are neglected by a careless, society mother, and who in their brief acquaintance with " Jimmy " grow to adore him. Although they do not see him or hear from him for many years, this feeling lingers—with Philippa, at least ; so that when she meets him again a long while after she is shocked and not a little dismayed to find he is engaged to be married. The story, chiefly centred around the three girls and Jimmy, is told in an interesting, easy style, and the characters are skilfully portrayed, while Miss Edith Scannell's delicately tinted illustrations lend the book an added charm. The complicated love affairs are worked out cleverly and sympathetically, and the whole novel is full of the happiest spirit of youth.

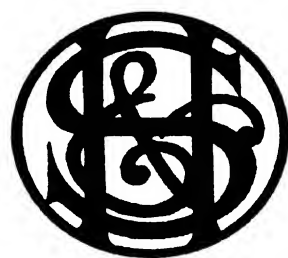


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ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.	HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.
FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.	CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

No. 279. Vol. XLVII.

DECEMBER, 1914.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.
SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"Princess Mary's Gift Book," one of the most interesting of the season's gift-books, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It contains a frontispiece portrait of Princess Mary painted by J. J. Shannon, R.A., and stories, poems, paintings and drawings by many of the most famous of living authors and artists. All profits from the sale will be given to the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund.

We publish in this Number a very interesting reproduction of what is reputed to be a portrait of Charles Lamb painted by Raeburn, the original of which is now the property of Mr. F. H. Clarke. It is unsigned, but Mr. Clarke, who has expert knowledge in such matters, is confident that the work is Raeburn's, and that the portrait is of Lamb. The list of the artist's paintings in Greig's "Life and Works of Raeburn," includes the item: "Lamb, Charles (?) æt. 30. 28 in. by 24 in. Marquand sale, New York, January 23rd, 1903. Laurie"; and Mr. E. V. Lucas says in his "Life of Lamb": "In America, I should add, are two putative portraits of Lamb, one by George Dance, and one by Henry Raeburn. . . . Raeburn's portrait I have not seen."

Mr. F. H. Clarke has been all his life an art student and collector; his grandfather, who has a place in the Dictionary of National Biography, was the late James Clarke, the antiquary, of Easton, Suffolk. He gives the following account of how the portrait came into his possession: "Just recently I had the rare good fortune to find myself *tête-à-tête* with a pictured gentleman who sat in a secluded corner of an old dwelling that was well filled with antique furniture, books and pictures. It was exactly the sort of sanctuary in which one might have expected to run across him in the flesh, some decades back, rummaging for old folios and prints. At the sight of him my heart beat faster, and as I recalled his suggestion 'If Shakespeare entered we should all rise,' I bared my head, so to speak, to the immortal memory of Charles Lamb, and to that portrait of him painted by Sir Henry Raeburn. Yes, through dirt and varnish, varnish and grime by superimposition at many a spring cleaning, the gentle visage peered out upon me with charming

good humour and acute sensibility written clearly in its lines. The very lips, large and whimsical, seemed in the act of stammering out a pun. By the merest lucky accident I had come across it, and I lost no time in making it my own. A life-long study of pictures, a predilection of mine from childhood, and one in which I am helped by what I take to be a certain gift of intuition, enabled me to identify it and ascribe it to the artist, whose characteristic touch I could not mistake; and I have given myself the pleasure of restoring it in a manner which leaves the original mellowing varnish quite undisturbed." There is a marked resemblance to the Raeburn



Photo by Miss Compton Collier.

J. Byam Shaw,

the well-known artist who has illustrated "The Garden of Kama," by Laurence Hope (Helneimann). He also illustrates the Queen's Gift Book



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Frederick Watson,whose new book, "Muckle John" (A. & C. Black), is reviewed
in this Number.

portrait in the well-known later portrait of Lamb by Cary, and in the very scarce engraved portrait of him by F. Croll. Raeburn was in London when Lamb was aged twenty; again when he was about thirty-five; and for a third time when he was forty. The portrait was probably painted during one of these two last visits—in 1810 or 1815.

Two new books that Messrs. Arrowsmith are publishing immediately are a new novel by William Patrick Kelly, "The House at Norwood"; and "Hands of Healing," by Theodora Flower Mills, an idyll which was written before the author had read any of the other garden stories which have been published, and those parts of it which deal with outdoor life were suggested entirely by her own experiences. It will be illustrated in colour from paintings by the author.

Mr. Saint Nihal Singh, whose two new books, "India's Fighters" and "The King's Indian Allies," Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing, is one of the ablest and most successful of Indian authors and journalists. Some years ago Mr. W. T. Stead foretold a brilliant future for him, and his contributions to literature and journalism in these latter years have fully justified that pronouncement.

"Poems of Peace and War," a timely volume of verse by Miss S. Gertrude Ford, will be published this month by Mr. Erskine Macdonald. Part of the proceeds from the sale of the book will be devoted to the Red Cross Fund.

Messrs. Bell have published fourteen new volumes in their admirable shilling reissue of the famous Bohn's Library series, including selections from the Letters of Horace Walpole; Plutarch's Lives; Coleridge's "Notes on Shakespeare"; Lessing's "Laokoon"; Lucretius; "Roderick Random," and Fielding's "Amelia," each in two volumes; Hauff's Tales; Hawthorne's "Transformation"; Irving's "Bracebridge Hall"; Schopenhauer's Essays; and two more volumes of Lane's version of "The Arabian Nights."

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately, for *The Daily Telegraph* (in conjunction with *The Daily Sketch* and *The Glasgow Herald*), "King Albert's Book"—a publication of exceptional dignity and importance, issued on behalf of the Belgian Relief Fund. The book has had its origin in a widespread desire among leaders of thought and action throughout all the civilised countries of Europe, those of our enemies of course excepted, to offer a tribute of admiration to Belgium and invoke the world's sympathy and help for that gallant little nation. The outcome of this desire is that "King Albert's Book" contains, perhaps, more illustrious names than were ever before brought together within the covers of a single volume. Statesmen (beginning with the Prime Minister and the French President), ecclesiastics, scholars, soldiers,



Photo by Lena Connell.

St. John G. Ervine,

whose plays have been produced at the Abbey Theatre Dublin, and in America. He has just published his first novel, "Mrs. Martin's Man" (Maunsel).



*From the newly discovered portrait by Sir Henry
Raeburn. In the possession of Mr. F. H.
Clarke. (All rights reserved.)*

**CHARLES LAMB.
AGED ABOUT 40.**

sailors, preachers, teachers, authors, artists and composers of nearly all the great nations of the world have contributed to its pages. It is a handsome quarto volume, containing a signed photo-gravure portrait of King Albert, many plates in colour and others in black and white.

There is no sign of falling off in the number of new books directly or indirectly concerned with the War. Among the many that reached us during last month are :

"First from the Front." By Harold Ashton, the *Daily News* War Correspondent. 2s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

"And They went to War," a notable little book



Photo by
E. O. Hoppé.

Madame Maurice Maeterlinck
(Georgette Le Blanc).

"The Girl who found the Blue Bird," by Madame Maeterlinck, was reviewed in last month's *BOOKMAN*; in this Number we review "The Choice of Life" (Methuen), Madame Maeterlinck's first novel.

of poems, by J. A. Nicklin. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"The German Spy System from Within." By an Ex-Intelligence Officer. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The New War Encyclopædia and Dictionary." 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"Fighting Lines." By Harold Begbie, including the striking poems Mr. Begbie has recently contributed to the *Daily Chronicle*. 1s. net. (Constable.)

"Hacking through Belgium." By Edmund Dane. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Aircraft in War." By H. Massac Buist. 1s. net. (Methuen.)



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

W. Pett Ridge,

whose latest novel, "The Happy Recruit" (Methuen), was reviewed in last month's *BOOKMAN*.

"An Englishwoman's Adventures in the German Lines." By Gladys Lloyd. 1s. net. (Pearson.)

"Prophecies and Omens of the Great War." By Ralph Shirley. 6d. net. (Rider & Son.)



Photo by Swaine.

Arthur Edward Waite,

whose Collected Poems Messrs. Rider are publishing.

"The Story of the Huns." By Edward Gibbon. 1s. net. (Hutchinson.)

"The Nation in Arms." By Field-Marshal Baron von der Goltz. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Back from the Front," an eyewitness's narrative of the beginnings of the Great War, by Thos. A. Baggs. 1s. net. (Palmer.)

"Who is Responsible?" by Cloudesley Brereton—an admirable account of Prussian traditions and policy that have led to the present conflict, with a suggestion as to the settlement to be made for securing permanent peace. Third English edition. 7d. net. (Harrap.)

"War Poems," by Marie Van Vorst; the profits of which are to go to the Belgian Relief Fund. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

"Submarine Engineering," all about work under water, submarines, torpedoes, etc., by Sydney F. Walker, R.N. 1s. 6d. net. (Pearson.)

"Your Navy as a Fighting Machine." By Fred T. Jane. 1s. net. (Palmer.)

"War Harvest, 1914," a book of verse, by Arthur K. Sabin. 6d. (Temple Sheen Press.)

"Neutral Nations and the War." By James Bryce. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

"English-Flemish Phrase Book." Compiled by E. V. Bisschop. 6d. net. (Leopold B. Hill.)

"The Entente v. The Alliance." By James M. Beck, late Attorney-General of the U.S.A. (Putnam.)

"How Belgium Saved Europe." By Dr. Sarolea. (Heinemann.)

"The War and the World's Wheat." By Alfred Akers. 3d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"The Organisation of the Army." By Treitschke. 6d. net. (Gowans & Gray.)



E. B. de Rendon,
whose novel, "The School for Lovers,"
Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.
are publishing.

"Germany and the Germans," from an American point of view. By Price Collier. 2s. net. (Duckworth.)

"The Last of the Huns." By George Saunders. 1s. net. (Routledge.)

"The Third Great War in Relation to Modern History." By Laurie Magnus. 1s. net. (Arrowsmith.)

"The Life of Sir John French." By Harold T. B. Wheeler. 2d. (Aldine Publishing Co.)

"How the War Came About." By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. 4d. (Patriotic Publishing Co.)

"Britain's Duty To-day." By Edward Lyttleton, D.D. 4d. (Patriotic Publishing Co.)

"Motor Transports in War." By Horace Wyatt. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Though War Should Rise," by Mrs. Howard Taylor. Foreword by Rev. J. Stuart Holden. 6d. net. (Morgan & Scott.)

"Rifle Training for War," by Ernest H. Robinson. (Cassell.)

"The War in Europe," by Dr. A. Hart. (Appleton.)

"Nietzsche"—who is credited with having caused the Great War through his teachings—by J. M. Kennedy. (Werner Laurie.)

"Reminiscences of the Franco-German War of 1870." By William Jones. (Headley Bros.)

"The Soldiers' English-French Conversation Book." 7d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

The beautiful painting, on our front cover, of the Cathedral at Louvain as it was before the destruction of the city, is one of the twenty colour plates by the Dutch artist, W. L. Bruckman, which illustrate "The Glory of Belgium," a fine art colour book with letterpress by Roger Ingpen, published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.



Photo by Arnold Genthe.

S. S. McClure.

Frontispiece portrait from "My Autobiography," by S. S. McClure (Murray) which is reviewed in this Number.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MR. B. P. NEUMANN.

IT has become a commonplace of literary criticism in these days to say that the world yet awaits the novelist who shall adequately interpret the lives of that mass of ordinary people somewhat vaguely known as the middle classes. The comment is so obviously true that one wonders why anybody ever thought it worth while to make it, or having made it, did not immediately modify it by stating the equally obvious reason. The fact is of course, that neither the middle class nor any other grade of the social community can ever find its adequate interpreter, because from the point of view of art it does not exist. There is nothing to interpret; although there is plenty to describe. The novelist may, and very often does, find in social conditions and special surroundings both a *milieu* and a motive; but his essential business is with the soul of man, and all the rest is merely the setting of the play.

All this admitted, however, it is none the less true that some of the finest novels of the last twenty years have drawn upon the life of the middle class for their characters and setting, and among the young men at present engaged in making a name for themselves, by far the greater number find their inspiration among "ordinary" people moving amidst ordinary and unexciting surroundings.

One has only to recall the work of Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Gilbert Cannan, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. J. D. Beresford and Mr. Frank Swinnerton to realise what a wealth of artistic material they have discovered, and to appreciate the fact that it is by sheer intensity of vision and insight that they are enabled to uncover its charm. How far the choice of medium is due in this new school to the revolt against the romantic realism of the later years of the nineteenth century is a nice point, but unfortunately one that is outside the scope of this article; it is certain at least that along the road marked out by Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett they have already progressed very far.

. When, some two or three years ago, I made a first acquaintance with the work of Paul Neumann, I thought I had discovered another of these rising young men. The book was picked out casually from the library shelf on account of a vague Dickensian flavour about its title. "Roddles" was the name of it, and to one fresh from the reading of that incomparable book "Joseph Vance,"

and possessed of a vague craving for more of the same satisfying pabulum, it seemed to promise well. As it turned out, however, it was not in the least like "Joseph Vance," and anything further from what we are pleased to call the spirit of Dickens could hardly be imagined. I read it with at first a little irritation, for much of it, to tell the truth, was trivial, and there was a certain air of priggishness over some of the characters that made one fret. It was the story of two brothers, sons of a

jobbing tailor, who, having had no chance of life himself for the exercise of his undoubted talents and abilities, forms a plan of life for his children by means of which they shall pass from stepping-stone to stepping-stone across the stream that divides the "haves" from the "have-nots," and attain at last the pinnacles of success, symbolised in the tailor's imagination by a house in the Cromwell Road. The plan works out with miraculous regularity in every detail. Free education forms the basis of the boys' success; they win scholarship after scholarship, proceed, one to University College, and the other to Cambridge, take up respectively the professions of doctor and barrister, and the book ends when both have attained the summit of their father's ambition — both of them "top-notchers," both resident in the Cromwell

Road, one a knight and a judge; the other a famous physician and an F.R.S. Thus baldly summarised the plot of the book does not sound very attractive, and indeed as a plot it is tiresome enough; but in the hands of a capable artist the plot of a book does not matter. Almost any old thing will do. Given that intensity of vision I have mentioned before, the oldest story becomes new, the most ordinary thing becomes a miracle, and the most improbable happening, likely.

It is so with "Roddles." The character of the cockney tailor, with his shrewd and cynical outlook on life, his uncompromising hatred of sentimentality, his singleness of purpose, and capacity for self-sacrifice, covered by a half-assumed misanthropy, is one of which the greatest artist of our time need not have been ashamed. Mr. Roddles grows upon us as we read. He dominates the book, and gradually we are led to see the author's purpose in showing us every event in relation to the bitter old man. It is interesting to notice too, how little of apparent effort has gone to the making of this

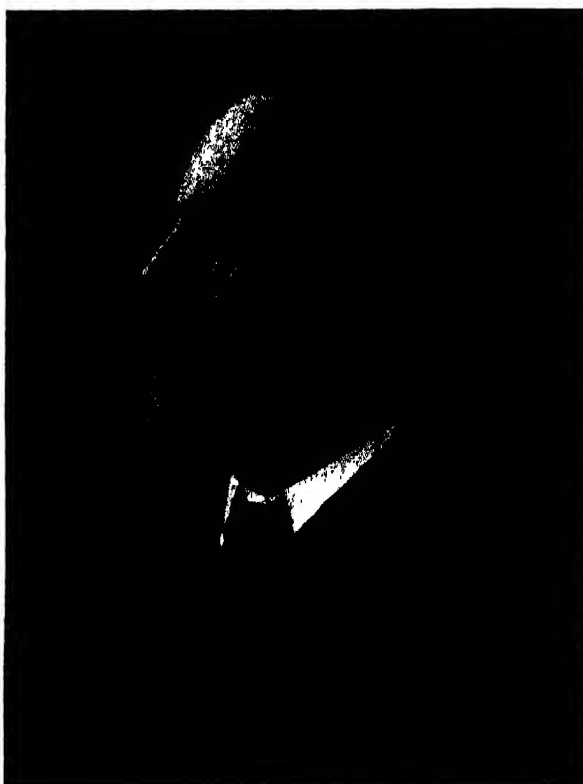


Photo by Vandyk.

B. Paul Neumann.

character. He is delineated in a few strong strokes, his various traits developed, now by a phrase, now by a reported conversation. All the condensed bitterness of his life and the anguish of many memories are epitomised in his words as he looks at an old letter that was evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness. "I don't care about 'eaven, but I'd give something if 'ell was true." And the same bitterness breaks out again in his professed philosophy of life: "Most men are rats, and almost all women are cats, and life's a great big swindle. . . . Life doesn't play fair. She's the worst thimble-rigger there is, and luck's 'er thimble, and man's the little, dry, withered pea. Three thimbles she 'as. There's luck, and there's no luck, and there's blasted luck!" Blasted luck was the species that came to Mr. Roddles all his life, and he finds a kind of gloomy satisfaction in thinking about it.

The very unequalness of this book made me perfectly sure that Mr. Paul Neumann was a young writer, and the strong impression the work left upon my mind made me eager for more. Not long afterwards I came across a reference in a well-known literary weekly to "Open Sesame," which was included in a list of the best novels of the year. I procured "Open Sesame" post-haste, and after reading that began to discover things.

First of all, Mr. Neumann is neither a new writer nor a young one. His first book, "The Interpreter's House" was published away back in the eighteen-nineties and that was written when the author was round about forty. Mr. Neumann was a contributor to the famous "Yellow Book" in which he was represented by the first part of his fine novel "The Uttermost Farthing" afterwards republished by Blackwoods. In the course of the last twenty years he has produced more than a dozen novels, and among them two or three that stand very high indeed. His real power, however, went more or less unrecognised until the publication of "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick."

In this, perhaps the most completely satisfying of Mr. Neumann's novels, we have again the picture of a man to whom worldly success and the attainment of wealth represent the sole aim in life. Clement Shorter compared this book to the "Soll und Haben" of Freytag, and indeed it has a grip and mastery which give it a real significance and value. The story, as a story, is much more interesting than Roddles, and it has a unity and a coherence which the other entirely lacks. Josiah Porlick is the type of many a successful commercial man, entirely without imagination, close-fisted, building up a fortune by absolute disregard of any interest in life but money-making, self-centred and complacent. Like many of his prototypes in real life Josiah is religious, and has a sincere belief in a personal God; a kind of super-tradesman with whom one can bargain and compromise. The parts of the book referring to Josiah's religious feelings are wonderfully done, and provide delicious reading. In one respect, however, I think the character fails. Josiah Porlick builds up a fortune of half-a-million, a very considerable achievement which requires a certain vision and imagination, whatever else may be lacking. In real life a man so petty, so narrow-minded, so futile as Porlick might perhaps have built up a flourishing suburban business, as a grocer or an ironmonger, but he could hardly have done more. But this is a small

point, and one that is more than balanced by the vividness with which every scene of the book is imagined. There is no *dénouement* in the ordinary sense of the word; the events march inevitably towards their conclusion. Josiah Porlick attains his greatness—the only greatness he is capable of comprehending; he glories in it and he dies. His life is one great tragedy of misapplied effort and misconception, but from his point of view there is no tragedy at all. The author paints in each scene with grim coldness and aloofness and produces his effect by sheer economy of means. And having done his work he makes his sole comment in the words with which the book ends: "It is a strange world, my masters, but up above the skies are blue."

This theme of worldly success in its relation to the things of life that really matter is a favourite with Mr. Neumann. One may say, indeed, that it is his only theme, for in some form or other it is the motive of at least half a dozen of his books. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the world and lose his own soul"—the message is two thousand years old, yet there was never more need to preach it than at the present time. One of the stories in "The Interpreter's House" is a beautiful little idyll called "The Forest Child." It tells of a boy who lived with his father by the banks of Asgartos (the river of life), and who was taught that the sole things in life worth striving after were knowledge and truth. The boy being grown a man goes forth into the world, shunning love and pleasure, and year by year adding to his store of learning. The winter of his life falls upon him and he is still unsatisfied, for ever before him he beholds the vision of knowledge unattained and unattainable. And at last, being very near his end, he wanders into a forest and meets a little laughing child whose name is Love. . . .

It is the fashion, I know, to speak slightly of the artist who is also a moralist; most of us when we were very young have made an aphorism or two on the subject: "In so far as a man is consciously a teacher he fails to attain the highest levels of art"—something of that sort. But if the root of the matter is in us, sooner or later we come to realise that although Art for Art's sake is a good thing enough, Art for Man's sake is better still.

And the root of the matter is certainly in Mr. Neumann. His method is not that of the preacher. He selects and records, coldly chronicling, setting his incidents one after the other and leaving the conclusion to the reader. In "Dominy's Dollars," which was written after "Josiah Porlick" and before "Roddles," we have again the story of a man who attains great wealth. For sheer power of description I can remember few scenes in fiction which impressed me more strongly than the opening chapters of this book, describing the life of a Jewish boy in the New York Ghetto, and though the rich vein is soon exhausted it is perhaps all the better for that. The episode has its place; it is faithfully recorded and then left; but in the light of the rest of the book it becomes for the reader a memory that constantly recurs, as one must suppose the memory of these early days recurred to the mind of Dominy himself.

Of "The Lone Heights" and "Simon Brandin" little need be said except that they neither of them represent Mr. Neumann at his best. "Open Sesame" is, however,

in a different class, for its method is unique among our author's work. It is a novel of character in the real sense of that very much abused term, for the story is made to march by the constant action and reaction upon each other of the various personalities with whom it is concerned. As a study of the intimate life of a group of middle-class families it invites comparison with Mr. Swinnerton's "Happy Family," surely the best novel in this kind that has been written for many a year. "Open Sesame" is, perhaps, open to the charge of being a little jerky and spasmodic. The author makes his effects by a series of almost self-complete and detached pictures, each one marvellously vivid, that pass across the screen like the scenes of a cinematograph. But the characters are real, complex beings, not mere personifications of single qualities tricked out with a dress and a name, and, what is very rare, they really develop and display themselves in the course of the story. A fine example of this is the character of Will Porteous, a youth of ponderous solemnity, whose nickname of "Bub" fits him like a glove. I do not think his appearance is ever described, but after a page or two one visualises him clearly and without effort—round-faced, with heavy features slightly overdrawn, the cheeks a thought too full, the lips a thought too thick. . . . The development of the latent power in the man, the morbid self-exaltation which leads him to a transient success as a faith-healer,

and the decline into ego-mania and general paralysis are described with a reality and vividness, that one associates rather with the greatest French art than with English. And it is all done with the minimum of comment, by the accumulation of impressions—a touch of colour here, a phrase there, a contrast or a relation. The effect is similar to that which a masterly impressionistic painter can give. Peering closely one sees crudeness and exaggeration, but step back from the canvas!

Mr. Neumann's last book "The Rise and Glory of the West-ill-Browns," was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN. His last but one, "Chignett Street," published in the spring, is a study of that particular kind of boy who attends the London elementary school, and who up to the present has received rather less attention in literature than many an obscure African tribe. In essence he is the same kind of boy as attends Eton or Harrow: he plays "kick-can" instead of fives, and keeps "weeny" instead of "cave," and works off his animal spirits in an asphalt playground instead of in green fields shaded by stately elms; but the difference is no deeper than that. Mr. Neumann describes the boys and the teachers and the schools with absolute fidelity, and if he fails somewhat to render the exuberance of boyhood's vitality the fault is, perhaps, due to his very carefulness and accuracy of observation. One cannot do everything.

C. SEDDON EVANS

EDITH HOWES.

THE Dominion of New Zealand enjoys a world-wide reputation as a paradise for the worker; it can also claim to be one of the fairylands of the Empire, since it boasts scenery of a splendour and grandeur unequalled in any other part of the globe. Also the thermal districts in the North island present the weirdest spectacles, providing a series of remarkable "thrills" to the unwary. It was only to be expected that amid so unusual an environment genius would presently come to light, and that this genius would find expression along literary bypaths. Edith Howes may be regarded as one of the pioneers in this regard; she is destined to become as famous as Selma Lagerlof or Lewis Carroll, to cite two authors with whom she has much in common. Although born in the Homeland, Edith Howes was of such tender years when first she crossed the ocean that she can fairly claim to be a true daughter of Maoriland. Cursorily considered, there is little in her life story to arrest attention, and yet, precisely because it is a life story, it has many points of interest. She early accepted the vocation of a public-school teacher because she conceived the idea that her mission and purpose in life was to teach and train and mould the characters of the children around her. In New Zealand the compound "public-school" summons up no memories of Eton or Harrow, Rugby or Winchester—it is simply the State or National school where free education is provided for children of all

classes, and where the sons and daughters of professional men sit side by side on the benches with the children of the working man. It is an institution where money or position counts but little, it is the highway to the High School and the University for all who have the intelligence and ability to pass the necessary examinations and secure the essential scholarships. Long before she was out of her teens, Edith Howes was a servant in the employ of the Government Education Department, her speciality being the infant classes. As the result of experience gained in trying to lay hold of the minds and hearts of these little children, Edith Howes became one of the early exponents of a rational nature study that would enable the children to absorb and become familiar with the mysterious and wonderful processes of evolu-

tion—not from books but from the fountain head of Nature herself. Allied to a faculty of observing closely she had studied elementary biology, and in addition was great "chums" with a brother who was a born naturalist with a special leaning towards entomology. With the idea first of all of interesting her own infant classes, and to open their eyes to the fairyland all around them, Edith Howes studied closely, and then made into fairy stories the life histories of many of the plants, flowers, and insects familiar to all little children. These stories speedily became popular, and other teachers hearing of their success begged for permission to use them, and



Photo by Mors Studio Gore.

Edith Howes.

typewritten copies began to be circulated from hand to hand. The fame of the nature studies so cleverly disguised as fairy stories came to the ear of the editor of the New Zealand School Journal, and he asked Edith Howes to contribute a series of them for publication. Noticing the universal approbation with which they were received, Edith Howes began to think that she might secure an even wider public. She collected all that had appeared in print, wrote a number of fresh stories, copied them all on her typewriter, selected at random a London publisher, and sent the precious manuscript over the seas. Three months elapsed and back came the parcel "declined with thanks"; and for a period of several years that parcel travelled backwards and forwards from New Zealand to London, and from London to New Zealand. Certainly there were some publishing firms who recognised the merit of the stories, but they were "out of their line," the writer was "unknown," they did not "care to venture." At length when the humour of the process was beginning to pall and the bill for postage had mounted up to a considerable sum, there was found a publisher who made the author a "sporting offer," and in despair of getting her work before the public in any other way that offer was accepted, and "Sun Babies" saw the light. An advance copy of the book was brought under the notice of Dr. W. B. Benham, Professor of Biology at the Otago University, and a recognised authority in all English speaking countries on earth-worms and kindred subjects. The Professor was fascinated with the literary charm of the book, and in addition he publicly certified to its exact scientific accuracy. As the outcome of such certificate, Edith Howes was constituted a honorary member of the New Zealand Institute. Favourably reviewed in the New Zealand newspapers, "Sun Babies" had a record sale throughout the Dominion, and to-day there are multitudes of the boys and girls of New Zealand who know most of the stories off by heart.

Encouraged by the success of their venture the publishers solicited a second book. Edith Howes fished out from the back of a drawer, where it had long lain covered with dust, the manuscript of an earlier effort. This book, which was subsequently published under the title of "Fairy Rings," told how two delightful children, named Win and Twin, brought the fairies all the way from Ireland, over the seas in a fairy ship, and established them safely in the Maoriland bush. It represented an attempt at protest against that insidious form of materialistic education which would stunt and dwarf the beautiful imagination of a child by excluding from its reading fairy stories under the excuse that they "were not true." "Fairy Rings" constitutes a fine satire on all such materialistic methods, and in the story Edith Howes gives full play to a fine poetic instinct allied to a magnificent imagination. Many of the rhymes in this book will rank in the same children's garland that includes the wonderful nonsense of the "Alice" books.

"Fairy Rings" was received by the children of New Zealand with equal favour, and by this time the fame of the two books had spread to Australia. The education authorities of the Commonwealth, quick to recognise so valuable an aid to the teaching of the young, incorporated the stories amongst the recognised text books of the Education Department.

Edith Howes' third book, "Rainbow Children," followed the same lines as "Sun Babies," and with her widened experience and extended knowledge she was able to publish a volume of nature studies the value and charm of which cannot be over-estimated, and again its circulation among the limited populations of Australia and New Zealand was most gratifying. Her fourth volume, which recreated the Maori myths and traditions immortalised by Sir George Grey, and gave them to the children under title "Maori Land Fairy Tales," has from the point of view of circulation excelled all her previous work.

Edith Howes' life story forms a distinct contradiction to the old saw that a prophet has no honour in his own country, since it is in her own land of New Zealand, and in the neighbouring continent of Australia that her readers are mainly to be found. Comparatively few copies of her books have found their way into the homes of England or America, but wherever found they have always been appreciated. Her publishers when asked to explain the small circulation of these beautiful fairy books in England fell back upon two explanations, neither of which seems quite satisfactory—the one that fairy stories are out of fashion, English children no longer read them, the other that Edith Howes deals with New Zealand flora and fauna and consequently her nature study does not appeal in the Homeland. Private experiment, however, proves both these explanations fallacious, for in several instances families of children in different part of England were entranced by these charming stories in exactly the same way as our New Zealand children are.

The future holds big things for Edith Howes, for all the time she can spare from her teaching is devoted to gathering fresh material for new stories. And she is no second-hand gatherer of facts. She spent a recent holiday at one of the beautifully secluded sea-side resorts in which the coast of New Zealand abounds. Every day, wet or fine, would find her wading in the rock-pools or rowing in a boat to some almost inaccessible spot, observing the habits of the sea creatures and securing specimens for the aquarium which she had established on the balcony of the house where she was staying. Or camera in hand she was engaged in collecting material for illustrating some of the many books which she has in project. Indefatigable and hard-working to a degree, sparing no pains to get at the exact truth about everything, she works incessantly with one idea, to open the eyes of the children to all the wonders and beauties of Nature displayed on every hand, in short to gain for them an entrance into that fairy land in which she herself so happily dwells.

Edith Howes lives continually in the hope that one day she may be justified in devoting all her time to her books, but so far the support accorded her by the British public will not permit her to follow that course. But the time will come when English and American parents in search of the best books to give to their children will discover Edith Howes. She is well worth discovering, for she believes in the part that women are called upon to play in this world, and she is doing her best to show the way.

THE READER.

BARRIE BENIGNUS.*

By DIXON SCOTT.

THE more melancholy the Christmas, the greater need for mirth; and it is beautifully characteristic of our Barrie, gentlest-hearted genius since Lamb, that he should have chosen just this Yule, of all Yules, to double his annual bequest and play the part of Santa Claus twice over. More even than that, indeed. He has *quintupled* his usual gift. For though "Half-Hours" sounds humble, it contains four complete, perfect plays—two at least of them masterpieces, and one ("The Twelve-Pound Look") publicly backed by no less a man than Granville Barker against "any other one-act comedy in existence." In *existence*, mind you—not merely in England. "I wonder," he once wrote, "how many of the people who laugh consumedly at 'The Twelve-Pound Look' know really how good a play it is. I think I am prepared to back it against any other one-act comedy that exists; and I know a few first-class ones, mostly not, I am sorry to say, in the English language. Apart from its technical excellence, that not a word is wasted (though there are, to be candid, just a couple or so of speeches I would take out to pronounce it flawless †), and the marvellous ease with which every effect is made, the temper of the thing is so fine. People prate for and against there being no moral purpose in art. Can any woman of spirit walk out of the theatre after seeing the 'Twelve-Pound Look' without feeling an inch taller? If that's not a high artistic achievement, I don't know what is." The author of "The Twelve-Pound Look," in short, is the boy who makes women grow up. The play may be marked Half-an-hour, but it adds years to your life.

* "The Admirable Crichton." By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated in Colour by Hugh Thomson. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

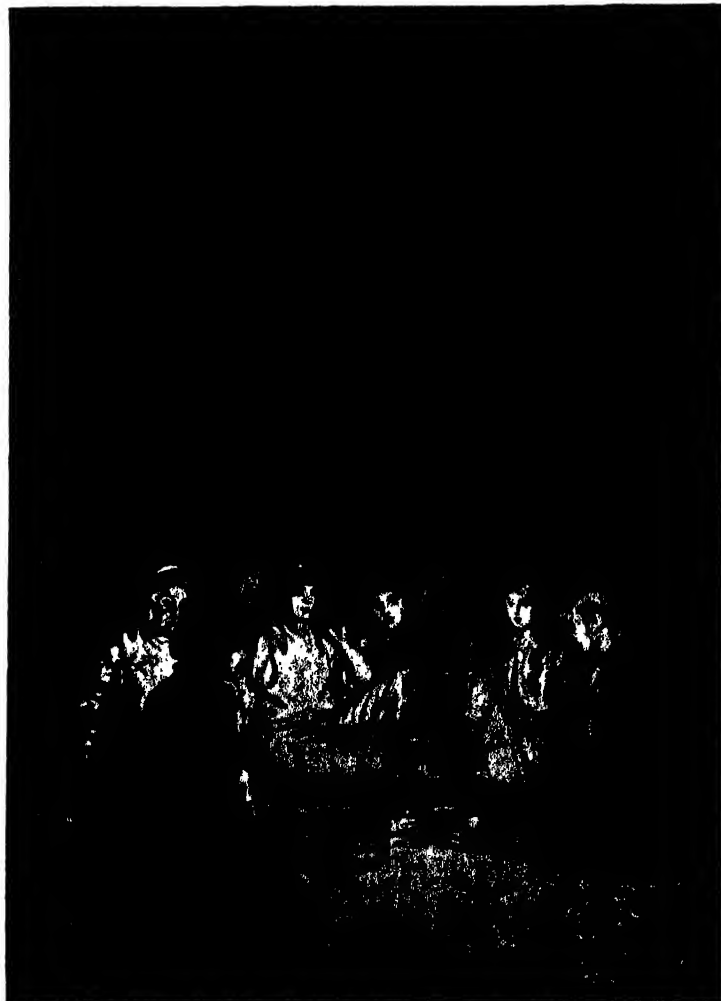
"Half Hours." By J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† These must have been taken out, and the wounds healed by magic. There certainly isn't a trace of them now. I defy Mr. Barker, with all his skill as a surgeon, to remove even a bracket without breaking the skin and drawing blood.—D.S.

And it is small just because it is powerfully concentrated, triple extract of a play three times its size. It occupies no more room in these pages than a sachet of lavender or a paper-knife left lying among the leaves; tucked into the toe of a stocking, concertina'd up small, you scarcely would know it was there. But take it out, and it expands with the plop of an opera-hat, like one of those Chinese tricks that swell insanelly in water. Only in this case all that is needed is air. It works like a wild conjuring-trick, thrusting out wings, porches, properties, until Christmas-day itself seems just a toy twinkling in one of its corners, whilst assorted New Years wander and camp in its corridors, waiting for you to select the one you like best.

And that telescopic quality is true of all five. They are illimitably elastic. And this is not only because of that cute economy of craftsmanship which Mr. Barker rightly admires—an economy often as great as even Kipling's at his best. Something additional has been done to them all, in readiness for Christmas morning—something which not even Mr. Granville Barker, but only a privileged reviewer or two, has yet been allowed to see. For the great fact about the five, as they appear

in these two volumes is that they are not (like most printed plays) mere styptic reproductions of the astringent verbal skeletons of direction and dialogue which the author handed over to the wizards of the theatre to be fleshed. They are not substitutes for the acted plays; they are sublimations, super-sessions; they bear the same relation to the acted play as the acted play did to the author's "copy"—they carry the stage-performance one completing stage further. Chief among Barrie's powers as a dramatist there always has been, it is true, a rare gift for writing his plays with more than words. He uses an alphabet of limbs and letters intermixed—"Pantaloons," for example, contains five principal



One by one they steal nearer to the pot until they are squatted around it, with their hands out to the blaze.

Reproduced from one of the paintings by Hugh Thomson which illustrate "The Admirable Crichton," by J. M. Barrie (Hodder & Stoughton).

characters of which only two use any words at all; it must have been not so much written as depicted. But this last "state" of Pantaloon is fuller far than that first draft could have been of the mute elements that enfold the dialogue with life. All that the players and producers imported, all the "business" and the bloom, the glamour and reality that their arts and presence bestowed; and all the enrichments of limelight and scenery, and even the thrilling atmosphere of the theatre itself, the powerful influence contributed by you and me in the auditorium, has here somehow or other been reproduced, absorbed into the sympathetic ink and deftly communicated by all manner of touches that steal to and fro in italics. It is the entire actual performance, not its literary embryo, that is cunningly packed up so small here. Nay, we even get things the clumsier theatre had to miss out—shades of emotion so frail that they would inevitably have been frizzled had they tried to get through the footlights—scenes it would take a stage revolving like a mad tee-to-tum to set before us with proportionate swiftness. Honestly, now—did anything, or could anything, in the actual performance of Pantaloon, give you quite as much, and as perfect a pleasure as the way it ripples open here?

When the curtain rises we see COLUMBINE alone in the little house, very happy and gay, for she has no notion that her tragic hour is about to strike. She is dressed precisely as we may have seen her on the stage. It is the pink skirt, the white one being usually kept for Sunday, which is also washing-day; and we almost wish this had been Sunday, just to show COLUMBINE in white at the tub, washing the pink without letting a single soap-sud pop on to the white. She is toasting bread rhythmically by the fire, and hides the toasting-fork as the policeman passes suspiciously outside. Presently she is in a whirl of emotion because she has heard Harlequin's knock. She rushes to the window and hides (they were always hiding), she blows kisses, and in her excitement she is everywhere and nowhere at once, like a kitten that leaps at nothing and stops half-way. She has the short quick steps of a bird on a lawn. Long before we have time to describe her movements she has bobbed out of sight beneath the table to await HARLEQUIN funnily, for we must never forget that they are a funny family. With a whirl of his wand that is itself a dance HARLEQUIN makes the door fly open. He enters, says the stage direction, but what it means is that somehow he is now in the room. He probably knows that COLUMBINE is beneath the table, as she hides so often and there are so few places in the room to hide in, but he searches for her elsewhere, even in a jug, to her extreme mirth, for, of course, she is peeping at him. He taps the wicker basket with his wand and the lid flies open. Still no COLUMBINE! He sits dejectedly on a chair by the table, with one foot toward the spot where we last saw her head. This is irresistible. She kisses the foot. She is out from beneath the table now, and he is pursuing her round the room. They are as wayward as leaves in a gale. The cunning fellow pretends he does not want her, and now it is she who is pursuing him. There is something entrancing in his hand. It is a ring. It is the engagement ring at last! She falls, she blushes, but she snatches at the ring. He tantalises her, holding it beyond her reach, but soon she has pulled down his hand, and the ring is on her finger. They are dancing ecstatically when PANTALON comes in, and has to drop his stick because she leaps into his arms. If she were not so flurried she would see that the aged man has brought excitement with him also.

Nobody in the audience knew of that Sunday skirt. Nobody in the pit could see that engagement-ring. None of us guessed, until he spoke, that Pantaloon was specially excited. And as for the dance itself,

there are only two people in the world who could do it as it is done by those words; and Nijinski and Genée have never danced together yet. And when, in "The Admirable Crichton," the aid of an actual illustrator is accepted too, who shall measure then the prerogatives of the reader over the mere play-goer? For the illustrator is Mr. Hugh Thomson, whom I once called a Scotsman (it was last Christmas, when we were strolling down Quality Street), and he has here taken the opportunity of putting himself right with the world by rollicking like the irrepressible Irishman he actually is. He does things no straight-laced Scotsman would ever permit himself, flouting barriers which even Sir James himself is sadly obliged by his northern conscience to observe. "*The exterior of the cottage is probably picturesque, with a thatched roof,*" speculates the author wistfully in "Rosalind," "*but we shall never know for certain, it being against the rules of the game to step outside and look.*" Such rules, such prim Barrie-cades, Mr. Thomson, very properly, simply spears with his pen and tosses over the moon. He does all the things that the author wanted to do, but couldn't. He sends his art roaming and rippling up hidden reaches of incident, flushing all the adventures that Barrie had to leave unexplored. He gives us, for example (on page 112) the most glorious view of Lord Loam's reported encounter "off" with the ill-read monkeys who failed to return nuts for stones, as all monkeys in stories are supposed to do. "I always understood," complained his lordship, "that if you flung stones at them they would retaliate by flinging cocoa-nuts at you. Would you believe it, I flung a hundred stones, and not one monkey had sufficient intelligence to grasp my meaning. How I longed for Crichton." And how we longed to have seen him at it. Yet it seems to have been even funnier than we supposed. For the purple antics of the old gentleman in the immemorial forest we were perhaps prepared; but the huddled embarrassment of the monkeys, the pharisaical attempt of some of them to assume a lofty indifference and pretend that the improper phenomenon is not there, the deepening consciousness of others that they are not doing the correct thing, were elements of the scene we had not grasped. And Mr. Thomson keeps opening up these vistas, approaching the play, so to say, from behind, knocking down the back-cloth and showing us, to our joy, that a genuine world does stretch away behind, and not a disillusioning hinterland of pulleys. He pierces time, too, as well as space, as on page 48, perhaps the happiest disclosure in the book. Crichton is making his great speech:

"My lady, I am the son of a butler and a lady's-maid—perhaps the happiest of all combinations—and to me the most beautiful thing in the world is a haughty, aristocratic English house, with everyone kept in his place. Though I were equal to your ladyship, where would be the pleasure to me? It would be counterbalanced by the pain of feeling that Thomas and John were equal to me."

As though the opening phrase had touched a spring, a door flies back in the scene, and there, with Shakespearean suddenness, even while he suavely speaks, we behold the great man at the age of one, toddling adorably between the happy combination. The enrichment of realism is inestimable. We are in the presence of historic personages. Water-colours have done what



*A reproduction of the painting by J. J. Shannon, R.A.,
reproduced in full colour in "Princess Mary's Gift Book."
Published by Hodder & Stoughton for the Queen's "Work
for Women" Fund.*

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.
A Frontispiece for "Princess Mary's Gift Book "

grease-paint never could. There are twenty-one of these revelations, besides countless curly tail-pieces, and the decorated title-page with the poignant juxtaposition of the two Crichtons, the baggy-kneed one with the salver and the hefty one with the axe, is precisely the sort of thing that drop-scenes always would be in theatres if only theatres were ordered as they would be (and will be) in the world which Barrie has sought for so wistfully, and so far in vain, among the appearances that others call reality.

* * * * *

For that, finally (to cut a little deeper), is the quality that makes all these plays so really beautiful, so humanly appealing and compelling. They are all based on a belief in a charmed world beneath this selfish one, much as the Never-Never Land of deathless childishness and sensible fun lay beneath the grisly wood of wolves and pirates. Some astonishment has been expressed that Sir James should have been chosen to plead the cause of the Allies in America; yet it may be doubted whether, among our reigning writers, there is any who has sought so earnestly for things pure and lovely and of good report, or who has such an anguished horror of greed and treachery and inhumanity. The war must have been even more a nightmare to him than it has been to the rest of us. All his life (one speaks of course of his life as an artist, the life to which all the rest is merely fringe) he has hunted hungrily for the world he dreamed of as a boy, the world of radiance and romance, where beauty and nobility stoop to welcome aspiration with a smile. He thought to find it in London, like so many wistful Scots; and strove for a time to make the metropolis fit his idyllic art. The result was the trixy distortions that we know. Grizel smiled a crooked smile and Tommy hanged himself quaintly; London simply turned

into a phantasmagoria of cruel giants and pitiable dwarfs when looked at through the simple old-fashioned panes of the window in Thrums. There was only one thing they seemed to suit, and that was the wee folk who were already dwarfish, the little people who play in Kensington Gardens. That discovery gave him his middle masterpiece, the happiest of his books, and some serenity and trustfulness returned to him. He began to think kindlier of the ugly giants since their children were so nice; he couldn't quite fear a world that was sprinkled with such elves. And one of the results was these plays of his, collected in "Half Hours," wherein he drew the giants carefully, humps and ugliness and all, more in wondering curiosity than repugnance. The "Twelve-Pound Look" is one of these plays; "The Will" is another. Sims, the preposterous male, goggling and swelling ogreishly, is dismissed with a kick that would hardly leave a bruise. Philip Ross, his brother giant, in "The Will," is admitted to the common fellowship of poor humanity, traced back to fair ideals and dashing hopes. They are satires absolutely without venom—satires written by a faun, it may be doubted whether there are any others in the language. Barrie began as a hero-worshipper; now he has become a villain-pardoner. He used to be shy and wistful; now he is tolerant and benign. "The Twelve-Pound Look" may send away all women an inch taller; but it doesn't make the men feel too small; it simply reduces them to a natural size. "The Twelve-Stone Look," you might call it. Its author has been disillusioned, but some essential sweetness in his nature has saved him from any bitterness. And so he comes to us this haunted Christmas, his arms heaped up with toys, perhaps hoping they may do something to defeat the dire wizardry that still holds the world in its spell.

BERNADOTTE-GASCON AND KING.*

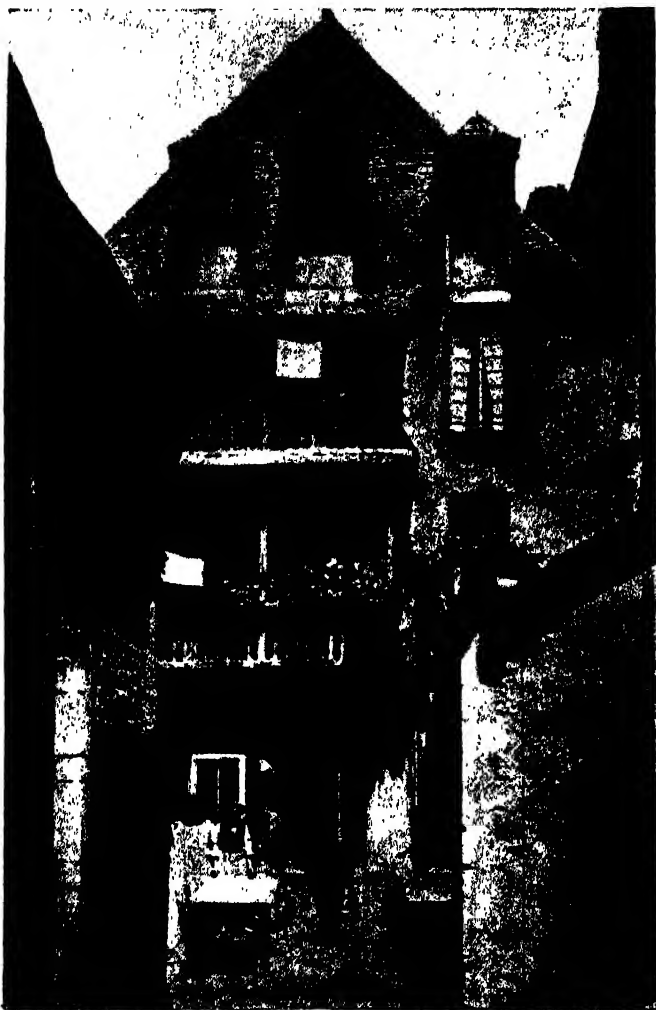
BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

IF Mr. Barton holds academic distinctions, they are not printed on his title-page. Various references lead me to conjecture that he is an Irish scholar, not unknown to Trinity College, Dublin; and he terms his present volume a holiday task fulfilled. I, for one, am grateful to him. Although reading of the French Revolution, the Consulate, and Empire in all manner of books during a long half-century, I never could get a clear picture in my mind of the adventurer who, from a second-rate general, became a King, and, unlike the other Napoleonids (so to call them) did not lose his throne. Great war-histories tell us next to nothing about Bernadotte. In the early confused and heroic outbreak of French *sans-culottes* against old Prussian or German Imperial troops, the man was but a captain; then he won his colonel's rank, and only at Fleurus, in 1794, was named general of brigade, but by Kléber and on the battlefield. I will not pursue his upward march farther just now. All I mean, however, is the plain fact that Bernadotte has no place in French legend corresponding to the glory of Masséna, Moreau, Ney,

or Murat. He did not plan campaigns which fill with excitement and the thunders of victory an imagination bent on great visible, great audible deeds. Other men achieved renown excelling Bernadotte's and perished miserably, Moreau by dreadful cannon shot, Ney and Murat by military execution. The successful Gascon took the crown of Sweden after being adopted into its Royal house, annexed Norway, reigned from 1818 to 1844, and founded a dynasty still enduring—French of the Pyrenees on the edge of the Arctic Circle. These things make romance. Yet we ask, not a little perplexed, who was Bernadotte?

He was, Mr. Barton says, "le Gascon qui réussit," of the type most famous in Henry of Navarre, a soldier with something in him of the lawyer by inheritance, a cadet of fortune, as daring as lucky, who ran away from home into the army at sixteen, and carved out an extraordinary future by the sword. On occasion of a sharp quarrel Bonaparte, who was technically a gentleman born, said that, unlike Bernadotte, he had never "eaten out of the private's mess." Bonaparte's manners, as Talleyrand observed with sorrow, were not always good. The "private's mess" turned this young Gascon, debarred from promotion as a mere lawyer's

* "Bernadotte, the First Phase, 1763-1799." By D. Plunket Barton. With Portraits, etc. 15s. net. (London: Murray; Dublin: Hodges & Figgis.)



The house at Pau where Bernadotte was born, January, 1763.

From "Bernadotte," by D. Plunket Barton (John Murray).

son, "bourgeoisie de la robe," into a patriot, which he remained all through, and a Jacobin at some critical moments. We are apt, in watching the Revolution with its tragedies at Paris, to overlook the revolt which took place in the army against officers whose title to command was their emblazoned shield. Bernadotte, however, proved by his chivalry, and a certain very delightful kindness towards the vanquished, that no one could be more of a gentleman than he. With good looks, imposing height, a most eloquent tongue at need, courage in his blood, and a gift of attention to detail, he was made for the French army. When that career lay open to talent, he did well. He was among those who founded the "Army of the Sambre and the Meuse"—names terribly significant to us once more—illustrious in a degree that provoked jealous mockeries from Bonaparte's "Army of Italy," when these two forces joined hands at Milan. The ragamuffins who had taken and pillaged Lombardy felt huge disdain of "les Messieurs," "the snobs," kept in much stricter discipline by their brave knight from Béarn. At this point we strain our eyes to get a glimpse of the opposed—I cannot say the rival—captains. Bonaparte's ambition was kindling; he dwelt on Cæsar and Alexander, dazzled with their histories the unlearned Gascon, apt as yet only in field-manceuvres, and emphatically put him down. I confess that to me, as to Count Leo Tolstói, when composing "Peace and War," the entrance of Napoleon empties the stage. He is the one modern

"Man of Destiny." But, wishing to be fair towards Bernadotte, we let him do all he can. Of course, he was incapable with his rhetoric and his Gasconades (excellent in their kind) of comprehending the Corsican-Florentine greatness, which even yet has not found its formula. Rivalry there could be none; opposition sprang up by instinct on the side of Bernadotte as Napoleon developed his aims and began to harness the Revolution to his chariot. For the enthusiast of 1789 never quite lost belief in freedom, in democratic ideas, while the lonely Italian thought of France simply as an instrument by which to conquer fame and the world.

Hence these figures move round each other at periods like the bright sun with its dark companion in a star-cluster. They are united and divided by the most curious accidents. A young girl, Désirée Clary, of Irish descent, whose family were settled at Marseilles, refused the hand of Bonaparte, would not look at Junot or Marmont, lost her *fiancé* Duphot in a riot outside the French Embassy at Rome, and married Bernadotte. She lived to be crowned Queen of Sweden, and survived until the year 1860, which seems yesterday compared with Napoleon's times. But, again, Joseph Bonaparte married the sister of Désirée, and the family alliance served the Gascon general in hours when he would otherwise have paid with exile to Cayenne or death in prison for his resistance to schemes against the now decadent French Republic. As Minister of War under the Directory he is praised by good judges. Napoleon's conquest of Egypt and unauthorised return led up straight to the catastrophe which ends this book, a downfall of hope that must have appeared final to Bernadotte himself. At this point we are able to confront Mr. Barton's narrative with M. Vandal's most interesting, not to say vivid, chapters in "L'Avènement de Bonaparte." We have come to that "pickle-herring tragedy" the Eighteenth Brumaire (November 8th, 1799), on the anniversary of which I am writing. There are details in each account supplementing the other. It remains, though a stroke of State which brought happiness to France, a singularly ignoble, or even imbecile, episode in the life of Napoleon. He is not the hero of the day, but much more so his brother Lucien, whose sham-antique Roman boldness saved the inarticulate conqueror of Italy from destruction. Napoleon lost his head in front of the people's representatives, whom a little later his "myrmidons" were chasing through the windows of the orangery at St. Cloud. And how did Bernadotte demean himself on this new Day of Dupes? He did nothing. The Republic could not be saved by him—thus he argued—unless it gave him commission to act. The plotters, who were the effective Government, would give none. So the Republic fell. The Consulate succeeded. Napoleon was master until he signed his abdication at Fontainebleau in 1814.

This should have issued in the stage-direction, "exit Bernadotte." Fortune behaved more kindly to her Gascon cadet. He was not even exiled. Time brought prizes beyond his most extravagant dreams. He became Marshal of France, Prince of Ponte Corvo, and the royal person whom his indulgent country pardons for some sharp practice in consideration of a really fine character, a romantic history, and an attachment to

Sweden, always the friend of *La Grande Nation*—Always? What will Sweden do in the world-crisis now, torn as she is between old French memories dating back to Richelieu, and a misguided admiration for the portent known as German culture? How, we might enquire, would Bernadotte act if he were living? He could not in his conscience allow of Napoleon's usurpation, though magnificent. Would he not, in our desperate conflict, side with freedom against a second-rate Cæsar?

I have not wandered from my subject; the contrary, indeed. Now one word is due to Mr. Barton, whose researches and memorials lend to these pleasant pages a value of their own. I am always very glad when studies at once original and painstaking come to us from Ireland. We want more of them. Let me just observe, as an old hand at criticism, that I hope the author will

give us what is left of Bernadotte's fascinating career; and that, in doing so, he will turn his most careful thought on the problem of translation from the French. The letters and speeches, redolent of Southern eloquence, with which he has dealt or will have to deal, raise that problem in its acutest form. To take only one point: the order of words in a French sentence does not coincide with our English order as regards many particulars, yet these pages often follow the French with disastrous consequences. I had marked illustrations, but cannot give them here. All I need say is that, when the French pay us the compliment of translating our works into their own language, nothing will persuade them to sacrifice their native idiom. I record my impression; French translators seem to me the best in the world. But then all French writers feel proud of their language.

BERNARD SHAW.

BY YONE NOGUCHI

I WHO saw that even the Thames was hopeless to save Cleopatra's Needle, whose artistic setting had been spoiled by the sad suburbanism of electric trams (what English indifference to art if you consider how Paris treats it!), was so glad to find myself once at Bernard Shaw's flat in Adelphi Terrace, and as the first thing, to have a most interesting view of that monolith. The somewhat heavy, purple, gray January fogs were unable to hide away the monolith whose solitary aloofness made it more easy to think about a certain great temple of Heliopolis than of somebody's advertisement with a Scotch soldier in kilts, or something, on the other side of the river. The whole view without was so unreal, giving me a feeling as if I were sailing toward a "City of Beautiful Night," contrary to Thompson's city, surrounded on three sides by a delightful garden where the people are Yeats' faeries dancing like a flame: how could I think at that moment of Bernard Shaw and his modern age. Within, the fire burned luxuriously in the drawing-parlour, whose walls were tastefully filled with pictures, and with book-cases wherein I found books in *éditions de luxe*, not particularly meant to read; the screen, chairs and couch were most properly placed. The floor was well polished;

the rugs were perfectly superb. I confess I could never believe, when I stepped in here, that this was really, truly, Shaw's flat (Bernard Shaw, the curser of conventionality and sophistry); even with his bust by Rodin upon the large table, the room failed to convince me it was Shaw's. If it were not Shaw's, whose room might it be? I was glad, however, to have Mrs. Shaw before myself, the most pleasing person, with jolly wrinkles round her typical Irish eyes, who gracefully matched with the room; wasn't

her feminine love of things beautiful, even her conventionality in little vagaries, symbolised by it? I dare say I was not disappointed not to find Bernard Shaw here then, although he was promised to be in presently; I secretly hoped that if he should come in he would come as a guest like myself, to enjoy Mrs. Shaw's hospitality.

Bernard Shaw entered the room as I hoped he would, as if a guest who had made a delay of half an hour only to make his entrance more impressive. I looked up into his face for the first time in my life. I had imagined before that he might be dark and austere, with a cynical touch somewhere in his face; but my supposition fell flat when I saw that his Irish eyes like those of his delightful wife already danced before he

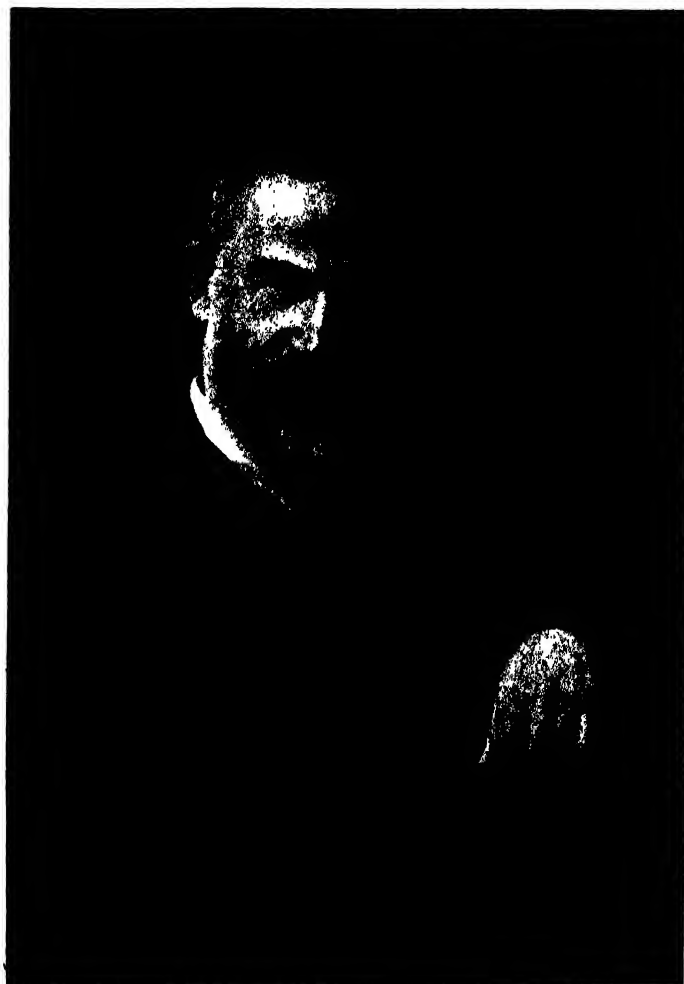


Photo by Lena Connell.

G. Bernard Shaw.

began to talk. His reddish complexion and hair of the lightest shade gave him a certain optimistic gaiety. When he entered, his tall slender body, covered with a sack-coat of fancy-coloured tweed, leaned forward; rubbing his palms, clasping his hands together twice or thrice (sometimes a stage manner of an American Jew), he began to exclaim:

"I have been at the Savoy to see the rehearsal of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' It was perfectly absurd. I never saw in my life anything more absurd than that. But it is Granville Barker's art always to get something quite good out of those absurdities."

He paused and looked round to see what impression he made on us. Of course I knew that was a usual manner of a clever talker. Then Shaw stepped forward to the fireplace, and walked back to the table, where his own statuette poised like a stuffed eagle. He was rather restless. The thought came to my mind, that it would not be any wonder if we could find ten thousand Bernard Shaws in London alone, since his peculiarity or eccentricity in manner as well as thought is the easiest kind to imitate; I thought it would be a mistake for an actor in Shaw's plays to go to their author's personality for a model. Again I thought that he would be justified for the first time in some distant future when the actors will go to his books alone. I confess it had become my habit to exclaim: "What a miserable Shaw!" since I landed in England. Here again I was almost going to exclaim it when the maid, with the cleanest apron on, who perfectly fitted Mrs. Shaw's house, announced that the luncheon was to be served. We, all the guests, I and Coburn the artistic photographer (certainly Shaw included as the chief guest) were conducted to the dining-room where I found Mrs. Shaw's taste in all the decorations as I expected.

I sat with Mrs. Shaw at my right, Shaw at my left. Shaw who well understood how to act the part of the chief guest (thank God I was one to be entertained as if I were only a host) began to talk when the soup was half through; it is the interesting time to begin the talk. Shaw slightly threw back his head, making his long face straight, and leaned forward a bit, and then again threw back his head, and shook his shoulders, when he exclaimed, placing his eyes on my face:

"Why, I should like to know, do you Japanese, who live in such a lovely country of art and natural beauty, ever go to America, the country of all sorts of barbarities? What do you gain there?"

He continued without waiting for me to answer:

"I have become perfectly disgusted with the Japanese ever since I saw once a certain Japanese on the platform, who was diligent in expanding on his countrymen's best qualities which we wished to forget. Now where will Japan be if, as he claimed, she is filled by those Japanese people with the worst Japanese characteristics? One thing left for Japan would be to be annexed to England; Japan would be glad, perhaps, to become an English colony. My beautiful dream of Japan is spoilt. I have no desire to go there."

"I dare say," I interrupted, "you would have a still greater reason for your fear in going to Japan; I mean that you would surely encounter your books badly translated, and your plays most horribly acted."

"My plays here are horrible enough," Shaw exclaimed.

Mrs. Shaw stopped her hands (I noticed some rings there) and looked up to me and asked, evidently interested in Japanese plays:

"Is it possible now to see the real old Japanese plays?"

I explained to her, or rather to Shaw, as best I could, the changed artistic conditions that Japan of the past thirty years has created, wisely or foolishly, in which the East and Japan always retreat before the Western invasion; and I added that the author who calls himself Bernard Shaw had considerable of a hand in the assault against Japan.

"How sad!" Mrs. Shaw sighed.

Shaw kept himself quite silent, being busy with the vegetables on his plate. I was pleased, however, to see the proof that he was a true vegetarian and not a mythical one invented by himself. I was taken, a moment later, by a sudden thought of shame for our mannerless revelling over the things rich, even wicked, which could only excite our human weakness, while Shaw was left alone in sad purity; I wondered if there was any more solitary figure than himself. And I thought that he was talkative, even desperately, and often noisy, because he wished to hide his own solitary heart; in his case, I thought, his talkativeness (not always wise, I grant) was his very last weapon of defence to play against the cruel world. What right had we, I wondered, to ridicule and criticise his talk? He suddenly became, at least to my mind, an unhappy martyr who was sacrificing everything for the pleasure of his company; he appeared to be the tenderest soul whose existence was always misunderstood.

He saw now that the whole company were too quiet; he thought it his office, as the chief guest at this Mrs. Shaw's luncheon, to make the party lively by his talk. He pushed back as usual, and fixed his Irish eyes on my face, and said, after shaking his shoulders:

"I should like to know whether literature, even bad literature, will pay in Japan. Literature does not pay at all in England. Besides, we have no decent publishers, not even one in the whole of London."

He fell presently into a reminiscent mood (what a fortune for us) and began in rather a composed voice: "I used to read the French of the seventeenth century when I was young; I can say I could well understand Voltaire and others in those days. I decided that the novels I should write must be plain and simple, perfectly free from English idioms, as if a novel translated from the French or Russian; then I thought that such a novel would be read by the simple people as well as the educated. I wrote a novel or novels with a great purpose, perhaps adopting the French form, the longest novel being twice as long as 'Vanity Fair'; how hard I tried to find a publisher for them. But my efforts in those younger days were useless; I have them still in my drawer. Just fancy that I never made a penny during those first nine years; and it was only some one hundred pounds that I earned in my tenth year. Again let me say that literature does not pay at all in England. Then my literary style and thoughts began to develop in quite an opposite direction from my original determination; and here I am as you see. It has been often said that I have no style at all. But I think I

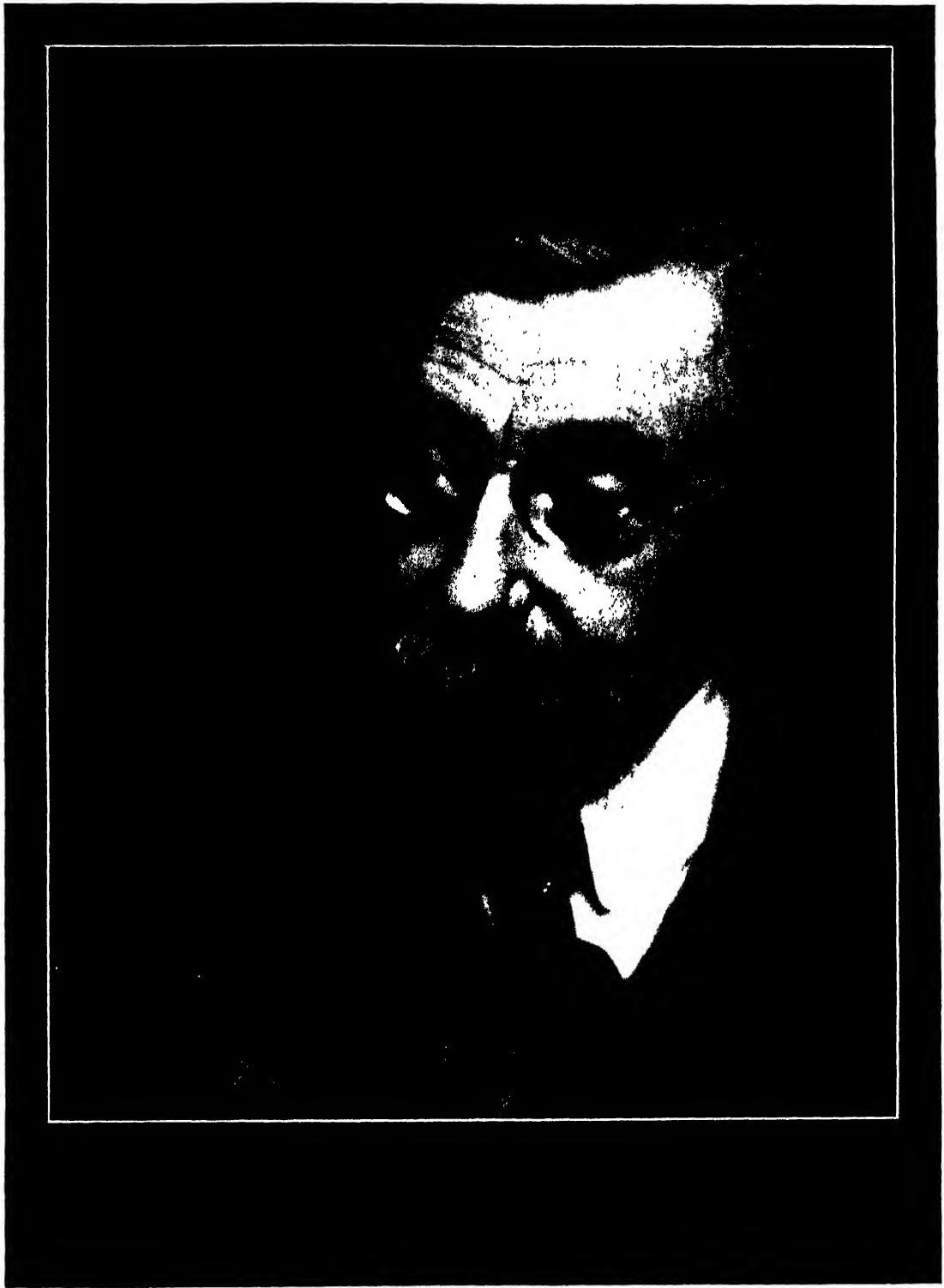


Photo by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

**ÉMILE VERHAEREN,
BELGIUM'S NATIONAL POET.**

have a style which is not the style of others. It is a mistake if you think you can get a real style from style. How stupid for people not to see my style at all!"

The dish of desert was duly brought in. I saw a little round pretty straw mat before myself, which I admired; I was told by Mrs. Shaw that it was the hand work of some poor Irish woman. Although I was not sure whether I liked the other mats set before the others, I declared that mine was decidedly beautiful and harmonious in colours.

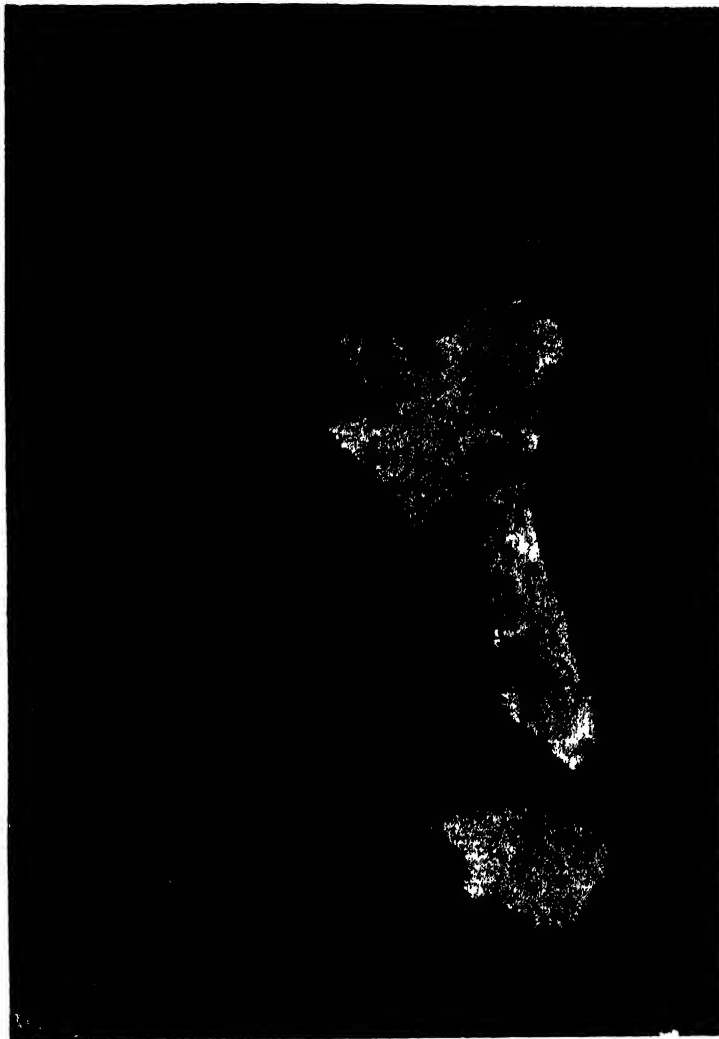
"Yes, that is very pretty," Mrs. Shaw said. "And that is Miss Lena Ashwell's taste."

I was highly pleased that my taste agreed with that of the famous English actress, whose acting of Tolstoi's "Resurrection" I had seen at my last visit some ten years ago, and that I was given

an opportunity now to use the mat of her choice.

After the lunch, we withdrew to the former drawing-room where we men began to smoke presently. I was glad to hear from Bernard Shaw's own mouth what a sensation it was when Rodin ("Wonderful Rodin!" Shaw exclaimed) was modelling his face; and he imitated appropriately the French sculptor's manner of work, particularly how he stared at his face. Then Shaw approached the fireplace with both of his hands in his trousers pockets; he took them out slowly, and as before, he rubbed his palms against each other once or twice and then looked up to me and said:

"I wonder what you ever learn from England, stupid, silly, with her eternally unchanged mind. I often doubt if England has any mind at all."



Yone Noguchi.

From a painting by Yoshio Makioka in "The Story of Yone Noguchi" (Chatto & Windus), which is reviewed elsewhere in this Number.

"You have to go to Ireland," Mrs. Shaw interrupted, "if you wish to see a real human mind."

Shaw now brought out a watch, murmuring: "I have a committee to attend this afternoon." Then again he turned his remarkably interesting face to me, and exclaimed:

"You are a perfectly wonderful man if you can live in Japan. I am Irish. But I cannot live in Ireland. Good-bye for the present. I hope to see you soon again."

Like a blast he banged the door and ran away to make his appearance somewhere for the sake of the pleasure of his company. The party grew at once quiet and indifferent, since we had lost the chief guest; when we also began to feel like leaving Mrs. Shaw's delightful parlour, she was showing around a reproduction

of Holbein's Duchess of Milan, and she said: "I am thinking to assume this rôle at the coming fancy ball."

I thought no part would fit her better. My imagination's eyes saw at once how interesting she would look with a black satin dress with ruffles, edged with a narrow black line round the neck and wrists. I thought she was an artist since she well knew where she should belong.

I thanked her for her kindness, and turned back slightly at the door, when I saw through the window the audacious Waterloo Bridge bidding me good-bye. I was sincerely glad that I had not come here at evening when somebody's Scotch soldier, or something, on the other side of the river would be lighted.

VERHAEREN EXPLAINED.*

BY FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE name of Émile Verhaeren, the greatest name, not excepting Maeterlinck's, in Belgian literature, has within the last few weeks been more often on the lips of Englishmen than at any time during the thirty years since he began to publish; and the man

himself is living and writing in our midst. But that is not the only reason why the appearance of this English version of a German study of the poet is timely. German "culture" has lately been made to stink in our nostrils, and it is good for our sense of proportion to have a reminder that disinterested art and criticism, worthy to rank with any in Europe, were being produced

* "Émile Verhaeren." By Stefan Zweig. Translated from the German by Jethro Bithell. 6s. net. (Constable.)

yesterday—and will be produced again to-morrow—by men of the Teutonic race.

Herr Zweig is a Viennese, a notable member of a brilliant young school, a poet, and the translator of Verhaeren's voluminous poetry. His short study of Verlaine was recently published in English, but this book on the Belgian is a much more elaborate matter. Of many criticisms in many languages it is indeed the most complete. As his translator points out, Herr Zweig is not only a disciple, but an apostle, and he writes with an apostolic eloquence. But though he sometimes grows dithyrambic, he never ceases to be discerning, and he has written a valuable piece of constructive criticism, treating the man, his thought and his accomplishment as an organic whole.

For this treatment, which is the most profitable form of criticism, Verhaeren is a peculiarly satisfactory subject. His work is a wonderfully complete record of his growth. Everything he writes is the vivid indication of a psychological state. Never does he repeat himself for the mere sake of writing: each poem is an entry in his spiritual diary. In two books, "*Les Flamandes*" and "*Les Moines*," he exhausted his first external impression of the duality of the Flemish world, the kermesse and the cloister, the spirit which produced Bruges and that which produced Rubens and gives Belgium to-day the highest drink bill in Europe. Then followed a prolonged period, ten almost intolerable years, of mental stress, which were unique not so much in themselves as for their victim's faithful rendering of them into art. "Such crises in the life of a poet," says Herr Zweig, "are almost always sterile." At most they are shown to us transformed by memory. "And it is, therefore, of incalculable value that here a poet should have observed himself and given us a clear picture of himself in this state, that, without fear of the ugliness, the confusion of his ego, he should have described, in terms of art, the history of a psychic crisis. In Verhaeren's trilogy, "*Les Soirs*," "*Les Débâcles*," "*Les Flambeaux Noirs*," we have a document that must be priceless to pathologists as to psychologists. . . . Never—if we except Dostoevsky—has a poet's scalpel probed the wound of his ego so cruelly and so deeply, never has it gone so dangerously near to the nerve of life." From this agony of introspection, which was barely checked on the hither side of madness, Verhaeren saved himself by what his critic calls the "flight into the world." He travelled and became interested in

social problems, an interest which found its main expression in another trilogy (two volumes of lyrics and a play), and thence passed, with no further reaction and in perfect logical sequence, to that larger view from which sprang the "cosmic poetry" of "*Les Visages de la Vie*," "*Les Forces Tumultueuses*," "*La Multiple Splendeur*," and "*Les Rhythmes Souverains*." It is in the light of this last phase that Herr Zweig reviews the whole of the poet's work. Everything that went before was but a preparation for this full blossoming. A curiously superficial criticism has connected Verhaeren with the French symbolists. The only characteristic his work has in common with theirs is its metrical unorthodoxy. He has nothing of the *nuance* insisted on by Verlaine and developed to vanishing point by some of his successors. His style is crude, violent and rhetorical. His interest centres in the burning thing he has to say, and he has little concern with the purely æsthetic aspect of expression. Essentially, he is a philosopher, as resolute to solve the problem of modern life as Nietzsche or Bergson. Like Nietzsche, he is a New European. He is resolutely responsive to all the positive forces in modern life. "He has approved of all that is in our epoch; of everything, to the very resistance to it which he has conceived of as only a welcome augmentation of the fighting force of our vitality." At one with Nietzsche in his splendid affirmation, he differs from the great German in his acceptance of democracy. On the other hand, he differs from many modern democrats in his admiration for the dynamic and often unscrupulous individuals to whom the great achievements of a commercial world are due. As Mr. Bithell says in his short preface, his teaching appears "in a grotesquely distorted form in what is known as 'futurism,'" and "the gospel of a very serious and reasoned futurism is to be found in Verhaeren's writings." It is a futurism which loves the present and respects the past. Verhaeren's liberalism is boundless.

Mr. Bithell has made an admirable translation of an admirable book. "Whatever divergences there are," he says, "have been necessitated by the lapse of time." From this it is to be inferred—and the inference is supported by references to books unpublished when Herr Zweig wrote in 1910—that he has here and there, without taking any liberties with essentials brought the matter of his original up to date—a sensible and commendable proceeding.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

BY HENRY C. SHELLEY.

COMEDY, Romance, Tragedy—such are the diverse notes struck in the three novels by which A. S. M. Hutchinson has firmly established an enviable position among the writers of the younger generation. The first of those stories, "*Once Aboard the Lugger*," was declined by one publisher on the ground that "humour was out of his line!" The MS., however, quickly finished its travels, for the second book-purveyor (Mr. Alston Rivers) to whom it was submitted had grace

given him to recognise that such a high-spirited story heralded the advent of a novelist certain to command a large audience. Nor was he mistaken: in England there were demanded more editions than are usually required of a first novel, no matter how brilliant, while in the United States the success of the story was so pronounced that Mr. Hutchinson was embarrassed by applications from American publishers for the option of his next book.

Numerous attempts were made to "place" the author of "Once Aboard the Luggar," the trend of the classification being in favour of assigning him to the Dickens school. It was universally admitted that he was a genuine humourist, and perhaps his pre-occupation with the commonplace folk of London and Suburbia accounted for the conclusion that he was a disciple of Boz. But such a verdict was wide of the truth. If Mr. Hutchinson were asked to name his master he would instantly rejoin, "Fielding." In his favourite bookcase the place of honour is occupied by one of those mellow editions of Fielding which seem to exale the atmosphere of the eighteenth century, and its owner confesses that he knows its contents "by heart." He will add, too, that he wants no other author with the exception of Meredith.

This preference for Fielding explains "Once Aboard the Luggar"; like the "Joseph Andrews" of its author's best-loved novelist, it was evidently begun in a rollicking holiday mood and resulted, in the main, in a sequence of burlesque episodes. If, however, Mr. Hutchinson did not evolve a Parson Adams to focus the story, he supplied the deficiency by many passages of shrewd comment upon the comedy of life, much after the manner of the Greek chorus. Indeed one would not have been surprised to learn—though such was not the case—that he had repeated Fielding's experience of writing for the stage of the theatre ere attempting to set his puppets on the larger stage of life, for "Once Aboard the Luggar" conforms to Fielding's theory that the novel is nothing more than a "comic epic" in prose.

A comic epic that novel truly is. And the satire is of so urbane a nature that the type of character satirised has probably enjoyed the comedy without the least suspicion that he was laughing at himself. In other words, the Christopher Marrapits who expend upon cats the affection which is worthy of a better object, the Mrs. Majors who condone such weaknesses for the reward of a comfortable home in the housekeeping capacity, the Margarets with yearning souls, the employers of long-suffering governesses, the London detective sharks with their bogus office-doors—replicas of all these have without doubt smiled and chuckled over the foibles of their own prototypes in bland ignorance that they might have been the models the author had in view. Indeed Mr. Hutchinson sugared his pill so adroitly that he has had to assure anxious enquirers of his antipathy to all cats. Whether his satire of sensational Fleet Street methods has been deflected by a kindred unsuspecting innocence he has not disclosed. But it would be doing an inexcusable injustice to "Once Aboard the Luggar," to press its moral too heavily;

for its story, incident, and dialogue the book is an unalloyed delight, robust with a twentieth century Fieldingism, irresistible for its humour, and, above all, remembering it is a first novel, surprising for its maturity.

Equally surprising, perhaps, was Mr. Hutchinson's seeming indifference to his success. "Once Aboard the Luggar" was published in 1908, and, as hinted above, there immediately arose a clamorous demand for the author's next novel. Yet it was not until four years later that his second story, "The Happy Warrior," was forthcoming. Such an unusual delay must not be attributed to apathy towards royalties; the novelist is no more insensible to the hard cash rewards of popular approval than the majority; on the contrary, he set to work upon "The Happy Warrior" a few months after its forerunner had been published. Nevertheless nearly four years elapsed ere the new novel was available for its expectant readers.

That fact is the most convincing proof of Mr. Hutchinson's confession that he is "appallingly, vilely conscientious." For he imagined that "The Happy Warrior" was practically finished in the September of 1911, but when he read it over for the final retouching, he became convinced that the whole would have to be rewritten! "I envy authors," he remarked by way of explanation, "who have the courage to snap their fingers at little improbabilities of time and place and character. Time and again, when writing, I

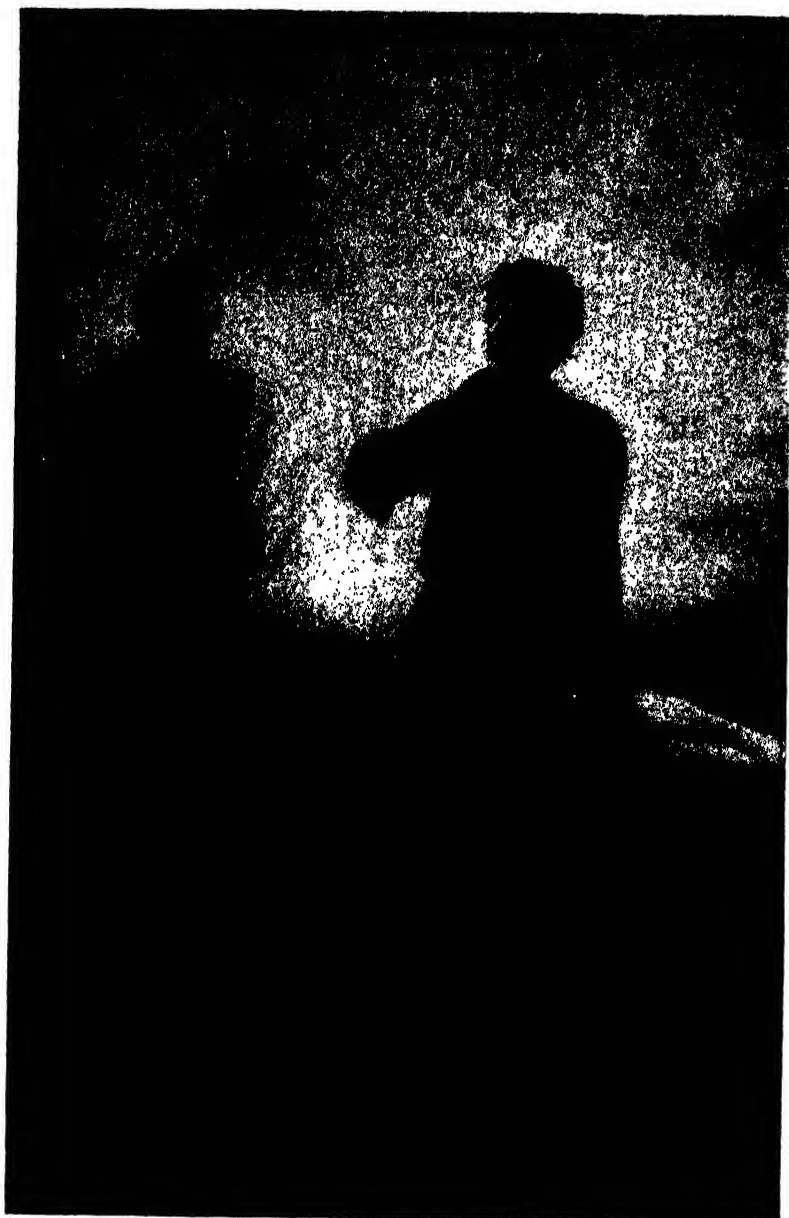
find myself floored by a trivial unlikelihood that, if persisted in, I believe no one would notice. But, unhappily, I can't make my pen do it. If needs be, I must rewrite whole chapters to remove the obstacle." Many of the scenes in "The Happy Warrior" had to be rewritten a dozen times before he was at all satisfied with the result. Besides, Mr. Hutchinson, apart from the handicap that his time is so fully occupied as editor of the *Daily Graphic*, is a slow worker so far as fiction is concerned. "No divine flames of inspiration," he avers, "make my pen fly over the paper. It is all a labour of love, but a very slow, careful labour notwithstanding. I can only think when I am actually sitting at my desk with pen in hand. I envy those authors who can go for long walks, construct a chapter while they stroll, and then come home and rush it down on paper. I absolutely cannot. Indeed, unless I have a good nib and good paper and am writing neatly, I cannot get on at all." It is not surprising, then, that "The Happy Warrior" was so long delayed.

But the novel was worth waiting for. Richly did its author justify the confidence of those who anticipated that his first story was the herald of far greater things.



Photo by Bassano.

A. S. M. Hutchinson.



Cover design from "The Clean Heart,"

by A. S. M. Hutchinson (Hodder & Stoughton).

For although "The Happy Warrior" began upon a note which was reminiscent of "Once Aboard the Lugger," it quickly rose to a far higher level and sustained that elevation to the close. There was the same easy command of humour, the same vivid characterisation, the same terse style, the same atmosphere of sincerity; but to those qualities Mr. Hutchinson added a deeper searching of the springs of human emotion, a sounding of lower depths and a scaling of greater heights. In fine, he at his second venture produced one of those rare novels which leave the reader as in a trance, which set thought and emotion on long journeys, which warm the heart with a glowing affection for all human kind, and have immediate effect in the more limited sphere of the reader's own circle. "The Happy Warrior" is a triumph of construction, harmonious in its scale and proportion of parts, alive with the play of humour and pathos, distinguished for its firm grip on character, tingling with interest in incident and development, and remarkable for the frank manner in which the author takes the reader into his confidence at the very moment when that reader is congratulating himself that he can foresee the plot. Rarely has a novelist been able to

disclose his hand early in his tale without relaxing his hold upon his reader, but Mr. Hutchinson took that unusual course on his forty-eighth page, without the least slackening of absorption in what was to follow.

That he was able to achieve such a triumph was due to his conception of the novel. Once more he was faithful to his model in utilising the novel to present a view of life. He deliberately set himself the task of showing that it is what a man is and feels that should be taken into account in our estimate of that man. For although "The Happy Warrior" has a fine plot, Mr. Hutchinson does not rely upon incident for his chief interest; above all the story is concerned with character development. And every ray of light is deftly focussed upon the Happy Warrior himself, the wholly lovable Percival, who is tested in many ways from childhood to manhood, and is never found wanting. It is a wonderful gallery, too, in which Percival is the central figure, for Rollo, his friend and rival, and Aunt Maggie, and the bird-like Miss Purdie, and the sturdy Mr. Hannaford of the "norse farm," and Dora the "Snow-White-and-Rose-Red" idol of Percival's love, and Japhra the gypsy and his gypsy daughter, Ima, must surely enthral the fancy of all who love to dwell apart with the dream-children of the world of imagination. Nor should Mr. Amber be forgotten, the faithful librarian of the old Burdon family, a gentle-souled creature of the kin of Parson Adams. Some of the most exquisite pictures in the story are those which reveal the old book-lover in communion with the youth in whom he discerned the true scion of the Burdon house.

So persistent is the fetish of the "happy ending," that there were some who complained of the climax of this rare book. But for Mr. Hutchinson to have closed his story in any other way would have done violence to Percival's character. In the hour when Ima was still questioning, her father resolved her doubts. "Why, this was the happy ending such as none could make it. How had he endured to live and overthrow his friend? How live in silence and carry those hot embers in his breast? Nay, nay, the fight came to him—that heart of ours—and he took up the prize. A fighter I marked him when a child he came to us. A fighter I knew him, and a winner always. Mark me what I told thee once when he lay with us: Though it be death, always victory." And on that note the story ends; a high note, a note which pulls at the heart's strings and films the eyes, but a note in perfect harmony with all that has gone before. It leaves the reader in the rarefied atmosphere of romance, and if it be true that the supreme test of fiction is its power to influence character, then Mr. Hutchinson is wholly justified of his choice of the romantic method, for the romantic method is more potent for good than the realistic, inasmuch as it is more loyal to idealism.

Nowhere in "The Happy Warrior" can the most alert reader discern the slightest evidence of a wandering



*A reproduction of one of the paintings by W. L. Bruckman,
reproduced in full colour in "The Glory of Belgium."
(Hodder & Stoughton).*

THE GLORY OF BELGIUM.

fancy on the part of the author, yet Mr. Hutchinson declares that his anxiety to be finished with that story was due to his absorption in the idea of his third novel, 'The Clean Heart.' Indeed he avers that he has thought about that book for years.

And he has been rewarded by the instant recognition of that story as a trumpet-blast against a materialistic age. There is little that is attractive about his hero, a Mr. Wriford who has achieved phenomenal success as a journalist and author; but that is in keeping with Mr. Hutchinson's scheme of things, for it is obviously his desire to make the Wriford type utterly revolting. Notwithstanding the biblical quotation of the title-page—"Create in me a clean heart, O God"—the story is not concerned with religion as religion is usually understood; no, its theme is selflessness, illustrated in every phase by the vivid portrayal of a man who lives for himself in contact with people who live for others. Wriford has missed the secret of happiness, and finds it not until he realises that they only are happy who sacrifice. "Happiness was in making others happy, and nowhere else." So "The Clean Heart," which is concerned with the tragedy of a life that has missed its purpose, holds tenaciously to one dominant idea.

If the story has not the harmonious architecture of "The Happy Warrior," and is told in a style which surges along like a mountain torrent, its qualities of rapid transition and tense dialogue are native to its object. The psychology of Wriford is more subtle than that of Percival, while in delineating the characters who affect his salvation, Mr. Hutchinson has made a notable advance in the command of subsidiary interpretation. All the remarkable qualities of his previous novels are exemplified afresh, his unforced humour, his wealth of ingenious incident, his vivid dialogue, his sincerity; but to these is added the spirit of a prophet committed to a flaming crusade against the self-centred mood of the age. Even the "happy ending" is a call to the immolation of self, for chastened though Wriford is the verity of his transformation will be severely tested by the hourly companionship of the crippled Essie. Indeed "The Clean Heart" calls for a sequel, a sequel which shall justify the high sacrifices of Puddlebox and Essie.

Of Mr. Hutchinson himself no friend could trust himself to write all he thinks. But this must be said: In his generous enthusiasm, his buoyant spirit, and his faithfulness to his intimates, he is the living counterpart of his own Happy Warrior.

GIFTS FOR GOLDEN GIRLS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

THIS year the Christmas gift-book should be more in evidence than ever. There will be so many homes under the shadow of a glorious sorrow that even the children must needs be quiet, and there will not be much Christmas junketing this year. Christmas parties, pantomimes, Christmas-trees and treats of all kinds will be unthinkable; but no one wants the children's

hearts to be heavy, so they must find their ease in a book.

The great heroisms will be by their own hearths this Christmas, and the ancient tales of heroes contain nothing greater than the children will hear of those who came so near to them that they could not recognise them as heroes to be. Some heroism, alas, they shall



Nuts in May.

From "Games for Playtime and Parties."



An exciting moment

From "Headmistress Hilary" (Nisbet).

be told with tears, and in other homes there will be lurking care and anxiety when the Christmas bells ring for those who are at the war as prisoners or missing. So the children will need their books to comfort them, and no grown-up person will grudge the children what comfort a book affords.

An unusual and charming book for an imaginative child is "Onta Karel's Stories," which a South African lady, who calls herself Sanni Metelerkamp has given in nervous and vivid English. The opening chapter, with its delightful interior of a South African farm, will draw children over the threshold to hear the weird stories of Onta Karel, the old Bushman, who is the Schezerade to little Jan, the child of the farm. The strange tales are really a peep into a fascinating wonder-world, and we can see the children absorbed by a winter-fire, as little Jan was, who was the original listener to these stories.

The next book on our list, "William the Silent,"² belongs to the "Heroes of All Time" series, and so is very much in tune with our thoughts in this fateful year. This book would suit equally girls and boys, and, if given to a girl who loves history, will be borrowed by her brother, to whom the ordinary girl's book would be piffle indeed. So if anyone desires to stiffen the moral back of a girl by giving her the life of a hero to

¹ "Onta Karel's Stories." By Sanni Metelerkamp. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

² "William the Silent." By A. M. Miall. 1s. 6d. (Harrop.)

read which she can pass on to her brother, he or she can do no better than buy this well-written and well-illustrated book.

"The Story of Peter Pan"³ will appeal to the many, many fortunate children who have seen this children's classic played, for children are never tired of hearing a favourite story, and do not even ask for new faces on their old friends. While for the relatively few and unfortunate who have not seen "Peter Pan" the book will be a foretaste of delight. The pictures by Miss Alice Woodward are as charming as we have a right to expect from this fanciful and sympathetic artist.

The old nursery fairy-tales are no more out of fashion than kissing or the flower o' the broom is out of season. They crop up year after year, just as the flowers come with the spring, and they have new sweet faces. Here is "The Violet Book of Romance,"⁴ in which Miss Alethea Chaplin re-tells for the thousandth time a dozen of the most honoured of the nursery classics. She tells them with the simplicity the child expects; and the pictures in colours will further enhance the joy to be derived from these dear familiar things.

"Games for Playtime and Parties"⁵ is produced with music, and delicious drawings by Margaret Tarrant, very charmingly by Messrs. Jack. There is always an outstanding merit in the production of this firm's books, and this apart, from its technical interest, may well be bought for the joy of its pictures of children. Something of Kate Greenaway, something of Dicky Doyle: Miss Tarrant has sat at the feet of these gay and whimsical artists, but is no slavish imitator. Although she has profited by others, her genre is her own.

"The Little Gardeners"⁶ is a re-issue of a book which proved a very popular volume in "The Children's Bookcase" series. It is the tale of three little people's gardens, and the succession of seasons, and the things that had to be done in the gardens month by month; and whereas a gardening book that set out to be such a thing might look dull to the children, this gardening in the form of a story will attract at once. Grown-ups do not understand sufficiently the energy which prompts them to be doing, which results in mischief if it is not allowed or guided the proper way. This attractive little volume will set many boys and girls gardening.

A poetic and imaginative child will be attracted by "Pan o' the Pipes,"⁷ a book of fairy-stories out of the common by Christie Deas, illustrated by Gordon Mein. The stories are delicately fanciful, and the illustrations, initial letters, etc., are very well done. Paper and printing are unusually good, and the book is bound in khaki covers.

³ "The Story of Peter Pan." 1s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

⁴ "The Violet Book of Romance." 3s. 6d. net. (Heath, Cranston & Ouseley.)

⁵ "Games for Playtime and Parties." 3s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

⁶ "The Little Gardeners." By L. Agnes Talbot. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

⁷ "Pan o' the Pipes." By Christie Deas. 3s. 6d. net. (Walker.)

"The Tiny Folks Annual" is for quite small "littlest ones,"* of whom Mr. De Vere Stacpoole wrote:

"For half the sweetness out of Heaven
Is given to people under five."

This is a most delicious book for those darlings. Beautiful big print, thrilling stories, lovely pictures, page borders of doggies and bears and elephants and all the beasts dear to the baby's heart. It is a book that will have the felicity of being clasped to a very young bosom, even of going to bed with the baby at night, and no book could wish for a greater felicity than that, and no other editor could crave a sweeter reward. So Mrs. Strang and her helpers are to be congratulated.

Another very young book is "Scraps from the Punch and Judy Magazine."† The Magazine is apparently an amateur venture, and the contents of the book are perhaps rather intended for private circulation than for the legitimate market. Many of the drawings show dexterity, but the whole, with its anecdotes and verses of a local interest, is an olla podrida, rather intended for home consumption than for anything more ambitious.

And now I come to a batch of the girls' books issued year after year by Messrs. Blackie, Nesbit, Chambers, Hodder & Stoughton, etc., with very little variation in the authors' names, and, with a few striking exceptions, very little variation in the contents. Or so I am assured by the Critic on the Hearth, who has the run of a fairly large library, and has most modern English poetry, and a good deal of ancient, at her fingers' ends. With her poetry is a matter for consumption every day and at all hours, and she has stocked enough of it in her memory to last her, if she had the misfortune of being cut from new books, for any length of time. However, there is no doubt that a great many school-girls prefer the strictly limited interest of the school-story, and school-stories seem to increase in number year by year. Let the Critic speak for herself.

POST SCRIPTUM.

BY PAMELA HINKSON.

"Head-Mistress Hilary,"‡ by Kathlyn Rhodes, will be welcomed to high favour by those who have read "School-Girl Honour," Miss Rhodes' last Christmas story. It is a simple, pretty story of school-life, but one cannot help thinking that institutions like St. Anne's are of the charming sort that only appear in fiction. The adventures of Stella Gaskell and her companions will be followed with great interest, not to say excitement. Many will find fault with the story that this pleasure comes to an end all too speedily. Miss Rhodes makes a very good story out of her material, and schoolgirls will like to read "Head-Mistress Hilary."

* "The Tiny Folks' Annual." Edited by Mrs. Herbert Strang. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "Scraps from the Punch and Judy Magazine." (Collingridge.)

‡ "Head-Mistress Hilary." By Kathlyn Rhodes. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet & Co.).

I am very sorry L. T. Meade is dead. She wrote very pretty stories for girls. I am very glad that "A Band of Mirth"§ is not about school-life, but is connected with the family, and deals entirely with family life. It is a wonder so many people can write different stories about life at a girls' school, where the same thing is always happening. It is nice, but unusual, to find two geniuses in one family, but geniuses—should it be genii?—are always interesting. Anyone might read this book, even brothers.

"A School-Girl's Diary,"|| by May Baldwin, has a rather novel plot for a girls' book. It is not imaginative. This diary of an orphan girl is very pathetic, and the opening paragraphs, in which Jean tells of the death of her parents, would bring tears to a girl's eyes, if she was not hard-hearted. But the story of Jean's subsequent career is far from melancholy, and the reader will follow with excitement and envy the account of her travels through the Mediterranean and South Africa and Australia, and home again to England.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds writes for grown-ups, but she writes well for girls. I hope she will write a great many girls' books. This is a most exciting story, as you could tell by the name—"The Prisoner of the Garret."¶ Think of someone living in a concealed garret in your house, and all the queer things that happen and set your heart galloping. This story for girls cannot be surpassed. You will do well to buy it.

§ "A Band of Mirth." By L. T. Meade. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

|| "A Schoolgirl's Diary." By May Baldwin. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

¶ "The Prisoner of the Garret." By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds 3s. 6d. (Partridge.)



"As he played, he was further surprised by a splash."

From "Pan o' the Pipes" (Walker & Son).

"Peggy of the Circus"¹⁴ was rescued from circus life by Dr. Marchmont, who brought her up with his own children. Peggy naturally had rather a hard time of it because people looked down on her, and she had a

¹⁴ "Peggy of the Circus." By Mary Farrah. 2s. 6d. (Chambers.)

MARIE CORRELLI'S NEW NOVEL.

IT is not the least of its attractions that in the pages of Miss Marie Corelli's new novel we are able to get beyond hearing of the roar of guns and let our thoughts escape from the lure of the newspapers into the happier atmosphere of the serener world as we knew it before the horrors of war darkened over us, and as we may know it again some day after they are lifted. Miss Corelli's books cover a very wide range of thought and emotion, of human interest and spiritual experiences, and in classifying them one would place "Innocent" beside "God's Good Man," and "The Treasure of Heaven." It is a simple love story, but has little enough in common with the stories that are usually so described; for it does not move on conventional lines nor arrive at the conventional happy ending. It is a story of "love that never found its earthly close," and it develops against a background of old, half-forgotten romance that adds subtly to the charm of it.

To attempt any bald summary of the plot would be an injustice; for the tale has its rise in the character and temperament of the heroine and is not a matter of sensational incidents; it is the spiritual adventure of a girl who has come under the potent influence of an old-world romance of faithful love and self-sacrifice and has conceived for herself a high and pure ideal of what love is—an ideal that is shattered at last by the man she loves. There was a mystery about Innocent's birth; she was left as a baby at a comfortable, Elizabethan farmhouse, adopted and brought up by the farmer, Hugo Jocelyn, and did not know until he told her, shortly before his death, that she was not his daughter. There was a deep affection between them, and he was anxious that she should marry his nephew, Robin, who was to succeed him in the ownership of the farm. Robin was more than willing to carry out such an arrangement; his passion for Innocent was the chief joy and sorrow of his life, but she had nothing but a sisterly regard for him, and to her whose fancy had brooded so long and so tenderly over the written romance of a long-dead, perfect lover, and who had formed so white an ideal of love, marriage for pity, for her own comfort, or even to please the man she believed was her father seemed utterly impossible to her. Priscilla, the vividly drawn, delightful old housekeeper at the farm, preaches worldly wisdom in vain:

"What a woman must expect in life is good 'ard knocks and blows," she said—"unless she can get a man to look arter her what's not of the general kicking spirit. Take my advice, dearie! You marry Mr. Robin!—as good a boy as ever breathed—he'll be a kind, fond 'usband to ye, and arter all that's what a woman thrives best on—kindness—an' you've 'ad it all your life up to now—"

"Priscilla," interrupted Innocent, decidedly—"I cannot marry Robin! You know I cannot! A poor, name-

¹⁵ "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact." By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

very strict governess, who found fault with all she did, and, being "a low, common circus child," Miss Peggy got blamed for everything the others did. But in the end she turns out to be the doctor's niece, so that was a surprise for Miss Prescott. It is a very pretty tale simply told, and I am glad it is not a school story.

less girl like me—why, it would be a shame to him in after years. Besides I don't love him—and it's wicked to marry a man you don't love."

Priscilla smothered a sound between a grunt and a sigh.

"You talks a lot about love, child," she said—"but I'm thinkin' you don't know much about it. Them old books and papers you found up in the secret room are full of nonsense, I'm pretty sure—and if you believes that men are always sighin' and dyin' for a woman you're mistaken—yes, you are, lovey! They goes where they can be made most comfortable—an' it don't matter what sort o' woman gives the comfort so long as they gits it."

But Innocent is not to be persuaded. After the death of Hugo Jocelyn, she resolves to put an end to Robin's uncertainty by taking the decisive step of running away to London. The old farmer has left her a legacy sufficient to maintain her, with economy, for a couple of years, and she hopes in that time to succeed in realising certain secret literary ambitions and so earn a livelihood for herself. She realises them by a lucky hit with a first book, and has before long made not only money but a brilliant reputation. Meanwhile, she has unravelled the mystery of her birth, and, more momentous still, has met with the man to whom she is soon to give her whole heart. He is an artist, a handsome, careless, pleasant fellow, who is charmed with her beauty and her intellect, makes passionate love to her, and wins her heart, but presently tires of her and, at length, confesses frankly that he has no thought of ever marrying her or anyone—that marriage only brings love to a drab, matter-of-fact conclusion, and that if he made her his wife it would spoil all—"it would be like catching a fairy in the woods, cutting off its sunbeam wings and setting it to scrub the kitchen floor." To love and grow weary of loving, and lightly change her mind and pass on, is impossible to Innocent's loyal and earnest temperament; but nothing else is possible to the shallow nature of Amadis de Jocelyn, and the inevitable result is the tragedy of disillusion and despair in which Innocent's life goes down.

The story is written with the vigour and imaginative power that distinguish all Miss Corelli's work. The descriptions of country life and scenery are admirably done; the characters are drawn with strong, bold strokes and with a most sympathetic understanding of human goodness and human frailties. The outstanding character in the book is that of Innocent herself—clothed, at the outset, in all the winning idealisms and blithe innocencies of girlhood, and at the close, still as pure of heart, as high of soul as in her happier days, but a pathetic figure of grief and desolation, with all the world of her dreams fallen in ruins about her. Miss Corelli has the great gift of being able to tell an interesting story interestingly, and she uses it again triumphantly in unfolding this poignant narrative of Innocent's career.



NP4

E. O. Hoppé



1914

SCOTTISH MONKS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

IN REPLY TO A COMMENT OF RUSKIN.

BY JANE T. STODDART.

IN his lecture, "Mending the Sieve," first read at the London Institution in 1882, Ruskin recalls, with gratitude, his father's habit of stopping patiently with him, on business journeys, at any country inn that was near a castle or an abbey. "In these more romantic expeditions, aided and inspired by Scott, and never weary of re-reading the stories of 'The Monastery,' 'The Abbot,' and 'The Antiquary,' I took," he says, "an interest more deep than that of an ordinary child; and received impressions which guided and solemnised the whole subsequent tenor of my life." Ruskin proceeds, however, to complain that the great magician failed to do justice to the monks of his native land, and portrayed the Catholic faith only in its corruption or its depression.

"The crozier and the cowl became with him little more than paraphernalia of the theatre, to relieve in richer chiaroscuro its armour and plumage; and the final outcome and effective conclusion of all his moonlight reveries in St. Mary's aisle was but, for himself, and for his reader, that

'The Monks of Melrose made gude Kale
On Fridays, when they fasted.'

Ruskin claims, in opposition, as he imagines, to Scott, that the Valley Monks represented "the purest and probably the most vital element of Christian civilisation" during a long period of our history.

We can only conclude that the memory of the Waverley novels was partly dimmed for Ruskin in 1882. There are two monastic figures on whom Scott lavished the strength of his genius—Clement Blair and William Allan; and there are minor personages of the various orders well worthy of respect and admiration. Dr. Pusey took a very different view from Ruskin as to Scott's power of presenting the life of the undivided Catholic Church. Dr. Liddon tells us that in private conversation Pusey often dwelt on the novelist's indirect relation to the Oxford Movement. "That relation," added the biographer, "consisted not only in the high moral tone which characterised Scott's writings, but also and especially in the interest he aroused on behalf of ages and persons who had been buried out of sight to an extent that to our generation would appear incredible."

MONKS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

We visit the fair city of Perth in the reign of Robert Third, and find the king housed in the Blackfriars Monastery, taking counsel with the Prior, who ranks with the foremost statesmen of the realm. He represents the pre-Reformation Church in the fulness of her power and dignity. He is aged between forty and fifty, and an air of deep deference cloaks the natural haughtiness of his carriage. Though his education and habits have taught him to keep two chief objects mainly in view—the extension of the Church's dominion and the

suppression of heresy—he is set before us as a man of high and serious character. "He honoured his religion by the sincerity of his own belief and by the morality which guided his conduct in all ordinary situations. The faults of the Prior Anselm, though they led him into grievous error, and even cruelty, were, perhaps, rather those of his age and profession; his virtues were his own."

FATHER CLEMENT BLAIR.

Prior Anselm is a shadowy figure, but side by side with him in "The Fair Maid of Perth," we have the noble Carthusian, Father Clement Blair, the friend and counsellor of Catherine Glover, a Reformer before the Reformation, a man with the spirit of Wessel, or Wycliffe. He alone, among Scott's ecclesiastical types, has something of the mystic fervour which inspires the Russian monks in Dostoevsky's masterpiece, "The Brothers Karamazov." Unlike them, he is impatient of abuses, and sharply critical of his superiors. Choice, as well as necessity, makes him a lonely man. Like Raymond Lull, or Fra Domenico, the friend and fellow-martyr of Savonarola, he is ready to throw himself into the fire. Sir Walter shows us this great soul in his strength and in his weakness. Enthusiasm misled him when he dreamed that Catherine Glover, the simple burgher maiden, might be lifted to the throne of Scotland. Catherine's strong sense instantly repudiates his suggestion that if the Duke of Rothsay could obtain a divorce, she might rise, as Margaret Logie rose, to share the throne of David Bruce. Her rebuke is accepted by the old man as a salutary admonition. Father Clement cannot deny the charge of Simon Glover, that his steps are haunted by general ill-will, and like other daring innovators, he is apt to make enemies. But the sublimity of his character is revealed in his final interview with Catherine's father in the Highland solitudes. "The fire within," he says, "must not be stifled, the voice which says within me, Speak, must receive obedience. Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel, even should I preach it from amidst the pile of flames!"

Sir Walter adds, "So spoke this bold witness—one of those whom Heaven raised up from time to time, to preserve amidst the most ignorant ages, and to carry down to those which succeed them, a manifestation of unadulterated Christianity, from the time of the Apostles to the age, when, favoured by the invention of printing, the Reformation broke out in full splendour. The selfish policy of the Glover was exposed in his own eyes, and he felt himself contemptible as he saw the Carthusian turn from him in all the hallowedness of resignation."

We may apply to Clement Blair the words of Montalembert, "No men ever showed less terror of the strongest, less weak complaisance towards power, than the monks. Amidst the peace and obedience of the

cloister, they tempered their hearts every day, as indomitable champions of right and truth, for the war against injustice. Noble spirits, hearts truly independent, were to be found nowhere more frequently than under the cowl. Souls calm and brave, upright and lofty, as well as humble and fervent, were there and abounded—souls such as Pascal calls *perfectly heroic*."

MONKS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The Valley Monks of Roxburghshire, who meet us in "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," belong to the middle sixteenth century. One or two of them, such as Abbot Boniface and Philip the Sacristan, might seem to justify Ruskin's contemptuous allusions, but they are mere foils to men of a grander type. From Ruskin's lecture we might suppose that Scott had no higher vision of an Abbey dignitary than Boniface, with his stoup of wine and his half-sacked capon on the table; or the same rosy-checked bon-vivant smacking his lips over the haunch at Glendearg, with his napkin tucked under his chin. Boniface himself, by the way, is by no means a despicable person. He retains his love of hard work in the open-air, and his skill in fruit-grafting. We leave him peacefully occupied in the garden at Dundrennan, "with a spade in his hand and dressed like a lay-brother." Of him also the words are true:

"Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen."

THE SUB-PRIOR EUSTACE.

Two successors only of Boniface filled the Abbot's chair before the final ruin of Kennaquhair. The last head of the ancient house, Edward Glendinning, is a secondary character, good and lovable indeed, but overshadowed by his strong brother Halbert. Mr. Andrew Lang, in introducing "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," scarcely troubles to name Edward. It is William Allan, better known as the Sub-Prior Eustace, who represents for Sir Walter the pattern of a saintly Churchman of that age. Not one of his men-characters is more carefully or more sympathetically drawn. That Eustace was a gentleman of good family may be assumed, partly from his University experience, his travels in Switzerland and Italy, but chiefly from his conduct on every occasion. This is a monk who might have filled the chair of Innocent III., or Hildebrand. His keen and eager spirit "glanced through eyes to which it seemed to give supernatural lustre." Slight and insignificant in appearance, he ruled by force of intellect and character. The glance of those keen grey eyes was dreaded by wrongdoers, but he knew how to unbend. There had been "fairy hopes" in his youth, as we learn from his soliloquy in the Vale of Glendearg. His many fasts and vigils had not transformed him into a sour-faced, gloomy ascetic. Like St. Francis de Sales, he was a favourite with the young. To Halbert he gave a brooch of St. Cuthbert and to Edward a gay missal. All the teaching the children received was from the kind Sub-Prior. He had so much of the world about him as to admire black-eyed Mysie Happer, and to laugh over the comedy of Sir Piercie Shafton. We see him at first employed on the ordinary business of the Monastery, where he lived, by the Primate's desire, as a

guide and support to Boniface. His mild intervention "gets round the heart" of the surly bridgeward, who had usurped the Abbey's privileges. We follow him into the autumnal glen, where the rustling, neglected leaves remind him of dreams long banished from his heart. We see him as he kneels by the corpse of the Lady of Avenel, filled with sorrow and self-reproach; as he overawes the fierce Border jackman, Christie of the Clinthill; as he returns to the monastery by moonlight after his weird adventure with the White Lady, resolved, at any cost to his self-esteem, to confess to the Abbot that he, like Father Philip, had been made the sport of supernatural powers. Christie meanwhile, after having, as he believed, couched his lance with fatal effect against the stern monk who threatened him with "the black pool of Jeddart" has surrendered himself to the community, and now awaits execution. The Sub-Prior insists on his pardon, and hands him the golden crucifix, for which Christie had been willing to stain his hands with crime.

"It was the bequest of a dear friend to me," says Eustace, "but dearer service can it never do than that of winning a soul to heaven."

The scene between the Sub-Prior and Henry Warden in a later chapter was named in the *Quarterly Review* as one of the three most remarkable passages in the novel. A careful study of "The Monastery" will show how, in scene after scene, incident after incident, Scott develops the character of his ideal Churchman. The book, is spoiled, as all admit, by the intervention of the White Lady; but, as Mr. Andrew Lang points out, Scott could hardly have chosen a finer theme, and the weakness of the plot as a whole must not blind us to the nobility of the central figure. Eustace is a statesman, a scholar and a Christian. Though his religion authorises him to persecute, he is incapable of any act of harshness or cruelty, and he leaves his old fellow-student, Henry Warden, behind him at Glendearg under no restraint. His election as Abbot of Kennaquhair is welcomed by him, not as the reward of high talent and the signal for repose, but "with the native exultation of a haughty spirit called to contend with imminent dangers. . . . Those who approached him could perceive an unusual kindling of his falcon eye, and an unusual flush upon his pale and faded cheek."

The speech in which he summons his brethren to martyrdom is the most eloquent passage in the novel. With Murray and Morton he treats as an equal, negotiating with the daring adroitness of a born leader. Amidst the excitement of the hour he remembers Edward Glendinning and considerably arranges that the disappointed lover shall not witness his brother's triumph. The finest tribute to his character is that of Henry Warden, when he remonstrates against Murray's proposal to "pull down the nest and chase away the rooks." "Nay, but do not so," said Warden, "this William Allan, whom they call the Abbot Eustatius is a man whose misfortunes would more prejudice our cause than his prosperity. You cannot inflict more than he will endure; and the more that he is made to bear, the higher will be the influence of his talents and of his courage. . . . Turn his crucifix of gold into a crucifix of wood—let him travel through the land an oppressed and impoverished man, and his patience, his eloquence

and learning, will win more hearts from the good cause than all the mitred Abbots of Scotland have been able to make prey of during the last hundred years."

We learn with regret, though no surprise, that the last years of Eustace were embittered by theological controversy. He must have survived at least fifteen years as head of his monastery, for Roland Graeme is a grown lad when Mother Bridget announces the Abbot's death to Magdalen. The Catholics felt his loss as a

perilous blow to their cause. "Who remains behind," says Bridget, "possessing his far-fetched experience, his self-devoted zeal, consummate wisdom, and undaunted courage?"

"Let thy spirit be with us, holy man!" cries Magdalen, as she stands before the tomb which bears the words "Hic jacet Eustatius Abbas." If Clement Blair was a forerunner of Knox, Eustace has the charm, the learning, the piety and the self-devoting spirit of the Jesuit martyr Campion.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS will be given for the best New Year's Greeting to our soldiers at the front, in not more than eight lines of original verse.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

- I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Miss Teresa Hooley, of Risley Lodge, Derby, for the following:

THE STAR CHILD.

TO ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

In His storehouse vast of a million stars
God set the souls of the babes unborn,
And their radiance fell through the golden bars
On a far-off world and a race forlorn.

But He took in His hands a soul apart,
More white and wise than the rest might be.
And laid it close to His lonely heart
Till it heard the beat of eternity,

The rhythm of wave and wind and earth,
The secret breathing of sap and sod,
The throb of Creation and Death and Birth—
There on the heart of Almighty God.

And the soul of the child waxed great and grand
And simple as His high mysteries are,
All-tender to pity and understand.
God saw, and created another star.

A myriad rays to a single star
The souls of the unborn children shone,
But God created in love, afar,
A shrine apart for His perfect One.

From a world in darkness far beneath
A wail uprose to the patient Ears,
A shuddering cry of woe and death,
Despair and anguish—a voice of tears

God out of His heaven beheld a Maid
So pure as the star that held the soul
Of His perfect unborn child. God said
A Mother and Babe shall save the Whole

At His word the soul flew down to earth,
To a body tender and soft and small
That lay in a manger—for His birth
No room there was in the Inn at all.

And the star shone bright in the eastern sky,
O'er the stable rude where the young child slept
To the music of Mary's lullaby,
While the hovering angels vigil kept.

With gifts of frankincense, gold, and myrrh
The Wise Men came, by the radiance led,
To where, in the stainless arms of Her
Their Monarch cradled His helpless head.

O'er the wondrous portals out of sight
Of the rainbow nursery where child saints play
There blazes a great and deathless light—
"The Star of the Saviour's Soul" they say.

We also select for printing:

AT THE LAST.

I can sleep now;
Lean closer o'er my bed;
Yes, kiss my pallid cheek and brow—
Ah, with hope long since fled,
I have your kiss at last, I can sleep now,
And leave my love unsaid.



Silhouette by
Lt.-Gen. Baden Powell.
From "Atkins at War" (Herbert Jenkins).

Do not weep now,
For though my lips
be cold,
And though I cannot
kiss your cheek
and brow,
Nor say what could
be told,
I am at rest at last,
I can sleep now,
When you your love
unfold

(John A. Bellchambers, 1, Clifton Villas, Highgate Hill, N.)

SACRIFICE.

If you were dying I would give
My life if only you could live—
For you would hold me to your breast,
And thus, in ecstasy of rest,
Seeing alone your deep true eyes
"I would seem I died in Paradise.

If your soul faltered and should fall
Leaving you lost, bereft of all
If I alone might bear the blame
That urged your tender life to shame,
I could stay quiet beneath the sod—
Knowing you were at peace with God.

(A. E. Davison, 102, Heath Street, Hampstead, N.W.)

THE ROAD TO GRANDMOTHER'S.

Ah, me! for the road that led away
Between the rows of the hedges tall,
With a stretch of haze low down in the west
And a shimmer of clouds high over all.
And there were the fields of dreaming wheat
With a lark a-singing down in the grass,
With never a fear and never a care
For the passing by of a little lass,
And there was the breath of clover blooms,
And the berry brambles a-reaching far,
But not so far as the heart of me
Reaching out where the dream worlds are.

And the road to grandmother's led away
Straight on and on till it came to the sea,
With the white waves curling out in the bay
And always a ship waiting there for me.
And I never knew to be tired then
Nor weary at all when the day was done,
But I'd walk the road from grandmother's home,
Blithe and gay at the set of sun.
Ah, the road in the morning was glad and fair,
But at night the light from the early star
Was the white ship bearing me home again
From the far countries where the dream worlds are.

And there was the own mother waiting me
All tender and sweet in the front yard grass,
And there was a bed snug up to the eaves
Willing to welcome a little lass.
But now, Ah, me, I'm that tired at night
And the road would be all too weary and long,
And my heart doesn't lift as it used to do
At hearing the thrill of a wild birds' song.
There'd be nobody waiting my coming home,
But remembering of it is passing sweet.
O, God of me! make me to know again
The feel of the old road to my feet.

(Grace Noll Crowell, 3818, Peter's Ave, Sioux City,
Iowa, U.S.A.)

MUSIC.

When the flute rejoices,
When the violins
Mourn with human voices
Immemorial sins,

I am hearing only
Wastes of melody,
Where my spirit lonely
Wanders seeking thee.

(Enid Derham, 49, St. John Street, Oxford.)

An overwhelming number of lyrics have been sent in this month, and after careful consideration we select from them for special commendation the twelve written by Miss V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), McLandburgh Wilson (New York), Peggy Grant (Southbourne), E. H. (West Hill), Ivan Adair (Dublin), W. G. Priest (Norwich), Evelyn Wright (Battersea), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), Julia W. Greenwood (London, W.), G. E. Marsden (Christchurch, N.Z.), Erl (Durham), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

THE MAN WITH THE DOUBLE HEART.
By MURIEL HINE. (John Lane.)

"I'll marry one lady to-day,
And I'll marry the other to-morrow."
W. S. GILBERT, *Trial by Jury*.

We also select for printing:

THE LAST SHOT. By FREDERICK PALMER.
(Chapman and Hall.)

"'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd."

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*.

(Florence K. Robinson, Gibraltar Crescent, Parnell,
Auckland, New Zealand.)

THE REAL KAISER. (Andrew Melrose.)

"Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man,
And I can't think why."

W. S. GILBERT, *The Sorcerer*.

(A. Gordon Fletcher, 81, King's Road, Erdington,
Birmingham, and Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont
Crescent, Sheffield.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE BEAVER.

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE. (Heinemann.)

"That's French, I fancy, for a hat."

REV. R. H. BARHAM, *Misadventures at Margate*.

(A. Sedgwick Barnard, Monsall Lodge, Bury New
Road, Prestwich, Manchester.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best acrostic on any British Admiral or General is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdowne, of 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham for the following:

TO ADMIRAL JELlicoe.

"We must be patient; Nelson waited for more than two years off Toulon."

ADMIRAL JELlicoe TO WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Just as of old through weary days and nights
Expectantly did Nelson wait the foe,
Looking with eager eyes across the wave,
Longing to strike some sure, decisive, blow,
I know thou waitest with thy gallant ships,
Calmly and patiently, until the hour
Of opportunity shall prove again
England still rules the sea, supreme in power.

The three best of the many other acrostics received are by Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Seagrave Neale (Highbury, N.), Mrs. Emily Yeo (Reigate).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mr. N. Raghunathan, of 143, Victoria Hostel, Chepauk, Madras, for the following:

CHITRA: A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan & Co.)

This is no drama at all, according to European ideas. There is little action here, and no characterisation. But it swells with the full tide of life in repose. It depicts the eternal quest of Soul for its kindred; and in it the Soul ultimately attains the union it longs for in a spirit of chastened content. This drama is a perfect expression of the Hindu ideal of Love and Peace to be realised in service. Tagore has here worked out a reconciliation perhaps impossible outside the sphere of Hindu thought, but shimmering in the many-coloured haze of poetry.

We also select for printing:

MEN OF THE DEEP WATERS. By WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

As a student of morbidology, Mr. Hodgson is well-known to all readers who like a *souppçon* of the eerie and mysterious in their literary pabulum. Many will, no doubt, give pride of place to his latest volume, which contains some of the finest imaginative work from the pen of this author. The book consists of a series of stories and sketches, some of which are connected with the episode related in the story of "The Derelict"; this latter



*A reproduction of one of the Plates by Solomon
J. Solomon, R.A., for "King Albert's Book."
(Hodder & Stoughton).*

must be read carefully if the reader is to understand the sequences. His depictions of the natural wonders of the ocean world are most graphically done, and will account in some measure for the superstitions incidental to those who go down to the sea in ships.

(A. B. Longbottom, 31, Gerard Street, Derby.)

BERNADOTTE: THE FIRST PHASE.

By D. PLUNKET BARTON. (Murray.)

This is a remarkable book, written in a scholarly, dramatic fashion suited to its subject. Bernadotte was a Gascon—fellow-countryman of Henri IV. and d'Artagnan, who doubtless would have loved him. To rise from the ranks to a throne was an achievement after their own hearts. He and Napoleon stand out the two great figures of their time. Bernadotte was the soldier *par excellence*. His power with his troops was amazing. It frightened Napoleon. The history of their relations, and of Bernadotte's steady rise to fame is deeply interesting. We await eagerly the author's further account of them.

(Miss M. V. Woodgate, 68, South Eaton Place, S.W.)

REMEMBER LOUVAIN. By E. V. L.

(Methuen.)

We speak of the "Apothecary's Art."—and yet any child can mix. Given time, and the faintest literary "turn," and who cannot compile? But "E. V. L." is a literary apothecary. This collection of poems is compiled with true art and taste. Those of us, who, as children, have stood with hands behind

us, reciting, parrot-like, "It was about the lovely close," may now for the first time read the lines with intelligent interest, in company with other gems, some up to date, and all admirably selected. But why the title? The dominant note is not revengeful.

(Miss M. J. Dobie, 4, Hunter Street, Chester.)

JOHN CALVIN. By HUGH V. REYBURN, D.D.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

An interesting study of a sombre but virile personality, written by one in sympathy mainly with the ideals of this ardent reformer. It is a pity, perhaps, that there is not a little more of Calvin the man and less of Calvin the Evangelist. We should possibly better understand to what virtue within himself it was due that he was able to dominate so completely one of the most independent of medieval republics, and at the same time to impress his dour teaching upon so many mixed peoples.

(Arthur R. O'Connor, 1, Newhall Street, Birmingham.)

We specially commend the following writers of the best six of the large number of other reviews sent in, viz.: Edgar Caton (Leeds), Miss M. Marshall (Birmingham), F. Heathcote Briant (Catford), Femina (Golder's Green), Miss Marie Russell (Glasgow), A. H. Leonowens (Kensington Gore).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. Alice Wise, of 7, High Street, Leicester.

New Books.

SIBERIA.*

The name of Nansen is always likely to attract readers, and, as the subject of his latest book is Siberia, this attraction may have an additional and rather fortuitous charm at the present moment. For somehow we look upon this great, silent land as awaiting patiently the breath of civilisation from a victorious Russia. Unfortunately, a population cannot be built up in the twinkling of an eye. And that really is the need of these boundless plains.

* "Through Siberia, The Land of the Future." By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by A. G. Chater. Illustrated. 15s net. (Heinemann.)

Dr. Nansen's volume is mainly an elaborate diary of a trip undertaken little more than a year ago, and lasting, in all, not three months. It has the faults of most diaries, that is to say, it is inclined to be monotonous, and it is full of trifling details, but still it manages to give a great deal of picturesque information. Dr. Nansen is a trained observer of a remarkable kind, he has wide deductive knowledge, and he has a poetical eye for the sombre and mysterious haunts of the world. Let me give two short examples of his powers of romantic description:

"It was a fine night when I came on deck, about midnight. The sunset glow lay deep red, like a slow, smouldering fire



Over the Marshy Land of Noonovski, Ostrov.
From "Through Siberia" by Fridtjof Nansen (Heinemann).

over the surface of the river on the north, with dark shreds of smoke-like cloud in front of it. Venus shone just above, and over Venus and the sunset gleamed an arch of northern lights. It was an extraordinarily beautiful sight. High up the sky was deep blue and starry, beside us the surface of the water reflected the sky, and beyond it lay the low bank and the endless tundra."

and :

"Even the tundra and the teiga have their poetry, their melancholy and their bright dreams in the great, simple features of this eternal round—in summer, when all is green; in the sunset of autumn with the blue lakes and the reedy streams; in the endless white mantle of winter, with the gleaming sun and the crackling frost and the raging snowstorm; and then the long winter night, while the moon sails calmly over the great white surface—and at last the spring, when life awakens once more, and the brooks begin to murmur beneath the snow, and patches of ground appear, and flocks of birds come up from the south, geese and ducks and snipe, by thousands and millions."

These passages have a clear beauty of their own, and they give us, surely a better idea of vast, untrodden regions than do pages of minute and enervating detail. For the worst of diaries is that they are essentially records for oneself rather than for the world. Ten years hence one may be very glad to know that it was on this very day, at 7.25 p.m., in 1914, that you met your old friend John Smith outside such-and-such an inn, and that he insisted on your sharing his supper of cold chicken and apple tart with him, but ten minutes hence it can be of no earthly interest to anyone else. To some extent this diary suffers from a similar defect. And yet it is always full of vigour. Dr. Nansen is not at all *blasé*. From the instant he started north in a Norwegian steamer till the instant he alighted from the train in Vladivostok, his curiosity is unabated. He not only observes, but he discusses, all sorts of problems, from that of the origin of the Siberian races to that of the future of the country.

It should be added that the book contains various maps, and many photographs of reasonable interest. It is well "got up."

RICHARD CURLE.

ROBERT BRIDGES : A CRITICAL STUDY.*

A good book, like this, on Mr. Robert Bridges ought to command a welcome. He has the esteem of most of the chief younger poets. His theories have always been provoking. He is poet laureate, and his poems, like Blake's, have lately been published in one volume at eighteenpence. The poems—and Mr. Brett Young's book tells us no more—tell us plainly something about the man, a decorous, sensuous, fastidious Englishman, who might have been a dean. It is very characteristic of him to say in one poem, after he has been speaking of a Crusaders' effigy of brass :

"Yet dearer far to me,
And brave as he, are they
Who fought by land and sea
For England at this day ;

Whose vile memorials,
In mournful marbles gilt,
Deface the beauteous walls
By growing glory built . . . "

Neither patriotism nor religion deprives him of taste. I do not think any other notable English poet ever wrote so, in a considered and not satiric poem. And again and again, the poems reveal a man who enjoys his patriotism, his religion, his taste, all very keenly. No other poet, not even Wordsworth, suggests such a variety of balanced and enduring enjoyment as Mr. Bridges : only Wordsworth suggests equal happiness. Perhaps indolence is not less strong. How characteristic is the verse :

"All through that idle afternoon we strayed
Upon our purposed travel well begun,
As loitering by the woodland's dreamy shade,
Past shallow ialets floating in the sun,
Or searching down the banks for rarer flowers
We lingered out the pleasurable hours."

* "Robert Bridges : A Critical Study." By F. E. Brett Young. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

How characteristic is the poem beginning :

"The idle life I lead
Is like a pleasant sleep,
Wherein I rest and heed
The dreams that by me sweep . . . "

How characteristic the penultimate verse of "Dejection" :

"Again shall pleasure overflow
Thy cup with sweetness, thou shalt taste
Nothing but sweetness, and shalt grow
Half sad for sweetness run to waste. . . . "

That he tells us of ecstasy and of toil, and that everything is not cold, does not much modify the impression of balanced enjoyments, various, but all touched with indolence. There never was a better temper for reflecting nature, and particularly gardens and small lovely things. Mr. Brett Young says that all the necessary adjectives are to be found in the first line of Mr. Bridges' poem on the Downs, and it may be so ; yet the poem has something of a picture's smallness. Mr. Young is, however, perfectly right in giving whole chapters to the poet's "Freshness of Vision" and "Landscape," and in giving elsewhere so much to prove the poet "the first man to bring the atmosphere of the English landscape into poetry with all its delicate changes and shifting colour."

These excellent chapters are the most positive and enthusiastic in the book. But they are also analytical : the other chapters are mainly so. The critic is a man of taste and reading, like the poet. For example, he is capable of considering the rival merits of three lines by Virgil and a translation by Mr. Bridges, and furthermore deciding that "in two lines at least" the translation is "better than the original." Again, he is prepared, in part, to attribute the poet's "early avoidance of the physical in his love-poetry to a conscious choice and rejection of material from the standpoint of poetics." I can indicate something of his character, too, by quoting his remark that Mr. Bridges' poems "are more purely concerned with the beautiful than the work of any of the poet's contemporaries or successors" ; and his other remark that he would place in the category of the sorrow of Priam over Hector, not the sorrow of Werther, "the bulk of the beauty which Bridges uses." Naturally, then, Mr. Young singles out for refutation only the charge that Mr. Bridges is cold and academic. I think he takes the charge at its stupidest, and is too ready on the one hand to call another poetry "bonfires of stale emotion," on the other hand to whisper : "It is almost as though the poet's haughty disdain of emotion made him choose this means for the suppression of feelings too tempestuous to be trusted to a freer form." He says what can be said, and says it well ; nor, luckily, does he attempt to prove the existence of that "haughty disdain." But he might have done Mr. Bridges and his critics a further justice if he had considered such lines as those in "A Water Party" :

"Guard, Hamadryades,
Our clothes laid by your trees !"

or the last lines of the first verse of the "Elegy among the Tombs" :

"And to poetic sadness care confide,
Trusting sweet Melancholy for my guide. . . . "

or the end of the first eclogue :

"But these were men when good Victoria reigned . . . "

in fact, the whole eclogue. He might have considered not only lines like "Thee fair Poetry hath sought," but Mr. Bridges' imitations generally, and along with his prosody his interest in pronunciation and phonography. Perhaps fear of being carried into personalities has prevented him. His book contains nothing biographical. But I do not suggest that it should have done, or that it is not kept continually interesting and often delightful by Mr. Young's curiosity, learning, fastidiousness, and enthusiasm. He has said well much that was waiting to be said, much that no one else would have said, without being dulled by the belief set forth in the "Preliminaries" :

"As a poet he is not among the greatest ; he treads too deliberately the middle course between imagination and fact,



"Stevenson received me in bed."

From "My Autobiography," by S. S. McClure (Murray).

without the inclusive vision that is the crowning glory of the classic style. He lacks, too, the sustained ecstasy of imagination which is the birthright of the greatest poets. And his genius has an indolent cast, as though he were content merely to seize what he may of a constant flow of beautiful impressions and to fit it to the most beautiful and varied language."

I do not know who else could have given us as good a book.

EDWARD THOMAS.

A MAN OF GRIT.*

In the late Andrew Lang's delightful introduction to the Swanston Edition of the works of R. L. Stevenson, there occurs the following passage, descriptive of one of the characters in "The Wrecker," the story written by R. L. S. in collaboration with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne: "Mr. James Pinkerton is a laudable creation, with his loyalty, his innocence, his total ignorance and complete lack of taste, and his scampers too near the wind of commercial probity. The spirit of hustle incarnate in a man otherwise so innocent, the ideals caught from Heaven knows what Amercian works for the young, and the inspired patriotism, the blundering enthusiastic affection, make the Early Pinkerton a study as original as it is entertaining." We now learn from the publisher's advertisement of "My Autobiography" that Pinkerton's "real live self" is Mr. S. S. McClure. Stevenson tells us in one of his letters that "the character, Jim Pinkerton, of the Advertising American" was one "on whom we build a good deal," and Mr. McClure himself states that some of his own experiences, which he related very fully to Stevenson, were attributed to Jim Pinkerton in "The Wrecker." Admirers of Stevenson's work will therefore welcome heartily this very attractive account of a man whose life story was well worth telling.

The history of Mr. McClure's career would have delighted the heart of the late Dr. Samuel Smiles, and had it been available at the time of publication of that once popular work "Self-Help," it is highly probable that his story would have been added to the number of those strenuous fighters against fate and untoward circumstances. If ever a man deserved to succeed in life Mr. McClure was assuredly such a one. We follow the unfolding of his deeply interesting narrative with wrapt attention, with sympathy and with admiration. Its perusal should act as a tonic to many a struggler. Perhaps the author's name may not be so well known in this country as in America, but there must surely

be many English readers to whom the magazine bearing his name is familiar. Before he founded it in 1893, he had served the interests of many writers in this country in widening an acquaintance with their works throughout the vast continent of America. This he did by means of the Newspaper Syndicate, which was the first to be established in the United States and was the outcome of his boundless energy and enterprise.

Mr. McClure was born in humble circumstances—the son of a north of Ireland man who combined the callings of farmer and carpenter, and whose early death was the cause of his widow's decision to emigrate with her four young children, to America, to which country several of her brothers and sisters had preceded her. Of the many expedients he adopted to provide the expenses for his school and college training, Mr. McClure writes fully, and that part of his Autobiography in which they are related is of absorbing interest. Equally so are his descriptions of the difficulties he encountered and ultimately overcame in endeavouring to establish first the Newspaper Syndicate and afterwards the Magazine. Several pages are taken up by an account of his interview with Stevenson during his stay in America, which will appeal to admirers of that choice writer, though it may be that it will not make any considerable addition to their knowledge. Among other writers with whom he forgathered, were George Meredith, Henley, Harland, the American, editor of "The Yellow Book," Kipling, to name but a few of them.

During one of his many journeyings, made with the object of obtaining "copy" for his magazine, he visited Germany in 1895. He wished to obtain a series of the best portraits of Bismarck, and spent two days with the son of the "Iron Chancellor." The account of his interview with Count Herbert Bismarck cannot fail to interest at the present time:

"He was," writes Mr. McClure, "a man of middle life. He was, I should say, typical of great men's sons—a man of some force, but overshadowed by his father. He took me to a little building on the estate which he used as a Museum, in which were kept all the presents sent to his father from all over the world. I saw a great many curious and interesting things, but the thing I best remember was a cabinet photograph of the present Emperor, taken when a boy, and sent by him to Bismarck while his grandfather was still on the throne and his father was an apparently sound man with the prospect of a long reign before him. On this photograph was written, in young William's hand, 'Cave adsum.'

"Count Herbert called my attention to this photograph, but neither by word nor manner did he comment upon it. When I asked him what his father said when he received this picture, Count Herbert replied imperturbably: 'My father said nothing that it would have been unbecoming to say of his future Emperor.'"

* "My Autobiography." By S. S. McClure, Founder of McClure's Magazine. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

The Kaiser's overwhelming vanity—his megalomania—is apparently of no recent growth. It may be that when in the fulness of time, though earlier than seemed probable, the boy became Emperor, Prince Bismarck was quite prepared for the sequence of events which led to his resignation.

Mr. McClure has written a most interesting book which will be read with equal enjoyment by both English and American readers of the Magazine—even by many in this country to whom the existence of the journal may be unknown.

A few slips are to be noted here and there in the narrative. In connection with Robert Louis Stevenson it is not correct to state that "Treasure Island" and "The Black Arrow" appeared in *Henderson's Weekly*. There never was any such periodical. These stories were first printed in *Young Folks*, the publisher of which was named Henderson, hence perhaps the error. Professor Drummond wrote "The Ascent (not the Descent) of Man." Mr. Rudyard Kipling, if he ever was a reporter, as the writer claims, was on the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, and not on that of the Allahabad *Pioneer*. Mr. Kipling was undoubtedly a contributor to the latter. The present writer remembers with what pleasure he read, when in India, a series of travel sketches entitled "From Sea to Sea," which were printed in the *Pioneer* sometime in 1890 or 1891, if his memory be not at fault. Mr. McClure is a naturalised American, and it is therefore quite in keeping for him to conform to the orthography of his adopted country, but it is not a little disconcerting to meet in a book produced in England, and bearing the imprint of Mr. John Murray, such an outlandish and foreign-looking word as "traveling" which occurs with "damnable iteration" throughout the work. There is no index. These strictures may seem ungracious with which to end a notice of a book which has given so much genuine enjoyment—an enjoyment which will assuredly be experienced by every reader of Mr. McClure's delightful autobiography.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

RUSKIN AT HOME.*

To all lovers of Ruskin this charming little book of personal recollections will be very welcome. It does not pretend to throw any new light upon his character; for we knew already of the tenderer side of it—of his fondness for children, his interest in all that interests them, the delight he had in their company, the graceful, playful relations he was pleased to maintain towards his favourites among them; but nowhere are these attractive characteristics of the man more delicately or more pleasingly revealed than in these pages.

When they were very small girls Miss Peggy Webling and her sisters made the acquaintance of Ruskin, and she and her sister Rosalind were invited to spend seven weeks as his guest at Brantwood. Later, with their mother and a third sister they went on a shorter visit there; and when he came to town he frequently called to see them at their father's house. On one of the first of his calls:

"My sister Lucy, then a very little child, was playing upon the grass. She ran to meet him. He made a grand sweep with his hat and, kneeling upon one knee, kissed her hand. Josephine read him fairy tales she had written, and Ethel made the silver point drawing that is reproduced in this book, and we were all happy."

Between his visits to them, and theirs to him, the girls wrote to Ruskin at frequent intervals; his kindly, whimsical replies have been faithfully preserved, and some of them are here put into print for the first time. Rosalind sent him on one of his birthdays a bunch of mistletoe and violets, and he acknowledged it in verse:

* "A Sketch of John Ruskin." By Peggy Webling. With Frontispiece Portrait, drawn from life, by Ethel Webling. 1s. net, post free. (Of the Author, 124, The Grove, Hammersmith, London, W.)

"Only you, of all my pets,
Sent me living violets;
Only you, from Druid grove,
Sent the sign of noble love.
Therefore, with a faithful mind,
So long as you keep so kind,
I will love you, Rosalind."

J. R."

And some of the most delightful of his letters are to the same child: "I'm only able to send you just this little word to say how glad I am that you like your bracelet: and how much I should like you to come and see me. No—but let me see *you*, for a little while—see *me*! indeed. I don't know where I am gone to for all I can see of myself," he says in one letter; and in another, "I haven't dared to write because I lost in a heap of a crammed drawer one day, a little triangular letter—which has never turned up the smallest point of its three since, and which had—perhaps—no end of niceness inside! which I've never got the good of." To Rosalind, too, he wrote in one of the last of his letters. "You are really a great love to care to come and see an old—holly of the wood like me. No difference to you? But I can't climb any more, but only hobble and puff, and I can't teach you Wordsworth any more, for I've forgotten him myself, and I can't row you over the lake any more—though, perhaps you and Pegsie could row me."

This booklet is a thing to buy and keep were it only for the letters that are in it; but no less delightful are Miss Peggy Webling's pictures of Ruskin in his homeliest moods. He used to read Scott to his two small guests, and would have them recite to him, and, writes Miss Webling:

"I can never repeat the majestic words of the First Psalm without hearing the sound of Ruskin's voice, for he taught it to me. A whiff of the scent of good leather, if I take a well-bound book into my hand, instantly puts me back into his study, reading Miss Edgeworth's tales in an old edition."

It was part of Ruskin's wisdom that he knew how to be happy in the simplest ways, and part of his greatness that he could so beautifully sympathise with the joys of children, and leave in the heart of one of them, for after years, such fragrant memories as these.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE EVERLASTING BATTLEFIELD.*

The two novels on my desk remind me that war is not confined to that terrific clash of ideals which has its point of opposition in France. War is struggle writ large in the hieroglyphics of bombs, blood and death; the strife of ideas made many a home a battlefield of contending forces long ere Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium. Hence, the novel that focusses the intellectual turmoil, the claims for new freedoms, and probes the modern woman's heart with an epigram like a surgeon's scalpel. "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," by Mr. H. G. Wells, and "The Second Blooming," by Mr. W. L. George, naturally form one mental meal, so to speak. The work of the younger novelist is dedicated to the elder in words of grateful discipleship, another reason why they should be grouped together, and it is an implied compliment Mr. George has earned for himself.

How many married men will read "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," and then go their way to speak of Joan or Mary to their next male acquaintance without being conscious of the impertinence of using the possessive case? As a mordant and subtle criticism of contemporary life, this novel will probably remain supreme, until Mr. Wells writes another in the same vein. Of course, Lady Harman is her wealthy husband's prisoner, while he is bound in invisible chains to a fortune built out of multiple shopkeeping. She is beautiful, fragrantly feminine, and intelligent; she married young, and seemed to be already tamed when caught. The mutual obligation of husband and wife forms a theme of arresting interest,

* "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Macmillan.)—"The Second Blooming." By W. L. George. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Faithfully Yours
John Ruskin

developed with consummate skill. The psychological movement begins when she first meets Mr. Brumley, a widowed man of letters, "one of those very natural-minded men with active imaginations who find women the most interesting things in a full and interesting universe."

Then, the combat is joined, for Mr. Brumley considers he is an expert awakener of Sleeping Princesses, of whom Lady Harman is the most alluring. He undertakes her initiation, and is himself initiated into some useful knowledge and endeavour, while egregious Sir Isaac—who whistles through his teeth at times of excitement, remains a prop of commerce and propriety, as best he can. The development of social consciousness in a sensitive and intelligent woman is unfolded, or seems to unfold itself amid a gallery of living types, each with its particular fad, and Lady Beach-Mandarin flows through it all, an engulfing dreadnought of the social sea.

Processes and tendencies, moral, mental and social, are laid bare with Mr. Wells's accustomed insight, and here and there the thread of the story seems to be unduly attenuated, when it runs, a faint streak of sentience through a desert of disquisition—fascinating talks about life as the author sees it. His close and accurate observation, as usual, begets almost the impact of reality, and tense moments of dramatic significance invigorate this great picture of English life at the cross roads.

In "The Second Blooming," Mr. George describes the lives of three young married women—sisters—and what his novel lacks as a consistent and artistic whole, is compensated for by his capable rendering of the congeries of themes, a little too much overlaid with detail. The groups consist of Grace, Clara, Mary and their respective husbands—livingly realised. They married into the class where, so far as the women are concerned, the toiling and spinning are done by proxy. They search for happiness in cultivated London, with a suspicion that happiness awaits them just round an unturned corner. When Grace comes to the conclusion that the man whose name she bears "is not a man any more but a husband" she is in full cry. It ends in an intrigue with a "flashy" mining engineer—a "second blooming"—so logical, and necessary, and up-to-date. Clara energises in the political field, her husband being a Member of Parliament. Mary, the almost happy mother of a happy brood, amid the turmoil is not quite content with her own content, and casts a look of longing at the hectic harvest in Grace's private garden.

Modern marriage is criticised with an almost overwhelming amount of revealing detail, its little antagonisms sharp-set, its usualness pictured in the mirror of feminine psychology. In "The Second Blooming" as in "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," you overhear women trying to discover the worth of their womanhood, within and without the sphere of sex.

Sometimes—it may be fancy—one seems to catch a sigh of pity for the Creator because of the existence of the implications of the Christian religion. Mr. George is not altogether guiltless of a little condescension to the bourgeois, which is hinted at occasionally by an attitude of mind, as of a hidden smile of toleration, regrettable in a writer of brilliant attainment. This novel enhances his reputation. Mr. George has now passed from fine promise to a conspicuous and assured place among the novelists who are seriously concerned with English literature.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

A MISCELLANY.*

The interest of a miscellany like the one before us must from its nature be chiefly personal; a noteworthy feature here is that it is almost exclusively academical. To its contributors, Dr. Mackay appears as little less than the genius of the young University of Liverpool, and more

* "A Miscellany presented to John Macdonald Mackay, LL.D." With two portraits and 12 other illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (University Press of Liverpool.)

particularly of its Arts Department. This does not mean, however, that it will have little to attract the outsider. On the contrary, its spirit and quality have something arresting for a vision that looks below the surface. The varied contents may be distinguished as follows. Firstly, purely personal tributes, as the sketches by Sir Walter Raleigh, entitled "John Macdonald Mackay, Builder," and Mr. N. Wyld's "A Nocturne" with poetic offerings from Dr. Sherrington, whose turn for English verse recalls another former science professor of Liverpool, Sir Ronald Ross, from Prof. R. H. Case, who is sportive in the ancient manner and metre of the "Faerie Queene," from Antonie Meyer, "Es war einmal," and in a strange tongue, "Serandéski," "To a Chieftain," from the learned librarian, Dr. Sampson, considerably translated into the vernacular; add an "Envoy," in Lowland Scotch that Burns might have owned, by the editor, Prof. Elton. Another division includes the acknowledgments of obligations to Mackay for the furtherance of studies with which the writers are concerned as "The School of Russian Studies" (B. Pares), "Ideals for a School of Commerce" (J. Montgomery), and "Birmingham University and Mackay" (E. A. Sonnenschein).

Another class consists of contributions to knowledge proper, history in its various divisions being largely represented. These articles, stimulating in form, and not oppressive in length, include items such as Henry the Eighth's Navy (with excellent illustrations) by Thomas Kerrich, edited by F. P. Barnard. "Un Procès de Sorcière au dix-septième Siècle" (Charles Bonnier). "German Pamphlets in Prose and Verse on the Trial and Death of Charles I" (Robert Priebsch), and for earlier times, "Notes on the Domainal Administration" of monastic and collegiate institutions (G. W. Coopland), and "St. John of Bridlington" (J. A. Twemlow). The "Father of History," is not neglected; two articles represent the modern tendency to be wise above "what is written" Prof. J. L. Myres dissects the account of Cræsus in a style that recalls the late Dr. Verrall, with a view to showing that it is a drama in disguise. His successor in the chair of Greek, Dr. Lehmann-Haupt, offers a not less seductive but less hazardous analysis of the narrative of the battle of Marathon, in which he traces the influence of Dionysius of Miletus. Prof. H. C. Wyld writes on the influence of "Class Dialects" upon Standard English, nor are old Irish (Kuno Meyer), Welsh (W. Garmon Jones), or Spanish (J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly) unrepresented. The Professor of Mathematics (F. S. Carey) has a note on "Ideal Numbers," Sir M. Conway one on "Long Galleries in Tudor Houses," while Prof. A. C. Bradley has some acute criticism on "Coleridge's Use of Light and Colour." Yet, after all, perhaps, the reader will turn first to the five Appendices, curious to learn from his own utterances something of the man who has cast over so many distinguished intellects what is hardly less than a spell. Professor Mackay here appears in the rôle, tacitly or explicitly assigned to him elsewhere, of prophet and preacher. His style accords with the oracular mission. He thinks in jerks, and his presentations are often cryptic and often hazy. His ideal is a democratic University, based on a system of Faculties, that is, the association of allied groups of studies, whose aims should not be so much formal instruction as inspiration and research, and in which the tyranny of examinations should be reduced to a minimum. That he has seen his ideal in great part realized, this volume is a proof. It need only be added that in externals it is worthy of a University Press.

"MUSHROOM TOWN."*

To those who regard the writing of fiction as an art rather than a trade, the work of Mr. Oliver Onions must make a peculiar appeal. Here is a novelist who piques and intrigues because he gives you the idea that he writes

* "Mushroom Town." By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Hodder Stoughton.)

his books primarily to please himself. Mr. Onions is, in fact, an incalculable writer; to him, as to the hero of the well-known story, you are drawn largely "because you never know what he will be up to next." Those, however, who have followed his work for some years know this much about the author of "Good Boy Seldom," that he rarely exhausts a subject, that he can be relied on never to cultivate the same kail-yard twice running. True to this practice of his, Mr. Onions has, in his latest novel, "Mushroom Town," covered entirely new ground. He describes with that wonderful command of essential detail of which he has the secret, the rise and growth—"the natural history," as the French novelist would say—of a Welsh watering-place, giving it, as it were, a sort of sentient life of its own, an infancy, a youth, an adolescence, and an arrival at years of maturity. Llanyglo is exploited as a fashionable and subsequently as a popular holiday resort by a Manchester business man, and on this solid foundation the author bases a very searching and entertaining account of the mutual dislike not incapable of accommodation in practice—which the native Welshmen and the invading Lancashiremen entertain for one another. In Nonconformist Wales, it seems, as in Catholic Ireland, the Celt, though he feels none too happy in the company of the Saxon, will never refuse to take his money. Hence some nice points of casuistry arise; for the outrageous mill-hands of Lancashire—"bivalves" Mr. Onions very wittily calls them in this connection—will insist on celebrating a sort of Saturnalia on the beach, and, being thirsty folk, require many new public-houses to be licensed. What, then, shall the poor Welshman do? Shall he serve God or Mammon? As a matter of fact, the Welshman turns out to be just like the Englishman—a lover of compromise. He remembers what Samuel Butler says in "Elementary Morality": "It is all very well for mischievous writers to maintain that we cannot serve God and Mammon. Granted that it is not easy, but nothing that is worth doing ever is easy. Easy or difficult, possible or impossible, not only has the thing got to be done, but it is exactly in doing it that the whole duty of man consists." So he pretends not to see the amorous revels on the beach, and, if he is a member of the Town Council, he leaves the meeting hastily on business when the question of licensing the wicked public-houses comes up for settlement, lest he should vote for or against the proposal.

It will be gathered from what has been said that the sentimental side of "Mushroom Town" is inconsiderable.

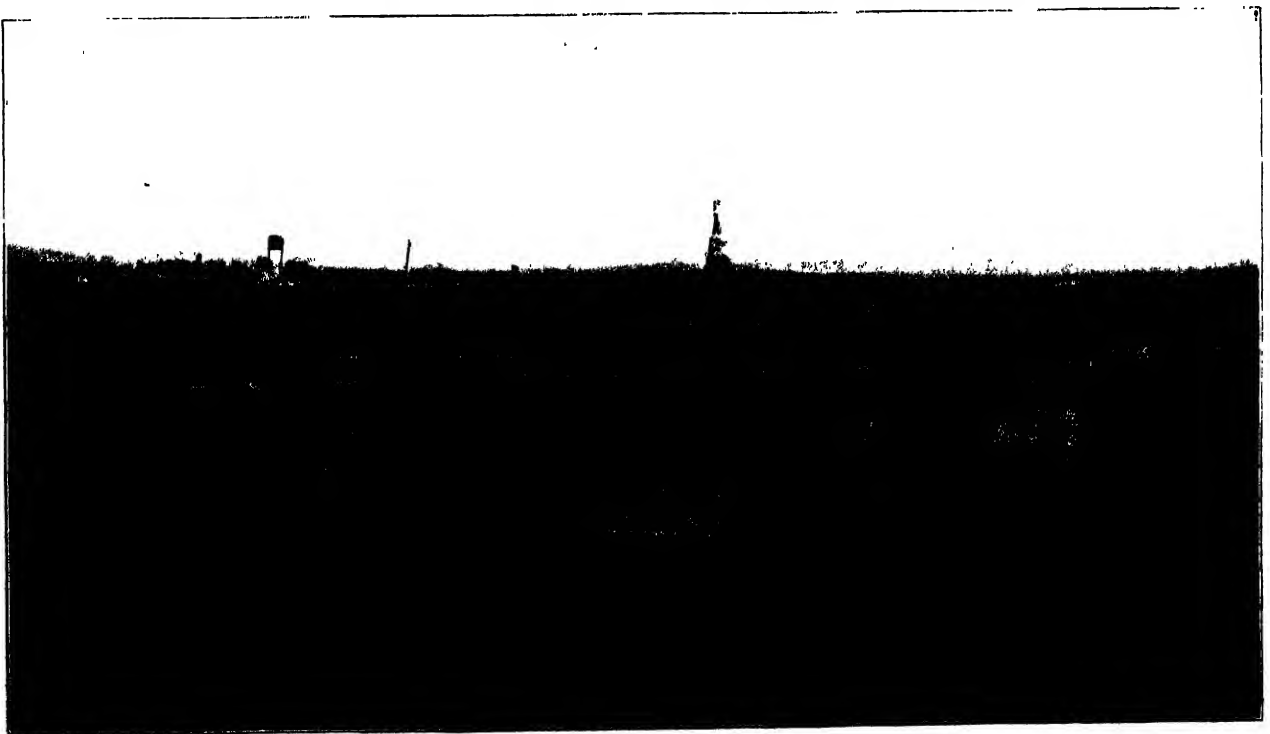
True, there is a moving love-affair between the son of the Manchester business man and a gipsy girl, an idyll told by the author with all possible delicacy and tenderness; but, after all, it is the merest episode. The interest, indeed, of this remarkable book centres not in individuals—though a Welsh M.P., a Welsh grocer, a Welsh bard, and a Welsh revivalist, are all most happily hit off; it depends almost entirely on the crowds that flock to the hotels or throng the beach, crowds which Mr. Onions describes in two ways, in group-conversations, which he reports in a vein of the happiest and most mordant humour, and in eloquent descriptive passages that are as brilliantly seen as any pen-pictures of G. W. Steevens's. One other episode, however, a tragi-comic one, deserves to be mentioned—the story of the four Lancashire lads who build the *Hafod Llynos*, the pavilion of a night. There is something almost epical in this stirring tale of the gallant building, and of the still more gallant re-building, of the Kerrs' ramshackle house.

W. A. L. B.

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*

America may not yet have done much good writing herself—but she is being increasingly the cause of good writing in others. She can perhaps claim Mr. James with his "American Scene" (though he had to turn European to paint it)—but apart from that benign volume the best books she has inspired have been our Mr. Wells's "The Future in America," and our Mr. Bennett's "Those United States," and now this new pilgrim's progress of our Mr. Graham's. None of these would have been written but for the rush of her life, sweeping like a bow across our tuned eastern strings. Her own human instruments are perhaps not yet quite mellowed enough; even her Howells and her Whartons lack "tone"; but with an irresistible gesture she makes us hand her our precious Strads, and sends the winds of the New World vibrantly over them. "From Russia to America," cries Mr. Graham, in his Prologue, "from the most backward to the most forward country in the world, from the place where machinery is merely imported to the place where it is invented, from the land of Tolstoy to the land of Edison, from the most mystical to the most material. . . ." He might have added, from the land of Siberia and enforced silence to the

* "With the Poor Immigrants to America." By Stephen Graham. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan)



The Immigrants.

From "With the Poor Immigrants to America" (Macmillan)

land of Miss Helen Keller, the country that impels the very dumb to speak.

And its effect on Mr. Graham (I speak as one who follows his work admiringly) has certainly been entirely exhilarating and good. He was getting, perhaps, a little too oracular, and a little too carefully naive: he affected, or seemed to, a friar-like simplicity, and his vocabulary was growing vegetarian and parched. America put a stop to that, pretty promptly. When she tried to marry him, at Ellis Island, before he had fairly landed on her shores, to an immigrant girl whom he happened to be helping, she gave the first salutary jolt to the genuine Scotch humour which is the salt of him; and the shocks she kept administering as he strolled through her States kept that condiment in a continual state of agitation—it sprinkles and freshens these pages far more freely than any others he has yet written, and, as I think, will play the part of preservative.

"It astonished me to be taken for a pedlar. But I was almost as commonly taken to be walking for a wager. I was walking under certain conditions. I must not take a lift. I must keep up thirty miles a day. I was walking to Chicago on a bet. I took only a dollar in my pocket and was supporting myself by my work. Or I was walking to advertise a certain sort of boot. Or I was walking on a certain sort of diet to advertise somebody's patent food. I was repairer of village telephones. I was hawking tooth-picks, which I very cunningly made in my fire at the side of the road. I was a tramping juggler and would give a show in the town next night.

"Everyone thought I accomplished a prodigious number of miles a day. At least a hundred times I was called upon to state my average 'hike' for the day. Jews slapped me on the back and told me I was doing fine. I was told that I wasn't the only person on the road. The great Weston was behind me, patriarch of 'hikers,' aged seventy-five. He wore ice under his hat, and was walking from New York to St. Paul at twenty-five miles a day, and was accompanied by an automobile full of liquid food. Far ahead of me was a young woman in high-heeled boots tramping from New York to San Francisco. She carried a small hand-bag, walked with incredible rapidity, and was proving for a newspaper that it was just as easy to walk in Vienna boots as any other. . . ."

And so on. Simply disastrous to any kind of pose. Impossible to feel a lonely mystic when you are cheered on as a champion hiker; and the comparison with the aged Weston, I am certain, did our young Scotchman no end of human good. And his writing benefited instantly. That paragraph I have just quoted is really most admirably done—not only does it give us a far clearer picture of living America than the lofty pronouncement I am about to quote now, but it is really (little though Mr. Graham may perhaps be yet inclined to believe it) a far sounder and more effective piece of prose.

"The great heterogeneous mass of peoples wants to become one nation. There is a power which works through the peoples for that end. The people are ready to mingle; they are already mingling; they are going to and fro and in twos and threes, and every step and every transaction is something essential in the making of the coming homogeneous nation.

"It is a choir dance, a dance of molecules or atoms, if you will, but a dance of human atoms and one that yields a mystic music that can be heard by the poet's ear. Leading the peoples in the involutions and evolutions of the choir dance is a masked figure, not itself one of the people. What is that figure? Not trade, I think, though it helps; not common interest, though it is perhaps a rule of the dance; not even the American idea. The masked figure that leads is a fate; it is an instinct of Destiny.

"There are myriads of rites in the movements of the dance, but not one of them is charged with absolute significance. Thus in the mazes of evolution there stands impregnable, as it would seem, the historic open Bible of America. Around it, marking time, is a massed host of Americans, now reinforced by newcomers, now diminished by secession, swayed this way and that. . . ."

And so on, again. Like the gentleman in the play, I murmur, "Fancy that!" Not because I am a soured old cynic. Not because I don't believe in poet's ears. But because this kind of rhetoric, especially when written rapidly by the roadside (Mr. Graham tells us he wrote most of his book as he walked) tends to get formless and vague; that is to say, unpoetic. If Mr. Graham really were a visionary *sang pur* it might be another matter—but I am convinced his genius is all for the particular, not the general. And it is because America kept continually interrupting his lonely soliloquies with episodes absurd, homely, human, hilarious (all of them superbly reported),

that I consider she inspired him to write his very best book. His best so far, that is to say, for his full masterpiece has yet to come. But he will write it all the better for having gone this Yankee hike. What his prose needed was, precisely, a good slanging.

DIXON SCOTT.

SOME RECENT POETRY. *

It is very pleasant to find so much good poetry in so small a space as contains the "Ballads and Burdens" of Mr. V. Goldie.¹ His title is rather trite and not very appropriate, but his matter is admirably fresh and individual. He is frankly interested in himself, but the vivid and candid expression of personality is one of the things for which we have come to look in contemporary poetry. It is what we find most characteristic of Rupert Brooke and James Stephens, D. H. Lawrence and John Masefield, and it makes Mr. Goldie a candidate whose claims to representation in the next "Georgian" anthology must be considered. He is at once a hedonist and a revolutionary, and his verse is largely the record of reaction from one mood to the other; as in the "Rebels' Bugle Song" with its admirable prelude, "Græco-Roman" and "Isobel," which is a poem of the "Jenny" order, though less sentimental and of a more advanced psychology than its prototype. In a collection in which every number is of quality, the two vivid companion pictures called "Batling," and the dashing "Outrider" are notable; while "Motley" and "Discord" show Mr. Goldie to be an expert in the psychology of Pierrot and his immortal fellows. Better than Dowson or Symonds has he found the subtle note of the "Fêtes Galantes"; for he shares with Verlaine the whimsical humour lacking in the English decadents.

Miss Joan Tamworth has, in her "In the Time of Apple Blossom,"² tried to strike a similar note; but while Mr. Goldie's pieces are genuine Watteauesque, Miss Tamworth only achieves prettiness and barely escapes the pretty-pretty. Still, her verses, though somewhat indistinct in outline, are not without a suggestion of charm and glamour, and are always better than the frontispiece supplied by Mr. Collier Ripley, which would more appropriately adorn a chocolate-box or a menu-card than a book even of such modest pretensions as this.

A poetess of very different calibre is Miss Ethel Carnie.³ In revolt against many things, a champion of the cause of her sex, she has humour and sanity as well as fervour, and does not let the propagandist in her get the better of the artist. Sometimes her craftsmanship is crude, sometimes her appeal is, with evident design, "popular," but in the main her simple and sincere poetry need not fear judgment by the highest standards of criticism, which, rejecting much, would yet retain a heaped handful of good grain. Though "Voices of Womanhood" has the unity bestowed by a very definite personality, it is free from monotony. Biting scorn alternates with and supplements a hope of mystical intensity. Poems of which the themes are individual and the treatment realistic are scattered among a greater number which are social, typical and symbolic.

Mr. B. H. G. Arkwright⁴ is another revolutionary, though of a more academic kind than Miss Carnie. The first three poems, especially, in "Rough Edges" are the expression of a self-consciously independent nature. The first stanza of "Black Sheep" is a good specimen of Mr. Arkwright's outlook and his most authentic style:

"Leave us alone!

Part from us here,

You that are kin to us, you that are bone of our bone!

Skies may be dead for us,

Your heaven's clear:

Live your own living, and leave us to live out our own!"

¹ "Ballads and Burdens." By V. Goldie. 1s. net. (Fifield.)

² "In the Time of Apple-Blossom, and Other Poems." By Joan Tamworth. 2s. net. (Elkin Matthews.)

³ "Voices of Womanhood." By Ethel Carnie. 2s. net. (Headley Bros.)

⁴ "Rough Edges." By B. H. G. Arkwright. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

Elsewhere he echoes Swinburne far too closely either for our pleasure or his own credit. When we read "The Law" we remember "Dolores," and the majestic music of "The Triumph of Time" drowns the imitative cadences of "Treasure Trove."

"Do the Spring-tide breakers that lap and lift you,
Curving the fringe of your squandered heap,
Fingers of surf that sort and sift you,
Softly stirring your year-long sleep—
Do the wild sea-horses that charge and flee,
And form and break on the trampled sea
With thunder of hoofs that shake and sift you,
Fret to be free of the store you keep?"

It is almost incredible that the youngest of poets should be so naïf in flattery of a master; and in the author of "Black Sheep," "Friends," and "London" (where the Swinburnian flavour is redeemed by the independence of outlook) it is inexcusable.

Temporarily sated with modernism, it is with a sense of refreshment that one turns to such work as that of Mr. Edwin Oppenheim⁵ and Mr. Louis Ledoux,⁶ the one prompted to poetry by the Alps, the other by Sicily. Mr. Oppenheim, in particular, is calm and unsurprising. Sometimes moving to a lighter measure, as in "On the Summit," he writes best in blank verse or the decasyllabic couplet. Of the school of Wordsworth and Arnold, he "yearns to the greatness of nature."

"There's a voice
Amid the wild disorder of the hills,
Where beauty is forever bursting forth
From out the heart of horror, that proclaims
Our little lives lie safe in the embrace
Of some large wisdom deeper than our thought."

Whether in descriptive or reflective mood Mr. Oppenheim writes with a dignity worthy of his masters and his theme.

Mr. Ledoux also recalls Arnold, because his verse has something of the clear yet sweet Theocritean light which lies on "The Scholar Gypsy" and "Thyrsis." This quality makes the masque of "Persephone" and the various lyrics which follow it, though none of them stand out as of notable originality, pleasant to read; but Mr. Ledoux' finest achievement is his "Threnody in Memory of the Destruction of Messina by Earthquake." It is a large adequate to its tragic occasion, and if, in style, it suggests Arnold's great monody on Clough, Mr. Ledoux could not have found a fitter model.

There is readable if not very subtle matter in the versifications of Mr. Lloyd Roberts,⁷ Miss Ethel Castilla⁸ and Mr. A. Safroni-Middleton⁹; while those who know its predecessor will welcome Mr. Smith-Dampier's second series of translations from northern balladry and original pieces in the vigorous old style.¹⁰ But of a higher quality than any work mentioned here, except Mr. Goldie's, is Miss Anna Bunston's play of "Jephthah's Daughter."¹¹ Miss Bunston has succeeded where so many fine poets have failed: she has written a tragedy in blank verse in which the characterisation is as delicately articulated as in a realistic modern comedy. She has achieved the necessary synthesis of humanity and poetic dignity. Her play, therefore, is good to read and should be admirable on the stage. It is possible to find blemishes. The scenes which follow the climax are perhaps a little drawn out; and Jephthah's change from refusal to acceptance of his brother's proposal, and Mahlah's acquiescence in her fate, seem rather too abrupt. But of the soundness of both these criticisms the stage is the best

test. Especially notable in a bevy of virtues is the tenderly humorous relief supplied by the children, Heth and Dinah, which takes the place of the broadly comic relief of the Elizabethans. The love episode, too, is interwoven with perfect tact.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE DICTATORS.*

Whatever may be thought of the great Duke of Marlborough and his overwhelming wife—protagonists on the stage of history—of the man of destiny, conscious of genius, and his beautiful companion who controlled everyone but herself—one thing at least is clear. For some twenty years they were co-dictators. Cromwell was not openly supreme for more than five years; Wellington, also a soldier-statesman, not covertly in command for as much as two decades. And the Marlboroughs dictated together and at once. They are unique.

While the Prince Charming of battles gave, spontaneously, the law delivered to Europe, the lovely termagant gave her own law, in his paramount interests, to England. He stormed citadels, she cabinets. For him she manipulated that burrowing "Junto"—the "New-Whig" coalition-oligarchy which eventually brought in the House of Hanover. While Marlborough worked his wonders in the field, she worked his business at home. He dominated, she domineered, and yet her domineering riveted his affection. She imposed her yoke (sometimes in defiance of Marlborough's cool tact) on a doting Queen at once vacillating and obstinate. She could bear "no brother" (or sister) "near the throne." Superiors she flouted, inferiors she cowed, in equals she disbelieved. In vain did the masterful Captain-General sigh for the quiet of Holywell and its châtelaine's violence, which he caressed and smiled at. He worshipped the ground she trod on, but the word of her tongue triumphed. Like Napoleon he was a fatalist; not so the love of his life and disturber of his peace. Indomitable, insistent, she led him up and down dale, over peaks, down precipices. She was a propagandist also, and eventually she converted him against his will to her own queer Marlborough-party. She proved at once his refuge and his ruin, the Lorelei who sank his boat. If Marlborough had any governing principle it was a sort of protestant Jacobitism. For the Duchess a parson was almost as negligible as a priest was odious. And the King over the water was as much her aversion as the abhorrent Dutch "Caliban" himself—or any monarch who would not bow the knee to the Marlborough dynasts. What she arrogated for herself she arrogated for and against her descendants, with most of whom she quarrelled to the close. Her guests of passion stood for creed, and her lord and slave was blown about by their hurricane. With all his treacheries to persons—which Dr. Stuart Reid has here and there mitigated but scarcely disproved—he was often faithful to causes. Nor should it be forgotten that in an age of ambiguous adventure equivocal approaches and more than one door of retirement from a scene far more complicated than Dr. Reid seems to realise, were held half legitimate. These new and fascinating letters reveal many a softer colour in the hard, polished stone, but they do not obliterate a love of money which again may be excused by the insecurity of the times. To this Swift too bears witness, for he denounced the parsimony which he himself practised, and for the same reason. When, in the Duchess's vexed old age, her pride and darling, Lord Blandford, passed away, this very book records how she exclaimed: "I would have given half my estate to save him." Half! Yet the record here is pleasant of John Churchill's acts of generosity, and of the thirty-six St. Albans alms-houses which at length offset Sarah's thirty landed estates. And it is also well shown that neither of them was bribable. Then,

* "John and Sarah, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, 1660-1744. Based on Unpublished Letters and Documents at Blenheim Palace." By Stuart J. Reid, D.C.L. With an Introduction by the Duke of Marlborough, K.G. With Portraits and Illustrations. 16s. net. (Murray.)

⁵ "The Reverberate Hills." By Edwin Oppenheim. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

⁶ "The Shadows of Ætna." By Louis V. Ledoux. 3s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

⁷ "England Over Seas." By Lloyd Roberts. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Matthews.)

⁸ "The Australian Girl." By Ethel Castilla. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Matthews.)

⁹ "A Vagabond's Philosophy." By A. Safroni-Middleton. 5s. net. (Constable.)

¹⁰ "More Ballads from the Danish." By E. M. Smith-Dampier. 2s. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

¹¹ "Jephthah's Daughter." By Anna Bunston. (Erskine Macdonald.)

again, I cannot but think that she also mistook an ungovernable temper for "moral courage." In many of these respects her self-vindication, so trustfully accepted without counter-evidence by Dr. Reid, is a tell-tale prosecutor. She remains a superb shrew, fired by unquenchable ambitions, and this makes her end the more tragic. But her errors were in the main those of a fierce and faithful championship, which goes far to redeem them. In the same way Marlborough's true vein of heroism, his chivalry, the gentleness of his strength, the simplicity of his devotion, atone for much that endures as false—false steps in a day of false footings. For many new and subdued lights we are grateful to the new letters which the deft rearranger of the Blenheim Papers has now given us, and for his suggestive comments as well as those in the present Duke's Introduction. Throughout, there is much that is picturesque and moving. But to my mind the hard facts are not removed however tradition may have heightened or isolated them. We may assuredly rise from a perusal of Macaulay believing that the Marlborough's are too bad, but as assuredly these pages—in the light of any wide study—leave the impression that they are far too good, too good to be quite true.

For here tradition means largely Pope and Macaulay. Was the first wrong when he wrote of the stricken Duke's last phase:

"Or to thy country let that heap be sent
As Marlborough's was, but not at five per cent?"

Was he wrong in earlier allusions? Was he wrong when of "Atossa" he sang:

"Who breaks with her provokes revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Not more a storm her hate than gratitude?"

Much goes to show that in substance he was right, and the Duchess's self-betrayals bear him out. Was Macaulay wrong once more when of them both he wrote: "If, though one of the most covetous was one of the least acrimonious of mankind; but malignity was in her a stronger passion than avarice. She hated easily, she hated heartily, and she hated implacably." To be sure Macaulay has not applied the same standard to Dr. Johnson, and none will more readily admit than I that his history is often a magnificent monument to Holland House. But in the case of the Whig Duchess, his immense knowledge and intense vividness can hardly have been so warped. Boldly—if not fully armed—Dr. Reid tilts against Macaulay. He has certainly modified the case for the treachery towards Talmash, in 1694, but the alternate perfidies to James and William do not seem to us shattered. Nor has he, apparently, borne in mind that striking footnote in which Macaulay substantiates the plot that caused Marlborough's first dismissal. Often Dr. Reid tends to be rather superficial. He has hardly perceived the subtle perspective of the political arena, while the lights cast by much contemporary evidence are ignored. Much, too, is omitted, and the characters especially of Godolphin and Rochester are largely open to question. Why, too, does Dr. Reid see anything "significant" in a consensus between Addison and Steele—both partisans—adherents of the Duke—about Marlborough's unpopularity in 1712. Moreover, the kaleidoscopic intrigues of that crisis (especially as to Prince Eugene's visit) pass unanalysed, and, among trifles, we miss the smart *bon mot* of the Duchess anent James II. that he wished "to drag his country to heaven with him." Once more, Bolingbroke is regarded with conventional eyes, yet Marlborough always liked him even after he had assented to the great General's downfall. Indeed when Bolingbroke escaped to the Pretender it was the returned Marlborough who is said to have given him the hint.

No doubt the Duke and Duchess had each the qualities of their defects as well as the vices of their virtues. Yet what a wonderful pair they are—brilliant, vital, ineradicable. How steadfast to themselves and each other! Their beginnings and their end are alike a fairy-tale, and belong to an era when Godolphin, for instance, was almost a Grand Vizier of the Arabian Nights. These new letters illustrate

afresh the romance that lasted from courtship to catastrophe, and there is a tender touch, too, in the story of their preservation:

"Both packets carry autograph indorsements written in the lonely, disillusioned age of the Duchess. Her own contributions to this strangely unequal correspondence are endorsed 'Some coppys of my letters to Mr. Churchill before I was married.' Then follows the request that Grace Ridley, her chief woman in-waiting, should be given the letters that she might 'burn without reading' them. There is another pathetic endorsement which states that the Duchess has herself read over the love letters of her youth in 1736, and then follows in extreme old age, 'Read over in 1743, desiring to burn them, but I could not do it.' So they have come down to us."

Was she thinking with tears perhaps of those early lines of his—after some petulance of hers?

"... If you have charity you will not only writt, but you will writt kindly, for it is on you that depends the quiett of my soull,"

or of those loving words of hers in an evidently much later letter which has crept into this correspondence:

"Wherever you are, whilst I have life, my soull shall follow you, my ever dear Lord Marl, and wherever I am I should only kill the time wishing for night that I may sleep and hope the next day to hear from you."

She was not always thus kind, sometimes she was jealous, often furious; but throughout his life the more she tantalised him the deeper his devotion. He thinks and sighs and cares for her during all his campaigns; at home and abroad she is his chief concern. "No ambition," he assures her, "can make amends for my being away from you." From the saddle at Blenheim he informed her that the day was won, and he told her the day afterwards that:

"... within the memory of man there has been no Victory so great as this, and ... I am sure you love me soe entirely well that you will be infinitely pleased with what has been done."

It is strange in the light of scientific massacre to read of 26,000—the French losses—as huge, and to remember that the decisive battle lasted only from noon till twilight. There is much in this volume that is interesting about the campaigns, about Vanbrugh, too, and Blenheim Palace and the campaigns about them, about Pope, with his *mens curva in corpore curvo*, about the light and leading of three reigns.

Marlborough radiated a magnetism that never failed, and she wielded a magic even while she repelled. These pages recount a story of the two at once touching and typical. As a young wife, in one of her fits of temper, she had cut off the exquisite tresses which he so much admired. Unknown to her for long years he treasured them in the recesses of a secret cabinet, where she found and wept over them after her hero had expired—in a state of health and mind which made him stand in dejection before his portrait, ejaculating, "That was once a man." Another characteristic story. When Lord Blandford died—of a drinking bout—followed by prayer—at Balliol, the old Duchess was sent for "post-haste." She arrived at night with her beautiful granddaughter. The master, Dr. Leigh, met her. "How," she at once inquired, "is poor Blandford?" Dr. Leigh bowed his head. "Ay," she exclaimed, "I suppose he's dead. ... I hope the Devil is picking that man's bones who taught him to drink." For every generation she made great matches and greater mischiefs—even to the blackening out of the likeness at Blenheim of Lady Di's sister. Deportment-Chesterfield proposed for her hand after the Duke's death, and was gratefully refused. So later on did the proud Duke of Somerset, who deemed the Seymours the greatest family since the flood, had insisted on the *pas* of precedence when William of Orange landed, and had received Charles of Spain at Portsmouth. What an alliance would that have been, such a conjunction of insufferable prides! She, once merely a country miss, had grown to control a Court with a higher hand than he who had been born and bred to it. She "the wisest fool which time has ever made," and he, perhaps not the wisest!

But all this, on the top of many a conjecture which this book provokes and aids, must be relegated to the entrancing, the inexhaustible chapter of Might-have-beens.

WALTER SICHEL.

BOYS AND GIRLS.*

These charming verses for children embody all the joyousness of youth. They are full of rollicking humour, with here and there just a hint of sadness or sentiment that lends them a very human touch, and will make an appeal to grown-ups who love children, as well as to the children themselves. Mr. Foley finds themes for verse in the most commonplace everyday things, and is never at a loss for an idea, yet he is always simple and natural, for naturalness is the keynote of the whole book. He seems to be able to read right into the heart of a child, to share its intense enjoyment of a circus, to realise the many temptations that lure a boy from the way to school, and to understand every youthful thought and fancy, which grown-up people usually forget so soon, but which they must live through again when they read his verses. In a subtle way, too, Mr. Foley finds a delight in tracking down the little weaknesses of parents, as in the "Story of Self Sacrifice":

"Pop took me to the circus 'cause it disappoints me so
To have to stay at home, although he doesn't care to go;
He's seen it all so many times, the wagons and the tents;
The cages of wild animals and herds of elephants;
This morning he went down with me to watch the big parade,
He was so dreadful busy that he oughtn't to have stayed,
He said he'd seen it all before and all the reason he
Went down and watched it coming was because it's new to me."

And it goes on to show how "Pop" missed nothing of the circus, yet spoke disparagingly of it when he went home, saying it was a "sell," and "the same old show,"

"And said he'd seen it all before and all the reason he
Had stayed and seen it all was 'cause it's all so new to me."

This is a book to keep and read and re-read whenever you are in need of amusement and refreshment, for there is something in it to appeal to every mood.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.†

To the casual reader, these two books, admirably concise, lucid and co-ordinated as they are, would scarcely appear more than introductory manuals, as limited and selective as the greater number of such books, dealing, say, with the histories and literatures of Europe. But there is a great deal of difference between ancient Egypt and even mediæval Europe. The records are broken and fragmentary; the translations from the texts entail a highly expert and specialised scholarship, and the work of research and deciphering alone of inscriptions on monuments, tombs, and temples require years of careful preparation and patient discovery. In the light, therefore, of these difficulties, Dr. Wallis Budge's achievement is of considerable value. What this learned man has done is simply this. He has, in the first place, bridged the remoteness which even more cultured people feel towards the government, religion, customs and letters of ancient Egypt; and, in the second place, has neatly summarised the results of a complex erudition into a form accessible to and comprehensible by the normal reader. He has, in fact, revealed the mysterious annals of old Nile for

* "Boys and Girls." By James W. Foley. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

† "The Literature of the Egyptians." By E. H. Wallis Budge. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.) "A History of the Egyptian People." By E. H. Wallis Budge. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)



Lover's Lane.

and Girls' (Dent)

the common man, not by imaginative insight (his work is designedly only an informative handbook), but by the sheer insight of tireless investigation.

Nobody can possibly conceive the significance of dynastic Egyptian literature, without realising its absolute dependence upon the religious life of the people. The Egyptians seemed to possess no kind of secular imagination at all. Even the autobiographical confidences of priests and state officers; the official Press Bureau of invasion, conquest, and pillage; the homely apothegms of daily life and the stories of travel and adventure, though not obviously religious in aim, are either modelled upon or inspired by mythological and ritualistic example and precedent. And by far the majority of the writings inscribed upon papyri, stela, and other monuments, and cut into the walls of tombs, pyramids, obelisks, and sarcophagi, are devoted to hymns and legends of the gods, to dithyrambic songs (such as in the Pyramid Texts), to moral and spiritual exhortation in the manner of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, to elaborate stories of the Creation, and to the sacrosanct Books of the Dead, written to speed the soul to a safe harbourage in the other world. It is no doubt the prevalence of theological literature which partly accounts for the absence of revolutionary expression, common in a people like the Egyptians, where the absolute autocracy of the king, the domination of the priestly orders, the rule of innumerable petty nobles, and the tradition of Imperialism and aggrandisement, result in a grinding oppression of the slaves and the industrial and agricultural classes. For the Egyptian religion was not only an intense faith, but a peculiar weapon and monopoly in the hands of the aristocratic caste. The consequence was that literature flourished, so long as it was conservative and was non-existent, as an expression of the inarticulate needs of the people. Still, it is a fine literature, as extracts from Dr. Budge's book (translated with faultless taste and appreciation of the English language) show amply enough. The ornaments, similes and coloured paraphrase of mystical symbolism are, as might be expected, far more characteristic of its temper, than simple and direct statement. Its imagery, though often, as in so many ancient literatures, a tedious cataloguing of attributes, can be magnificent and even exquisite. And in this literature, as in all literatures, there is that note of temporality, of regret at the passing of beauty, which is in Villon's "Où sont les neiges d'antan?" and Keats' "Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding adieu."

Dr. Budge's historical *résumé* is divided into two parts—the dynastic records of Egypt, down to the Turkish occupation, and an attempt at reconstructing the religious habits and daily life of the different classes. Before the reign of

the Ptolemies (the first Ptolemy was one of Alexander of Macedon's generals), and the Roman suzerainty, and after the Neolithic period, Egypt, in the course of 4,000 years, had no fewer than thirty dynasties—native, Theban, Semitic, Hensu, Nubian, Assyrian, Persian, and Macedonian. No history is more chequered, more futile in its foreign policy, and more glorious in its architectural achievements, also religious in their purpose and significance, and no nation has had as intricate, varied, and numerous a divine hierarchy. The history of ancient Egypt is indeed a history of its kings and its gods. To us, it is the history of the builders of its Pyramids.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

EARL ROBERTS.*

This is a serviceable and well-written chronicle of those more public achievements of one of our greatest soldiers, with which most of us are more or less superficially acquainted. It recounts the main facts of the career of Frederick Sleight Roberts—how he was born at Cawnpore, September 30th, 1832; how he was educated at Eton and at the military colleges of Sandhurst and Addiscombe; how he took part in the Indian Mutiny, assisting at the Siege of Delhi and at the Relief of Lucknow and winning the Victoria Cross; how he served in the Abyssinian Expedition; how, in the second Afghan War he made his famous march from Kabul to Kandahar; how, first as Commander-in-Chief at Madras, and subsequently as Commander-in-Chief of the whole Indian Army, he re-organised the military forces of the King-Emperor; and how finally, in the darkest hour of the South African struggle, he revived the prestige of British arms and turned the fortunes of the war. All this Sir George tells us in a narrative which—interesting as it is in many ways—suffers considerably in perspicuity from the unpardonable oversight which has permitted a military history of this seeming importance, dealing with operations on two continents, to issue from the press entirely unprovided with maps. But—to tell the truth—the theme which Sir George has elected to tackle seems to interest rather than to inspire him: he never rises to the height of his great argument. On the one hand, he tells us nothing fresh about the personality of Earl Roberts, and, on the other, he fails to explain where, when, and in what circumstances that great strategist mastered his job, learned, that is to say, to move and to maintain an army in the field, with due attention to communications, transport and supplies. Apart, however, from this failure to appreciate the significance and the bearing of that twenty years' apprenticeship to his work which Earl Roberts served in the Quartermaster-General's Department of the Indian Army (1857-1878), apart, too, from the quaint blunder which the biographer makes in devoting twenty-five pages of the life of his hero to that ill-considered attack on Cronje's laager at Paardeberg, for which Lord Kitchener and not Lord Roberts was responsible, Sir George has, in this, the latest account of the great Field-Marshal's doings, given us a trustworthy and quite a readable example of book-making. When we say that a work of this kind is neither an intimate biography nor a study of campaigns in the manner of Kinglake or of Napier, we are not seeking to belittle it, we are merely desirous of indicating its unambitious character and scope.

THE WORKS OF TAGORE.†

All those who have read Tagore's masterpiece, the "Gitanjali," will ask, in meeting two other of his books, whether they are equal to that one, and we must answer at once that in our opinion the lyrical beauties, which are

* "The Life of Lord Roberts, K.G., V.C." Compiled by Sir George Forrest, C.I.E. 16s. net. (Cassell.)

† "The King of the Dark Chamber." By Rabindranath Tagore. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Chitra." By Rabindranath Tagore. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

the great merit of the "Gitanjali," are in "The King of the Dark Chamber" somewhat cloaked by the mysticism that of course was also a considerable feature of the great book. It is unnecessary to explain who is the "King," that personage whom many search for with more or less success; in fact, we should prefer if they were now and then disposed to interest themselves in other matters. It is not a play which could well be acted, not merely because the "King" remains invisible, but because the fitting to and fro of a number of characters seems to be governed by no dramatic, but by a loftier sense. What particularly attracts us in this work are the incidental songs, especially those which the Grandfather sings, he being one of the few characters who remain permanently in our recollection. For example:

"I am waiting with my all in the hope of losing everything.

I am watching at the roadside for him who turns one out into the open road.

Who hides himself and sees, who loves you unknown to you, I have given my heart in secret love to him,

I am waiting with my all in the hope of losing everything."

This work is not so well translated by Tagore into English as was the "Gitanjali," and the reason is that he very often uses slang or unpoetic expressions which are at variance with the atmosphere, at any rate with our idea of the Indian atmosphere.

"Chitra" is a far more delightful thing. "Like an endless meaning," says Modana, who is Eros, "in the narrow span of a song." And while we can read "Chitra" in an hour, it will not quickly fade from us. Simple and beautiful and grand, it recounts the adventure of a Princess and her Hero-Lover; it has, we learn, been performed in India without scenery; and although two gods, Modana and Vasanta, are introduced, there are no difficulties in the way of an adequate representation. It is practically a duet of love between Chitra and Arjuna, the latter being a prince of the house of Kurus who, during the action, is living as a hermit in the forest. The lyrical drama is based on a story from the Mahabharata, which tells how Arjuna came to Manipur and asked the king for the hand of his charming daughter. The princess had always been treated as if she were the king's son, for he had no other child, and on condition that Arjuna agrees to let the princess's son be "the price that I shall demand for this marriage," the king gives his consent; Arjuna lives there for three years, and on the birth of the child he sets out again on his travels. In Tagore's play there are, as we would expect, various subtleties introduced: "Not for the short span of a day, but for one whole year," says Vasanta, Lord of the Seasons, "the charm of spring blossoms shall nestle round thy limbs." And when Arjuna succumbs to her: "Alas," she cries, "it is not I, not I, Arjuna! It is the deceit of a god. Go, go, my hero, go. Woo not falsehood, offer not your great heart to an illusion. Go." And the following scene between her and the two gods is gloriously Ruskinian and at the same time Oriental. "From the flowering *Malati* bower overhead," says she, "silent kisses dropped over my body. On my hair, my breast, my feet, each flower chose a bed to die on. I slept. . . . It seemed to me that I had, on opening my eyes, died to all realities of life and undergone a dream birth into a shadow land. Shame slipped to my feet like loosened clothes. I heard his call—'Beloved, my most beloved!' And all my forgotten lives united in one and responded to it." But she longs to reveal herself to him without disguise. "A time will come of itself," says Vasanta, "when the heat-cloyed bloom of the body will droop, and Arjuna will gladly accept the abiding fruitful truth in thee. Oh, child, go back to thy mad festival." In the rest of the play, whose development excites our intense sympathy, there are frequent passages over which we linger: "I am thinking," says Arjuna, "that you, with this same lightness of touch and sweetness, are weaving my days of exile into an immortal wreath, to crown me when I return home." And "the loveliness of your body," says Vasanta to the princess, "will return to-morrow to the inexhaustible stores of the spring." The beauties of this small book are almost inexhaustible.

HENRY BAERLEIN.



WOMEN AND MEN.*

In "The Three Sisters" Miss Sinclair has given us a poignant story, admirably skilful in staging, conduct, and construction. No doubt its sombreness of tone partly inheres in the conception itself, and so has the artistic cachet of true inevitableness; yet the reflective reader will detect in this somewhat morbid atmosphere traces of the author's own *parti pris*. The Carteret sisters, for example, are genuine creations, while the father, who is the hinge of their lives, is distinctly a construction—an amalgam of unlovely qualities against which, as against certain ethical formulas, the writer is discernibly running a tilt. Jim Greator, too, stands forth a living personality, so truly created that one is scarcely conscious of the builder's hand; yet in the happenings which centre about him one again savours, here and there, the *parti pris*. In the same way one feels that the triumph of the meek, "good and sweet," subtly hypocritical Mary, though very cleverly managed, is managed.

The action of the story lies in the black-grey village of Garth, Garthdale: a milieu heartily loathed by Mary and Ally Carteret, loved for its magical moors by the third sister, the nobler Gwenda. The flat gloom of the Vicarage home, ruled by the bullying father, is impinged upon by a well-drawn, upstanding character, Dr. Rowcliffe. The pursuit of Rowcliffe by the unhappy, fragile, neurotic Ally is the first phase of a drama—too full and complex for a just conspectus in any short article—whose issue is the powerful climax of Chapter XLVIII. But upon some of the high-lighted moments of the drama interest fastens strongly, e.g. the telling incident of the mare's colic; the clever turn given to the story by Ally's endeavour to reclaim Greator, leading to her meal by his fireside; the concert, with Jim's exalted emotionalism; Essy Gale's parting with the Vicar, and subsequent scene with her mother; the moment in which Gwenda accepts her own adoration of Rowcliffe—"It had received the dangerous sanction of her soul." Markedly effective also are the scenes in Chapters XXXIII. and XXXIV. between the Vicar and his daughters; the flogging by which Mary wins her traitorous triumph; the finely touched repentance of Greator—and most markedly the climax, already alluded to, of Ally's *débâcle*. After this point the story, though it maintains its hold, is less convincing, for one acquiesces but doubtfully in the strong Gwenda's obsession, through so many years, by a futile passion.

Mr. Coningsby Dawson obtains his effects in "The Raft" mainly by a sequence of impressionistic sketches, telling and clever in their brushwork, but sometimes over-sudden and keyed a little too highly, for the plane of nature. Jehane, for instance, falls deeply in love immediately, loses the lover to her friend Nan, steps off the raft of spinsterhood into matrimony with another man, and, already a mother, embarks upon a fresh marriage in Chapter VI. Verily the modern novelist is a quick-firer or nothing! As a foil to the sour, jealous, brooding Jehane the author depicts with marked success, in her friend Nan, a lovable wife and mother, sweet all through yet in nowise vapid. The figure of Nan gleams brightly all through the relations of the two families whose affairs are the chief concernment of the story. Her husband, Barrington, is the strong sound man; the other, Jehane's second venture, is a flimsy, contemptible creature upon whom, in the present writer's view, the artist bestows too large a space of canvas. He is frankly a bore to every character in the book; and the reader, painfully in accord with this verdict, could well do with less of Ocky Waffles. Yet if over-done, Ocky is well done, and strikes a note of genuine pathos on the emergence which follows upon his downfall, the events precedent to which might be compressed with advantage to the work.

At one period of the story the reader is somewhat overloaded with the infants of the two families, and their funniments; but when the babies grow up into children,

the author is at his best. In the tricycling adventures of Peter and Kay he gives us childhood done with real charm, while the semi-fairy tale of Happy Cottage and the Haunted Wood is enwrapped in an atmosphere of true poetic feeling and subtly quiet beauty. The Fawn Man and the Golden Woman are clever, intentionally elusive sketches. In the vivid snapshots of Henley, with its riot of colour and love-making, as in the astonishingly vital moments of the race for the Headship of the river, the author shows his command of the living-picturesque. The low-comedy characters, though funny enough, might have been a little more sparingly used, especially as each and all—cabmen, cooks, nursemaids, policemen, use the same over-accented cockney dialect.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

THE FORERUNNER OF MODERN CHEMISTRY.*

A romantic interest always attaches to a man who, being endowed by Providence with wealth and high station, foregoes the public career which such advantages would seem naturally to mark out for him, and devotes his life to the furtherance of thought. Such a man was Robert Boyle, the youngest son of the great Earl of Cork, who rendered such distinguished services to the English Crown during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and who left a large family of sons and daughters, each one of whom was well fitted by nature to uphold their father's lofty reputation. Robert Boyle could have achieved any position that he chose. He could have been a peer, a bishop, or Provost of Eton. But to him titular greatness seemed "an impediment to the knowledge of many retired truths"; and he felt, over and above the absence of any "inward motion to it by the Holy Ghost," that the less he shared in the patrimonies of the Church the more influence he would have in religious matters. He would not fetter himself by tests and oaths (and for this reason declined the presidency of the Royal Society, of which he was one of the chief ornaments), he could not alter his character, he wished to remain completely free to pursue his researches for the good of mankind in the service of God. And so it was that he remained to the end simply "Mr. Boyle"—a virtuoso and an "Honourable Person," and that he died unmarried within seven days of his sister Lady Ranelagh, the staunchest of all his friends and the only person who knew the story of the small ring which he wore from his youth onwards "for a particular reason."

Posterity has not given to Boyle quite so high a scientific reputation as he enjoyed among his contemporaries, and the comparative vagueness with which Miss Masson describes the results of his main life's work is the more surprising that she does not appear wholly to accept this modern estimate. The principal facts, of course, are here. We hear much in an indefinite manner of Boyle's air-pump, the *Machina Boyleana*, perfected for him by Hooke, which was to enable him to make a "just theory of the air," and to "demonstrate its elasticity." We have a due reference to "Boyle's Law" and to the kindred "Hooke's Law." We are referred to a recent Presidential Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science in which Sir William Ramsay stated:

"It was Robert Boyle, in his 'Skeptical Chymist,' who first controverted these ancient and mediæval notions, and who gave to the word 'element' the meaning it now possesses—the constituent of a compound."

In the main, however, Miss Masson gives us little detail as to the way in which Boyle "amassed and examined evidences that were to break down the old mistaken notions of the Greek and mediæval philosophy, and to build up—a very little way, perhaps, but on a new and sure foundation—the mighty structure of physical and

* "The Three Sisters." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"The Raft." 6s. By Coningsby Dawson. (Constable.)

* "Robert Boyle." By Flora Masson. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

chemical science." The laborious experiments of a chemical or a physical laboratory, fascinating as they are to the man of science, do not, perhaps, make very good reading, but so scholarly a biography as this is should certainly have contained more particulars as to Boyle's work. A summary, such as that contained in the "Dictionary of National Biography," on this, the most important, aspect of Boyle's life would have done no harm to a book written in so charming a style and containing accounts of so many delightful and interesting episodes.

So thick, indeed, do these incidents press upon one another that one can readily understand Miss Masson's absorption in them. The Boyle's are just the sort of people about whom it is a pleasure to read and write. Each one of them had a strongly-marked personality, which was not the less real if it did not show itself so patently as did that, for example, of "unrewly" Mary, afterwards Countess of Warwick. Robert Boyle was no exception to the family rule. As quite a little fellow he was pronounced to be "spiritay," and his housemaster at Eton, Harrison, took peculiar trouble over his education. In his early days he was, perhaps, something of a prig, but this defect wore off, or we may be sure that Samuel Pepys would never have written of him in such appreciative terms as he did. One of the most pleasant traits of the Boyles was their staunchness. The great Earl of Cork was never too haughty to ignore a poor cousin, and Miss Masson argues with great plausibility that Milton's life was probably saved at the Restoration by the exercise of the powerful Boyle interest at Court. Robert Boyle in particular was a thoroughly good man, incapable of acting against the dictates of his conscience, and charitable in a bounteous and unostentatious fashion, a man who took so seriously his position as Governor of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel that the New Englanders called him their "charitable, indefatigable, nursing father." If his own experiments entitle him to be styled the true forerunner of the modern chemist, there is no doubt that science also received great impetus from the more researches of so noble minded and so nobly bred a gentleman as Robert Boyle.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

GODS AND MEN.*

Mr. James Stephens already greatly daring in the "Crock of Gold," and in "Here are Ladies," excels his own audacity in his last work, "The Demi-Gods." We had got used to lepra-charms and fairies, hobnobbing with philosophers and resisting arrest by the police, and it had seemed a natural thing, this blending of the human with the supernatural. But the corruption of an archangel, a seraph, and a cherub by the seductive philosophy of Patsy MacCann, the wandering tinker and thief of the West of Ireland, makes one open his eyes very wide. Of course, these heavenly beings were of Irish descent, and so may have had, on that account, a latent propensity for the mode of life to which Patsy MacCann introduced them. Anyway, no sooner had they divested themselves of their wings, their crowns, and other celestial trappings, than they at once accommodated themselves to the wandering life led by the tinker and his fair daughter, Mary.

They learned to smoke strong plug-tobacco, to drink whisky when it was available, and generally to live on stolen food, without any human qualms of conscience. This was the society to which the celestial beings were introduced by Patsy :

"The wandering ballad-singer with his wullet of songs slung at his ragged haunch; the travelling musician whose blotchy fiddle could sneeze out the ten strange tunes he had learned from his father and from his father's generations before him; the little band travelling the world carrying saplings and rushes from the stream which they wove cunningly into tables and chairs warranted not to last too long, the folk who sold rootless

ferns to people from whose window-ledges they had previously stolen the pots to plant them in; the men who went roaring along the roads driving the cattle before them from fair to market and back again; the hairy tinkers with their clattering metals, who marched in the angriest of battalions and who spoke a language composed entirely of curses."

Brien, of the O'Brien nation, who had set both Heaven and Hell by the ears, and had bewildered even Rhadamanthus himself by his persistent claim for the return of his lost threepenny piece, reappears in "The Demi-Gods," only to meet with an inglorious end by being kicked to death by an inoffensive ass, while fighting with Patsy for the possession of the wanton Eileen in Cooley.

There are many beautiful passages in the book, more especially those dealing with natural objects, the breaking of the dawn over the mountains, the gurgling of the streams and the fading of the daylight along the bosom of the happy fields.

But it is the gradual unfolding of the idyll of the Cherub Art, and Mary MacCann, that Mr. Stephens reaches his highest level. Nothing could be more tender, more delicate, more beautiful than the dawn of love between the Demi-God and the Mortal Maid :

"There was birth already between them—sex was born and something else was shaping feebly to existence. Love, that protection and cherishing, that total of life, the shy prince scarcely to be known among the teeming populations of the world, raised languidly from enchanted sleep a feeble hand. What fire did their eyes utter. The quiet night became soundingly vocal. Winged words were around her again as in that twilight when her heart loosed its first trials of song. Though the night was about her black and calm, there was dawn and sunlight in her heart, and she bathed herself deeply in the flame."

And, at last, Art chooses earth rather than heaven, rends in pieces his beautiful many-coloured wings and casts them to the winds.

"'Let you and I go down after the people,' he said. But Mary was weeping, and as they paced down the narrow track, he laid a great arm about her shoulder."

It is not easy to criticise Mr. Stephen's work. He is in a class by himself, and we can only compare him with himself. It is enough to say that "The Demi-Gods" bears this test of comparison and emerges with laurels undiminished.

H. A. HINKSON.

ADVENTURES IN THE COMMUNE*

Quite the most interesting chapters of Mr. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly's new book of reminiscences, "My Adventures in the Commune," are those which contain the author's piquant little biographies of the leaders of the movement, men most of whose names are to the English reader absolutely unknown. Who, for instance has heard of Paschal Grousset, the *bel-ami* and "blood" of the great revolt? Yet Grousset belonged in turn to the Central Committee of the Federation of the National Guard and to the Commune, and acted as a sort of Foreign Secretary; while, after his escape with his friend Rochefort from New Caledonia, he founded a journal called "L'Education Physique," to which, says Mr. Vizetelly, young Frenchmen largely owe it that nowadays they have made such progress in football, boxing, and other sports and pastimes. General Cluseret, again, is but *nominis umbra*. Yet he was the Commune's War Minister, and long before the Municipal Guard revolted, he was a well-known military adventurer. Under the Republican Government of 1848 he commanded a battalion of the Mobile Guard and received the Cross of the Legion of Honour for his share in suppressing the June insurrection. Subsequently he took part in the Crimean War, served under Garibaldi in Sicily, fought under McClellan in the American Civil War, and was mixed up with the Fenian scheme for seizing Chester Castle.

* "My Adventures in the Commune." By Ernest A. Vizetelly. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

** "The Demi-Gods." By James Stephens. 5s. (Macmillan.)

Apart from these admirable pen-portraits of the more eminent Communards, boot-makers, many of them, characteristically enough, the most attractive feature of this excellent volume of memoirs is the full and trenchant analysis which Mr. Vizetelly gives of the causes of the great upheaval; never have they been more keenly probed or more clearly summarised.

DOSTEOVSKY SELF-REVEALED.*

Almost any collection of letters is bound to be a web of mingled yarn, good and ill together. Even Lamb wrote letters unfit for publication—unfit, I hasten to add, through absence of interest, not through presence of naughtiness. This volume is no exception to the rule. Some of the letters have little special interest, and some have merely flashes of interest. In some, too, the interest is painful, monotonous, and slightly irrelevant. Page follows page giving us little but the repetition of the sad and, we fear, not very heroic story of Dostoevsky's struggles with debt, illness, and temptation in foreign cities. All these things, we know, were factors of great importance in his art and life; but the letters represent them out of all proportion. The thing that matters most, the intense nationalism that makes him almost the best interpreter of Russia to us Western Europeans, appears here (if the Hibernianism be permitted) by its absence rather than by its presence. We get his perpetual complaints at absence from Russia, but we get far too little of his actual vivifying contact with the native soil. The foreign letters have not even the interest of travel literature. In Switzerland or in Italy Dostoevsky saw nothing but deprivation of Russia. The great Gibbon remarks of a famous city to which volumes have been devoted, "The spectacle of Venice afforded some hours of astonishment"; upon which Mr. Birrell remarks that, long-winded as Gibbon is supposed to be, no one could be shorter with a city or a century. Dostoevsky is equally curt. Tired of Switzerland, he crosses to Milan, and stays there merely because he cannot afford to go further. But, he adds, "At the end of November, I mean to move to Florence, for there are Russian papers there, and perhaps living may be cheaper. On the way I shall make a *détour* to Venice, so as to show it to my wife." Has anyone else ever given such amazing reasons for visiting the pearls of Italy?

While we are in the vein of objection let us note another defect of the volume. Its provenance is uncertain. It seems to be a translation, not from Russian originals, but from a German edition with many excisions, perhaps judicious, perhaps not—we simply do not know. We do know, however, that a whole series of letters was withdrawn from publication by the author's widow, and remains sealed up in the Dostoevsky Museum at Moscow. The volume is thus frankly imperfect. Let us take it then for what it is, and be thankful that we have so much.

That much is a very great deal; for the volume at its best is most fascinating and appealing. There is danger in being positive about anything; but I feel sure that in no collection of letters, wheresoever issued and by whomsoever written, can there be found a more wonderful, moving document than the long letter written by Dostoevsky to his brother in 1854, describing his journey from the Petersburg prison to Siberia, and his experiences as a convict in those regions of sorrow. The letter is the germ of "The House of the Dead," and those who know that vivid and dreadful book will be specially glad to meet



Soldiers firing on insurgents from the housetops.

From "My Adventures in the Commune" (Chatto & Windus)

its first-hand original. The latter is preceded by certain others written from the fortress during the first months of his imprisonment, and the set forms a narrative of most terrible interest. Let us piece together a few quotations:

"The worst of all are the twilight hours. It is soon quite dark here. I often cannot get to sleep till about one or two in the morning, and the five hours during which I have to lie in darkness are hard to bear. They are injuring my health more than anything else. . . . I have lost all sense of time. . . . Possibly I shall not, all the summer through, see so much as one green leaf. . . . [The months pass on.] The autumn months, which I find so trying, are drawing near, and with them returns my hypochondria. The sky is already grey; my health and good heart are dependent on those little tatters of blue that I can see from my casemate. But, at any rate, I'm alive. . . . [The winter comes.] To-day, the 22nd of December, we were all taken to Semyonovsky Square. There the death-sentence was read to us, we were given the Cross to kiss, the dagger was broken over our heads, and our funeral toilets made. Then three of us were put standing before the palisades for the execution of the death-sentence. I was sixth in the row; we were called up by groups of three, and so I was in the second group, and had not more than a minute to live. I thought of you, my brother, and of yours, in that last moment you alone were in my mind; then first I learnt how very much I love you, my beloved brother."

As we know now, the sentences were never meant to be carried out: they were intended as a lesson of "frightfulness" to the supposed revolutionaries, whose real punishment was to be exile to Siberia. Our space does not permit of any quotations from the long Siberia letter, with its terrible description of the convicts' shed, reeking with wet and filth and stench unutterable. Perhaps it is as well. Mere quotation would convey little of its cumulative effect.

Dostoevsky was twice an exile; and it is safe to say that he was harmed more by his flight into Europe to escape his debts than by the hardships of his earlier punishment. At the worst Siberia was Russia, and, whatever he suffered, he was less unhappy there than in the detested cities of the Occident. He accepted the first exile as a challenge to the spirit, and got from his experience a certain quality that makes his work intensely individual and

* "Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky to His Family and Friends." Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

appealing; from the second and more ignominious exile he got a few scenes and incidents for his novels, but got them at a terrible cost to his soul. So bitterly did this Russian of the Russians hate his self-imposed imprisonment in Germany, Switzerland and Italy, that he resented, with a sort of personal hatred, the apparent happiness of his countrymen who preferred to live abroad. Hence arose his quarrel with Turgenev:

"I kept putting off my visit to him—still, eventually I had to call. I went about noon and found him at breakfast. I'll tell you frankly—I never really liked the man. . . . My bitterest complaint against him is his book 'Smoke.' He told me himself that the leading idea, the point at issue, in that book is this: If Russia were destroyed by an earthquake and vanished from the globe, it would mean no loss to humanity—it would not even be noticed. . . . Amongst other things, he told me that we are bound to crawl in the dust before the Germans . . . and that all attempts to create an independent Russian culture are but folly and pigheadedness. . . . I brought forth all the hatred that these three months have accumulated in me against the Germans. 'Do you know what swindlers and rogues they are here? Verily the common people are much more evil and dishonest here than they are with us; and that they are stupider there can be no doubt. With what has your "civilization" endowed the Germans, and wherein do they surpass us?' He turned pale (it is no exaggeration), and said: 'In speaking thus, you insult me personally. You know quite well that I have definitely settled here, that I consider myself a German and not a Russian, and am proud of it. . . .' We took leave of one another politely and I promised myself that I would never again cross Turgenev's threshold."

The volume concludes with some excellent personal recollections and contemporary judgments of Dostoevsky. Until a fuller collection of letters shall displace it, the book is the finest interpretation to be had of this wild and often puzzling novelist. One thing clearly emerges: that to Dostoevsky's typical characters—to Raskolnikov, Alyosha, Myshkin and the rest, another must be added—Dostoevsky himself.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

IN DEFENCE OF WHAT MIGHT BE*

There could be no better evidence of the profound impression made by his "What Is and What Might Be" than this apology which Mr. Edmond Holmes has now written. Just three years have passed since Mr. Holmes published his educational work. In so brief a space of time it would be absurd to suppose that any very widespread practical results could have been achieved, even if the remarkable theories which he then enunciated had met with instantaneous and general acceptance. It takes time to "scrap" the educational machinery of a country and to substitute new "plant." But, of course, no such ready acceptance was found for his theories, and, though Mr. Holmes awoke responsive chords in the hearts of many earnest thinkers, whether professed educationists or not, he has had to meet a flood of criticism both of the intelligent and unintelligent order.

Among these critics the Herbartians have been prominent, and it is with their objections to his views that Mr. Holmes first deals. He is careful to point out that the followers of Herbart do not necessarily represent the views that Herbart himself would have preached to-day had he lived to see, for example, the results of recent researches into wheat and other cultivated plant nature, and throughout he shows a markedly fair appreciation of Herbart's undeniable contribution to educational theory. His words, therefore, gain additional force when, after proclaiming his belief that there are certain central tendencies in human nature which are directed towards the ideal perfection of the human type, that in promise and potency Man is good, and that the function of education is to foster the growth of human nature as an organic whole, and so help it to unfold its natural goodness and grow towards its natural perfection, he proceeds:

* "In Defence of What Might Be." By E. G. A. Holmes. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable).—"The Feeding of School Children." By M. E. Bulkley. 3s. 6d. net. (Bell).—"The Montessori Manual." By D. C. Fisher. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

"If I were to abjure this faith, what would the Herbartians offer me in its place? A theory of education which is derived deductively from a fantastic psycho-philosophy, belonging to a bygone age, and is, therefore, out of touch with the more recent developments of psycho-philosophical speculation and psycho-physiological research; which repudiates the authority of Nature and derives no support from the analogies of the world of life and growth; which is precluded by its own first principles from studying human nature as it manifests itself in the child's unfolding life, . . . which makes the teacher a mere purveyor of 'presentations' or 'ideas,' and yet allows him to flatter himself that he is a builder of souls; . . . which regards itself as final and authoritative, and would impose itself dogmatically, if it could but capture the machinery of education, on every teacher and every child."

But the Herbartians are not the only critics with whom Mr. Holmes breaks a lance. In a chapter on "Original Sin" he makes a vigorous reply to the attack made upon him by Canon Scott Holland, and concludes a piece of remarkably close and lucid reasoning with the prophecy that the battle of Armageddon which is to come upon us in the world of ideas will be one "between Supernaturalism and the 'Higher Pantheism,'" between those who would break up the Universe into two dis severed worlds—one shadowy and the other dead—and those who think of it as a living whole." From Canon Scott Holland and the neo-Anglican intellectuals Mr. Holmes passes on to Professor Eucken in a chapter on the "Philosophy of Self-Realisation," and thence again to Dr. Geraldine Hodgson and those who hold with her that the fundamental ideas of the Montessori system and of that urged by Mr. Holmes must lead children down the "Primrose Path" of ruin and aggravate that national decadence which, in the eyes of these critics, appears to be taken for granted.

One of the most important chapters is that in which Mr. Holmes suggests a few remedies for the evils he deplors. He does not present us with any cut-and-dried scheme; he puts forward his ideas "reluctantly, and almost against my better judgment"; his aim in writing about education is to set people thinking. The full force of his suggestions is only to be appreciated by the initiated, but it is of interest to learn that he would abolish the examinations for entrance into the Public Schools, boycott the Oxford and Cambridge and all other local examinations, do away with the elementary school teacher's Certificate examination and induce the Training Colleges to undergo a radical transformation from within. Truly a sweeping set of proposals, but as an educationist Mr. Holmes is nothing if not drastic, and his skill and ease as a writer helps him not a little to put forward his theories in the most plausible and attractive manner, even when (as is often the case) he is arguing out some profound philosophical truth.

Of the other two books under review a brief notice must suffice. Mrs. Fisher is already well-known to educationists as not only a warm champion, but an able exponent of the Montessori system, and this reputation will be fully maintained by her extremely useful handbook. She says what she has to say in the simplest and most lucid language, and if she has nothing very fresh to tell to the initiated her book—which is admirably illustrated—should make an excellent introduction to a study of the more purely philosophical principles of Dr. Montessori's system. Miss Bulkley's monograph is a sturdy piece of informative writing which discusses the subject in very considerable detail and bears evidence in every page of having been written by one who thoroughly understands a most difficult and important problem. Her general conclusions that in present conditions the provision of school meals is a necessity; that the meals should be provided for *all* children (in the Public Elementary Schools) without any inquiry into their parents' circumstances, and that the meals should be continued throughout the school year and, if necessary, during the holidays will, of course, not meet with general acceptance. That the favourite saying of Sir Roger de Coverley applies to this as to other problems, Miss Bulkley is quite willing to admit; and her own fairness to her opponents leads one to express the hope that they will at least do her the justice to consider carefully the facts and arguments which she has marshalled with such obvious care and skill.

M. H. H. M.

"THE DEATH OF A NOBODY."*

Let us say at once that this is a book of uncommon beauty, power, and significance. It is entirely original, perfect in its workmanship, and so rarified and pointed in its minute and delicate psychology, that choice and brilliant as is the handling of the theme, its fidelity to the common, seemingly trivial, but actually momentous facts of life, is unquestionable. The "nobody" is an engine-driver, who dies early in the book. All the remaining chapters are devoted to tracing the permutations, radiations and electrical affinities of the dead man's soul with the souls of the living people with whom, however remotely and partially, it comes into contact. It tingles through the consciousness of his fellow-lodgers, of the little girls who buy a wreath for the grave, through the funeral procession, through the minds of the old father and mother of the dead man, away in Auvergne, and finally through the vague aspirations and probings of a young man strolling the boulevards two years later. It is a supremely intricate and difficult piece of work, but its most intangible and fragmentary reactions are described, sorted and analyzed, with an almost uncanny precision and penetration. There is no book quite like it in all the range of modern fiction, be it French, English, Swedish, Italian or Russian. A portion of its ideas is, no doubt, derived from M. Bergson's theories of group-consciousness, but these hypotheses are so wonderfully translated into imaginative psychology, that its illumination becomes entirely its own. In spite of the elaborate and meticulous study of the most evanescent of human emotions, the book never loses its entity in the pursuit of mere detail. For there is nothing which M. Romaines describes, which he does not make of a powerful and subtle value. The translation is remarkably well done. It is faithful, but not baldly literal, exact, but always choice and exquisite, and it really does grapple, as few translations do, with the quintessence of the author's meaning.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.†

The second of these two volumes, the fourth of the collected works in English, contains the "Legendary and Symbolic Dramas," "Hannele," "The Sunken Bell," and "Henry of Aue"; and in the introduction to it Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, the editor, deals with the "new idealism" in the advent of which these plays had their part. "Mactertlinck," he says, "began to weave his unearthly dreams; Ibsen was confirmed in the tendency to symbolism that germinates in the plays of his middle period; Strindberg turned mystic; Rostand gave new life to the romantic drama in verse"; and then he adds this curious sentence: "Various as these manifestations were, they sprang from a common weariness of the hardness of truth and the pitilessness of life." That sentence is, perhaps, a more illuminating comment both on the change in question and on the situation that preceded and occasioned it, than it was meant to be. It might more truly be said that the revolt was from a hardness that was not true, and from a form of pitilessness that was not life, but born of literary circles, into a symbolism and sentiment equally untrue to life, and equally born of literary circles. Those who are hunted by an obsession seldom escape from it; for its presence is as obvious in the averted glance and the defending arm as it was in the preceding hypnotic obedience; and in Gerhart Hauptmann, in these two volumes before us, both aspects may be seen of a partial and, therefore, inaccurate vision.

Truth may be hard, but it is also exalting, and the exaltation flushes the hardness with ardour, though it may not diminish its severity. So life may be pitilessness enough, but it has its compensations to those who are

* *The Death of a Nobody*. By Jules Romaines. Translated by Desmond McCarthy and Sidney Waterlow. 4s. 6d. net. (Howard Latimer.)

† *The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann*. Vols. III. and IV. 5s. net each. (Martin Secker.)

willing to become aware of them. It is mainly a question of attitude. "Michael Kramer" for instance, is pitilessly true in its description of the ardent teacher and painter, the very earnestness and rightness of whose demands on his family was the measure of his misunderstanding of them and of their withdrawal from him as domineering; of the narrow-minded wife whose limited intelligence became so ugly beside the husband; of Arnold, his son, with a wayward stock of genius in him that the father recognised (and we ought also to recognise seeing we are told it exists), but lazy, thriftless and fundamentally sordid; and of Michaline, the daughter, the only one who recognised the father's real splendour, solid, trustworthy, appreciative and patient, but without any of the genius for which her father sought. It is all true, terribly true, and we may recognise it as we would recognise a photograph; yet, like a photograph, it is only superficially true. The two factors from which the situation takes its virtue are the genius in Arnold which caused his father to expect so much from him, and Michael Kramer's own large purpose in life. The central scene in the play, when Michael, possessed of the secret of Arnold's nightly wanderings, struggles with his son in an effort to find some nobility to which to appeal, takes its whole value from these two opposing factors in the play. Yet even as we call them factors we have to recognise that they are rather stipulations conceded than things made real; for Arnold's genius is never made real to us (and therefore his death is less a tragedy than a desirable dismissal), whereas Michael's own art only emerges in some slight sentences by Iachmann. Whether the factors of a play should remain a stipulation—or rather, how far they may do so—is its own question; at the moment the consideration is that had these things been made real to us, the whole picture would have been made, not less pitiless, but pitiless in our altogether different way; with the sordidness a relieving dignity and splendour would have taken their part, even though it were only a missed splendour, a fallen dignity, in Arnold. Indeed, we should then have pitied Arnold, instead of wishing to have him put out of the way.

As it is, we look in upon the Arnold family—bereft of that which, as Hauptmann, the dramatist, tacitly admits, alone makes it interesting—as we might look in on Teufelsdröckh's garret, dust-strewn and dejected, without seeing the visions, "alone with the stars," that made it splendid. Comedy might relieve the strain; and indeed comedy does so in the preceding play of the same volume "Colleague Crampton." And so, even in "Lonely Lives," it is not easy to keep patience with John Vockerat. Without being at all too inquisitive, we would like to hear more of his conversations with Anna Mohr before deciding what sort of liberty it was he desired. The circumstances would be unimpeachable given an adequate ideal; but the equation, or lack of equation, remains rather mathematical than vital. We could more easily sympathise with a John Vockerat who desired Anna Mohr healthily and bodily, than a John Vockerat who is mainly an intellectual prig.

Granted that it is an exceedingly difficult thing in a play to ring conviction out of intellectual ideals. Playgoers (we suppose even in a land of State-Theatres) wish to see something happening, in the mind if not from the fist. Indeed, that is one of the great problems of drama. Yet if it is to be answered it must be answered in terms of real life and not by way of such elaborate symbolism as Hauptmann, turning from the inconclusiveness of the "hardness of truth," gives us in "The Sunken Bell." No doubt it is an elderly faith that an artist should believe in the things whereof he treats; but it is perfectly obvious that the trolls and spirits with which the play is adorned came from no further a distance than an artist's fancy. Yet, even so, it is not easy to say whether they have any symbolical virtue; or which of them have and which of them have not. Strictly speaking, the finest symbols the world has to show are a man's own acts, if he reckon his life as a purposeful conflict; and certainly Heinrich's Rautendelein does not bring the bell-founder's ideal any closer to us than the postulation of Arnold Kramer's genius. Each is



Ben Jonson.

From "Poets Laureate of England" (Pitman).

equally inconclusive, though for differing reasons. The impossibility of the ideal has nothing to do with it; for some of the dreams that seem the least possible of realisation remain the most potent among the generations of men.

Strangely enough the most convincing of these plays is that which was cast in the most arbitrary form, "Henry of Aue." The last act rather avoids than answers the difficult solution that was demanded; but to that point the action lies bravely where it should, in Henry's own agony of despair. And the torment of his mind is very finely done. There is reality in it. Hauptmann is at grips with a mind passing into a madness of torment; and we feel in consequence that, despite the remoteness of the subject, we are near a reality more stirring because more vital than that which calls itself naturalism.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

OUR POETS LAUREATE.*

Mr. Forbes Gray has written a very useful and entertaining account of our Poets Laureate from Ben Jonson to Alfred Austin and has given extracts from their official Odes that sufficiently justify most of the hard things he says of the bards who have worn the laurel. Of the sixteen poets who have achieved that distinction in the course of about three centuries only five—Ben Jonson, Dryden, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Robert Bridges—have lent any lustre to their office. It is not quite right to say that all, with one exception, kept "a vigilant eye on sack and pension." Southey was a quite respectable laureate, and Tennyson and Wordsworth were above suspicion, to say nothing of the present laureate, who is not included in this survey, though his portrait is given as frontispiece to the volume. Again, in discussing the Court Poets before Ben Jonson, Mr. Gray misses Skelton's meaning when he says:

"The fact is the laurel was coveted by the more skilful versifiers of Chaucer's time. This is plainly shown by Skelton who, writing of Chaucer, Gower and Lydgate, winds up his description with the line:

"They wanted nothing but the lawrell."

* "The Poets Laureate of England." By W. Forbes Gray. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

Surely, Skelton's meaning is that they had every other poetical qualification and lacked nothing but the laurel. But one must not complain of trifles. Mr. Gray has done his work with commendable thoroughness and ability, and his chapters on Shadwell, Eusden, Whitehead, Warton, Pye are as informing and as full of interest as are those on the greater laureates. One is glad to see him do such ample justice to the poetry and the great personality of Ben Jonson, and his other judgments are equally sound and discriminating. The book makes amusing and interesting reading, and excellent portraits of most of the laureates add to its attractiveness.

BROWN STUDIES.*

There are nights when we lie awake and wonder whether the Rev. Father Brown was a myth or a private company. Some of the adventures he has compassed, as the old lady said about Gulliver's travels, are "things we can positively not believe," nor is there any obligation to believe that Mr. Chesterton credits them himself. On the other hand, this whimsical, clerical hero of his confounds us not only with the quality of his adventures but the quantity as well. He is no sooner emerged from one baffling complication than he plunges or lapses into another, and the process is repeated at a breathless rate until the work is finished and the question of credibility forgotten. This is where our enjoyment begins to realise itself in the riotous exuberances of the work, its assault on probabilities, and its contempt for the dove-tailing process endeared to novelists by a timeworn tradition. Mr. Chesterton prefers the jigsaw puzzle of life in the jumbled state, and not in the elaborately restored picture. If, where the pieces threaten to arrange themselves, he straightway snaps a piece in two here and there, or swells it into inconvenient dimensions, on the other hand, when he drops into an accepted phase, instead of crossing it out, he proceeds to annihilate it by contradictions until the commonplace accident has become a sort of triumph. For instance, in "The Fairy Tales of Father Brown," he touches on a family portrait of "a handsome old gentleman," and then, as if rejecting such a commonplace ingredient in the story, he adds "if he'd any hair or eyebrows, and hadn't been wrinkled all over like a vulture; but he had thungs to harass him, as I'll explain in a minute." We are not quite clear whether he does so explain, nor even whether we expect him to. All we know is that the story rips along in its own sweet unexpected way, and Father Brown bobs up right at the finish like an imperturbable legless doll with a light head and a loaded base. That indeed, is how we feel when the book is done with, if any of Mr. Chesterton's ever are done with. He leaves us lightheaded with bewildering amusement at the speed of his narrative; but he also leaves us discontented with our own immobility compared with his buoyancy and rapid intellectual flight.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.†

"They have made me a member of the Whittington Club," writes Miss Mitford in 1847, "in company with Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Somerville, and Leigh Hunt—only these five. This is a very great compliment." The selection, by "Douglas Jerrold and other men of letters," would scarcely represent the judgment of posterity upon the period; and it is doubtful whether any generation, later or earlier, has witnessed quite a similar group of notabilities. The author of "Our Village" was extraordinarily popular in her own day; the enthusiasm of America being quite unmeasured: every one sent her a "complimentary" copy of his last book: old and young welcomed her appreciation. And the "lumpish, short,

* "The Wisdom of Father Brown." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Cassell.)

† Correspondence with Charles Boner and John Ruskin. Edited by Elizabeth Lee. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

thick, and squab " little lady was always ready to express her opinions without reserve. She refers, for example, to Wordsworth's " flower-garden of ladies, such as Richardson used to cultivate.—If I were there I should want *men*." She prophesies indulgently for young Tennyson—" only that smoking!" and for Kingsley, despite his stammer. She finds Hawthorne nearly equal to Eugène Sue! She cannot see why they call Browning a poet; and deplores Mrs. Browning's enthusiasm for Italy—" A people without recent poetry, without living literature, without even an attempt at eloquence," cannot be " ripe for freedom and self-government. Year by year they seem to be dwindling. Italy is an extinct volcano. The very smoke is gone."

Her idols are John Ruskin and Louis Napoleon! Yet, undoubtedly Miss Mitford's personality was vigorous and unique: far more so than one might suppose from her own delicate art. Mrs. Browning refers to her " great, warm, outflowing heart, and the head"—like Coleridge " in her granite forehead"—was " worthy of the heart. . . . The heat of human sympathy seems to bring out her powerful vitality, rustling all over with laces and flowers." Many years later Charles Kingsley declared that he could " never forget the little figure rolled up in two chairs . . . with clothes on, of course, but of no recognized shape or recognisable pattern; and somewhere out of the upper end of the heap, gleaming under a great deep globular brow, two such eyes as I never, perhaps, saw in any other English-woman . . . and such a tongue, for the beautiful speech which came out of that ugly (it was that) face; and the glitter and depth, too, of the eyes, like live coals." She was a fine sportswoman, too, which doubtless pleased him.

Behind all this geniality and curiously unsound judgment we may detect a generous spirit of spontaneous gaiety, and a genuine " triumph of mind over matter." In early days she experienced serious struggles with poverty and, to support an extravagant father, gave up writing plays to earn money by the production of " Our Village." Rheumatism, and kindred ailments, so crippled her later life, that many of her most spirited letters were actually written in bed with a maid holding the inkbottle. She was lifted in and out of bed, could not even turn over in a lying position, and, lover of nature though she was, was " too much buried in the chair" to see into her little flower-court when " wheeled to an open window . . . but I look up to oaks and elms and a graceful acacia waving across the clear blue sky." When friends stayed talking for more than about half-an-hour, she suffered a week's collapse, if not actual risk of death. To be grateful, joyous, and sympathetic under such circumstances argues a strength of mind, which is unconquerable. It was, indeed, only two days before her death, in her 69th year, that she reminded one of her intimates " if you wish for another *cheerful* evening with your old friend, there is no time to be lost."

There are in existence seven volumes of letters by Mary Russell Mitford, many autobiographical passages in her three volumes of " Recollections," and many personal allusions in other biographies. As Miss Lee suggests, a critical selection of " letters," and a sympathetically constructed " autobiography" would be well worth publishing; but meanwhile we can feel nothing but gratitude for this well-edited record of the last ten years of a busy and useful life.

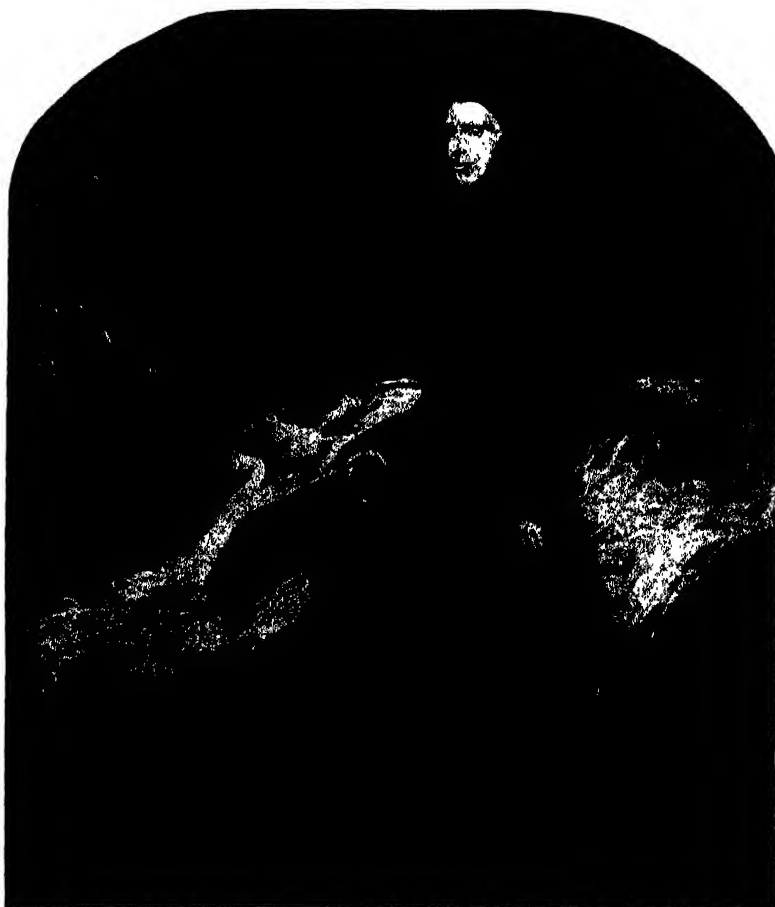
R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

THE FRIENDLY ROAD.*

Sam Slick, the immortal clockmaker, went north and south, and east and west by the friendly roads that go up and down. Cobbett rode abroad in England. Borrow tramped it in Wales, and many another one in every country

* "The Friendly Road." By David Grayson. 3s. net. (Melrose.)

under heaven, but few have taken the key of the fields with as much zest as David Grayson, strong farmer, who found house and crops and old grey mare, and sundry pigs and cows and hens becoming a tyranny, and rebelled one morning in early spring. It was a gentle rebellion. David Grayson walked out casually from his home, with a grey bag hanging from his shoulder, Montaigne in his pocket, freedom welling up in his heart, and the love of adventure before his eager eyes. Without money, without encumbrances, he meant to be a pilgrim, and his pilgrimage was a jolly one. Out on the spring road you may indulge harmlessly in the lust of the eye and the pride of life, and when you want supper and a bed you attach yourself as a volunteer labourer to any farmer you see busy, and like the look of. If you are David Grayson, you work like one possessed of a "daimon," and win a welcome for your high spirits and bright philosophy as well. Or you light upon garden enthusiasts, who though really millionaires, admit the brotherhood of gardeners, and take the dusty one to their hearts. Or you may arrive in a village and by your wise precepts and exemplifications you may arouse a flame of energy and rejuvenation in the mild brow-beaten parson. For everywhere that David went he lighted a candle in some heart, and he met with very divers folks, I warrant you, from millionaire to anarchist. And David Grayson can wield the pen as well as he tells us he can deal with spade and hoe, and plough; he has eyes to see and a heart to see too, and what he sees and feels he can make you share with him. His book is an agreeable one, it starts splendidly and catches all our sympathy, and there are really magnificent pages throughout. American though the book is, the English is almost beyond reproach, and immaculate, and more, distinguished with the personality that is style. There is one point in the book that is deeply to be regretted. It lacks balance. David Grayson is altogether on tiptoe. Everything is for the best in, etc. God's in his heaven, all's right with the world. Too much of this attitude accuses a man's judgment; it suggests not conviction so much as wilful shutting of the eyes, a determination to drown dull care. With a little more



John Ruskin in 1854.

From "Mary Russell Mitford" (Fisher Unwin).

sense of the less jolly side of life, and of the courage that can control it, the book would have been, even more than it is, a real possession.

Novel Notes.

THE UNPETITIONED HEAVENS. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The hero (or victim) of Mr. Marriott's new book is John Latimer, the novelist ("the one distinctly original writer of present-day English literature," says the *New York Observer*), starting his twentieth volume with a rueful appreciation of the discrepancy between reputation and reward—a reputation that really is high, the *New York Times* notwithstanding, and a reward that averages three hundred a year. Translate that discrepancy into finer human terms, and you get the tale's tragic predicament. The woman whom it takes a man like that to appreciate, a man of "the better sort, the finer grain," must herself be a rare fine creature; and rare fine creatures, when feminine, do not, cannot, flower in circles labelled three-hundred-a-year. It is an almost inevitable situation, and as typical as you please. The things a man like Latimer sees in marriage, all its perfect possibilities, can only be won with the help of a woman who has been pretty expensively reared—and there is nobody less capable than your Latimers of tuft-hunting. Ruth Armitage was certainly an expensive product, and she glimmers wonderfully enough through these pages, precisely the mate a man like Latimer needs and deserves, needing and deserving, too, precisely a Latimer. Would the distinguished thing not have been to brave the social disparity? Mr. Marriott thinks, no. "All his past, with its scrambled domestic habits and ingrained Bohemianism, all the less curable for not being expressed in obvious ways, rose up and told him that it would never do. She was the only woman for him, but he was not the man for her. . . . He did not think that he was shirking life." Well—we do. Mr. Marriott, of course, knows far more of Latimer than we can; but these words from the last page strikes us as being themselves an evasion. They alter the value of the whole case; we feel vaguely defrauded, as though we had been studying cooked evidence. And it is more agreeable all round to conclude that it was Latimer's final calculation alone that was faulty. Even so, there is futility. This is not the book's natural end, and we are aware of some secret frustration. To explain that feeling at length might also be to explain the discrepancy that still exists between Mr. Marriott's own reputation and reward. Life is more generous than he will allow it to be. He finicks just a little. He intervenes with discussion and theory. We watch the characters too often through a kind of glaze, like creatures in an aquarium. And the ironic feature is that this deadening non-conducting medium would probably be removed if he were allowed more time to his work—it is so often made, quite obviously, of workshop shavings, scenarios, comments and calculations that belong to an experimental draft. Increase the reward, that is to say, and the reputation would instantly widen; pay our Latimers better and they would instantly be popular. The contemporary significance of this book, in short, it would be impossible to over-rate. It is much the most remarkable novel of letters published this year.

THE GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER. By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (Methuen.)

In "The Gentleman Adventurer" Mr. Bailey breaks fresh ground. It is a fine, swinging tale, with its main plot pitched in the schoolboy's Spanish Main of buccaneers and the Jolly Roger, and it is marked by that sense of distinction which we have come to expect from its author. The seafaring scenes are admirable, and the episodes in Estevan's pirate city carry with them the authentic thrill

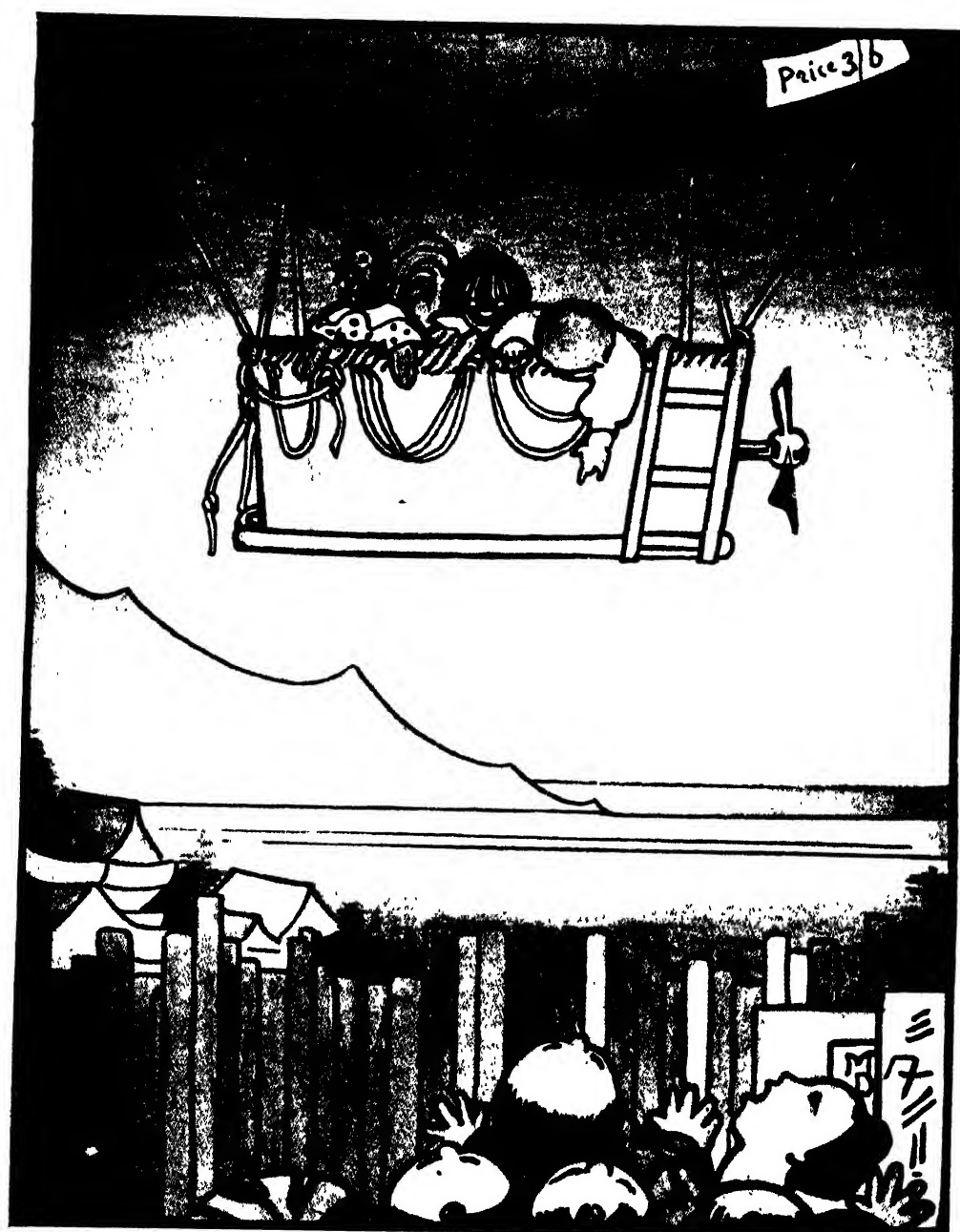
of horror. Its characters, too, are something more than the lay figures which the cut-and-thrust novelist so often insists on giving us, and Peter Hayle himself is a gallant and winning gentleman, far too scrupulous for the work-a-day world of the average buccaneer. Isabella and Estevan are both sufficiently inhuman to raise distaste, but they rise above the level of the heavy villain and the lady adventuress of melodrama. It was a fierce, cruel world, this Spanish Main of Harry Morgan and his friends, and not the place at all for an adventurer anxious to play the gentleman. But Mr. Bailey allows his hero to ruffle it through with success, and we are inclined to love him all the more for his happy disregard of the thieves' conventions among which he moves. The opening and closing scenes are placed in that late seventeenth-century England which Mr. Bailey has already painted so admirably in "Beaujeu," and we could well wish for more of them. At such a time as this we can be grateful to an author who succeeds in turning our thoughts for awhile from the all-engrossing topic, and who can thrill us with a good, stirring piece of pirate romance. That Mr. Bailey does with real success, and we can commend "The Gentleman Adventurer" to any who are disposed to be nice about their literary fare.

THE CAP OF YOUTH. By Madame Albanesi. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Madame Albanesi's gifts as a teller of stories are so well-known that it is almost enough to say of her latest novel, "The Cap of Youth," that it is entirely worthy of its author and deserves to rank among her most popular books. Madame Albanesi is so readily sympathetic, so indulgent to the waywardness of youth, that her girlish heroine with her mischievous reckless nature, eager to love and be loved, becomes very real and wholly lovable under her magic touch. When the story opens she is in deep disgrace because of a trivial act of unconvention, and has run away from school; her aunt, with whom she has lived, makes an innocent schoolgirl prank a reason for refusing to have anything more to do with her, and cuts her off completely; so, at the age of sixteen, she finds herself thrown on the world, practically destitute and friendless. The man who is, unintentionally, the cause of her troubles, comes forward in this hour of need, and the girl marries him—only to escape from one difficulty into another. She gets into the hands of his jealous, selfish mother who uses all her skill and cunning to separate them. Whether she succeeds, or whether the strange, hasty marriage turns out well after all and the poor little schoolgirl finds ultimate happiness at the end of her many sorrows, readers must read and learn for themselves. "The Cap of Youth" is a delightfully fresh and enjoyable novel, with an absorbingly interesting plot.

DR. ASHFORD AND HIS NEIGHBOURS. By F. Warre Cornish. 6s. (Murray.)

This is a study of life in a cathedral town. We become acquainted with the Dean who understood other people's wishes and unexpressed words no more than a steam roller; and when he sat at a dining-table caused talk to die down, as the reeds of the river bow and dip their heads when the steam tug approaches. There is the Ritualistic parson bent on defying the Bishop and being a martyr; and the worthy folk who wish the Bishop to supply faggots for his burning; and the Bishop himself who says he would rather provide a watering pot. Mrs. Wigram, whose life was given to good works, made presents that had been bought as a bargain, and the pride of cheapness, which she could not conceal, took off their gloss. She always remembered her own gifts, and would, as it were, ask after their health. Perhaps we may find the reason for there being so little story in the book in a conversation about design, between Savile and Dr. Ashford. "If the pattern on a butterfly's wing looks like design, so does the pattern of a kaleidoscope. We are always being deceived by thinking we can trace the pattern—philosophies of history—all kinds of kaleidoscopes." At all events,



A reproduction of one of the colour paintings by Mabel Dearmer, illustrating "The Cockyolli Bird." (Hodder & Stoughton).

A CROWD OF LITTLE BOYS TO LOOK AT THE AIRSHIP.

the author does not trace a pattern but leaves his character studies to stand much alone, only illustrated by Savile's commentary, which is written in a delightful manner reminding one of the essays in "Friends in Council." Incidentally, talking about dinner parties, Dr. Ashford says one may even praise one's dinner if one is a privileged person and a judge of good things. Now this book is made up of good things, and the discriminating reader will assume gratefully the position of that some one who should be always in the company at a dinner party (according to Dr. Ashford), who feels flattered at being there, who does not add much to the concert, but whose pleasure may possibly (one would like to imagine) give some pleasure to the founder of the feast.

THE END OF HER HONEYMOON. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has attempted in her latest novel, "The End of Her Honeymoon," to combine the unravelling of a mystery with the planning of a fascinating novel, an endeavour which in some measure detracts from our appreciation of both. Personally we felt, on reading it, that the classic remark, "How happy would I be with either," exactly expressed our sentiments. Mrs. Lowndes herself is evidently far happier when she is dealing with the love interest pure and simple, than in drawing the villainous characters of the French police. The character of her heroine is sketched with a delightfully sure touch, which proves that she is, as we already know well, a keen student of her own sex. Nancy is altogether charming, and very human in her imperfections. We love her instinctively, yet without knowing why. The tragic story which the authoress has woven around the ugly tale which appeared in the newspapers last year of an English lady's disappearance from a Paris hotel is in this case converted to chronicle the mysterious loss of one John Dampier, an artist, and poor Nancy's three-weeks' bridegroom. The book deals with Nancy's subsequent adventures, and from an artistic point of view we cannot help wishing that the American Senator and his very perfect son had not appeared quite so opportunely to aid Nancy in her search. We should like to have seen how she would have fared alone, but that of course is unkind; although when you reach the end and find how very easily Nancy consoles herself, you are inclined to believe that the unfortunate John Dampier is happier out of the way. The reader is certain to follow the solving of the mystery with eagerness, although when Mrs. Belloc Lowndes attempts to make even us credulous folk believe that the entire French police organisation, from the charming and courteous Préfet, Monsieur Beaucourt, downwards, hid the traces of a man's disappearance and afterwards lied about it, simply for the sake of their own prestige, it strikes us as a somewhat tall order. The story closes by the very perfect American explaining to Nancy, in the style of Mr. Kipling's hero, "You'd best take me for your new love," a line of action which she is very ready to follow. The distinction between the passionate desire of a man's love, and the simple need of kindly tenderness so often characteristic of a woman, is excellently brought out. Once you have begun "The End of Her Honeymoon" you will not want to put it down, for Mrs. Belloc Lowndes keeps your interest unflagging, and you are very properly left in ignorance of John Dampier's fate and whether Nancy be a wife or widow until the last few pages.

THE CLERGY HOUSE. A Story for a Quiet Hour. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

We like the title of this imaginative story much less than the novel itself. There is a sombreness about it which bespeaks dullness; yet, Mr. Brown is no neighbour of the sluggish. Again, the sub-title irritates us. It is quite unnecessary; in fact we have a rooted objection to sub-titles for volumes of fiction. A novel should be sufficiently illuminating for the reader to make essay into the realm of sub-title after he has gorged the story. Besides, Mr. Brown has given us a picture which is almost

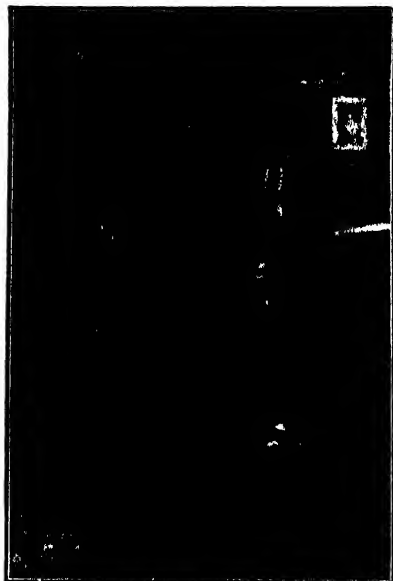
brilliant in hue. Certainly, his *motif* held us from beginning to end. Most effectively does he handle, with striking strength, keen incisiveness, and artistic delicacy the character of the nice curate who takes upon himself, convicted and confessed, the care of a lady whose allegiance belongs elsewhere. Mr. Brown is never anything but sincere, true to the psychology of his character, and faithful to the art of story-telling. Skill may be found in chapter after chapter, and the dramatic element, which we always expect in the work of the author of "A Magdalene's Husband" is self-evident. The interest is sustained in the story, and the sympathetic reader, who has not passed beyond the possibility of emotion, will be rejoiced in the rebuilding of Vivian's character. There is a distinctive atmosphere in the romance, and a pulsating reality, which help us easily to the conclusion that the author has analysed life and character with a very sure, and very steady mind.

THE LURE OF ROMANCE. By H. F. Prevost Battersby. 6s. (John Lane.)

"The Lure of Romance," by H. F. Prevost Battersby, is a quite excellent mixture of love and fighting, and an attractive setting, with a good leaven of epigrammatic philosophy and wonderful description. The story centres around the President of a Republic situated somewhere in the American tropics, his two daughters, an engineer of the type that, given a free hand, would have turned even Father Thames into a "working proposition," and his two friends. There is of course, the revolution which inevitably occurs in every republic of romance, but this is an entirely original revolution, and in every other way the action is delightfully unsuspected; until the last page the reader is in doubt whether the end will be tragedy or happiness, and we will not spoil a very excellent story by enlightening him. The original title was, we are told, "The Uncertain Glory," but indeed we think Mr. Battersby himself was uncertain regarding this same glory, for just as Francilette and Charters have discovered the dullness of certainties, Celine and Maurice Doyne find their especial glory is of quite another description. A story containing so much that is original as Francilette's idea of Britain as a national chaperon, sitting on all the frisky little countries, and Milverton's notion that the tropics are "Nature's rest-cure, where a man gets his job done for him," is certainly not to be missed; while the reflections on war added to astonishing descriptions of hand-to-hand fighting must at this present juncture prove especially interesting reading. "The only way to be rid of war," says the author, "is to show it up as a piece of foolishness."

THE TWILIGHT DRUMMERS AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Ashley Gibson. (Times of Ceylon London Office.)

In these short sketches Mr. Ashley Gibson shows himself to be something of an artist. He uses the Impressionist method, but without any affected or self-conscious exaggeration, and because of his sincerity and the skilful use of material his readers can actually enter into the life that he has led. All the sketches except one deal with life in wild countries. In no case is the actual story of much interest or importance, their chief theme is human character working itself out in the wilds where nature is untamed and uncivilised by man. "The Twilight Drummers" has been wisely chosen to open the volume, for it gives the note of a strange uncanny glamour which is well sustained throughout. "Once only I saw a man in the grove . . . when he saw me seated on the rock he was so surprised that he fell into the stream. He scrambled back to safety, smiled a shy meek smile and was absorbed again into the green bloom of the trees. But he went back, not forward. I walked away from the grove the last time with the sound of drums reverberating in my ears more loudly, more insistently than before. And they were still beating there in the day when I set my face resolutely westwards." "El Dorado" with its three men in search of gold portrays successfully a mysterious static tragedy.



Reproduction of
coloured frontispiece.

From "Children of Banishment" (Putnam).

various sections of the work-a-day life and made it a theme for romance—some successfully and some not so. The authoress of "The Children of Banishment" must be given a place in the former category. She has produced here with brilliant success the atmosphere of a timber camp, portrayed with keenness the commercial intrigues that underlie an industry which deals with vast tracks of virgin forest, and has woven into this setting a remarkable story. It is the story of the making of a man—a certain Allan Mackenzie, who, in the opening of the book is nothing better than what is known as a "dead wrong 'un." His one redeeming quality is his love for his wife Eloise, who has been awakened from her romantic conception of her husband to a realisation of what he really is—a man who cannot run straight. The story shifts to a timber camp in which Allan Mackenzie and a certain Dick Bream have become partners. The authoress describes how Allan is born again spiritually, only to find that the change has come too late—that his wife loves Dick. The scene in which Dick Bream runs away from the camp because he loves Eloise, and Allan goes after him determined to commit the crowning sacrifice of death, so that his wife's happiness may be ensured, is intensely dramatic.

THE REBELLION OF ESTHER. By Margaret Legge. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Esther Ballinger's experience of home life was rendered so unhappy by her father's perpetual outbursts of temper that she was glad enough to get away for a time. The aunt who gave her this opportunity had a large circle of friends in London—mostly artistic people, with a sprinkling of the "best" society and also of Bohemia. So Esther had an interesting time. She developed; she discovered considerable literary abilities, hitherto more or less unsuspected; and she got engaged to a rising politician. Soon after the engagement was broken off Esther fell in love—very seriously—with a married man. The course that the lovers pursue is at once unexpected and natural, and it forms an effective climax to an exceedingly well-told story. Miss Legge deals vigorously and ingeniously with a strong situation, and she makes the most of half-a-dozen very well realised characters. In fact, "The Rebellion of Esther" is a book which is at once modern, suggestive, and interesting.

THE FLUTE OF ARCADY. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

We owe Miss Horn a deep debt of gratitude for this altogether delightful romance. These are days of sombre things, and when, in the midst of the stress and turmoil

"Wilson" is a sympathetic sketch of how a something romantic will lead a quite commonplace Englishman into the unknown. The whole book has a "quality" which makes it worth reading.

THE CHILDREN OF BANISHMENT. By Frances William Sullivan. 6s. (Putnam.)

That famous cycle of books which included "The Pit" and "The Octopus," gave a lead to American novelists which they have followed with avidity. They have taken

of war, we come to meet a scene, and such a scene of perfected imagination, as is our lot in this Arcadian flute, it were parsimonious on our part not to applaud with all the vigour of our intellectual perception. Miss Horn appeals to the interest—her story is in itself attractive. We had become violently enamoured of the fascinating Charlotte long ere we arrived at the name and address of the printer on the last page. Yet, we trust the dainty Charlotte will not reproach us, there are other characters in "The Flute of Arcady" almost equal in their charm. What of Nina Menzies? Of Dr. Shelford? Of ----? But, there, it were almost unfaithful to our winnowing that we describe all their attractions. We urge the reader of this note to make acquaintance with them for himself. It is a really fine story, told in good, correct English; withal, its attractiveness is embellished by a good modicum of humour. We saw the possibilities of the romance, through the door of an idyllic title: and, for once, anyhow, we were neither dismayed, nor thwarted in our endeavour to realise our expectation.

THE COST OF A PROMISE. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Germaine Damien was the only child of a rich tradesman's daughter, and a handsome but ineffective young Frenchman who boasted descent from Charlotte Corday. Her childhood was spent in the drab atmosphere of lodging-houses, made lighter by surreptitious gifts from the kind Aunt Rosalie, who endeavoured to atone for the unforgiving hardness of old Carew. The child's chief mentor was a loquacious Socialist cobbler, so that at a precocious age her mind brooded over social inequalities and the crimes of capitalism. Recalled to her French grandmother's house, Germaine fell easily under the glamour of her scapegrace Uncle Rémy, and in an evil hour the child tried to serve him by enacting the part of Charlotte Corday against Rémy's English step-brother, Miles Burnside, who, to protect her future, made her solemnly promise never to disclose her frustrated crime. Germaine grew up beautiful and brave, and the old, inherited revolutionary strain found no more serious outlet than Suffragist activity. Mrs. Reynolds has introduced a large number of characters into a complicated plot, but there are no loose ends in this cleverly managed story. Fortunately, as it proved for Germaine, the unscrupulous Rémy had not forgotten the secret of her childhood, and his base attempts at blackmail had no other result than to save her from an impossible marriage, and to open her eyes to the true worth of the man who had known how to wait and love. Mrs. Reynolds has never done better work than in this delightful love story.

WHEAT AND TARES. By Paul Trent. 6s. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

In Mr. Paul Trent's latest book, "Wheat and Tares," there are to be found, as the title suggests, both good people and bad. The good are very good; the bad equally objectionable. Mr. Trent admits of no half-measures. A hero must be a man of exceptional character; the villains possess not one saving quality. If this was a rule in real life, what a much less complicated world ours would be! Colonel Salter is a villain of the frankest—the nicest thing even his daughter can find to say about him is, "According to your lights you have been a good father; but I wish you had been different." Indeed, one could wish the author had omitted a few of the confessions—it grows difficult to remember exactly who has confessed to who—and the way the beautiful ladies in Mr. Trent's novel woo and win, carrying off their husbands triumphantly after desperate scheming, is calculated to make an ordinary man extremely envious. Nevertheless "Wheat and Tares" is bright and interesting. The first chapter forms as it were an attractively worded menu of the whole repast; in it the meshes of the net which catches the hero are woven;—all through the book the threads draw

more and more closely around him, until the reader is genuinely thrilled by the wickedness of the plot, which culminates in a death-bed repentance, a magnificent reconciliation, and at least three happy marriages—a good proportion in a grey world.

THE AUCTION BLOCK. By Rex Beach. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is in some ways the best story Mr. Rex Beach has yet given us. It breaks new ground and instead of carrying us away, as is usual with him, into the outlands, on the verge of civilisation, it unfolds a vivid and very human story of modern New York. Loreli Knight, the beautiful country girl whose brother and parents secure an engagement for her in a fashionable theatre, with the avowed intention of seeing that she captures a millionaire husband who can be made to maintain them all, is admirably portrayed, and the narrative of her experiences among the richest and fastest of New York's rich and fast set is varied, picturesque and literally alive with interest. So set about with snares and temptations, Loreli preserves a charm and force of character that enable her to win through to an end that is sharply and beautifully in contrast with the unideal life from which she at last emerges. The realism of the book is good; so too is the romance of it; there is plenty of sensation and excitement, but nothing is pleasanter in it, perhaps, than the human note that sounds through all the story and dominates its closing chapters.

The Bookman's Table.

THE PROOF OF GOD. By Harold Begbie. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

There is no knowing where Mr. Harold Begbie may break out. Novelist, biographer, journalist, he has lately achieved the distinction of writing a recruiting song which bids fair to enjoy a measure of popularity. "The Proof of God" is the first volume of a trilogy wherein the author endeavours by the Socratic method of dialogue to confute the very limited intelligence of a party politician, who has been bitten by the notion that science has vanquished our belief in God. We cannot help feeling that it was an unfortunate choice of the author's to adopt the Socratic method. It is responsible for much that is irrelevant and over-elaborated, and if Mr. Begbie really aspired to help the man in the street in his religious difficulties we are convinced that a straightforward statement of the author's beliefs and the grounds of his belief would have met the need far more satisfactorily. Mr. Begbie never loses an opportunity of girding at the technicality and obscurity of the scientists, and appeals for more simplicity of diction. And yet we tremble to think, for instance, of our fellow-travellers in the train endeavouring to solve the meaning of our little friend "the amoeba"; and how the author could let this sentence pass when revising his pages excites our wonderment: "a consciousness conscious that it is conscious." While professing to write for the simple soul, it cannot be said that Mr. Begbie has evolved the simple style. But let it be said that the book has an element of suggestiveness, and confirms the belief that, just as the materialistic trend of thought that dominated the scientific world of fifty years ago has penetrated to the lower strata of society, so surely we can foresee that the spiritual note, which is ever becoming more pronounced in the philosophy of the day, will gradually find its way into the mind of the average man, and so expel (as nothing else can) the materialistic bias, the influence of which Mr. Begbie endeavours to combat. For those who labour under intellectual difficulties and are prepared for some hard thinking we cordially commend this book.

THE STREET OF DREAMS. By William K. Seymour. 2s. (John G. Wilson.)

This charmingly produced little volume contains some verse of real promise by one of the youngest of the newest school of poetry. The title poem and "Ithador" are full of grace and colour:

"Her life was like a haunting tune
Charmed from a spinet's yellow keys
A placid grace that made the heart
Dream with a sense of ease.

A face to muse on by the marge
Of some gold-lillied silent mere,
To muse on till the daylight ebbs
And the white stars appear.

Her hair was gold, like bracken dead
In sunlight, which the wind has stirred;
The elin cadence in her voice
Made magical each word."

There are many happy descriptive touches and some capital phrases in "An Old World Fancy" which is amongst the strong things in the book. Indeed, Mr. Seymour's strength at present lies in description. It is in the more serious and reflective work that he sometimes comes to grief. In his lines on "Richard Middleton," for example, he steps right out of poetry into prose. The poem has the number of lines and the rhyme arrangement required in the sonnet, but it has neither the rhythmic flow nor the dignity demanded by that difficult form of verse, and by the subject. From these and such verses as "On Speeton Cliff" it is pleasant to pass to the poet's work when in his simple mood, to his "In Kew Gardens," for instance, and his charming:—

"Love's a foolish thing, no doubt,
Yet I'd rather not be wise
When the primroses are out."



She was a wife . . .
another possessed her.

From "The Auction Block." By Rex Beach.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Anon. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

This book is not one of the great army which has transformed the appearance of the bookstalls since August. It was written (anonymously) before war broke out, before the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, but the author has had time to insert a prefatory note. He calls attention to one statement which has all the interest of a realised intelligent anticipation: "Should the calamity of a European war ever occur, England must inevitably be ranged in the opposite camp to Germany. For us it is a question of life and death." The President of the French Republic hitherto has not been a very familiar personage to the ordinary Englishman, and we should say even now that it would be quite possible for him to travel privately in our country without embarrassment. But to-day we are all having an education in foreign politics and geography, and the subject of this sketch is destined to become a popular figure before these terrible days have drawn to a close. Hence, we welcome this short survey of the life and work of M. Poincaré, and we hope that its reception may justify its reappearance in a cheaper and handier form at a later date. Embodied in the book are some most excellent portraits of the prominent political figures in modern France. M. Poincaré is the type of statesman which to its credit modern Europe is producing. Owing nothing whatever to influence, but everything to sheer merit of intellect and character, M. Poincaré has risen to the highest honour which his country can afford him. In an interesting chapter our author traces the significance of M. Poincaré's election to the Presidency. His success was hailed with something like genuine enthusiasm. France needed at home firm administration and sound financial management, and abroad the maintenance of national dignity and a wise handling of the Morocco situation. With these difficulties the French President is eminently fitted to deal. It will be interesting to take up this book again when the war is over and read anew of the high hopes which the author has formed of M. Poincaré.

THE WHALERS. By J. J. Bell. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When one remembers such books as "The Cruise of the *Cachelot*," and two or three less-known but scarcely inferior narratives of the New England whalers, one is rather afraid to tackle a fresh depiction of life in the "dying" industry of whaling. And when the name on the cover is that of a famous humorist, the expectation of failure naturally becomes greater. What, then, is the state of the reader's mind when he finds that, in spite of the triple obstacle—newness of narrative, lack of interest as to the phase of life depicted, and the author's reputation—he has come upon a piece of downright first-class work? It lays one open to the charge of unworthy laudation. All the same, the fact remains. Mr. Bell has given us a sort of masterly presentment of the Norwegian and Danish whalers who work the waters between Iceland and Greenland, and by the aid of steam, harpoon guns, grenades that explode in the vitals of the great animals, etc., reduce the adventure and the danger of the life, but keep it much alive. True, Mr. Bell has not attempted to vie with Mr. Bullen's great descriptive writing as to the actual killing of whales. His work does not run to many words; it is masterly rather in the Scandinavian manner. In fact, it is so true in this particular that it would easily pass for a translation. Just the same, it is not a novel, but a precise, remarkably clear, bitten-in picture of the life—especially of how old "Kaptein" Svendsen shot whales, including his thousandth one; and how his mate, Sigurd, took his place, and did the same, until his mate, Thorstein, was killed by the ton-weight flapper of a *knølhval*. It is in the inter-dealings of Sigurd and Thorstein that we get what there is of "story." As a whole, the book is too absolutely unlike to be classed with what are now called novels, and the same can be said of the characters—they live; every one is as much a man as may be put into print, and old Hansen, the cook, not least of them all.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. T. C. & E. C. JACK.

Mr. E. A. Bowles has written in *My Garden in Summer* (5s. net) a companion volume to his charming book "My Garden in Spring" which will prove as invaluable to gardeners and garden-lovers, and is as profuse with illustrations, both black-and-white and coloured. It contains a wealth of information, and is written brightly and interestingly. To read it is to wander through a delightful garden, fragrant with flowers, and one hesitates to come to the end at last and close the volume, as one hesitates to go indoors at evening and draw the blind. There is a very complete index; it is altogether an excellent book to keep handy for reference.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & CO.

Lord Polwitten would have had a happier time if he had been less headstrong and less certain of his own inevitable rightness. It is his behaviour which supplies Mr. Frank Barnett with a very appropriate title—*His Own Law* (6s.)—to a capital novel of sensational incident. To start with, Lord Polwitten disapproved of the religious beliefs of his tenants, and dispossessed all who refused to go to church, in spite of the fact that Cornwall is a notable stronghold of Nonconformity. His tenants preferred to leave. But before this happened the Black Spider of the Polwittens appeared—an enormous insect which was supposed to presage evil to the house. However, in this case the Black Spider succeeded in bringing a crusty old squire to his senses and in making a match between an attractive heroine and a long-suffering hero. So it didn't do so badly after all. "His Own Law" is just the sort of thing you want upon a long railway journey.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

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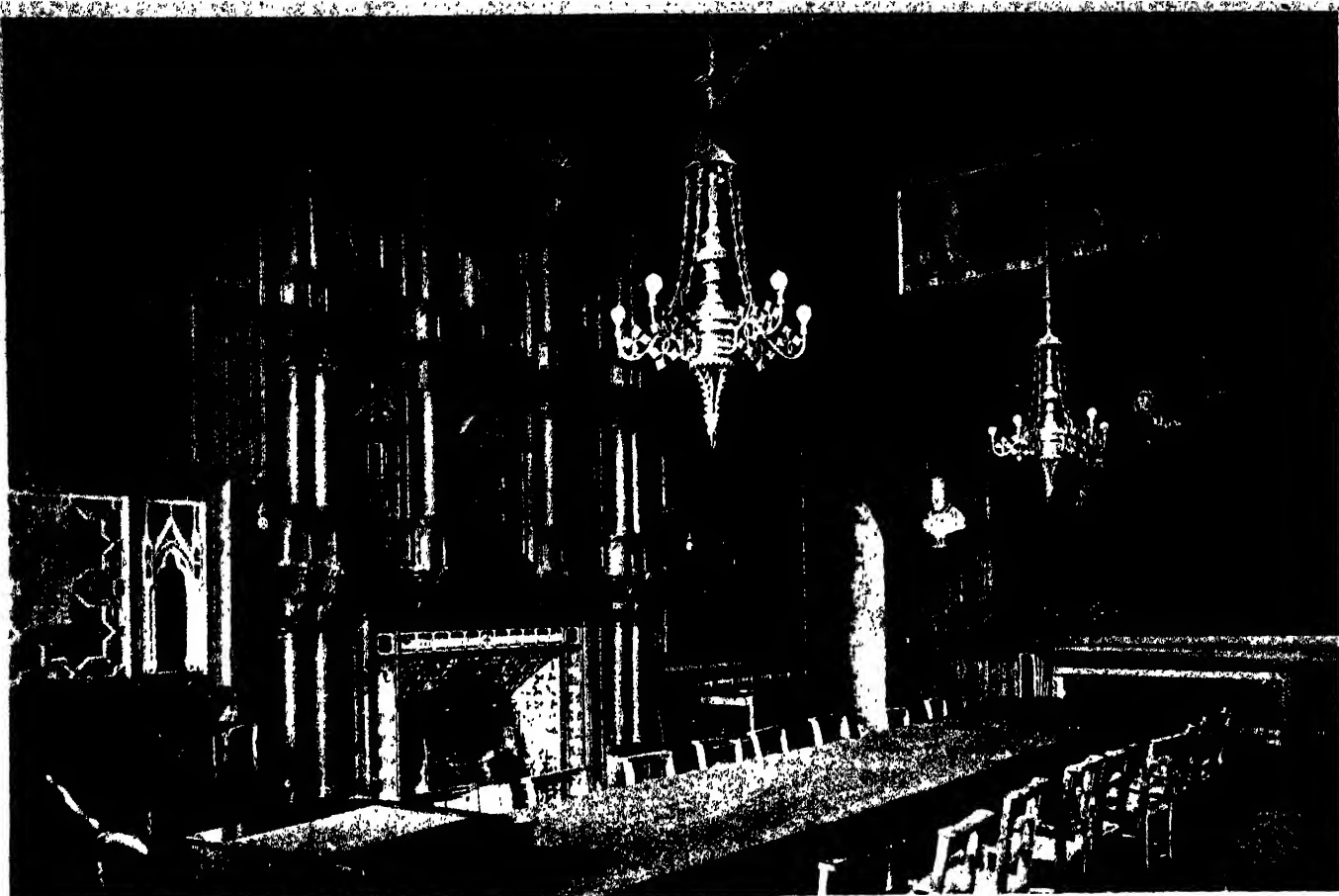
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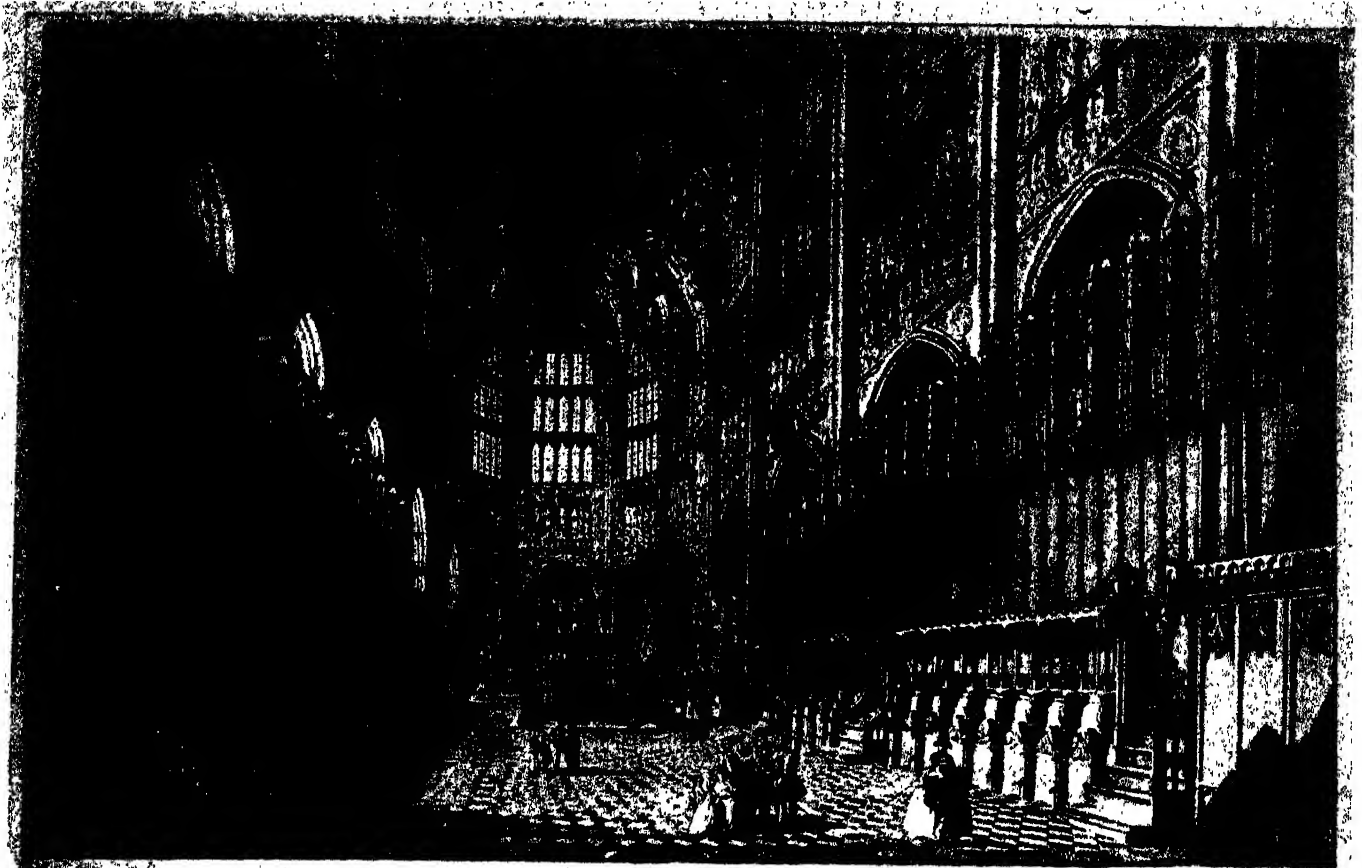
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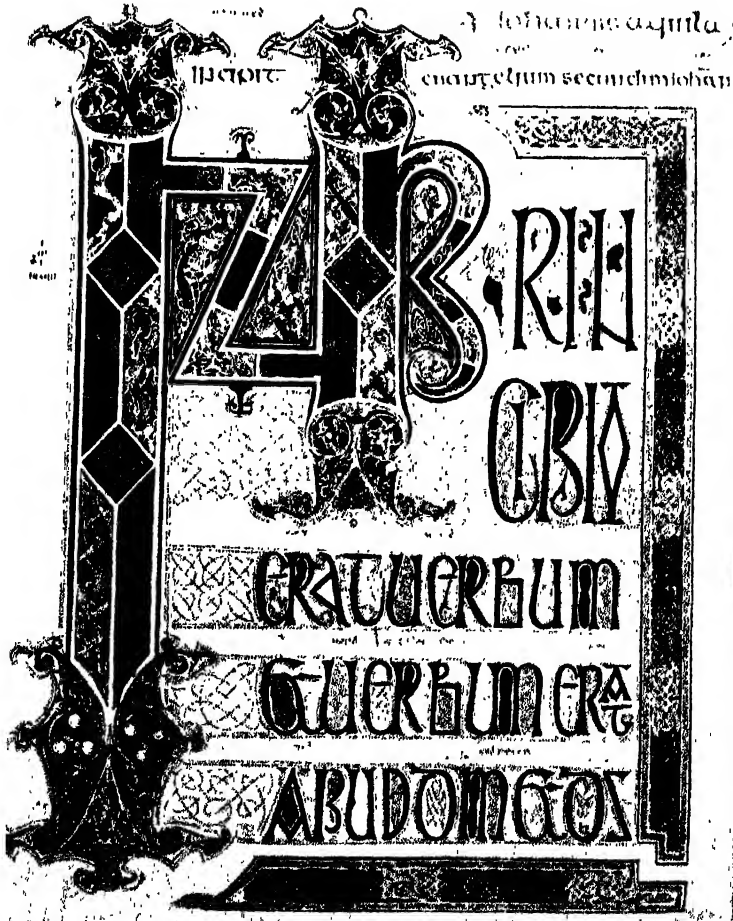


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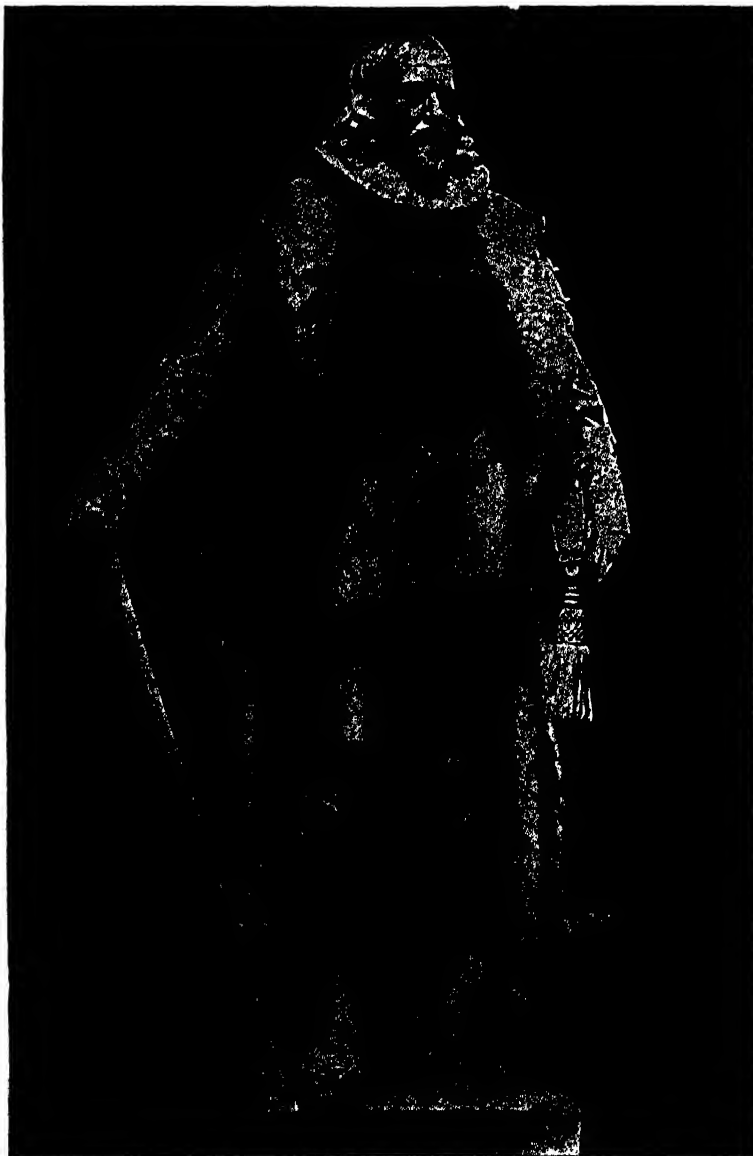
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*From The Oriental Omar
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indeed, from the literary standpoint there is nothing in it that one would wish to cavil at. They can be didactic without being heavy and tedious; lyrical without being high-falutin'; literary without being pedantic. Above all, perhaps, the great charm of the book is its intimacy. Here are two men, one knows instinctively, who have observed Nature in the spirit in which Hesiod observed her, and who can at times give little pen-pictures of the results of their observations with the true Hesiodic touch. One has not to be a professed naturalist oneself to enjoy thoroughly such a work, and it should certainly be added that the numerous illustrations, both coloured and plain, with which the letter-press is supported, contribute very materially to the total value of the book. But it is, after all, as a serious contribution to our knowledge of natural history that the book must primarily be considered, and if we have dwelt at some length upon its more general aspects it is not from any wish to minimise this serious purpose. Mr. Beach Thomas and Mr. Collett may provoke some vain regrets for the different old countryside traditions that they ruthlessly demolish, and in some few instances, perhaps, they may excite opposition to their theories, but on the whole there will be few to challenge their statements and

deductions, even where the point at issue is admittedly one upon which there is little evidence.

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*So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink
And offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff, you shall not shrink.*



From The Garden of Kama
(Heinemann).

LESS THAN THE DUST.
Reduction of coloured illustration
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such an ecstasy of self-abnegation as throbs in such lines as :

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And thou and I in some far desert land,
How would I shed it gladly, if but first
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WOMEN OF THE CLASSICS

By MARY C. STURGEON. With 16 Photogravures representing Studies of the Heroines of the Poek 7s. 6d. net (Harrap)

Miss Sturgeon has gone for her heroines to Homer, Virgil and the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. As she remarks, most of us know these women of the classics well enough by name, but few of us have any clear idea of the characters and human qualities of the originals. Helen, Andromache, Penelope, Circe, Cassandra, Antigone, Medea—we could give some account of them, tell something of their story from memory, but the majority of us could not readily build them up into complete human entities, clothed in all the follies, frailties, nobilities, littlenesses with which their creators imagined them. Perhaps none of them have “the psychological subtlety of modern drama,” but they belonged to a simpler time, to a less complex civilisation, and the lack of subtlety indicated no lack of character. Retelling the stories of eighteen of these famous women, with plentiful quotations from the poems and dramas from which they come, Miss Sturgeon has fashioned a thoroughly interesting volume and one that will help to lead younger readers to a first-hand study of some of the greatest things in the literature of the world. The illustrations from the works of well-known painters are admirably reproduced in photogravure.

THE VEIL AND THE VISION.

By J. MORGAN GIBBON. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Gibbon's thirty-three sermons are not a heterogeneous collection of discourses, grouped under a striking title, which applies to one of them. The first twelve complete a section headed: “The Veil, that is to say, His flesh.” They discuss the personality of Jesus Christ. The next eleven are headed: “With unveiled face, reflecting, as a mirror, the glory of the Lord.” These handle subjects like Christianity and Socialism, Effective Christianity, and

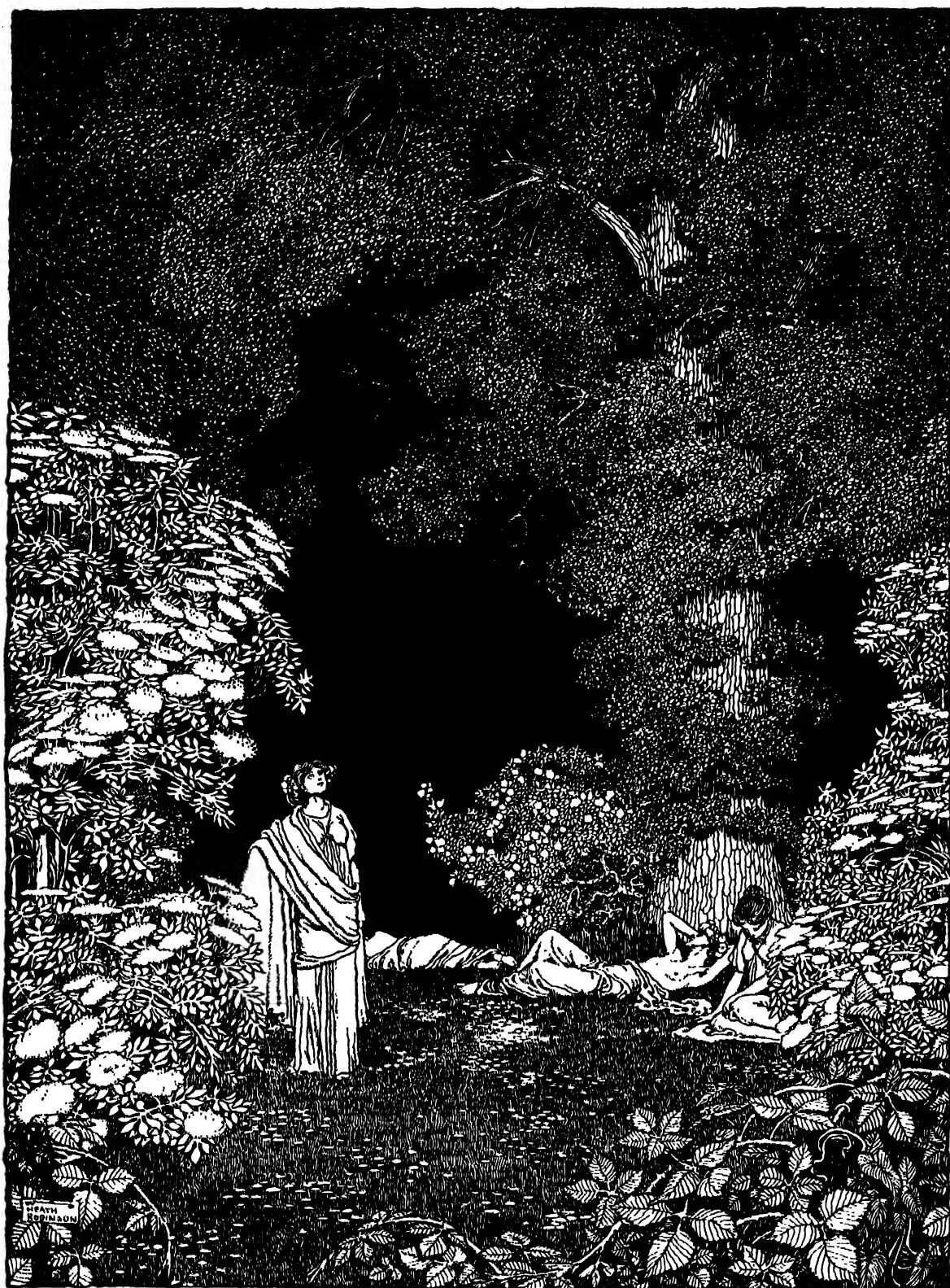
the Christianity of Jesus. The third group is entitled: “Now we see in a mirror, darkly . . . but now abideth faith, hope, love.” The sermons are printed evidently as they were delivered, in a brisk, effective, popular style, which sometimes becomes almost colloquial, but is never dull. Mr. Gibbon knows how to speak in the market place. He does not look out of a college window upon modern life. Even when he is discussing some problem of Christianity, such as miracles or the Holy Spirit, he contrives to take hold of it in a way that connects it with average experience and intelligence. This is a gift, for the preacher, especially when it is accompanied by a knowledge of literature which enables him to quote aptly. Mr. Gibbon's quotations are numerous and drawn from many fields. Now and then they are introduced with a certain abruptness, as when one sermon ends by appealing for a recollection of words from Leigh Hunt, St. Paul, and Jesus successively. But they generally help to make the sermons living and even lively. The most effective of these are the ethical and practical, and the most telling passages are generally those tipped with a certain irony or indignation. Mr. Gibbon is fond of the Old Testament prophets, and he has no patience with Luther's depreciation of the epistle of James in the New



from *Women of the Classics*
(Harrap).

PHÆDRA
By Gertrude Demain Hammond, R.I.

Testament. He is most at home in stimulating the conscience. He tends to be crisp rather than sympathetic, and pungent rather than devotional; now and then his defence of Puritan religion and Nonconformity becomes even defiant, particularly in the sermons on “Religious Atmosphere” and “The Near End in Religion.” But this means, after all, that the preacher is sensitive to his environment, and alive to the issues of his day and place.



From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
(Constable).

HELENA: "O WEARY NIGHT, O LONG AND TEDIOUS NIGHT."

His sermons are always readable. The staccato, epigrammatic sentences must have told when spoken from the pulpit, and no one can find fault with the discourses for not being up to date and interesting. An American once said to the present reviewer that, after listening to sermons in Scotland for three months, he thought that the preachers spoke as if nothing had happened in the world for three hundred years. The answer was obvious, if not gentle, that many American sermons left one with the impression that nothing had happened in the world till the day before. Mr. Gibbon's sermons could not be accused of either sin; they reflect the sense of Christianity as a historical tradition, but they specially urge its living message as a "faith once delivered to the saints," for which the saints, none the less, have to fight in every age.

A'MID SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Illustrated in
Colour and
Black and
White by
W. HEATH
ROBINSON.
12s. 6d. net.
(Constable.)

Mr. Heath Robinson has illustrated Shakespeare's fascinating fairy-play with some of the daintiest, most delicately finished work that has ever come from his brush. His fairies have the grace and airy lightness that belong to those little people; and he has depicted the varying phases of the story with the delightful humour and happy spirit of romance in which Shakespeare conceived them. In print, paper, and binding, no less than its pictorial beauty, this is a very perfect example of what a Christmas gift-book should be.

THE SON- NETS OF SHAKES- PEARE.

New Light on
Old Evidence.
By the COUN-
TESS DE CHAM-
BRUN. 7s. 6d.
(Putnam's.)

The Countess de Chambrun, an American lady, makes an extremely interesting suggestion in regard to the identity of the mysterious "Dark Lady" of the sonnets. She connects the scandalous tradition concerning Sir William Davenant, the son of the hostess of the Crown tavern at Oxford, with some curious remarks made in 1594 by the anonymous writer of "*Willoboe His Avisa*," a dreary poem containing the first-known reference to Shakespeare as a poet. In "*Willobie*" the beautiful wife of an innkeeper is courted by a dissolute nobleman and an actor. The epistle dedicatory is written from Oxford; the sign of the inn is the Cross of St. George—the same as that of the Crown at Oxford; the initials of the actor who takes part in the affair are given as "W. S.," and Shakespeare is mentioned by name when comparing the attack on the fair landlady to the rape of Lucrece.

Then the initials of the nobleman are given as "H.W.", and he is called "Harry" by the player and shown to be as fond of using Italian phrases as Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, was in his youth, when Shakespeare was enjoying his patronage. There is a fair amount of evidence to show that the poet Sir William Davenant was inclined to believe himself that he was the son of the great dramatist. Then, five years after the poem appeared, dealing with the innkeeper's wife and the "W.S." and "Harry W.," Lady Southampton wrote to her husband, Shakespeare's old friend and patron: "All the news I can send you, which I think will make you merry, is that Sir John Falstaff is, by his mistress, Dame Pint-Pot, made father of a goodly miller's thumb, a boy that is all head and very little body." It is known from the letters of Sir Toby Matthew that Shakespeare was commonly nicknamed after the most famous of his comic characters. So

altogether there seems to be more foundation for regarding Mrs. Davenant as the "Dark Lady" than there is for dragging in one of the Queen's maids of honour to explain the secret story of the sonnets.

A SCHOOLMASTER'S APOLOGY.

By REV. C. A. ALINGTON. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

"Self is a subject inexhaustible," wrote Cowper to his friend Mrs. King, and provided the "self" is interesting, no book is so welcome to us as that wherein the author writes freely of his mind and experience. The Headmaster of Shrewsbury disarms all criticism by his naïve introductory chapters. He tells you in effect that he is going to air his



From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
(Constable).

DEMETRIUS: "THOU RUNAWAY, THOU COWARD, ART THOU FLED?"

views for the most part on Religion, Education and Literature, and that if these topics have already palled on the reader, he had better part company with the author at once. The present writer knows one great Headmaster, and he recalls the pleasure of meeting with him in his own home where the cares and dignities of his position are put away, and where a benign and humorous personality reveals the treasures of a well-stored mind. It is on these occasions only that a Headmaster becomes human. In reading "A Schoolmaster's Apology," we seem to be renewing this experience with a not less attractive personality. Dr. Alington manfully upholds the Public School system, and is convinced that an English Public School is the best instrument yet devised for making a

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

decent citizen out of the average English boy. While being almost eager to admit its imperfections, he has many useful suggestions to make. He advocates (not very hopefully) the teaching of Italian, which he thinks a boy brought up on Latin will not find insuperably difficult. On the subject of History, the Headmaster rejoices our hearts. He is a reader and admirer of the Trevellyans, and he vindicates Froude and Macaulay. All Public School men will be interested in the discussions on the old vexed questions—compulsory games, the religion of the Public School boy, the teaching of English Literature; and the general reader who appreciates the society of cultured men and can relish a good story will enjoy to the full what we have found to be a book full of most excellent reading.

EIGHT YEARS IN GERMANY.

By I. A. R. WYLIE. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Miss Wylie's endeavour is to show us what estimable people are the Germans, and incidentally she raps our knuckles now and then. It is doubtful whether one can hope to interpret the soul of a people in a book of 243 pages of large print, if one does not happen to be a genius; and there are certain sides of the German character which Miss Wylie almost ignores. With great honesty she only writes of that which came under her own observation; she confesses, for instance, that her acquaintance with the military life of Germany is more theoretical, or at least superficial, than practical. Had she asked a few conscripts who were on the eve of release from their service, she would have found a pretty general expression of thankfulness that it was going to be over and done with. The brutality of the non-commissioned officers is slurred over by Miss Wylie, she omits also to compare the policemen who have been non-commissioned officers with our own civil police. With regard to Zabern, the authoress is right in saying that the young lieutenant was compelled, on account of his uniform, to an act of violence; but she slurs over the far more reprehensible conduct of his colonel, a man of years of discretion. The present writer was in Alsace at the time, and it appears to him that on such questions Miss Wylie would do well to consult if not the famous Abbé Wetterlé, at any rate Maximilian Harden. By the way, Miss Wylie's book would have been more readable if she had been less dogmatic and if she had quoted more from the opinions or writings of those of wider experience. Her picture of child-life would have been improved by a reference to, say, the writings of Otto Ernst. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those devoted to Pastor Jatho, whose case we are in danger of forgetting, and Pastor von Bodelschwingh's great institution for the outcast population. Miss Wylie is rather confusing on the matter of the Constitution, for apparently in her opinion the slightest further concession will bring it toppling

down, while on the other hand she asserts that it remains in all its pristine glory. She slurs over the electoral injustice which gives only half-a-dozen members to Socialist Berlin, whereas in the Agrarian districts of East Prussia there are members to every small village. Miss Wylie gives fair words to the German navy which has not yet had its day of trial, but she slurs over the colonial mistakes which show faint signs indeed of any improvement. If we wish to know the real life of Berlin's east end or of Agrarian Prussia we must read Clara Viebig, whose wonderful book "Our Daily Bread" has been put into English.



From Dedications of English Churches
(Oxford Press).

S. GEORGE. RANWORTH
ROOD SCREEN.

MY SPANISH YEAR.

By MRS. BERNHARD
WHISHAW. 10s. 6d. net.
(Mills and Boon.)

The author evidently writes with much knowledge, acquired because of her affection for everything Spanish, not learned for the sake of making a book. As one would expect while in many cases she confirms popular views, in others she modifies them. Mrs. Wishaw is always interesting, and any one who is about to travel in the country will find this volume helpful and suggestive; but it will be even more enjoyable if read after the journey, when it will refresh one's memory and give some arrangement to the various things that have been seen. As in so many places romance and dirt appear side by side throughout Spain, who seems to live largely in the glory of her magnificent past, of which we see signs in the gorgeous pageantry which still remains. But Mrs. Wishaw can show reasons for her belief that before long Spain will once more awake, and make her future as glorious and even more prosperous than her past. We are told that the Spaniards are a kindly and hospitable race, although they retain many customs that are barbarous, and cast gloomy shadows over their lives. Infant mortality is surprisingly high, this high death-rate is largely due to customs which

might be abandoned without any disadvantage.

THE BOOK OF THE BLUE SEA.

By HENRY NEWBOLT. With 8 coloured plates and 52 illustrations in black-and-white by Norman Wilkinson. 5s. net. (Longmans).

Mr. Henry Newbolt has written a series of stories for boys and mainly about boys—stories of real life in the Navy of Nelson's days. The Adventures of Charles, and the Adventures of Basil; the Adventures of John Franklin; of Edward Pellew; and of David Farragut, the famous American Admiral, give, in each case, a true and a vivid record of the career of the hero from his entering the Navy as a boy. Very stirring, admirably written tales they are, full of colour and life and picturesque incident. There is also the best and fullest account we have ever read of the battle of Trafalgar. Altogether an ideal gift-book for boys, and one which adults will read with scarcely less enjoyment.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN.

Ten Drawings for the Poem of Francis Thompson. By FRIDESWITH HUDDART. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Lovers of the work of Francis Thompson, and they are increasing with the years, have by heart the far-darting lines of "The Hound of Heaven," with its unforgettable

"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me"

In a neat pocket attached to the cover of this fine portfolio we have the poem in a charming booklet of ivory and gold, printed in good type on rough paper, with the page-title in red ink. The artist has steeped herself in the passionate intensity of the poem, and her work, which bears some resemblance to the method of Aubrey Beardsley, without being in any sense imitative, will commend itself to the artistic and the poetic senses. The lines are fine and firm, and withal full of grace; and the general conception of each drawing is admirable.

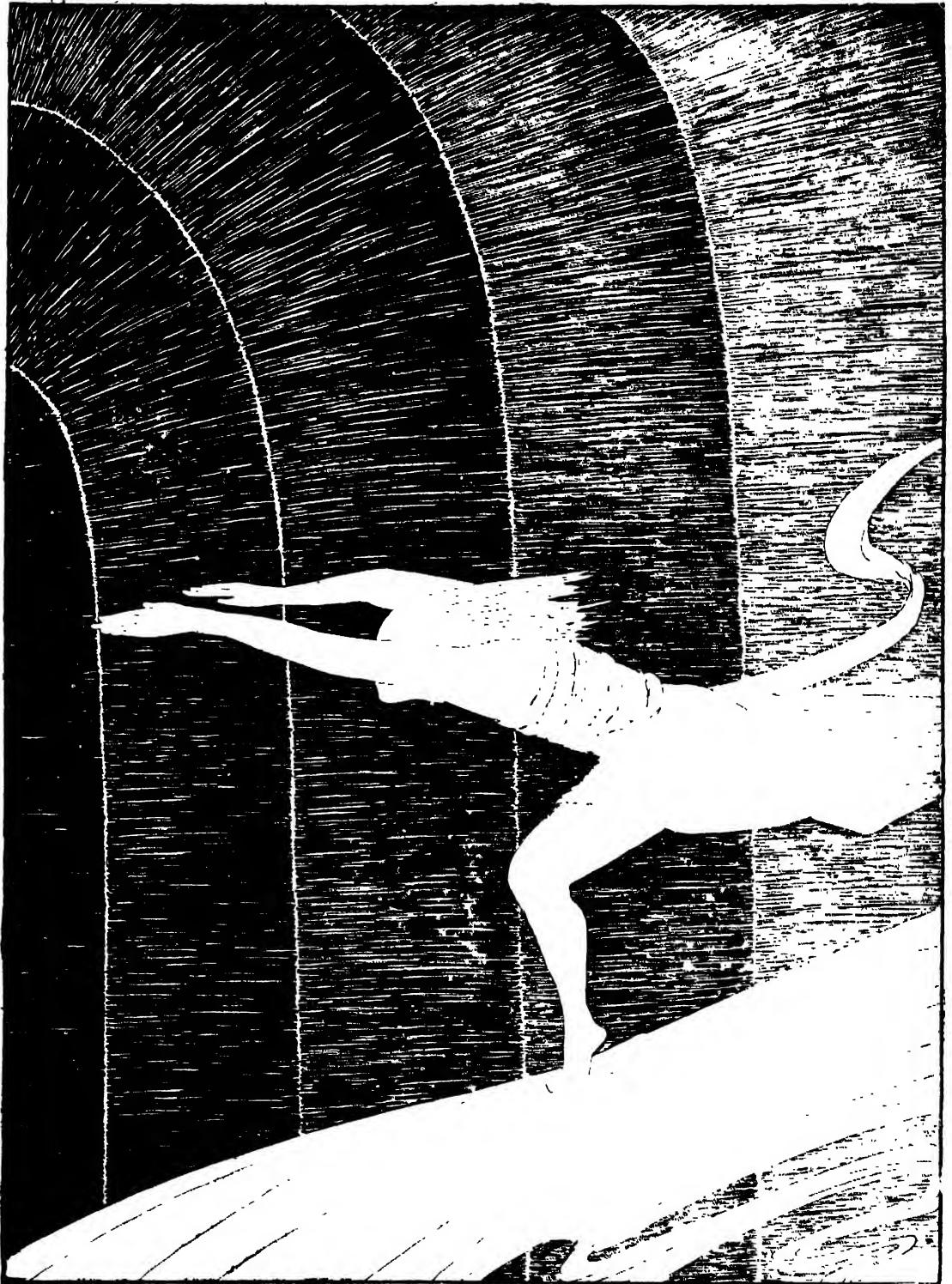
A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP.

Letters to Lady Alwyne Compton, 1869-1881. From Thomas Westwood. 5s. net. (Murray)

In that invaluable and entertaining little periodical, *Notes and Queries*, there appeared, on September 22nd, 1866, an article bearing the attractive title of "Recollections of Charles Lamb," and the signature of Thomas Westwood. It is a contribution that no lover of Charles Lamb could read without holding it thereafter in his memory as a treasured possession. The writer was the son of "a moderately thriving haberdasher within Bow Bells" who had retired in green old age with *one anecdote* and about forty pounds." During their stay in Enfield, the Lambs lived in the adjoining cottage for about two years, and then, having "ridded themselves of the cares of dirty acres," began a new life at board and lodgings with the honest couple, their neighbours, with whom they resided until they left the village for Edmonton, where Charles Lamb died. Westwood, in the before-mentioned

article, gives us a delightful account of his first glimpse of the Lamb household as they appeared to him when a boy of about fifteen years of age:

"Leaning idly out of window, I saw a group of three issuing from the 'Gamboey-looking cottage' close at hand; a slim, middle-aged man, in quaint uncontemporary habiliments; a rather shapeless bundle of an old lady, in a bonnet like a mob cap; and a young girl. While before them, bounded a riotous



From Ten Drawings by Frideswith Huddart, illustrating *The Hound of Heaven* (Chatto).

"I FLED HIM DOWN THE ARCHES OF THE YEARS."

dog (Hood's immortal 'Dash'), holding a board with 'This House to be Let' on it, in his jaws. Lamb was on his way back to the house-agent, and that was his fashion of announcing that he had taken the premises."

Little did the boy Westwood know at that time how intimately he would come to be associated with that slim middle-aged man and that rather shapeless bundle of an old lady; what good and helpful friends they would in various ways prove themselves; what fragrant memories

they would leave behind them after they had passed to "that unknown and silent shore." Mary Lamb taught him Latin; Charles instilled into his mind the love of poetry; obtained for him a clerkship in a friend's office; read and good-naturedly criticised his juvenile verse, and created such love in his heart that when his elderly friend and companion died he mourned the loss of "one of the sweetest-natured, truest, most genial-hearted creatures that God ever blessed the world with."

Lamb seems always to have greatly attracted young people. Who does not remember the charming story of John Hazlitt's little daughter informing everybody she met in the streets—friend or stranger—that she was going to see Mr. Charles Lamb; or that equally charming one related by Miss Clara Novello

in her "Reminiscences"—how she loved dear Charles Lamb, and how she once hid, to avoid the ignominy of going to bed, in the upright (cabinet) pianoforte, which in the lowest part had a sort of tiny cupboard, and how, when discovered, her appearance was hailed with surprise by all, and with anger from her mother; "but Charles Lamb not only took me under his protection, but obtained that henceforth I should never again be sent to bed *when he came*, but—glory and delight!—always sit up for supper?"

And now Mrs. Westwood, who has contributed an exquisite introductory memoir—short but precious to this collection of her husband's letters, informs us:

"He often told me how he used to sit unnoticed under Lamb's table, till a late hour in the night, afraid of moving or making a sound, lest he should be sent to bed, listening eagerly to the talk of Lamb and his illustrious friends."

"A Literary Friendship" is a book which we owe to the generosity of Lady Alwyn Compton in making the letters public, and to the discernment of Miss Soulsby, at whose suggestion they were published. But for the intervention of the latter lady we should not now be rejoicing in our good hap: in our close acquaintance in spirit with a delightful personality, and in the acquisition to our shelves of a book of real literary charm. It is one to be lingered over; to be dipped into again and again, and always with a renewal, perhaps an intensification, of the feelings of delight which its first perusal prompted. The letters



THE CANON'S CLOISTERS, WINDSOR CASTLE

From Windsor and Eton: A Sketchbook
By Fred Richards
(Black).

spread over a period of some twelve years, beginning in 1869 and ending in 1881. Seeing that Thomas Westwood lived on until 1888, it is greatly to be hoped that the present is only an instalment of the whole collection, and that subsequently a further issue may be made in an additional volume or included in another and enlarged edition. Thomas Westwood was a man of many interests. "His vegetative life" was spent in an office, first as secretary, afterwards as a director of an Anglo-Belgian railway, but his real life, one fancies, was begun each day after mundane affairs were for the time being put on one side and forgotten as might be. He was a poet, a lover of children, of dogs, of angling, of all things beautiful in nature, and of literature. He was also brimful of humour, and his many-sidedness must have made him a

choice friend, a letter from him must have been an event in the lives of his correspondents. There is much of quotable matter in this book. Here is a passage which, for instance, one doubts not, will be very welcome to admirers of Charlotte Brontë:

"Perhaps you will be passing through Brussels? If so, I trust you will allow me to do the honours—the honours of *Villeite*, if you please, for I can show you Currer Bell's house, and perhaps, if chance befriend us, M. Paul Emanuel and Madame Beck, too. M. Paul has grown old and grey-headed, but is petulant and vivacious as of old. Madame Beck has given up school-keeping and retired on her laurels. Our English chaplain here remembers Charlotte Brontë perfectly. She came over with an introduction to his parents, and his province, as a lad, was to escort her back to school, after evenings spent at their house. A purgatorial process, he declares it was, from her invincible taciturnity. He remembers her, too, in the family circle, screwing her chair round by degrees, till her face was to the wall and her back to everybody, as I think Mrs. Gaskell relates. A strange woman and a strange family! Was there ever anybody like them? I have a school theme of Charlotte's in a delicate, girlish hand-writing, and M. Paul Emanuel has quite a bundle of them. He remembers her with affection, Madame Beck with wrath."

There is more of equally interesting material, but lack of space and dread of the editorial blue pencil forbid. I cannot, however, resist the citation of the following passage from Mrs. Westwood's Introduction:

"I have now in my possession a pretty framed pastel portrait of Charles Lamb's school-mistress, Mrs. Reynolds, who was considered a beauty in her day, which he gave to my husband as a parting souvenir when he left Enfield; also two silver candlesticks,



From The London Almanack, 1913
(Matthews).

presented by Mary Lamb to my husband's mother (Mary Westwood) in acknowledgment of the care Mrs. Westwood took of her beloved brother during her sequestration."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

WINDSOR AND ETON.

A Sketch Book by FRED RICHARDS. 1s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

Every new addition to Messrs. Black's artists' sketch-books has added something to the reputation of a very excellent series, and Mr. Fred Richards' work in "Windsor and Eton" well maintains that notable record. He has not neglected the famous and familiar features of either place; there are very charming views of the castle and of the schools; but he has not limited himself to these—he has gone into the byways and found the lovely old out-of-the-way corners and brought the quaintness and the beauty of them into his pages. There is a charm about his drawings of the old houses in Peascod Street, and those in Church Street; about that of the admirably seen perspective of the High Street, Eton, and even about the sketch of the Eton tuck shop, which makes them worthy of a place between the same covers as their stately historic neighbours. There is a softness of tone in these drawings, a cunning play with lights and shadows that indicates not only a sure technical skill but a most delicate artistic feeling.



From Harrow: A Sketchbook
By W. M. Keesev
(Black.)

FROM THE TERRACE

by the memories it so graphically revives—but the beauty and sensitive finish of Mr. Keesev's work will give his studies a wider appeal to all who are susceptible to this gracious art of the pencil, whether they happen to know Harrow or not.

HARROW.

A Sketch Book by WALTER M. KEESEY. 1s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

The graceful and delicate art of Mr. Walter M. Keesev has found subjects admirably suited to its scope in and around the famous Schools at Harrow. The twenty-four beautifully reproduced pencil drawings in this slim volume include some of the most delightful examples of his work that we have ever seen. Two sketches of the quaint old High Street, and a third of some of the shops are minutely true and vivid and recapture not only the visible features of the place, but the very feeling and atmosphere of it. Most of the pictures are views of the interior or exterior of the Schools themselves; two of the fourth form room, one of Pope's house, and one of the Head Boys' Den are little masterpieces in their kind. The book will rejoice the heart of any old Harrow boy

RELIGION AND ART.

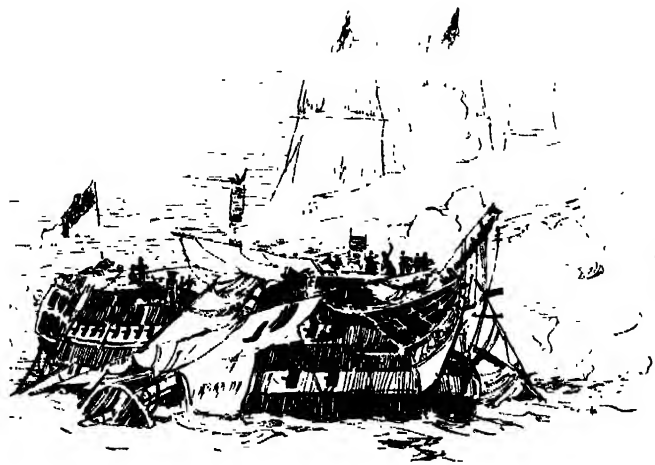
A Study in the Evolution of Sculpture, Painting and Architecture. By ALESSANDRO DELLA SETA. Translated by MARION C. HARRISON. With a Preface by Mrs. ARTHUR STRONG, Litt.D., LL.D., and 200 Illustrations. 21s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The art of man would never have reached such a high standard of perfection in the representation of men," says Della Seta, "if the way had not been pointed out by religion. Man would never have set himself the task of representing men because of the beauty and nobility of their form. The form of men appeared beautiful and noble because it had served to clothe the gods. Man, therefore, possessed art because he had religion, but he possessed a great art, such as Greek and Christian art, because when the sense of magic was destroyed he vivified these religions by a content of myth and history." That is the keynote of this important and intensely interesting study of a great subject. Tracing the origins of art in magical

CALENDARIUM LONDINENSE, OR THE LONDON ALMANACK.

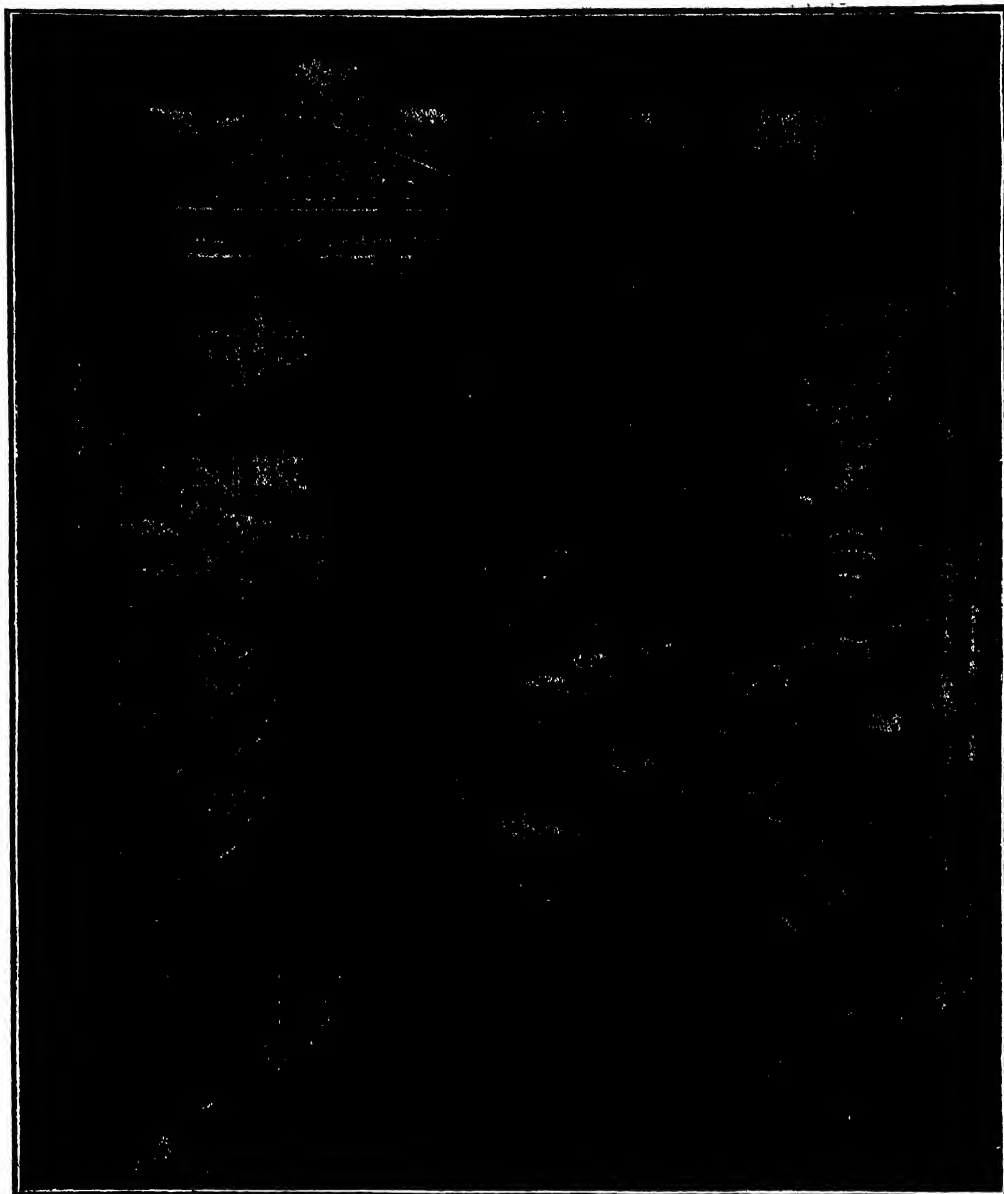
By W. MONK, R.E. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

This artistic calendar is entirely hand-printed by Mr. W. Monk, and consists of a sheet measuring about fifteen by eleven inches. On the upper half is a beautifully finished original etching printed by the artist from the copper, the lower half containing the Calendar for the year in simple classic type. This is the thirteenth year in which the Calendar has been issued; the subject of the etching for the first year (1903) was St. James's Palace; for the second, Clifford's Inn; other London scenes or buildings being chosen for subsequent years. The subject for 1915 is Buckingham Palace.



From Book of the Blue Sea
(Longman's).

SHE WAS COMPELLED TO
DRIFT OUT OF ACTION.



From Religion and Art
(Fisher Unwin).

MARCUS AURELIUS PERFORMING A SACRIFICE.



From Religion and Art
(Fisher Unwin).

ROMAN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

and ritual observances, Della Seta pursues its development under the Greek, and later under the Christian spirit; from its primitive beginnings among the races of antiquity, he follows it down through all the stages of its advancement in Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Italy, India. It is one of the most incisive, the most brilliantly constructive enquiries into the connection between art and religion that has ever been written. "The book is that of a young and ardent spirit," writes Mrs. Arthur Strong in her preface; "it also strikes one as that of a mature thinker." The numerous illustrations from old sculptures, frescoes and paintings are excellently reproduced.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

Ballads of the Brave and Poems of Patriotism. Selected by JOHN FAWCETT 3s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

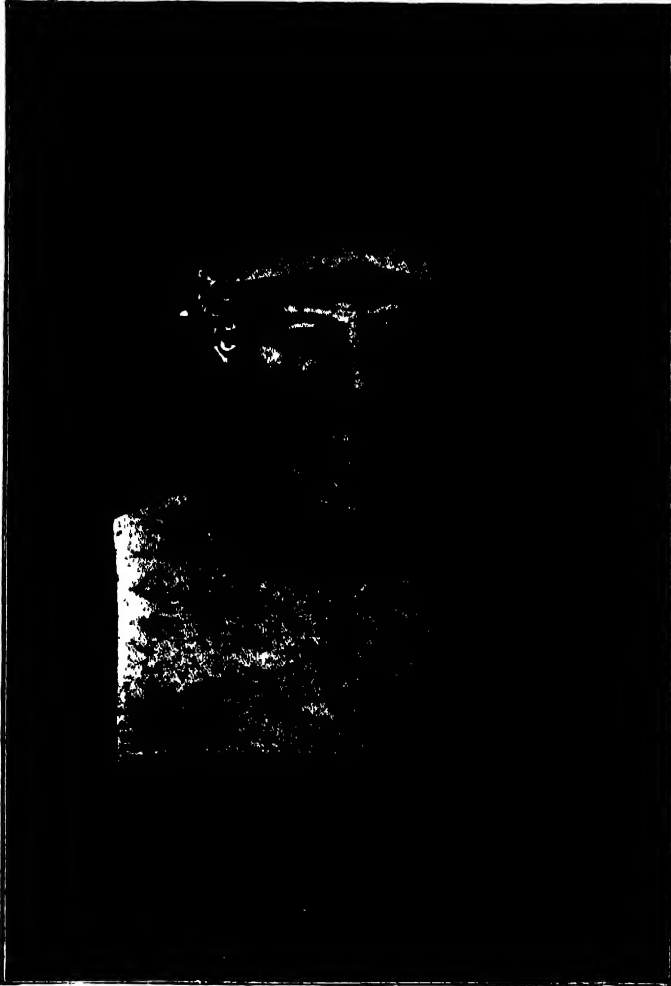
Of the many poetical anthologies the War has already called forth, this is certainly one of the best. The arrangement of the contents in chronological order is good; and the selection indicates individual taste and independent judgment on the part of the compiler, which have resulted in his collection containing many poems that are absent from other volumes in this kind. For instance, there are Barbour's lines on "Freedom," from his epic, "The Bruce"; there is Drayton's "Virginian Voyage," as well as his great "Ballad of Agincourt"; there are stirring extracts from Ben Jonson and Fletcher, as well as more famous passages from Shakespeare; Ebenezer Elliott's "Battle Song," Marryatt's "Old Navy," Ayton's "Heart of the Bruce," and, to say nothing of familiar poems by Wordsworth, Campbell, Byron, Tennyson, and others, there are many of the finest war lyrics written in recent years, and some that have been inspired by the present war. One is glad to have Henley's "England, my England," Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers," three of William Watson's glowing lyrics; Sir A. Conan Doyle's "Ballad of the Ranks," four of Newbolt's sailor songs; Kipling's "Recessional," and "For all we Have and Are"; Noyes's "The

Searchlights," and, to end up, "The Marseillaise," in French, followed by an English translation. A choice and varied miscellany of patriotic verse, well printed and tastefully bound, "The Flag of England" makes one of the timeliest of gift books.

OUTLINES OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

By HAROLD MARTINGLY, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

It is no small feat to have given a concise and yet clear



From Outlines of Ancient History
(Clay).

PERICLES.

outline of Ancient History within the compass of some 400 pages. Yet this was Mr. Mattingley's task, and he has carried it out successfully. From the early days of Babylonia and Assyria, Egypt, Phœnicia, Palestine, the narrative draws the thread out, summing up all these powers and their influences, until it enters on the period of Greek civilisation and the era of Athens and of Sparta. Here we are on familiar ground, with copious sources of information, and even more copious commentary and elucidation, bringing us on to Rome the Republic and Rome the Empire, until the fifth century of the present era. At first sight there would appear to be little scope for the annalist's personality in this record, but the arts of selection and compression are precious, and deserve recognition in what seems a somewhat arid task. Swift decided judgments must be passed, and without arguments to support them, they must prove convincing by corresponding with each other and the inner meaning of the record. Very interesting brief accounts of the Gracchi, of Cæsar's life and achievements, of the policy and politics of Athens, may be cited as showing the value of this book as giving points of view as well as a handy, useful, skilfully compiled consecutive record of the events which marked the progress of the ancient history of the modern western world, which includes Europe, Western Asia, and the North of Africa.

THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

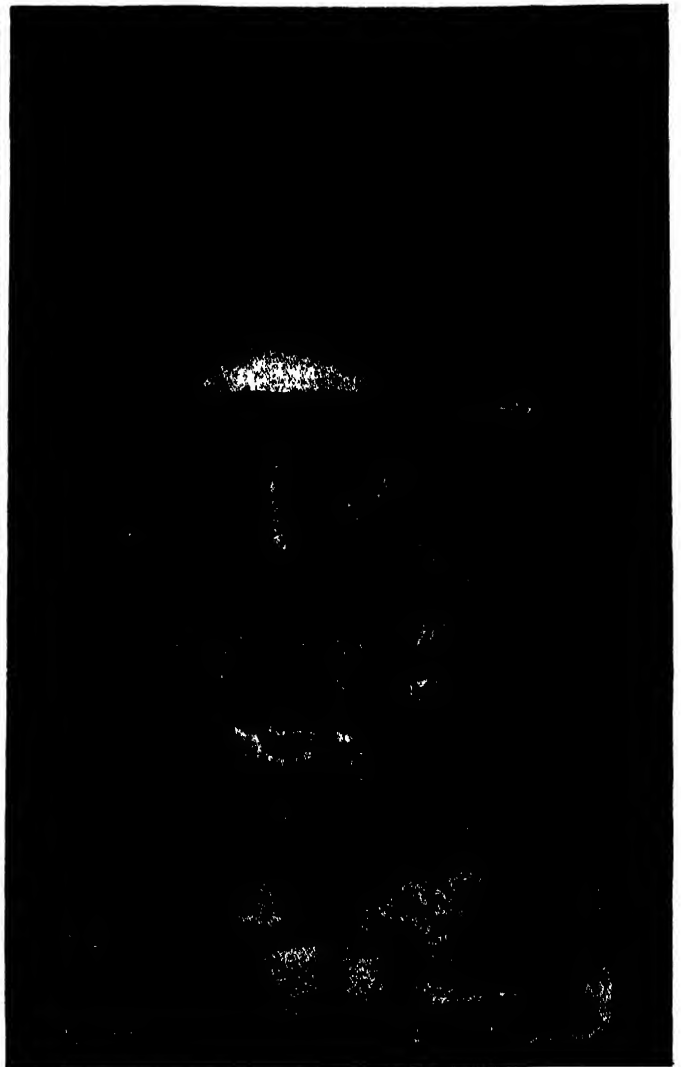
With Pictures by DOROTHY MULLOCK. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus)

One is inclined to think that with a little paraphrasing in some portions perhaps, the tale of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche might have been rendered still more pleasant and delectable than it is. The imaginative quality in the picture of Pan and Psyche is quaint and charming, but it may be questioned if Miss Dorothy Mullock, on the whole, is quite at her best in the pictures. Sometimes the play of line is hardly successful, and the artist seems to fluter between line and colour, as if they had rival claims upon her sympathies. We must say a word of gratitude for the wholly excellent foreword to the book. It deals briefly but clearly with folk-lore elements in a most interesting summary.

THE MISCELLANY OF A JAPANESE PRIEST.

Being a Translation of the Tsun-Zuri-Gura. By WILLIAM N. PORTER. Introduction by SANI TEIKAWA. 2s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford).

This book is a Japanese classic much read in the schools. Its author, Kenko, born in 1281, was of a type not uncommon amongst the Japanese of to-day, "cool, yet inwardly



From Outlines of Ancient History
(Clay).

THEMISTOCLES.

quickly susceptible, mactive and highly unpractical, artistic and sarcastic, antiquarian in taste and conservative in thought." It is clear, therefore, that the volume has claims on our attention. It is difficult for a reviewer to do justice to any miscellany, for if read straight through it is inevitably somewhat difficult to digest; one or two sections ought to be read, pondered carefully, then compared with what one has read elsewhere, and an attempt should



From *Cupid and Psyche*
(Chatto & Windus).

PSYCHE AWAKENED.

be made to see what new aspect has been given to one's ethical or religious thought. This book is neither very fresh nor very profound, but it will prove attractive to all who can see the charm in a conservative attitude; it shows how curiously "at one" human nature often is. But the volume is rather disappointing because it is difficult to catch in it anything distinctively Japanese such as we find in almost every page of Yone Noguchi or even Lafcadio Hearn; the atmosphere is curiously English, except in one thing, the great stress it lays on *good taste*, the importance of which the strenuous western nations are apt to overlook. We had marked many passages to quote, but must be content with the following: "But still, be not too gay. To be thought by women rather a difficult man to get on with is the best." Every one who cares for books should put this volume on his shelf, for in certain moods, he will find in it great refreshment for his soul.

OUR SENTIMENTAL GARDEN.

By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 6s. net. (Herman)

Though the literary cult of the garden is as it were a development of but the day before yesterday, the book-collector, who should seek to specialise in the gathering of books inspired by that cult, would have to provide a goodly "run" of shelving to accommodate the volumes. Each season adds to the number and variety of such works, and the wonderful thing is that they rarely overlap. It is as though every garden had in it the materials for a book, awaiting but the historian (or the sentimentalist) to give those materials literary form; and the happiest conjunction is when the planner of the garden is also its historian. Such conjunction we find in Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle's work, for they indicate the way in which "a small, white, Surrey house has, by some singular, scarcely intentional, process, become enchanted into an Italian Villino," and at the same time a jungle has become converted into "Our Sentimental Garden." House and garden are on a hillside—in the Haslemere district as is soon gathered—with an outlook on healthy moorland, which contrasts with first impressions of the Italianate. Accentuating sentiment rather than horticulture at the outset, the authors introduce their readers to a friendly company of dogs and cats, of which Loki, the Pekingese, appears to be prime favourite; and later on—though the garden is never far away—they take us now to Spain or Italy, France or Ireland, now to some neighbour's house or garden (regarding such in a properly critical spirit, but

not above taking hints to be used in the ever progressing reclamation of the "jungle") or out on the moor. It is, indeed, by its genial discursiveness that the book charms and delights us. It is as though we walked in the garden, discussing the possibility of a rose garden here, or the wonderland of colour to be called into being by a few shillings spent upon bulbs there, and now and again the talk, as talk will, turned from immediate surroundings to other themes where memory was touched. Humour, anecdote, and character sketches will be found in this fascinating garden gossip, and through all runs, as it were, the sense of peace, of ever-changing

colour and delight of the loved garden. Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too, said a poet accustomed to the formalities of 18th century horticulture; to-day the words might read, who loves a garden loves a garden book too, and especially is that the case where the book is so friendly and reminiscent as this excursion into a new field by writers who long since won our allegiance by their mastery of romance.



From *The Miscellany of a Japanese Priest*
(Oxford Press).

HIS LEGS GAVE WAY
UNDER HIM.



From *Cupid and Psyche*
(Chullo).

CUPID IN THE CYPRESS TREE.
From coloured illustration.

The many illustrations in colour and in black and white—which Mr. Charles Robinson has scattered lavishly throughout the volume are delightful, and beautifully in accord with the spirit of the letterpress. Mr. Robinson's many excursions into fairy-land seem to have made him the readiest of pictorial interpreters of the sentiment of a garden.

WALTER JERROLD

THE ENGLISH PARISH CHURCH.

By J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. 7s. 6d. net. (H. T. Batsford.)

"No one but a fool," said Freeman, "goes into a church without first inspecting the exterior." The exterior alone by no means suffices for Dr. Cox, whom we venerate after reading this book as the man who knows probably more of the parish churches from top to bottom than any man in England. He has singled them out; visited them; studied their plans and styles and materials. On material he is specially strong, as that aspect has been rather neglected in literature. Although churches were constructed of timber, both in early and late pre-Conquest times, the general rule for Saxon churches was that they should be of stone. Essex was destitute of stone, but used to be one of the best-wooded of English shires; hence, it is the county wherein by far the most church timber-work survives. The church of Greensted, near Chipping Ongar, is the one building now standing in England which has the walls of the nave composed of the trunks of split oak-trees of very ancient date. "There is no reason to doubt," says Dr. Cox, "that it is the actual building which sheltered the body of St. Edmund on its return to London from Bury St. Edmunds in 1013." The parish churches used to serve as village club-rooms or institutes, without apparent loss to the standard of reverence for holy places

That the parish church got its hold on the people through this every-day utility seems a reasonable conclusion. In the true spirit, Dr. Cox remarks that in spite of ill-usage our ancient churches remain the envy of other parts of Christendom for their frequency, their innate beauty, their marvellous adaptability to surroundings, and more especially for the way they reflect the life and devotion of successive generations of our forefathers. He recognises the claim of St. Michael, Coventry, to be the finest parochial church in the kingdom. Illustrations being indispensable to a book of this kind, it is a pleasure to note they are so numerous (350 in all), and uniformly excellent.

YE SUNDIAL BOOKE

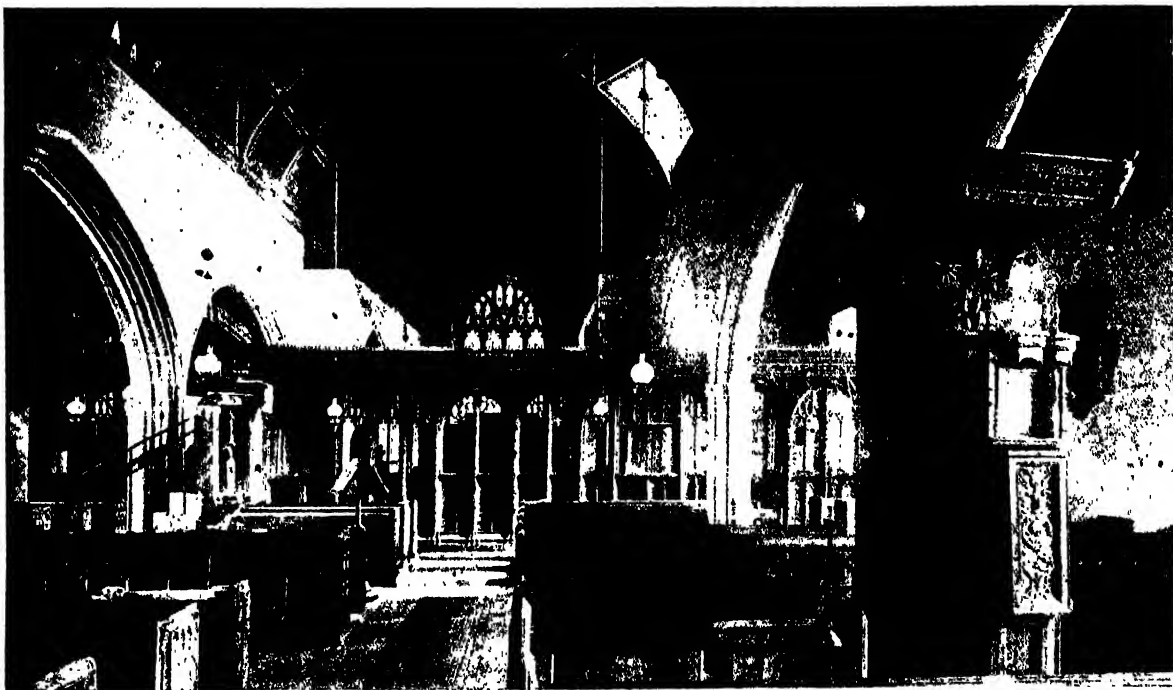
By T. GLOVER W. HENSLOW, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold.)

Charles Lamb once asked the question, "Why is the sundial almost everywhere vanished?" That it has not vanished even yet is proved by the handsome volume before us, in which the author has written verses, or "mottos" as they are usually called, to drawings by Miss D. Hartley of between 300 and 400 examples of sundials of all times and many countries. Mr. Henslow explains that so many ancient dials are to-day continually changing hands and being placed in new surroundings, that although cognisant of the fact that it would be far more interesting to illustrate his work with sketches showing the dial in its original position, yet in the majority of cases he has found this impossible. While, therefore, representing the actual dials the artist has, with considerable taste and feeling, supplied her own setting. We have thus each dial as the centre of a picture appropriate to its



From *Our Sentimental Garden*
(Heinemann).

THE DUTCH GARDEN.



From The English Parish Church
(Batsford).

A DEVONSHIRE INTERIOR.

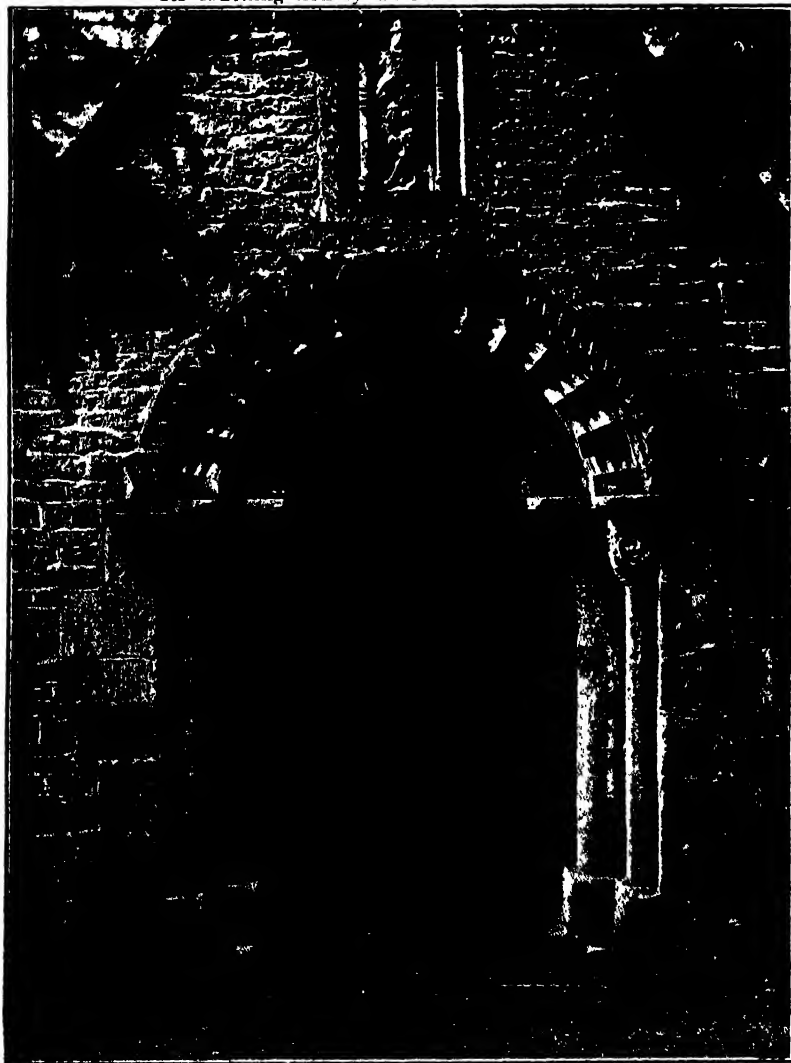
Then, though flowers are naturally associated with sundials, the fastidious would prefer in this expensive volume to be spared the infliction of a modern seedsmen's advertisements. But there is a vast fund of pure pleasure to be derived from turning these pages. Miss Martley's drawings are mostly beautiful, and the verses in the margin quite good. Here is an example :

date. It would be easy for many to notice omissions, as to wish for the old mottoes, such as that made memorable by Hazlitt—*Horas non numero nisi serenas* ; or the delightful lines of Bernard Barton :

"I love in some sequestered nook
Of antique garden, to behold
The page of thy sunlighted book
Its touching homily unfold"

"Go, live thy life, enjoy the day,
Those happy hours that swiftly fly ;
Yet learn thou from each sunset ray
To live remembering all must die"

The volume, which contains some noteworthy facts about the history of the sundial, its associations with famous men, and its setting, is dedicated to Wiltshire men "the Moonrakers !"



From Ye Sundial Booke
(Arnold).

SUNDIAL AT SAXON HOUSE,
STANTON ST. QUENTIN.

WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON 2s. net. (Methuen)

Mr. Newton's story was published some weeks before the outbreak of war, and its chief merit is in its vividly imagined descriptive passages. It tells of an imaginary invasion of England by a rather indefinite enemy whom every reader will recognise as the German terror, but its picture of the inefficiency, unreadiness and general amateurishness of our defending forces is to say the least of it unconvincing. How the invaders got past our fleet we are not told. They land with very little difficulty and proceed to swarm into the country with a curiously fragmentary British army in full retreat before them. One or two incidents, such as that of the civilians at work in a field suddenly amazed and resentful at finding themselves fired upon and wounded, are strikingly realistic, but there is a lack of inventiveness in these matters of detail—there are too few of them ; and the idea of the same man, a motor-cyclist, witnessing the landing, flying ahead of the enemy but always keeping only just far enough ahead to see all that happens, until the girl he loves falls into their hands and he, for a frenzied attack upon them, is shot, and the tale ends inconclusively—this takes much from the reality of it all. The object of the book is to scarify us for our unpreparedness, but it fails in that by making the defending army altogether too absurdly futile and foolish. It is a book that will be read with interest, but you feel in reading it that it is a weak nightmare and no practical, thoroughly well-realised forecast of what might possibly happen. Even its horrors are not so horrible as the actual war has proved that they would be. Mr. Newton underrates our capacity in the field, and sacrifices reality and probability to his purpose of showing we are stupidly over-confident of our security against invasion.

ITALIAN GARDENS OF THE RENAISSANCE, AND OTHER STUDIES.

By JULIA CARTWRIGHT. With 16
Illustrations.
ros. 6d. net.
(Smith, Elder.)

In ten most interesting chapters Miss Julia Cartwright has written an account of the famous gardens of Italy in the days of the Renaissance. The Venetian people, whose houses rise sheer from the water's edge, take a particular pleasure in flowers and gardens, and in a chapter on "The Gardens of Venice" Miss Cartwright tells very entertainingly how they make the most of the few feet of ground attached to their dwellings, and by growing creepers over their roofs and balconies and lining their window ledges with flower-pots, beautifully embower their houses in leaf and bloom, and so introduces you to the story of some wonderful Venetian gardens of an earlier age. There are admirable chapters on "The Gardens of Papal Rome," "The Gardens of Florentine Humanists," "A Tomb at Ravenna," and, amongst others, a delightful chapter on "Cardinal Bembo and his Villa." It is a pleasant book, written in an easy anecdotal fashion, with no little power of description, and will be read with delight by all who like gardens.

LOVE'S MELODIES.

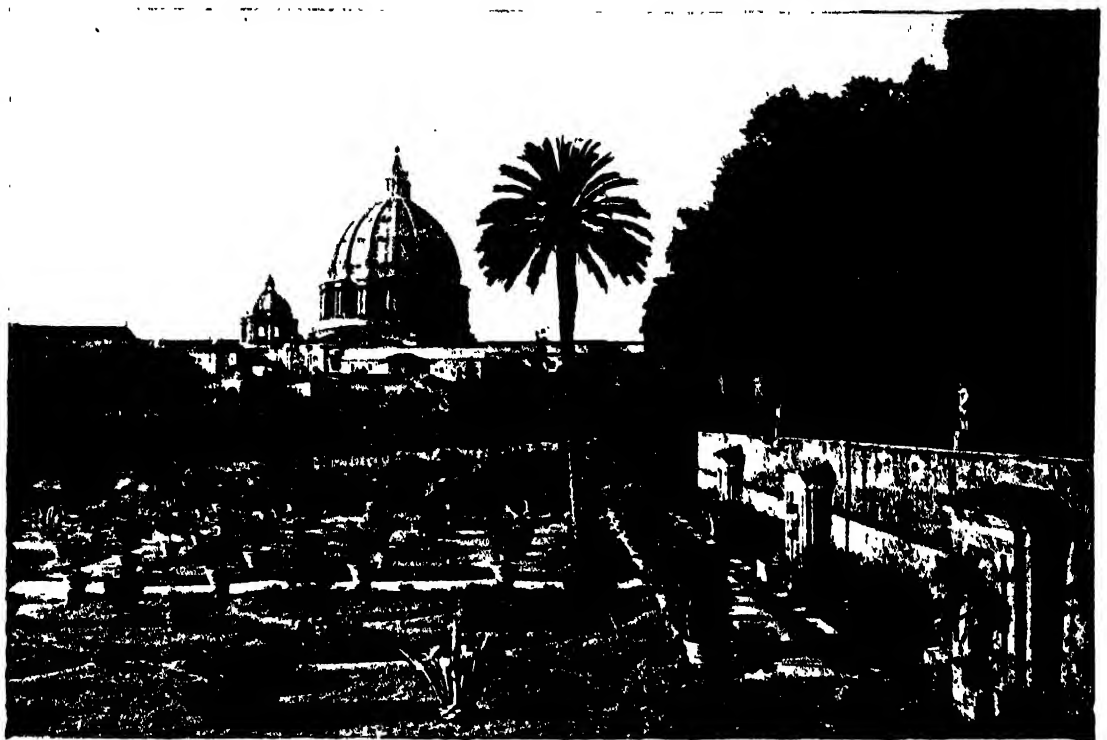
By MARJORIE CROSBIE. 18 ed. net. (Alfred Hindle.)

A dainty little volume of verse is "Love's Melodies," by Miss Marjorie Crosbie, containing many musical lyrics and some stirring topical poems. Miss Crosbie sings more of sad things, of parting and the pains of love, than of love's joys, and the gladness of life, but, for all that, there is a quiet, persistent optimism beneath her sorrow, and some of her songs, such as "Spring" and "Eyes of the Sky" and "Since You Came" are full of youth and happiness. She loves the sea, and gains inspiration from its many moods, finding in it both consolation and despair:

"Only the sea-waves whisper my longing,
Only the sea-waves echo my sigh,
While to my mind fresh visions are thronging
Visions of days in the sweet bye-and-bye.
Only the sea-waves breaking below,
Cry for the love my heart cries for so!

"Only the sea-waves answer my yearning,
Crave for the peace I crave for in vain;
Ne'er will the cold world know I am learning
Most of its sorrow, most of its pain.
Only the sea-waves breaking below,
Cry for the love my heart cries for so!"

This is the second book of verse Miss Crosbie has



From Italian Gardens of the Renaissance
(Smith Elder).

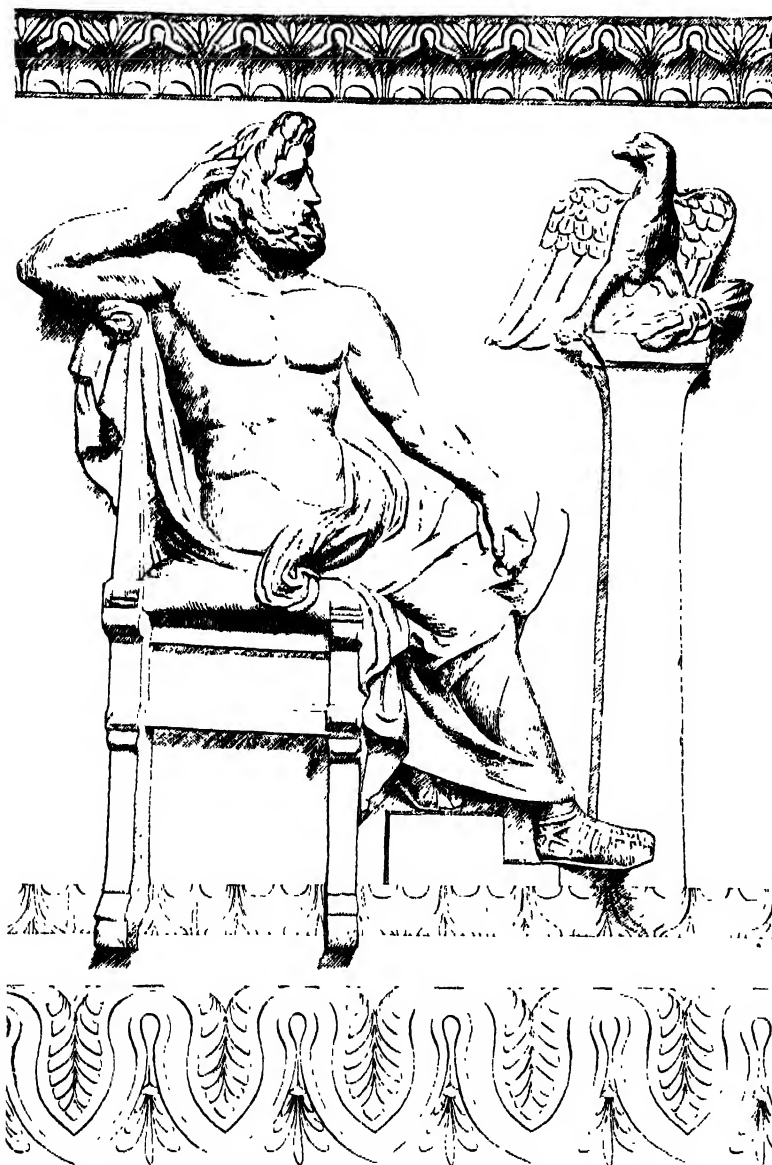
THE VATICAN GARDENS, CASINO DE PIOVE.

published, and it is to be hoped she will follow it up with others. Part of the proceeds from the sale of it is being given to a fund for the children of our soldiers and sailors.



From Italian Gardens of the Renaissance
(Smith Elder).

A CARDINAL'S PLEASURE HOUSE.



from Zeus
(Clay).

ZEUS ON A WELL-HEAD
AT NAPLES.

ZEUS.

A Study in Ancient Religion. By ARTHUR BERNARD COOK.
Illustrated. £2 5s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Zeus was the greatest of the gods of Greece, as Jupiter was of Rome, he is supreme among all the gods of the Homeric mythology: the great god of the bright sky. It is eighty years, as Mr. Cook notes in his preface to this handsomely produced volume of nearly nine hundred pages, since the last comprehensive monograph on Zeus was published in Paris, and in later years the scientific investigator in the classical field has been rewarded with many new discoveries. Numerous documents and inscriptions connected with the worship of Zeus have come to light; sites of his temples have been identified and carefully examined, lists of his priests have been found, "odd details of his rites at Iasos, a hymn sung in his service at Palakastro, and votive offerings to him from half the towns of Greece." In this, the first of two volumes, Mr. Cook has gathered up all the fruits of modern research and of his

own exhaustive studies, and traces the general development and influence of Zeus as god of the sky, reserving the story of his earthly labours and influences to the second volume. "It would seem," he says, "that the Greeks, starting from a sense of frank, childish wonder, not unmixed with fear, at the sight of the animate sky, mounted by slow degrees of enlightenment to a recognition of the physical, intellectual, and moral supremacy of the sky-god. Dion Chrysostomos in a memorable sentence declared Zeus to be 'the giver of all good things, the Father, the Saviour, the Keeper of mankind.' On the lower levels and slopes of this splendid spiritual ascent the Greeks found themselves at one with the beliefs of many surrounding peoples, so that a fusion of the Hellenic Zeus with this or that barbaric counterpart often came about. On the higher ground of philosophy and poetry they joined hands with a later age, and pressed on towards our own conceptions of Deity." The whole theme is handled with a wonderful sureness and breadth of knowledge, and mastery of detail; never, surely, were the origin, the spiritual attributes, the associations and local habitations of any god so luminously revealed as are those of Zeus in this scholarly and fascinating study. The forty-two plates and five hundred and sixty-nine smaller illustrations are excellently reproduced, and add greatly to the value and attractiveness of the work.

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

Translated from the Old French by DORCE LAWRENCE SMITH, with Illustrations by EILEEN LAWRENCE SMITH. 14s. net. (Andrew Melrose.)

We were told a little time ago by the apologists of Germany that we were foolish to disturb ourselves about Louvain and Rheims and all the rest of them, since it would be the Kaiser's pleasure, once the war is done, to mobilise his sculptors and his architects and writers, so that what has been destroyed may be succeeded by much better things. Perhaps

there was among the Celtic MSS. of Louvain a single copy of an old romance; the most lyric and beautiful of early French romances—"Aucassin and Nicolette"—as

preserved to us by a single copy in the National Library at Paris. The author and the date of this famous fable are alike unknown; the "viel caïtif" who appears at the beginning of the work may mean that he was an "old captive," escaped from the Saracens, or that he was an "unfortunate old man," who maintained himself by wandering about the land with this sweet tale. But M. Suchner, the editor of the best French text, has thrown the mysterious and wise and tender old artist overboard; in a later edition he repented and pulled him out. Finally he let him drown. M. Suchner, instead of "du viel caïtif," reads "du duel caïtif" — "of the wretched grief," which of course did from time to time lay in wait for Aucassin and Nicolette. But it is so much less quaint and picturesque, and I am sorry to see that the latest English translator, unlike Andrew Lang, Mr. Bourdillon and Mr. E. K. Chambers,



ISRAEL ZANGWILL,
new play, "The Plaster Saint," is published by
Mr. Heinemann.

has followed Suchier. The jangle of "du duel" is one that Miss Dulcie Lawrence Smith, in her own verse, would never allow. And so we come to consider her verse and prose, which, after all, is more important in such a book than textual controversies. I have compared this author's version of the celebrated star song with six other versions, and it seems to me that Mr. Laurence Housman is the second best, and that neither Andrew Lang, with his

"Star that I from far behold,
Star the Moon calls to her fold,"

nor Mr. Bourdillon, with his

"Little star, I see thee there,
That the moon draws close to her!"

is within measurable distance of Miss Lawrence Smith's

"Star in the night above,
Close to the moon's rim set,
I see my little love
With thee, my Nicolette."

The merits of that do not require exposition; and, although it may seem a little rash to say so, it appears to me that this new translation altogether is the most emotional and exquisite in our language. This edition of "Aucassin" will be, one imagines, a success as a gift-book, for it is adorned with many illustrations by Miss Eileen Lawrence Smith, in colour and otherwise. Although this artist has exhibited at the Royal Academy, her work is full of gorgeous passages. The picture to illustrate "and took her viol and went a-playing about that country" has a beauty that is on the other side of grief, while in the forest scenes we fancy that this artist will delight Maurice Hewlett, her sense of grouping and her originality and charm have certainly delighted one reader. In fact, this volume, which presents us with two people who have long been famous, may have introduced us to two others who will follow them.

H. B.

SANCT ANDROIS.

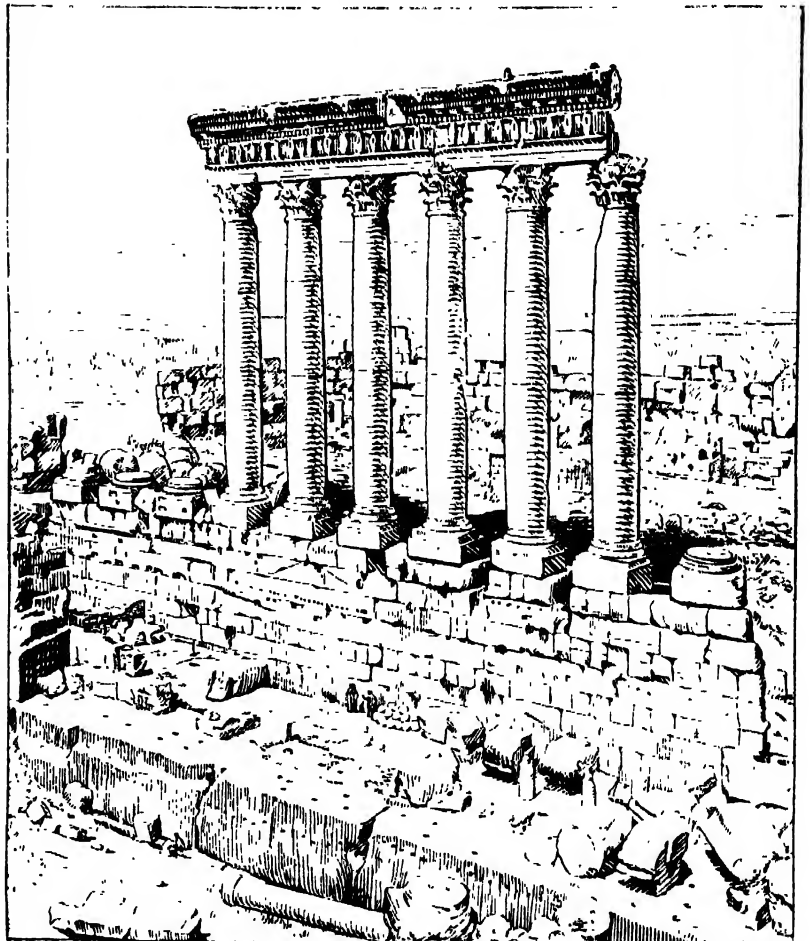
And other Scottish
Ballads. By HARRY
ALEXANDER WOOD. 6d.
net. (Aberdeen: Jolly
& Sons.)

Mr. Wood's first aim in these ballads has, he confesses, been more to tell a series of vivid, picturesque stories than to cultivate poetical graces. His tales from Scottish history and legend are written in vigorous, forcible verse, and should serve admirably for purposes of recitation. The best of them is, perhaps, the ballad that gives the book its title—a vivid presentation of the murder of Cardinal Beaton.



From Poets Laureate of England
(Pitman).

THOMAS WARTON.



From Zeus
(Clay).

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ENGLISH LITERATURE THROUGH THE AGES.

By ANNE CLUSE. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap)

The aim of this book is to tell the story of English literature through the stories of individual books, and the author has wisely disregarded minor writers and minor literary movements in order, as she says, to gain space for a fuller treatment of the selected works. The selection dealt with ranges from the epic "Beowulf," which thrilled our Anglo-Saxon forebears, to Stevenson's "Kidnapped," which thrills no less the youth of to-day. It includes representative masterpieces of every period, so that, with the aid of brief connecting notes, the chapters link together to form a continuous history of our literary giants, and of the action and reaction traceable to their magnificent hammer-blows. The author has a polished and dignified style, and her judgments and appreciations are invariably valuable and concise. The volume is profusely illustrated with portraits and reproductions of pages



From *A Simple Guide to Pictures*
(Chatto & Windus).

WINTER LANDSCAPE AFTER PETER
BRUEGHEL THE ELDER.
(Imperial Museum, Vienna.)

and illuminations from old MSS., and altogether forms an ideal companion and guide along the broad highway of English literature.

SONNETS TO POSTER ARTISTS AND OTHERS.

By EDWARD URWICK. 1s. (Minerva Publishing Co.)

There is a certain freshness and lively interest in contemporary life about these sonnets that atone for the rather obvious and commonplace sentiments they enunciate. One of the best of them is that addressed to Mr. Lawson Wood; others to be noted are sonnets to Kipling; to Stephen Phillips; to Bernard Shaw; to Harry Lauder; to John Hassall, "Master of many humours, great in all"; and one, in happy vein, to "Londoner" of the *Evening News*, but Mr. Urwick should have found a more striking first line on that charming and delightfully individual essayist than,

"You are, indeed, a man of many parts."



From *R. L. Stevenson's Fables*
(Longmans).

THE THREE REFORMERS.
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The scheme of the booklet is new—so much so that to come upon it in a pile of more usual books of sonnets is a distinct refreshment; and though the thought is not so new, it is true and pleasant and adequately phrased.

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By MRS. HENRY HEAD. Illustrated 3s. net.
(Chatto & Windus.)

To any young person who wants to enjoy pictures intelligently we know no better book than this volume by Mrs.

Head. It is very simple, yet contains nothing trivial; older persons with not much artistic training need not be ashamed to learn from its pages. Many of us know that the pleasure we get from pictures is apt to be vague and evanescent; mere beauty does not satisfy for long. A knowledge of the artist, his place in history, and the surroundings amidst which he worked give a substance to one's enjoyment. The detailed description in this volume, if read while looking at the reproductions, will help the reader when he visits a gallery to know what to look for, and he will probably find many other things which make special appeal to him. This book is quite an elementary one and is to be commended because it treats only great masters, whose work will always have a permanent value; the genius is not afraid to be original, but he will not despise the Old Master. It is true, as a rule, that the greater the art, the wider is its appeal. Finally, the book is good because it brings us into the company of great men, who were real men with sorrows and sins like our own, but one and all were noble and heroic, and had the happiness to know that the world was better because of their lives—and deeds.

FABLES.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Illustrated by E. R. HERMAN. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

The "Fables of Stevenson," ranging from the tricky humour, the fantastic burlesque, the sly satire, of such as "The Sinking Ship," "The Two Matches," "The Sick Man and the Fireman," "The Man and his Friend," to the wisdom of such as "The Touchstone," the grace and poetry of "The Poor Thing," and "The Song of the Morrow," have found a sensitive and brilliant interpreter in Mr. E. R. Herman. He is not always so happy, perhaps, with the lighter, subtler graces of the Fables, but Stevenson himself is not more grotesque, more quaintly grim, more imaginatively fantastic than are the drawings of Mr. Herman that illustrate those moods of his. The decorative quality of the artist's work is unique; he has a strength of line in portraying his figures and a boldness in the arrangement of his blacks and whites that is strikingly effective. The large pages, the clear print and the artistic binding

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In every essential respect this book is complete in itself, but it also forms a sequel to the author's previous volume, "My Days of Adventure," in which he dealt with many important phases of the Franco-German War. In his new work he passes to the war's terrible aftermath, and recounts in detail the dramatic story of the greatest Rebellion known to European history during the last hundred years.

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And may bee also usefull for any Christian to meditate upon, now in this miserable time of Warre.

Imprimatur, *Edm. Calamy:*

Job. 13. This Book of the Law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou maist observe to doe according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and have good successe.

Printed at London by G.B. and R.W. for
Aug: 3^d G.C. 1643.

From Cromwell's Soldier's Bible
(Scott).

FACSIMILE OF THE
ORIGINAL TITLE
PAGE, 1643.

are all beautifully in keeping. To have seen his Fables in so attractive a dress and so illustrated would have gladdened Stevenson's heart, as it will gladden the hearts of his multitude of admirers.

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"I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did," wrote Cromwell of his troops, and tradition tells us that every soldier in his Army was provided with a pocket Bible. The Bible they carried was a "Soldier's Pocket Bible," which consists of certain moral and spiritual admonitions that were supported by appropriate extracts from the Scriptures. It is believed that only two copies of this remarkable book are now in existence, and this facsimile reprint is issued in an hour when its appearance is especially significant and especially interesting. We do not agree with Mr. Francis Fry that this is "a poor and artful substitute" for the orthodox Bible, but endorse the opinion of Viscount Wolseley, that "the soldier who carries this Bible in his pack possesses what is of far higher value to him than the proverbial marshal's baton, for if he carries its teaching in his head and lets it rule his heart and conduct, he will certainly be happy, and most probably eminently successful."

OXFORD POETRY, 1914.

Edited by G. O. H. C. and W. S. V. With a Preface by
SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1s. net, paper; 2s. 6d. net, boards.
(Blackwell.)

The prose of Sir Walter Raleigh, with its appropriate Elizabethan tang, is always good to read, but one cannot help feeling that his preface to this latest gathering of undergraduate verse is a little too arrogant for the occasion. They are but tender fosterlings to be thrown on the world with so large a gesture. "Take them or leave them," says he; and there is little in the wares thus negligently proffered to compel one inevitably to the former alternative. Still, there is readable stuff, and at any rate the suggestion of promise here and there. Seventeen rhymers, three of whom are of Somerville, are represented, some of them only by one piece. It is not very easy, therefore, to judge of their possibilities. We should like to have seen more, for instance, of the work of Mr. J. C. Hobson, the solitary example by whom ("Winter") is the one poem in the book with the laery quality.

"Tis the hour of candlelight,
Gone is the cold sun,
Children homeward run
From the black and frosty night, . . .

Giants and crooked witches loom
Through the creeping dark,
And the dog's short bark
Tells of goblins in the gloom, . . .

A note of bitter humour, very characteristic of contemporary poetry (we get it in Rupert Brooke and James Stephens), appears in the well-turned epigrams, "Odium Antitheologicum," of Douglas Cole, and the "To Mary" of A. J. Dawe, whose other poem is curiously Pre-Raphaelite for the time of day. T. W. Earp's story of Anthony Hewwood is well told, and his "When You Are Dead," though

The first Chapter.

Both heauen & erth: the light: the firmament: the sonne: the mone: the sterres: and all beastes: foules & fishes in the see were made by the word: of God. And how man also was created.



In the beginnyng *
God created heauen
& erth. The erth was
vnyd & emptye, and
darknesse was: vpon
the face of the depe,
& the sperte of God
moued vpon the fa-
ce of the waters.

And God sayd: let there be made light,
and there was light made. And God sawe
the light that it was good. And God made
a diuision betwene the lyght and darknesse.
And God called the light, daye: & the dark-
nesse called he, night. And the euenyng &
the moornyng was made one daye.

And God sayde: let there be a firmamēt
betwene th. waters, & let it make a diuision
betwene wa. & waters. And God made
the firmamēt, & set a diuision betwene the
waters which were vnder the firmament, &
the waters which were aboue the firmamēt.
And it was so. And God call. the firma-
mēt, heauen. The euenyng also & the mo-
nyng was made the seconde daye.

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miniscent —
of Yeats is
it? — has
much beauty
in a little
space :

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not be of
those sad
folk
That harsh
winds drive
from pole
to pole,
Cold and bare
as the
wandering
smoke ;
For when you
are dead,
I will make
you a cloak
Of my love
and my
dreams to
cover your
soul."

Miss Dor-
othy Rowe's
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pheus," es-
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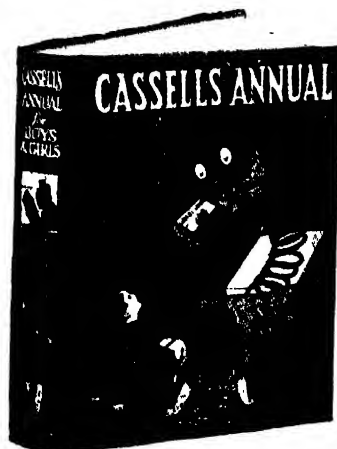
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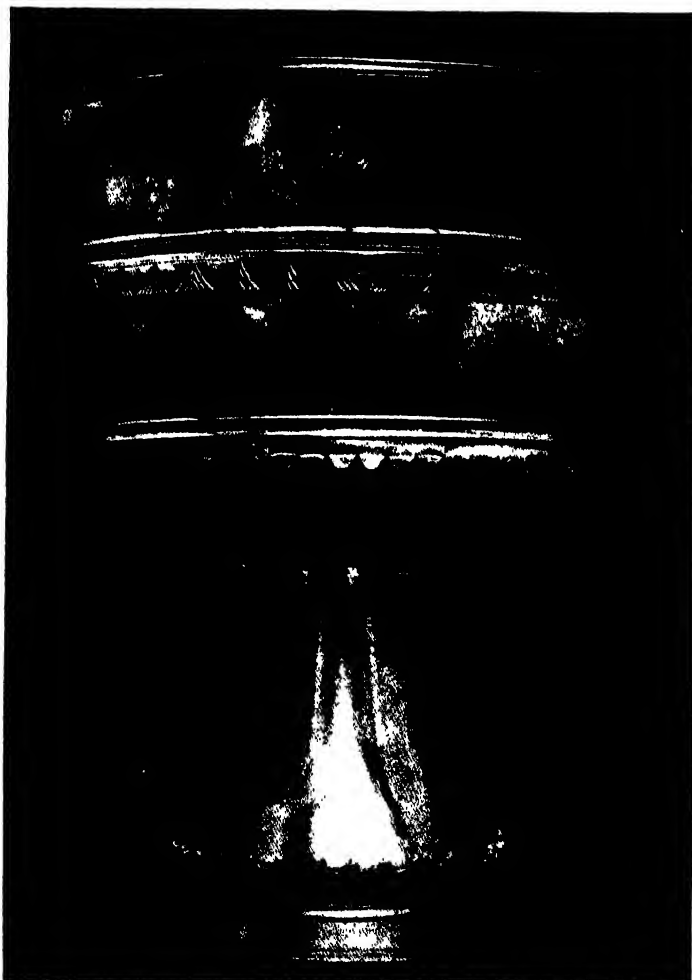
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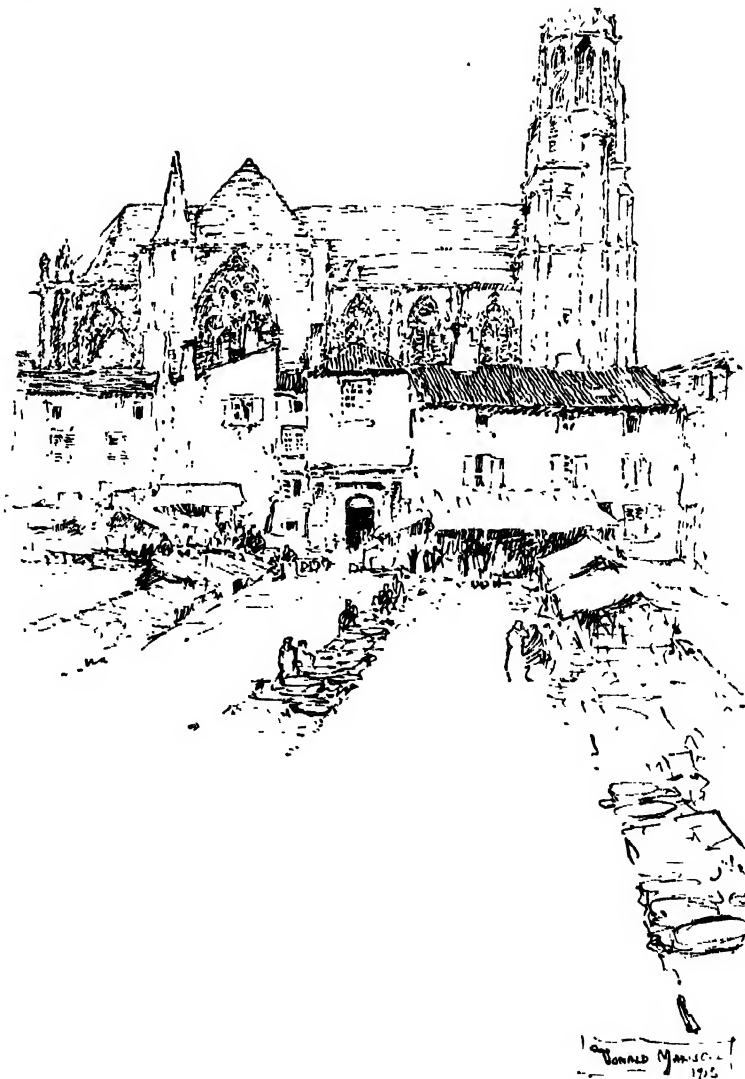
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at present, is that of "a Mid-Victorian poet a little in advance of his epoch" which he uses himself.

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"How shall I tell it? As the poets tell
Who wrap love in a garment of van light?
Or plainly naked, the poor child of Hell
And laughter that it is, and starless night?
I like the truth best. Yet this love, sad thing,
Mired, and defiled, I saw it once a King."

He has a very keen sense of the physical, so that he is no more than just when he writes "To one with his sonnets":

"This is the book. For evil and for good,
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There are no dreams, but things of flesh and blood,
The past that lived and shall not live again."

As he knows the country primarily as a sportsman, and country gentleman, so he knows men and women as a hearty bold man who has gone much about the world, liking and disliking, and has "thrust his hand into the side" of life. Whatever he handles at his best is as real as the trout on the grass, "four silver pounds, sublimely fat and fair." The beauty is full weight when it has been approved by one who says on Goodwood Down:

"The sport is fair, luck fair, and Nature's face
Fairest of all."

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"To-day, all day, I rode upon the Down,
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On this side in its glory lay the sea,
On that the Sussex Weald, a sea of brown.
The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,
And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse.



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And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my horse
Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.
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I knew it even
Better than all by this, that through my chase
In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven
I seemed to see and follow still your face
Your face, my quarry was
For it I rode,
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god."

In the Sussex Pastoral, "Worth Forest," he tells us something of Master Gale, a Sevenoaks blacksmith of Cromwell's time, "our house's founder," one who by forty years of toil and prudent buying "died possessed of some four thousand acres of the best land in the parish"; and I feel that Mr. Blunt, whatever he knows about pick and hammer and buying, has something of that blacksmith in his hands and in his eyes, whether he looks on a tree or a fox or a woman. For him it is not fanciful, after speaking of Myrtle the cow, to say,

"I love to touch the links between us, the blind kindness
Of joy unreasoned, solace in the sun, in shade delight.
The inhuman part of Man is still the best,
his love of children,
His love of meads and vales at home, his fondness for his kind."

One of his later sonnets describes three pictures which he most loves, one a smiling woman by the sea, one an old knight watching his dead son, the other a bull dying in the arena: "Ah Christ! That murderous eye burneth athirst like the red pit of Hell." It was not necessary for him to announce:

"I would not, if I could, be called a poet,
I have no natural love of the 'chaste muse';
It might be worth the doing I would do it,
And others, if they will, may tell the news."
The faith I hold I held, as when a boy
I left my books for cricket-bat and gun."

Yet he has been a poet these fifty years, has experimented with assonance, written a play for the Irish theatre, and has



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cities of the United States, and the Association of American Etchers now are proposing to hold Exhibitions in Europe as well as in the States. In this delightful "Year Book," we have reproductions of etchings shewn at the Association of American Etchers' Exhibition. Forbes Watson contributing an introduction to the book, incidentally speaks of nationality in Art, saying, very truly, that native quality has a flavour of peculiar pungency. But, he goes on to say, the wood cuts of Dürer, the etchings of Rembrandt, Goya, and Méryon, have a flavour that Whistler has not, a twang that he misses. "And he has something that they have not, a cosmopolitan aestheticism. He is the very flower of the cosmopolitan"

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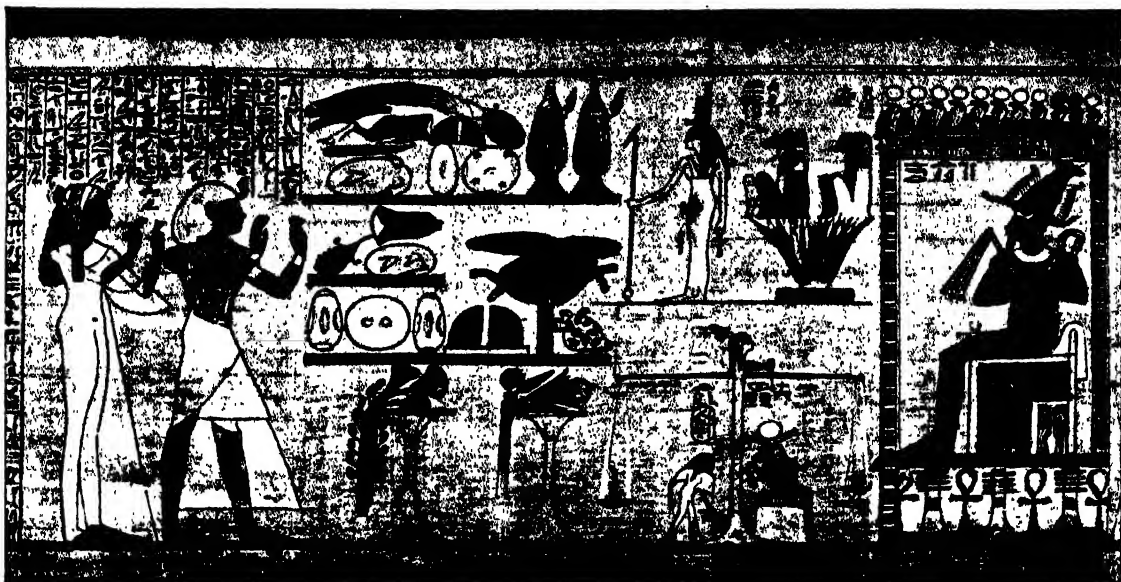
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interesting—even to those who may not know the places of which he writes, which is next to solid accuracy—the best virtue of a book of this kind. But accuracy does count after all, and Mr. Hutton is not always as careful as we would have him be. We may leave him to settle to his own satisfaction his varying statements concerning the oldest road in England, but we are entitled to ask why the Angel Steeple of Canterbury should be regarded as "the last of Catholicism in England." What of Bath Abbey and Henry VII.'s Chapel? They are both later and yet both of Catholicism. But the injustice thus done to Bath and Westminster is almost less than that of which Winchester might complain. Here, Mr. Hutton rules out, altogether, from the mediæval remains, the Castle Hall, one of the most exquisite examples of 13th century architecture in the country, worthy of Westminster itself. In minor things, too, he often trips, as,

for instance, in supposing Ditchling Beacon to be the highest point in the South Downs, while there are at least two passages (pp. 74 and 202) in such bad taste that it is charitable to wish Mr. Hutton the success of a second edition, in order that he may show his wisdom by excising them.

It is an unmitigated pleasure

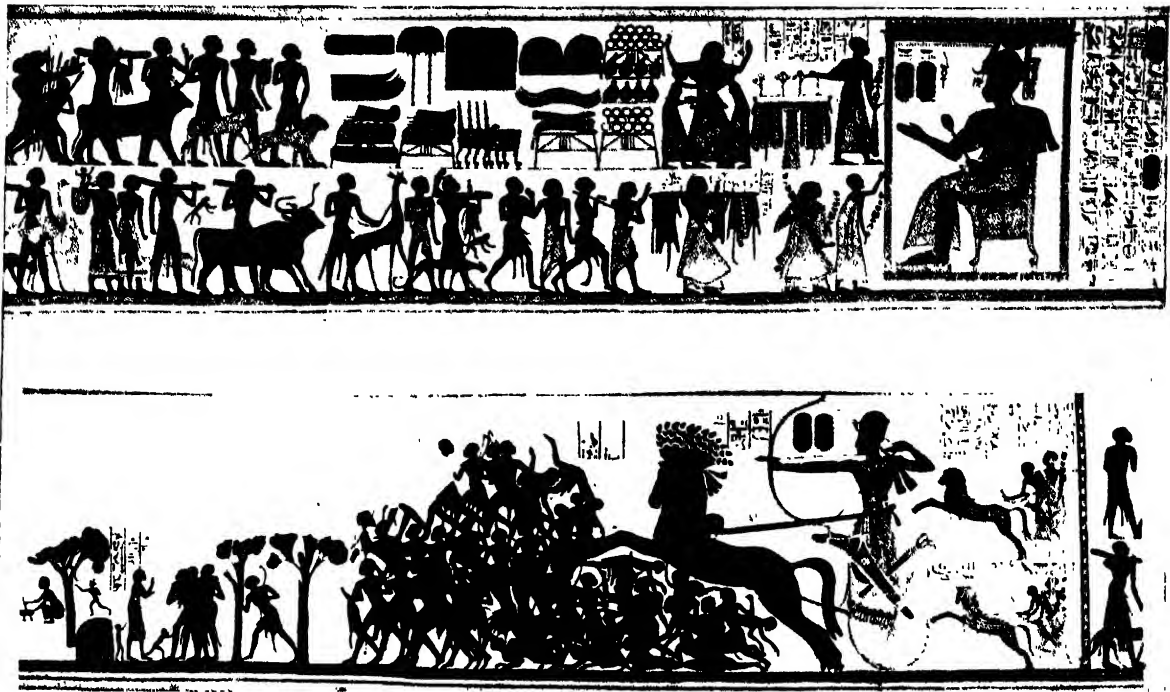
to come to Mr. Rawnsley's book. It was worth waiting for Lincolnshire to figure in the "Highways and Byways" series, to get so well and sympathetically done, the county of Lincoln Cathedral, of the many noble churches and groups of churches—Louth, Grantham, Spalding and Stamford—and the county of Tennyson's early days. True, Tennyson did not seem to matter so much, since we have had his biography, but Mr. Rawnsley has—as a Rawnsley must have—something fresh and personal to say of Somersby and the Tennysons.

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THROUGH REBELLIOUS SUDANESE.

chapters on Hermitages and Hospitals, Anglo-Saxon, Norman and Medieval Art (with a section on Fonts), Lincolnshire Folk-song, the Black Death, and Lincolnshire Fox-hounds. It is a standing astonishment that Messrs. Macmillans should find authors to keep up so invariably the standard of this fine series. The Lincolnshire volume may be ranked amongst the best. It is, perhaps, too much to suggest additions to a volume of 500 pages, but one cannot help wishing that something had been said under Gainsborough of Thomas Cooper and Thomas Miller, rough-grained, but remarkable characters both. It is one of the attractions of local history that more of real ability and individuality, though of a second rank, can perhaps come into the picture.

In his book on the Bayeux Tapestry, Mr. Belloc traverses the general conception of the Tapestry as practically contemporaneous with the Conquest, and makes a good case for his opinion, which, by the way, he is not the first to hold. One may be forgiven, perhaps, for feeling that the feature of the book is not so much Mr. Belloc's brief introduction and running commentary, good and characteristic as these are, as the exquisite reproductions in colour of the Tapestry itself. These are worthy of great praise.

In Mr. Donald Maxwell's book, the text can be quite cheerfully ignored. Mr. Maxwell starts out with the idea that if an author is the fittest person to illustrate a book—as Mr. Belloc holds—so an artist is the fittest person to "write up to" his own pictures. He proves or disproves his theory with some amusing accounts of his adventures, which may be ranked as passable journalism. But probably no one will dream of buying the book for the letter-press when Mr. Maxwell's adorable sketches, very fittingly

reproduced, are so well worth the money. He has the right idea of sketching—that it shall show truth so far as it goes—and it would be difficult to find a more beautiful and truthful collection of European travel pictures than these. Mr. Maxwell says he knows nothing about geology, but his sketches of the Meuse and other rivers show how infallibly he seizes on the broad geological lines. It is perhaps, unfair to select where all are so good, yet one may express admiration for two such different studies as "Our Lady of Safety" and "the Bridge-Canal of Laxerduin."

It would be quite improper to overlook the very charming drawings of Mr. F. L. Griggs in the Lincolnshire volume. His soft and delicate work is beautifully adapted to the

plentiful architectural material of the county, and it is difficult to imagine anything more delicately charming than some of these. Say Freston Priory Church, or, indeed, a score of others. Mr. Gordon Home's sketches in "England of my heart" suffer by comparison, as rather harsh. But Mr. Griggs makes one mistake, he omits



From The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry
(Challot).

CORONATION OF KING HAROLD

the "lights," which so beautifully break the outline of Grantham spire.

ARTHUR HENRY ANDERSON.

THE LIFE OF SIR FREDERICK WELD.

By Alice Lady Lovat. 18s. net. (Murray.)

The story of Sir Frederick Weld's life gives us what amounts to an outline of the history of three of our colonies in their early days. Sir Frederick began life as a squatter in New Zealand, when the Maoris were still in occupation of the country. He spent no less than twenty-six years of his life in the colony, filling many positions of honour



*From Through Siberia, the Land of the Future
(Heinemann).*

THE CHURCH AT VERKLINI, IMBATS KOYE BY MOONLIGHT.

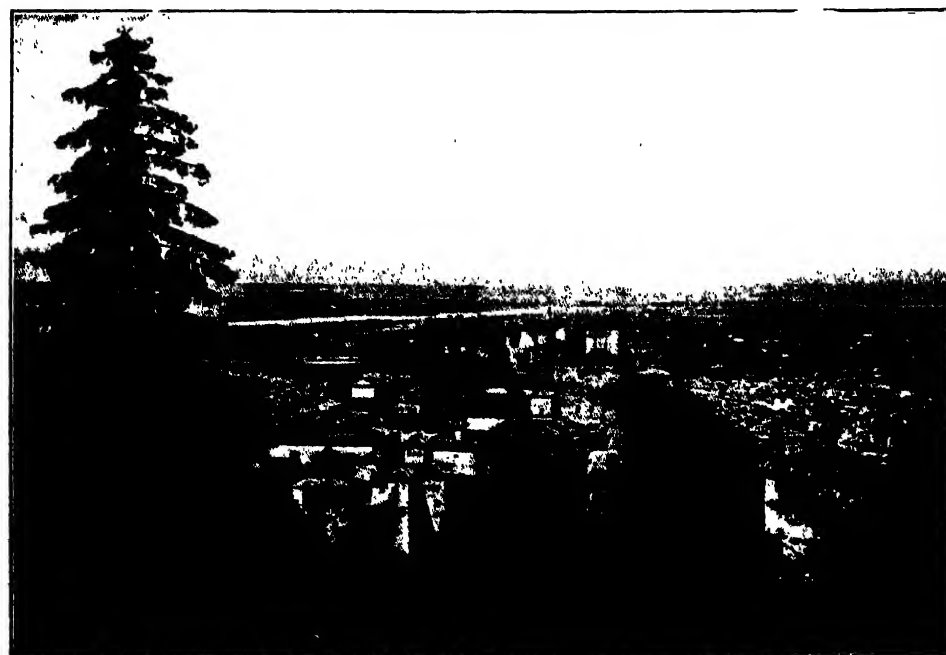
and importance, and rising eventually to the dignity of Premier. He made occasional visits to England, but it was in Australasia that his life work had to be completed. He was appointed in turn Governor of Western Australia and Governor of Tasmania. His final office was that of Governor of the Straits Settlements. Forty-four years of his life were given to administrative and ministerial work in the colonies, and it was due to his gift of statesmanship and to the peculiar genius of his character that the early policies of New Zealand and Western Australia were directed towards successful futures. Lady Lovat has written a vivid account of the life of this pioneer, bringing out all the magnetism of a strong and purposeful nature.

OLD COURT LIFE IN SPAIN.

By FRANCES M. ELLIOT. Illustrated 218 net (Putnams).

There is probably no country whose early history is so full of romance as Spain, and Miss Elliot has made good

use of the ample material at her disposal. The title of these volumes is apt to be misleading. I venture to say that no reader, when he takes them up, finds in them what he expected to find. He is agreeably surprised to meet with nothing but interesting romances told in appropriate language, without any of the tedious accumulations of facts that might easily have found their way into such a work as this. The period covered stretches from the Gothic Kings to Ferdinand and Isabella, after whose reign (as the author rightly says in the preface) the history of Spain lost its peculiar identity and became merged in that of Europe. Read how Doña Ava outwits Don Sancho and releases her husband, of El Cid Campeador and Don Fadrique's declaration of love. The story of how the Black Prince reinstated Don Pedro is well told and should be of special interest to English readers. There is a number of illustrations and portraits. The misprints are rare—an uncommon thing in most books about Spain. The list of authorities given is adequate.



*From Old Court Life in Spain
(Putnams).*

**THE ALHAMBRA AND THE VEGA
FROM THE GENERALIFE.**

ARGENTINA PAST AND PRESENT.

By W. H. KOEBEL. Second Edition. 208 net. (A. & C. Black.)

"The Argentine landowner, of any importance whatever, counts the extent of his holding by the league, numbers his live-stock by the thousand, and employs several hundreds of stock-riders, shepherds and labourers to tend the animals and pastures. Thus a really imposing estancia of some fifteen square leagues may carry its twenty-five thousand cattle, its twenty-thousand sheep, and as many thousands of horses as suit the convenience of the place." This is the Argentina of our common thought. But the life of the country is not confined to the work of the great estancias. Trade flourishes, industries of every kind have been established and prosper, and the country is forging ahead at a remarkable pace in every direction. Mr. Koebel is

one of the authorities on Argentina, and it is a sign of our increasing interest in that country that he should have found it necessary to prepare a second edition of this excellent book, which describes the people, the climate, country, customs, cities, manners, morals, work and play of the Argentines. Good advice is given to people who may think of going out to Argentina to seek for fortune: there is scope for them, if they have the proper qualifications, but without these there is little opening for the casual emigrant. "Business capacity, sound knowledge of Spanish, and enough money to live on for six months," will give anyone an opportunity of doing well. Or the capitalist wisely guided and shrewd, will be able to find a splendid home in this delightful land. But the man who has no special trade or aptitude will be no better off than at home, and will have no place in the country. The chapters on Buenos Aires and the towns are no less interesting than those which describe the life of the great ranches, and after reading Mr. Koebel's volume, we have about as good a picture in our mind of Argentina as we could have without undertaking the long voyage. The illustrations are particularly good and numerous, and of the 120 or so, over thirty are fine colour reproductions of charming water-colour paintings by Mr. Christmas.



From *Argentina Past and Present*.
(Black).

POPLAR TREES OF THE PARANA.

to hazard a definition of humour," or "The settled gravity of Gilbert's expression, sometimes almost menacing in the sense of slumbering hostility which it conveyed, gave hardly a hint of those sudden flashes of wit which came like quick lightning from a lowering sky, and was as far removed as possible from the sunny radiance of Sullivan's face, wherein the look of resident geniality stood ready on the smallest provocation to reflect every passing mood of quickly responsive appreciation." The papers here reprinted deal with such subjects as Rossetti, Whistler, Burne-Jones, Millais, Sullivan, Meredith and Irving, and make a happy blend of criticism and amiable recollection. The title is unnecessarily alarming, for the book is massively respectable. The port of Mr. Comyns Carr's sea coast in Bohemia is somewhere near the Cromwell Road.

COASTING BOHEMIA.

By J. COMYNS CARR. 10s 6d net. (Macmillan)

Decades, like centuries, have their character. Recently we were invited to consider the "nineties," and Mr. Arnold Bennett, in one act of "Milestones," concentrates upon the "eighties." The present volume has the note of the last decade but two. It suggests "dress improvers" and Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Hamlet"; though why the latter should come into my mind I cannot say, as Mr. Comyns Carr never mentions that deceased tragedian, but does enlarge on the art of Henry Irving. Moreover, he had the proud distinction of writing a "King Arthur" for the Lyceum in which Irving and the unextinguishable Ellen Terry appeared. Yet, somehow, the intense, pungent art of Irving seems oddly associated with the rather ponderous manner of Mr. Comyns Carr, who writes in leaderese and indulges himself consistently with sentences like, "I suppose no man at this time of day would have the temerity



From *Prehistoric London*
(Scott).

GLASTONBURY TOR.



From *Reminiscences of Tolstoy*
(Chapman & Hall)

TOLSTOY AND HIS SISTER

REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOY.

By his SON, COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY. Translated by GEORGE CALDERON. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This delightful book, admirably translated, is a real contribution to our knowledge of Tolstoy. Criticisms and interpretations exist in multitudes; here we have something simpler and, in a way, more valuable, for it gives us Tolstoy in his habit as he lived, and as he could be described by no one but a member of the family. With this intimate picture of the man and the range of his work before us, we can provide the most useful criticisms and interpretations ourselves. One thing is clear: such a book should be a final blow to the false image of a remote, detached Tolstoy, saying "Nay" to life, put before us by certain of his disciples. There could hardly have been a more emphatic "Yea-sayer" than he. He had in full measure the "experiencing nature" that Bagehot notes as a mark of great creative genius. Shakespeare is the typical instance. He had the experiencing nature that exuberant vitality, that acquisitive zest, which combines the infinite capacity of childhood with the wider vision of maturity. Dickens had it; Scott had it; Goethe had it, though in a somewhat patronising way; and Tolstoy certainly had it. We know Tolstoy as one of the world's greatest writers; but here we see him riding faster and more boldly than anyone else in the district, plunging headfirst into water and swimming furiously, tramping about with crowds of dogs, wrestling among the Bashkirs and defeating nearly all his opponents, talking vivaciously with everybody, ordering and planting his estate, learning to read Greek at sight in a few weeks so as to be able to teach his adoring children, drawing pictures to illustrate Jules Verne for them, reading Dumas to them, inventing all sorts of games for them, and devising such expedients as the "Numidian Cavalry" to divert them. This was the manner of the last-named. When he noticed any signs of dullness, sulkiness or irritation in the big family circle of children and sisters and cousins and aunts as they assembled in the *zala*, or great room, up he would

jump, and, raising his hand in the air, compel them to follow him as he galloped shouting around the table. After a few turns of this Numidian horsemanship they would sink back in their chairs breathless and hilarious, with all trace of the "blues" utterly vanished. Then there was the "Letter Box" into which all sorts of anonymous contributions—notes, queries, skits, compositions, etc.—were deposited to be read aloud in the evenings. Some of these fugitive leaves contain real flashes of interpretation. One describes the ideals of Tolstoy himself as: (1) Poverty, peace and concord! (2) To burn everything he worshipped and worship everything he burnt. His wife's ideal is described in terms worthy of Barrie: To have one hundred and fifty babies who will never grow up.

Scarcely a page but contains something quotable. Our space will permit no more than a brief reference to the dog Little 'un who used to go every morning into the study to see if his master were ready to go out for a walk. If Tolstoy were still writing, Little 'un would give him a glance and an almost imperceptible wag, and then lift up his toes so as to walk noiselessly on his pads, and creep across the room to the table under which he would lie silently till his master was ready. If the shades of Tolstoy and Sir Walter could foregather, what a "crack" they would have!



CHIEF "NIGHT BIRD."
From *A Short History of the
Canadian People*
(Sampson Low).

THE DOGES OF VENICE.

By Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. With sixteen illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

In about four hundred close pages Mrs. Aubrey Richardson has untold the long history of the one hundred and twenty Doges of Venice. It is a remarkable feat of condensation and the book will, doubtless, fill its niche. There is already a great body of history dealing with the splendid pageant of the Venetian Republic, but a book such as this concentrates the gathered information of years. The Doges, like the Popes, make up a gallery of most dissimilar types. For the most part even their names are unknown in England, though Andrea Dandolo, Marino Faliero, Francesco Foscari, and Antonio Grimani are probably exceptions. This history of Venice has something in it



From *Reminiscences of Tolstoy*
(Chapman & Hall).

THE MID-DAY MEAL

of a Greek tragedy. Its glory fades into such impenetrable darkness, its grandeur into such complete decay that the hand of Fate can almost be traced throughout the centuries. This leader in the Crusades, this stemmer of the East, this powerful, rich, and triumphant state became, at last, impotent, corrupt, and ridiculous. Its setting sun was not serene at the very close of day. After nearly eleven hundred years of independence the Venetian Republic disappeared before the breath of Napoleon's displeasure.

The most famous of the Doges is certainly Marino Faliero (1354-5) whose tragic history has been related by Byron in his drama. He is the only Doge who suffered execution. Next to him must rank Francesco Foscarini (1423-57), one of the most powerful of all the Doges, who reigned for thirty-six years, and whose life, too, ended in tragedy—the exile of his own son and his dismissal, at the age of eighty-four, from the ducal office.

Altogether it is a strange and absorbing history that Mrs. Richardson has to tell us. Her narrative is chatty in style and undistinguished in language, but she has a store of facts which would save any book

sketches reveal both a rural community and a succession of individuals, both a beautiful land and sky and a spot where men and women are unlovely and pastures are sometimes poor and ill-kept. And, again, the writing reveals the bent of the author's mind—the love for the older ways, combined with a tolerant acceptance of the inevitable horror termed "progress"; the sympathy with those who toil and receive less than those who beg or steal, with those who have given their days to perfecting their skill in one trade rather than with (as the "Demagogue" expresses it) "your nippers learning water-colour painting and singing and dancing and reciting." And certainly,

when the "Demagogue" has the fundamental sense of Mr. Halsbam's "Demagogues" and the Post Office and the Omnibus and the Clocksmith, the humours and charms of those described here, our sympathies are with them also. A scholar and a poet has here written the chronicle of Bessingworth in convincing prose.

FROM JUNGLE TO ZOO.

By ELLYN VELVIN, F.Z.S. Illustrated.
6s. net (Stanley Paul)

"It is extremely difficult to realise," writes Miss Velvin, "when watching wild animals lying quietly behind their cages, either in some Zoological Gardens or animal show, the many and various worries and anxieties, the trouble and patience, not to mention frightful dangers, which not only the animals, but those who have had the labour and expense of bringing them to their present quarters, have been through." In

this book the author vividly realises all this for you. She describes the lives that are led by the animals in the jungle, the widely-varied methods of hunting and capturing almost every variety of them; how they are transported across deserts, by sea and by rail, deals with their training by men and women; tells many interesting facts about menageries, anecdotes of curious friendships among animals; goes into the question of what it costs to feed and maintain them; tells of their ailments and how they are doctored, and gives an admirable account of what life in the Zoo means to them. It is the most detailed book of its kind that we have come across, and the most interesting.



CHIEF "SPRING MAN."
From *A Short History of the
Canadian People*
(Sampson Low).

OLD STANDARDS.

South Country Sketches.

By JOHN HALSHAM 5s. net (Smith,
Elder & Co.)

If we would enjoy truth rather than fiction, if we would meditate on peace rather than on the turmoil of the world, let us read, and keep, and read again "Old Standards," by John Halsbam. "Good!" we exclaim as we finish "The Oldest Inhabitant," the first sketch in this new volume by the author of "Tellshurst," and "good" we repeat with added enjoyment as we pass on from page to page. The prose, the admirable, satisfying prose of this book, is so direct and simple that we are never conscious of any labour that may have gone to the making of it. Just so the author would have talked to us, we feel, and told us of the country in which he passes his days, and of the villagers among whom he lives. With quiet, sane philosophy, with humour when humour is not a cruelty, with an intimate understanding yet a broad outlook, these thirty

WOMEN ALL THE WORLD OVER.

By MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE.
16s. net. (Hutchinson)

The scope of Mrs. Alec Tweedie's book may be indicated by the headings of some of the chapters "Should Women Propose?" "Bachelor Girls and Old Maid Men," "The Vote." Of course, Mrs. Alec Tweedie points out the immeasurable superiority of the Bachelor Girl to the rest of creation; and being, reasonably enough, convinced, that no man could aspire to union with so refulgent a person as the ideal Bachelor Girl, that last best gift of culture and civilisation, Mrs. Alec Tweedie insists the Bachelor Girl should propose, ought to propose, and indeed one may say, must propose, or the thing might be left undone altogether. Mrs. Alec Tweedie, however, shirks the question. Should a mere man be allowed to decline the Bachelor Girl's proposal? Suppose he were coy? Or, as he is naturally craven, we know (or Mrs. Alec Tweedie can so inform us), suppose he recoiled under the shock of the Bachelor Girl's proposal? Should the Bachelor Girl despise him, and pity his ignorance, or should she sternly do her duty and reproach him in the words of Mrs. Raddle (that great exemplar of married ladies) with being "a base faint-hearted timorous wretch that's afraid" to come up to the scratch? It goes without saying that Mrs. Alec Tweedie fervently desires the Vote because, as she says, "Every really" (*italics* for really) "thinking man or woman would give women the vote." Mrs. Alec Tweedie assures us she loves her sex, and (thinking hard) she has invented a new word with which she concludes her volume, "Good Luck to Namow." The word, she explains, is woman, spelled the wrong way round. Can it mean that Mrs. Alec Tweedie sees things slightly the wrong way round? Or does it mean that she is joking? The great reading public must decide. The book is illustrated with some of the amusing drawings contributed to *The Daily Mirror*, by W. K. Hasledon, by a portrait of Mrs. Alec Tweedie in Moorish costume, and a picture of some nuns who are under a vow not to speak.



From *Children of France*
(Methuen).

MADAME LOUISE, DAUGHTER
OF LOUIS XV.

to his plan. To Mr. Dugmore there can be no question as to the beaver's reasoning powers, that all is not merely due to a marvellous instinct is proved by the mistakes the little fellow makes, the mis-calculations, the failures. For reason may miscalculate, while instinct is a blind but unerring gift. Mr. Dugmore discards and destroys many of the marvellous tales of beaver doings. But the plain truth, backed by the evidence of the camera, is more truly marvellous than any legendary lore. A tree sixty-six inches in circumference cut down by mere toothwork of a not very large animal, is almost a phenomenon, while it is on record that one stump measured was six feet six inches round. How the beaver makes his dam, provides a second, a third, even a fourth dam below the principal one to neutralize possible floods, stores his winter food, makes canals as much as 1,000 feet long to bring timber to the pond, tunnels high banks for the same end, makes his lodge in two sections, with a bed-chamber whose floor is four to six inches higher than that of the dining and drying-off room. How the community governs itself, etc., etc., provides a wealth of material of which Mr. Dugmore avails himself most happily. And the photographs! They are a splendid record, especially when we remember that the beaver is the shyest of the shy and hard to "take."



From *From Jungle to Zoo*

MISS CLAIRE HELIOT WITH
HER FAVOURITE LION.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BEAVER.

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE. 6s. net. (Wm. Heinemann.)

Mr. Dugmore has earned for himself already the whole-hearted praise and thanks of sportsmen and animal lovers throughout the world, for his magnificent photographs of wild animals in their habits as they live. His latest record is of the beaver, perhaps the most interesting of all animals in the world, the reasoning engineer of beasts, whose works have had an immense effect upon the face of the earth, clearing woodland and forest, and creating fertile tracts of country. Yet the beaver now needs protection to save him from extermination. Once he swarmed over Europe and North America in countless millions, now his very existence is threatened. Mr. Dugmore describes the actual habits of the beaver, how he works, how cleverly he plans and how nicely he adjusts his labours



A reproduction of one of the colour paintings by Norman Carse, illustrating "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare." (Hodder & Stoughton).

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

A reproduction of one of the colour paintings by Eleanor F. Brickdale, illustrating Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." (Hodder & Stoughton).

NOR SAW SHE SAVE THE KING, WHO WROUGHT THE CHARM.

WHERE HE DWELT: MIND PICTURES OF PALESTINE.

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD,
M.D., M.R.C.S.E. 4s. 6d.
net. (Sampson Low.)

As a traveller in Palestine Mark Twain made the mournful admission that lacking the emotional temperament of the pious pilgrim he was unable to describe with the fervour of a devotee anything that he saw there. He beheld only a series of somewhat bleak and unpicturesque landscapes. Dr. Schofield, however, entered on his task of travel and description in quite another spirit. He writes:

"As a Bible student of forty years standing, I have twice visited the Holy Land. The Bible, my spiritual guide before, is now alive on every page with a new and strange beauty; I cannot read a chapter in the Gospels or the many parts of the Old Testament without travelling myself in spirit with the Saviour, or some man of God, seeing what they saw and investing the whole narrative with life."

That is the keynote of the work, which is one of picturesque and sympathetic description copiously illustrated with maps and photographic reproductions of scenes of sacred interest. It is written throughout in a devotional vein, the author's evidently deep acquaintance with Holy Writ enabling him to point his narrative with appropriate scriptural allusions. The book is noticeably free from sectarian bias, and, in addition to its forty-three illustrations, contains a useful index.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIO DE JANEIRO.

By A. G. BELL. Illus-
trated in Colour and
Black-and-White.
31s. 6d. net. (Heine-
mann.)

This large and handsome volume is memorable for its illustrations rather than for its text. The great misfortune of South America to-day is to produce enthusiasm without any equivalent literary talent. The writing in this book is mere journalism, and the whole work gives one the uncomfortable feeling that it is simply a colossal municipal or national advertisement. But, as I say, the illustrations (or, rather, some of the illustrations) are truly remarkable. I am thinking mainly of the



From "Where He Dwelt"
(Sampson Low.)

JACOB'S WELL.

may term official intimacy. He is armed at all points with enthusiastic information. His tone of cheerful, prattling optimism and good-will is rather depressing, but, of course, he is writing with a definite object. For he is evidently intent on singing the glories of this rich and glowing city. But when will writers learn that statistics are the last

things to build up a solid impression? We need a poet to write about Rio de Janeiro. All other writers will bore you in the long run. That is why the photographs, real glimpses that they are, are the most satisfactory part of the book. They re-create in one the longing for the tropics, that strange longing which, like the germ of malaria, never leaves the blood once it has entered. To talk figures about Rio de Janeiro is to break the charm (I am avoiding them here altogether), but to gaze at it in these photographs is to taste the sunlight and the peace.

Rio de Janeiro lies at the foot of the mountain spur, in the semicircle of a bay studded with islands. Its situation is the most romantic imaginable, and its luxuriant and tropical setting gives a perennial summer to its inhabitants. Within the last decade enormous material improvements have transformed the town itself into one of the most imposing of



From *Woman all the World Over*
(Hutchinson).

A DUTCH BEAUTY.



From *Jungle Sport in Ceylon*
(Methuen).

TERAYAI REST HOUSE.

cities. This immense town of about a million people contains all the wealth and splendour of the huge Brazils. A Queen of Cities indeed, but a queen whose beauty is tinged with poison and decay. The face of the land is fair, but there is much darkness in her heart. Like a deadly flower, she offers you death in an enticing form. She can corrupt you with her smile. Beware of the fascination of tropical cities! "See Naples and then die" applied to Rio de Janeiro may be more a matter of necessity than of delight! I am not thinking so much of actual health (we know that the yellow fever has been wiped out) as of the subtle and evil influence of the land. But for a visit of a few weeks, it is the ideal and only spot. Who will ever forget the first sight of Rio Bay or the view from the eastern edge of Corcovado Peak?

It is almost impossible to write a book about Rio de Janeiro that shall not be interesting, and, withal, Mr Bell is a long way from achieving the impossible.



From *With the Tin Gods*
(Lane).

A SHAVE IN THE MARKET PLACE.

WITH THE TIN GODS.

By MRS. HORACE TREMLETT.
With 24 Illustrations. 12s. 6d.
net. (John Lane.)

One can well imagine, after reading this book, that the lady who proposes to go to Nigeria should possess a stout heart and a good constitution. Put those unhappy wights who possess not these desiderata can, from Mrs. Tremlett's brightly-written and thoroughly entertaining volume, acquire a vast amount of stimulating information as well as amusement second-hand, and whilst comfortably ensconced in a cosy chair by the winter fireside. The author has a distinct gift for description, and calls up very vividly the scenes and incidents of her travels with a quite masterly pen, and a nice sense of chronological detail. What she has to say about the women of Nigeria is particularly interesting.

For example: "Sometimes a woman is born who is neither to bind nor to hold. She cares nothing either for the doctrines of her religion or the opinion of her people. Her individuality is enforced by a powerful will, and she becomes easily a paramount power in her town or village. She rules her father and her brothers at home, and later her husband, with her native wit and the sharp edge of her tongue; and honour and respect are hers to the end of her days. There are not, however, fortunately for the peace of the country, many women of this type. One hears of them occasionally when trouble is brewing amongst the natives, for they are generally at the root of tribal disturbances, and the names of some of them have been handed down among the makers of history in Hausaland." The book is something more than a record of travel, and the author is something of a student of human nature. Occasionally there is a note interrogatory that we should not like to have to answer dogmatically.

"I saw a great many aching hearts in Nigeria," says Mrs. Tremlett, who writes throughout as "a womanly woman," "and I believe that nine men out of every ten are there to get away from some woman, either for her good or their own." Mrs. Tremlett has her own views on political matters, and does not hesitate to express them with urbane frankness. She does not consider it an advantage that the white population of Nigeria should consist entirely of officials. "One cannot help feeling," she says, "that money which comes out of the pockets of the British taxpayer is equally well employed in safeguarding the interests of miners"—the natives have worked iron, lead and tin for centuries—"and agriculturists, as of soldiers and policemen." She thinks the day not

far distant when "the despised miner will come into his own." Here we have a book full of thought, which all interested in colonial development would do well to read and digest. The photographs are excellent, but a good index would add greatly to the value of the book.

SHOTS AND SNAPSHOTS IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

By E. BENNET, F.S.
net. (Longmans.)

It is an unfortunate circumstance that the big game shooter should, for the most part, be a man who has no gift for literary expression. His exploits may be as wonderful as those of Munchausen, but when he reduces them to writing they leave the reader cold and unimpressed. In the literature of this branch of sport there are very few books which anyone would wish to consult a second time except as a guide. Lieut.-Col. Paterson is the only author who, in recent times, has composed a classic. His "Man Eaters of Tsavo" for vivid description and that literary gift of attractive construction and writing, stands out like an oasis in a dull barren waste of words. Mr. Bennet, though he has not equalled Col. Paterson in his record of his big game shooting in British East Africa, has at least composed a work of extraordinary interest—a work too that everybody who goes on the same quest should have stowed away among his luggage. The photographs of which there are nearly four dozen, are really wonderful, and the chapter on "Game Animals" is a complete compendium of everything there is worth shooting in British East Africa. The usefulness of the book is further enhanced

by an exhaustive account of the outfit necessary, of the cost of the arms and ammunition, and of the various hunting routes, and by an excellent index, and two maps, showing the game preserves. The author tells some amusing stories of would-be sportsmen who come out from Europe with no previous knowledge of rifle shooting. One



From Antarctic Adventure
(Fisher Unwin).

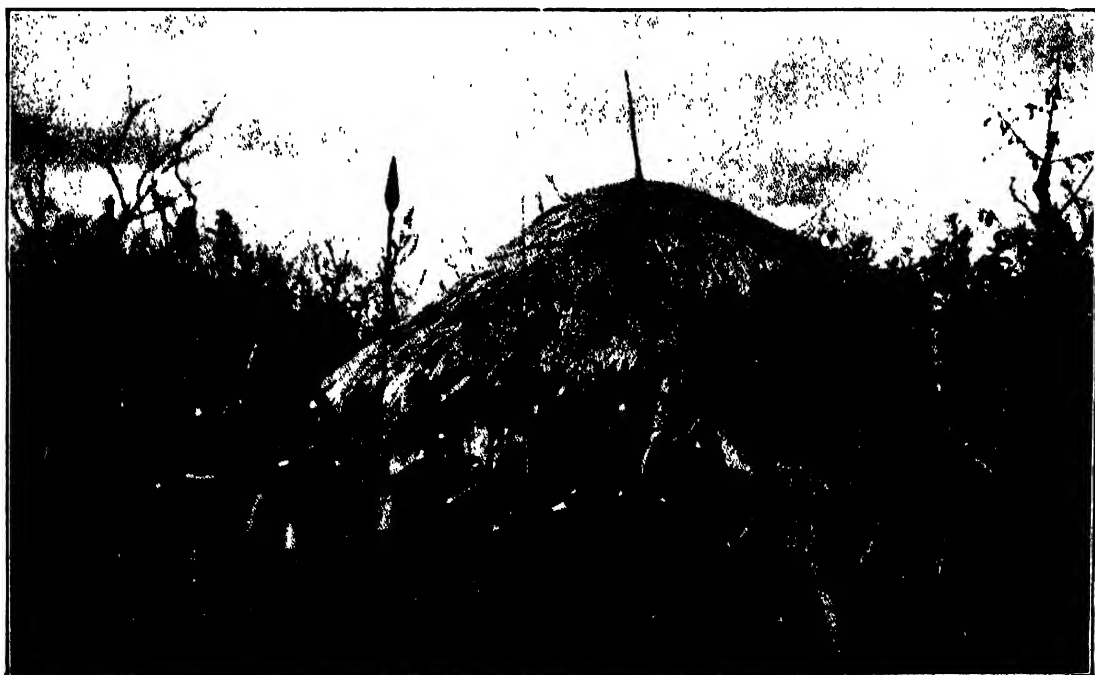
PENGUINS PROMENADE AT CAPE ADARE

wealthy French nobleman never hit anything, and at last his white hunter and five Somali gun boys rounded up a lion at 5 a.m. and kept it till 8 a.m., when he had comfortably finished breakfast. He came up close with a selection of rifles, took careful aim—and hit a Somali.

THE SECRETS OF A GREAT CATHEDRAL.

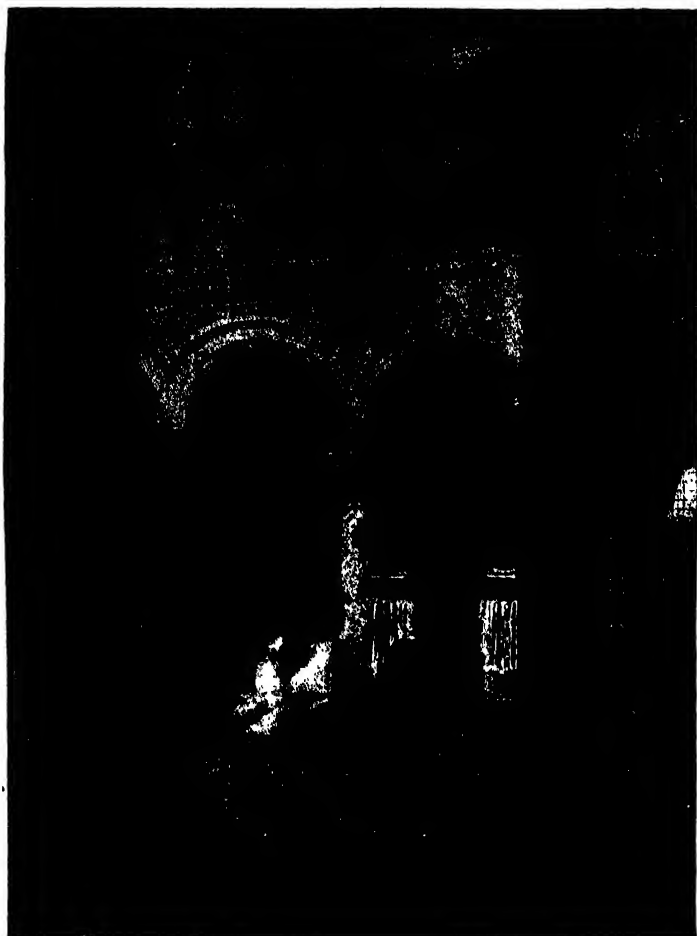
By the Very Rev. H. D. M. SPENCE JONES, M.A., D.D.
2s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

The "secrets," as a fore-word explains, relate to no one cathedral in particular, but to many, and the author, who is Dean of Gloucester and Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy, traces the development of Romanesque architecture, which he points out, is not a corruption of the classic Roman style as some authorities affirm,



From Shots and Snapshots in East Africa
(Longmans).

KIKUYU AND THEIR HUT; KARARA.



From The Secrets of a Great Cathedral
(Dent).

**S. GIOVANNI EVANGELISTA
RAVENNA.**

but a falling-back to the earliest Roman form of architecture, before it had become affected by Greek influence. Chapters are devoted to the Trilorium (or Gallery), the Lady Chapel, and other features of cathedral architecture, and there is an interesting description of the crypt of St. Peter's, Rome, which contains the tomb of St. Peter with its great gold cross, completely enclosed in a stone altar. We are told how, in 1594, owing to a portion of the ground giving way the tomb and the golden cross were exposed to view, and Pope Clement, who had been hastily sent for, gave orders for the aperture to be immediately built over. The book, which is illustrated by sketches and coloured plates, should appeal to all students of architecture. The author has been mindful of the necessity of an index.

THE HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE IMPERIAL VISIT TO INDIA, 1911.

10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Never, surely, was a more sumptuous volume published at the price of half-guinea than this "Historical Record," compiled for and published by the Government of India, and the volume makes a timely appearance when all the peoples of the King-Emperor's Indian Empire are testifying to their unity in loyalty, when Indian troops are fighting side by side with British soldiers on the European Continent. The great Coronation Durbar at Delhi was an event without precedent, for, splendid as had been previous Durbars, it was the first occasion on which it had been presided over by the monarch in person, and there will be thousands of people, both at home and in India, who will welcome this magnificent souvenir. Here is given a full record of the journey out to the East, and of all the successive changes in that veritable kaleidoscope of pageantry which centred in the celebration at Delhi, a record which combines vividness of description with the compilation of historical data, and succeeds in giving a very real impression not only of the splendour of successive episodes in

the great progress, but also of the extent and diversity of the lands under the British Raj. The magnificent series of portraits of Indian rulers would indeed of itself suffice to give this last, for the volume is as remarkable for its array of photographs and other illustrations as it is for its full and vivid text. The impression that we gather from the whole is much the same as that which must have been received by those who witnessed the appearance of their Imperial Majesties before the assembled masses of their Indian subjects: "The scene was a memorable one. The massive sandstone wall of the Fort, surmounted by the white pavilions of the Palace, stretched away on either side of the one small balcony where their Majesties were standing; while some twenty-five feet below, and extending without a break to the thread of river in the distance, were hundreds of thousands of the King-Emperor's own subjects, acclaiming their Sovereign as no ruler of India within modern times had ever yet been hailed. It showed most clearly the tremendous living force of that innate loyalty and devotion to the person of the Sovereign which many years without the presence of a monarch might well have abated, if not entirely destroyed." The Coronation Durbar was a great idea greatly carried out, and in this magnificent book we have a fine memorial of it put within the reach of all.

BY THE WATERS OF SICILY.

By NORMA LORIMER. (Stanley Paul.)

A new edition of a book written at the beginning of the century. There has apparently been little revision or modification of the original form, for the copious references to the events of the Boer War are left where they stood. Surely Miss Lorimer should have omitted such obsolete material (it is only reports of the campaign), in bringing her book up to date. The book is in the form of sentimental letters written from Syracuse, Castrogiovanni, Girgenti and Palermo.



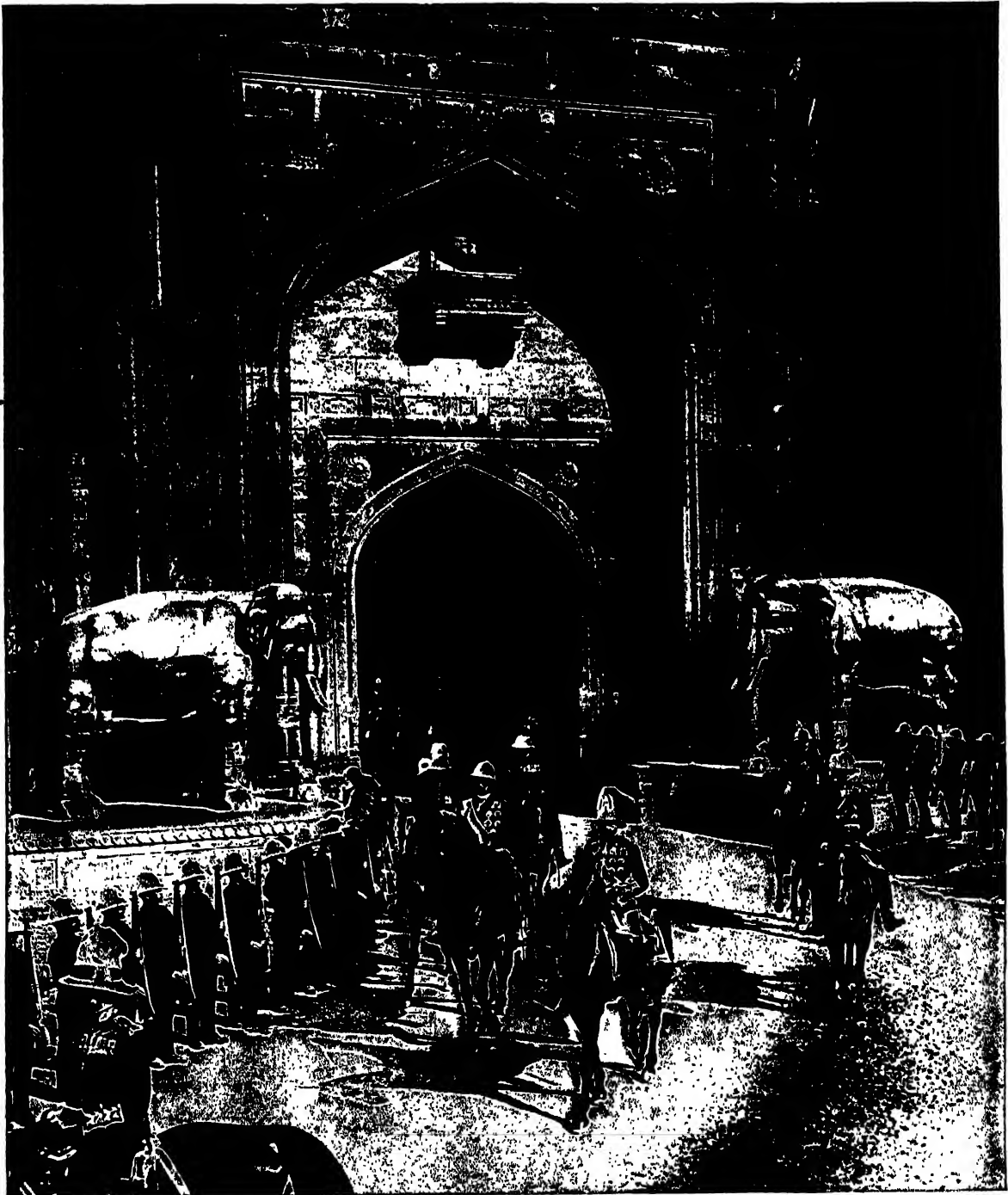
From By the Waters of Sicily
(Paul).

**THE CLOISTER OF
THE EREMIT.**

A MAINSAIL HAUL.

Sufficient to itself and its purpose as each book is that has come out of Scott's tragic success, the account of the expedition would not be complete without this most interesting volume¹ from Mr. Priestley's pen. The author was meteorologist and geologist to the Northern Party, under the leadership of Commander Campbell, R.N., and his book is the record of two years of work, isolation, adventure and dire privation on the edge of the

soon made out to be the *Fram*! When the usual courtesy visits between officers and crews were over, the *Terra Nova* went on her way, with her chiefs impressed by the striking fitness of Amundsen's men and dogs—the dogs especially. From that day they knew that their own Southern Party had a formidable opponent, who would race his utmost to be first at the Pole; and one cannot help wondering why the *Terra Nova* did not at once put back and acquaint Scott with the fact that Amundsen was already making his preparations on the Great Ice Barrier. How-



From Historical Records of the
Imperial Visit to India
(Murray).

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY PASSING
OUT OF THE FORT.

Antarctic continent. It was just after the establishment of winter quarters for the main party, whence Scott and his ill-fated companions were to start for the Pole, that the *Terra Nova* weighed anchor and went in search of suitable quarters for the Northern Party. This was on January 27th, 1912; and on February 3rd, as the vessel doubled the eastern headland of the Bay of Whales, a stranger was sighted, lying at anchor there. But she was

¹ "Antarctic Adventure: Scott's Northern Party." By Raymond E. Priestley. With a Map and 150 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

ever, they continued their search, and were presently landed for a six weeks' exploration tour, which proved to be successful enough; but when the time was up, no *Terra Nova* returned for them. She could not get back. Their tents were blown to smithereens, and the party was forced to live for months in a cave where they could not stand upright, blinded by the smoke of blubber-fed lamps, nerve-wracked by the everlasting hurricanes, frost-bitten, and subsisting on such food as they could get from seals, penguins, seaweed and the medicine-chest!—and often not enough of that. The story of those months makes one of

the most absorbing, tragi-humorous chapters in the whole records of polar exploration.

Commander Currey we know well as the author of that informative and stirring book, "Sea Wolves of the Mediterranean." Here² he writes with considerable interest on much better-known phases of sea-faring, i.e. British, French and Spanish men-o'-war, mostly British. After a good look at the Moslem pirates, mainly for the purpose of describing their galleys and those of the Genoese, Venetians, etc., he tells us what he rightly terms "the extraordinary story of a Protestant condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion,"³ wherein we are treated to as fine an instance of the British fighting spirit as one could find in a day's reading. Then stage by stage we have once more traced for us the evolution of the English man-o'-war from Tudor times down to the coming of the ironclad. But this is not done in the usual dry, historical way. On the contrary, Commander Currey conveys his information chiefly by the way of fights, and the cleverness with which he does it is deserving of all praise. At a time like this, when our Navy is fighting the enemy whenever the latter shows himself—and keeping the seas open for our merchantmen, this book is of special interest, inasmuch as it shows how very differently such things were done in "the good old days." Amongst its many illustrations the book contains some suggestive ones that prove the damaging power

² "The Man-of-War: What She has Done and What She is Doing." By Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N. 3s. 6d. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)



From *Strangers Within the Gates* (Blackwood).

AKBAR II. HOLDING HIS COURT IN THE DIVAN-I-KHAS. (Painting by Shiek Alan in the India Office.)



From *Isabella D'Este* (Murray).

DEATH OF THE VIRGIN. By Andrea Mantegna. (Photo Hauser and Menet, Madrid.)

of hard-nosed projectiles on armour-plate.

In these times of much travelling for the purpose of making many books that are seldom of more than passing interest, it is unusual to meet with the record of a D.D.'s wanderlust. For this reason Dr. Stuck's volume³ should have an interest of its own, and it has that. Throughout the long journeys, whereof the book treats in a generally moving way that never rises very high nor sinks to banality, we see continually the man, not the divine, for which we are duly thankful. Of course, the latter pushes up his venerable head on occasions, and rightly so—less could not be expected. Yet even when he does appear there is nothing unctuous about him; he is still quite human, and again we are gratified. But, oh! why did he not give us better English? Or did he think that a travel book need not be written either with an eye to grammar or concessions to taste in words? Just think of a D.D. writing: "The dogs were those that I had used the previous winter." "I decided to make a cache of the greater part of our load . . . returning for the stuff in the morning." "It was late on the night of our single day of rest when I got to bed . . . and when I got to bed I did not get to sleep." This may be well enough for readers in Alaska, and at the outposts of empire generally; but a D.D. ought to know that the hub of the Empire expects more of him than this. The doctor is Archdeacon of the Yukon, and his "journeys were connected primarily

³ "Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled: A Narrative of Winter Travel in the Interior of Alaska." By Hudson Stuck, D.D., F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

with the administration of the extensive work of the Episcopal Church in the interior of Alaska." As a matter of fact, they covered more like 15,000 miles than 10,000, and excellent human "stuff" they make. The coloured illustrations are very beautiful, and certain of the black-and-white ones are of a distinct sort.

It is a long, long cry from Dr. Stuck's narrative of sledging in Alaska to Mr. Cornford's brevities of the Navy as we know it—or rather as it is known in naval ports, and as it should be known to the nation. Mostly disguised as fiction, and thoroughly entertaining as such, we get certain glimpses of officers and bluejackets, of service routine aboard and relaxation ashore. They are not all good. Even as yarns merely, two or three—such as "A Matter of Prestige"—are hardly worthy of appearance between covers, except to act as foils to the fine quality of "The Old Ship," "A Near Thing," "A Coast-guard Wedding," and some others. Both in matters of interest and execution the stories are unequal, as ninety per cent. of such collections are; but the main point of the measure of their quality is that they present faithful pictures of naval life, and that is more than can be said of one so-called naval yarn, in every hundred. Lord Charles Beresford has supplied the book with an appreciative preface.

With Mr. Chatterton we are all at sea—I mean, that he at once gets an offing, so to write, and keeps us at sea, or at least with a decidedly sea atmosphere about us, throughout his 316 pp. He not only retells the beginning

"Echoes from the Fleet." By L. Cope Cornford. With a Preface by Admiral the Right Honourable Lord Charles W. D. Beresford, M.P., G.C.B., etc. 2s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

"The Romance of Piracy." By E. Kettle Chatterton, B.A. Oxon. 5s. (Seeley, Service.)



From Prehistoric London
(Stoll)

ABIRI RESTORED.

of piracy, with special reference to those of the Scandinavian and the Mediterranean varieties, and with what must be great interest to the uninitiated; but he treats his readers to intimate particulars concerning such eminences in nautical rascality as Teach the Rover, Captains Kidd

and Avery, Paul Jones, and scoundrels of less degree; and winds up with a couple of excellent chapters on the pirates of the further east. Truth to tell, the only fault we find in the book is that the type is too small, and the lines are set too closely together. The illustrations are to the point, and the book is sure to make a large appeal to boys, while grown-ups will find it both instructive and entertaining.

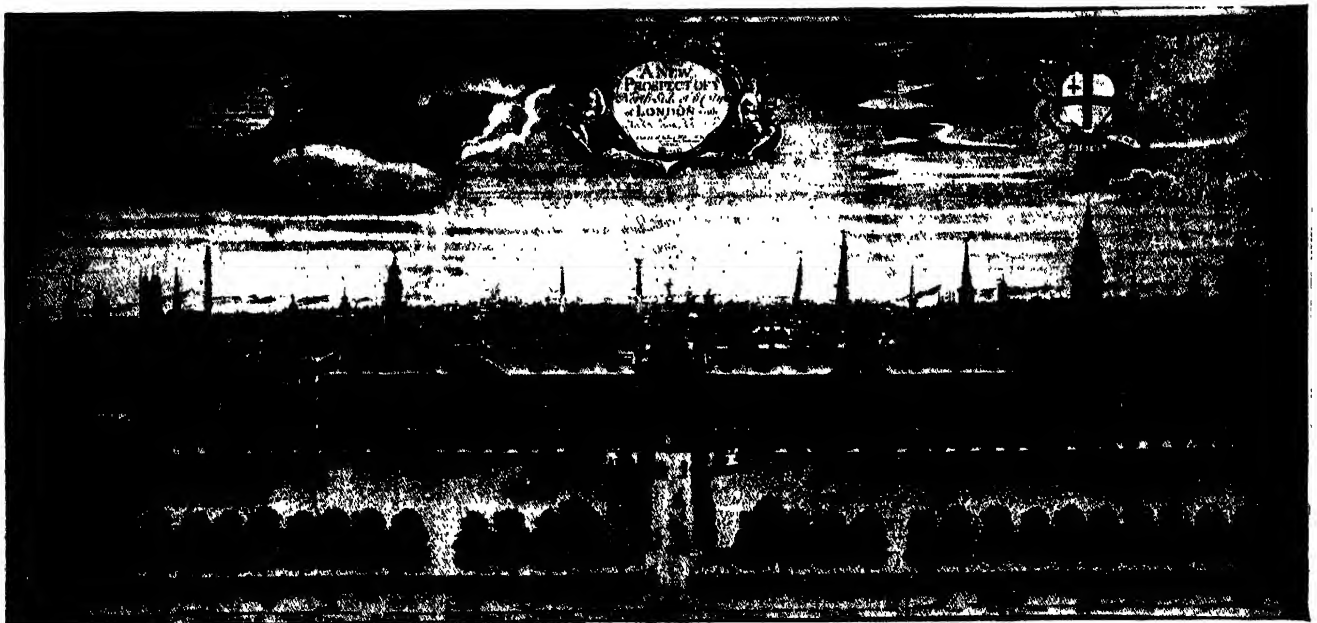
J. F. PATTERSON.

STRANGERS WITHIN THE GATES.

By GABRIELLE FESTING. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

There have been many romances of history—none surely so varied or so picturesque, as the story of our unique achievements in India. As Professor Seeley was at much pains to demonstrate, the work was occupation, not conquest. The trading Company, so constantly hampered by the anxiety of its Directors about dividends, had no fixed or continuous policy of annexation. It was a Frenchman, indeed, who first dreamed of ownership and Empire. Only the positive necessity for maintaining its own existence—only the natural rivalry with France, then raging in Europe—induced those on the spot to take up arms, enter into alliances with native princes, occupy towns and erect fortresses.

Miss Festing has told once more the wonderful story of our gradual entering into that great inheritance; and has put new life into the most fascinating of romances.



From The Story of Bethlehem Hospital
(Fisher Unwin).

BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL THE
SECOND IN MOORFIELDS.



From *With the Poor Immigrants to America*
(Macmillan).

OLD SAMUEL JUDIE
PHILOSOPHIZING ON
LIFE.

MODERN PIG-STICKING.

By MAJOR WARDROP. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

We have all been reading lately of a pig captured by some jovial French soldiers who came out of their trench in the stilly night to pursue their prey. In the morning soldiers from a neighbouring trench, hearing of the capture, arrived to claim the pig as their property. "What cheek!" cries the teller of the tale. A pretty quarrel ensued and in the midst of it shrapnel fell. "But do you imagine Prussian bullets concluded our argument? No, Sir! Bullets rained, the pig squeaked, we squabbled!" A distracted officer adjured them, "For the love of Heaven, get back to your guns! Cut the pig in two!" Thus a second Solomon came to judgment, the quarrel was adjusted, and everyone had roast pork. Not less dangerous than the French essay are the frays after pig described in Major Wardrop's rattling pages. But the pig—how different!

A boar that will charge like the Light Brigade
Is the bravest brute God ever made!"

Chapters are contributed to Major Wardrop's book by other "eminent authorities" upon the pig, and Captain Medlicott desiring a foeman, so to speak, worthy of his spear, being asked, "What do you consider the best pig-sticking country?" replies, "Give me a Bengal hog in Guzerat country," avowing him to be, "Game to the last, with defiant-eye!" The spirited illustrations are vouched for as being accurate as well; and the book, though of practical value to the sportsman, will appeal more to the general reader, of course, as a story of adventures.

THE CASE OF BELGIUM IN THE PRESENT WAR.

1s. net. (Macmillan.)

Messrs Macmillan have published for the Belgian Delegates to the United States a full and careful account of the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and of the laws of War on Belgian territory. There is a detailed statement of these violations, and a verbatim record of the proceedings and findings of the Commission of Enquiry. It is a terrible indictment against Germany, and a historical document of the greatest value.



From *Modern Pigsticking*
(Macmillan).

WE MUST HAVE GONE LIKE THIS FOR A HUNDRED YARDS.

MEMORIES.

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Illustrated by MAUD EARL. 5s. (Heinemann.)

A book that should on no account be missed by any lover of animals is "Memories," a short character-study of a dog, by John Galsworthy. It is issued artistically in the form of a gift-book, and contains some beautiful illustrations by Maud Earl. Mr. Galsworthy's understanding and great love of animals is, of course, well known, and "Chris" is the subject of one of the most moving and delightful dog-studies we have ever read. Chris is a spaniel, and, reading of his many quaint characteristics and loveable ways, one realises how he must have endeared himself to those who knew him. His sense of reality was peculiarly marked. "He could not, for instance, stand actors or actresses giving readings of their parts, perceiving at once that the same had no connection with the minds and real feelings of the speakers; and, having wandered a little to show his disapproval, he would go to the door and stare at it till it opened and let him out." The illustrations of "Chris" are wonderfully lifelike, and high praise is due to the artist. It is a book that leaves a haunting memory, a book that is not easily forgotten.



From Memories
(Heinemann)

WHEN HE CARRIED MANY BIRDS AND
HARES IN A VERY TENDER MANNER.

From coloured illustration by Maud Earl

Bolivia is a country of which all save a very few are entirely ignorant, although England is taking a good share in its development. The Antofagasta Railway is exceedingly well described in this book. Fine was when, owing to a diplomatic dispute, the maps used in Bolivia omitted Great Britain; we do not know whether they were supplied by the European War Lord—they let

specially as it interests the foreigner, and he does not imitate, for example, Mr. Percy Martin, who, in his large books on Mexico, Salvador, etc., sees apparently very little difference between these countries and the Garden of Eden, except in so far as they are inhabited by the most eminent planters and the most glorious railway pioneers; while they also differ from it in that they have, like the colonnade in front of St. Peter's (according to Browning) "both arms open to embrace the entry of the human race." Mr. Walle does not pour undiluted praise over all things Bolivian, and he is consequently far more interesting, while his book does not give one the exasperating impression of being a mere series of advertisements.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Bolivia. By Paul Walle. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Orient Express. By Arthur Moore. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

It is a relief to find that this book on Bolivia, well translated by Mr. Bernard Miall from the French of Paul Walle, is unlike those ecstatic volumes on Latin-American countries which we have so often shuddered at. Monsieur Walle is nothing if not thorough—he was commissioned by the French Ministry of Commerce—he examines every aspect of Bolivian life, more



From Antarctic Adventure
(Fisher Unwin).

COMMANDER V. L. A. CAMPBELL, R.N.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

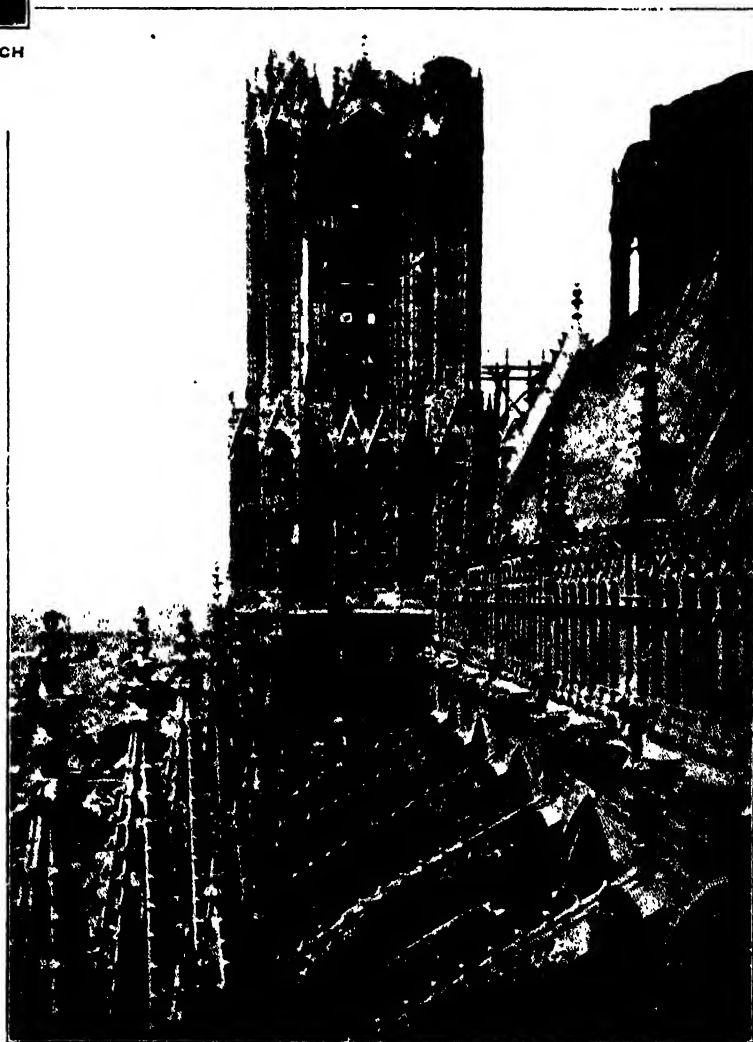


From *The History of Beaminster*
(Barnicott).

BEAMINSTER CHURCH
TOWER, N.W.

the North Sea and the broad Atlantic float across the land we occupy - but this is a misunderstanding of the past, and there is now a perfect friendliness between Bolivia and Great Britain. Mr. Walle does not exaggerate the prospects of Bolivia, and he is not indiscreet enough to speak of any enterprise in the glowing terms that Mr. Martin uses for the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway, which, to his sorrow and that of many others, has since gone into liquidation. Every form of industry which prevails, or should prevail, in Bolivia is investigated; mining, of course, is among the most important, and among the most interesting is the trade in coca, that useful and pernicious substance. When Mr. Walle deals with the more remote parts of the country we are often reminded of Mr. Roosevelt's fascinating lecture last summer before the Royal Geographical Society, and while the political and educational condition of Bolivia is not what so closely concerns us as the commercial prospects, yet Mr. Walle does not fail to consider them in the same lucid and honest fashion. "But there are non-official candidates," he says, "who are even hostile to the Government . . . in default of official support they are forced to resort to that most excellent councillor, a sum of money intelligently distributed. Rarely does the Government seek to invalidate the adversary thus elected, for it is just as well that there should be a few protesting voices among the compact majority." And yet the system there in vogue is pretty well suited for the country; and whether improvements will or will not be made, there is much there that is good and some things that are very good. For instance, the trees in the rubber districts, "undulating in the wind, seem like the parks of some destroyed Eden; they are often so burdened with flowers that when the wind blows it is as though the snow were falling."

We suspect that what Mr. Moore does not know about the Persians is not worth knowing. "They are blest," he tells us, "with the happiest and most delightful sense of humour. It is fortunate that there is always laughter in Persia . . ." And it is fortunate that this shrewd and sympathetic gentleman from Tyrone happened to be in Tabriz during the stirring days, for if no great political achievements are to be expected from any Persian parties, one may, at all events, add to the world's stock of wise laughter. "It is fortunate," says he, "that there is always laughter in Persia, for if the laughter stopped there would be room for tears." Mr. Moore may, as he tells us, dislike the effort of writing, but he must think it was worth while to have drawn such vivid portraits and to have depicted so clearly some of the baffling movements of the Turkish days of change. Hilim Pasha lives for us in these pages, and the whole of the young Turk movement is made comprehensible. Years ago we used to think that Mr. Moore's heart was exclusively in the Balkans, but one should remember that a true appreciation of the Balkan peoples must be founded also in an understanding of the Oriental. Whatever enmity there may be between these vigorous Christians and the Moslem, they have not dwelt together for so many years without profoundly influencing one another, or rather it is the Oriental who has worked his way into the soul of the Balkan populace; and anyone really qualified to write about the one may well be qualified to write about the other. What can be more Oriental than some of the Bulgarian proverbs, which we happen to have collected in that country? "God is too high, the King is too far"; "It is good to have friends, even in Hell"; "The works of God are not completed" - which is perfectly Semitic - "That house is unhappy wherein the hen crows." And all the folk-songs which express undying hatred of the Turk



From *The Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France*
(L'utnam's).

REIMS CATHEDRAL

—that terrible one, for example, of Buljuk Pasha—are no argument to the contrary. Mr. Moore's knowledge of the Balkan peoples has enabled him to make for us some illuminating comparisons. "The ordinary Armenian of the town," says he, "has frequently the worst characteristics of a subject race. . . . But there is an Armenian peasant, a true mountaineer, who has qualities of bravery that merit comparison with the grit of Bulgar peasants, and has in addition an element of poetry which a Serb cannot eclipse." We need scarcely say that Mr. Moore gives us also several keen and amusing pen sketches of individual Armenians, for he is a practised writer and yet retains a certain agreeable and unprofessional manner. We wish we had room in which to speak with more detail of his serious contribution, not merely to our political but to our commercial knowledge, for he makes a very acute examination of British interests in their various aspects. We have said that he is a practised writer, who knows, for instance, how to transcribe the talk of Orientals. And Mr. Miall, the translator of the Bolivian book, presents us with this: "One has only to glance at the map of Bolivia, open as it is to the trade of five neighbour states, to realise that smuggling must be in a flourishing condition and account for a respectable commercial movement." The interesting foot-notes with which Mr. Miall has sprinkled this book seem to prove that he is not a bad but a humorous translator.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

THE HISTORY OF BEAMINSTER.

By RICHARD HINE.
With 40 Illustrations and Maps.
20s. net. (Barnicott & Pearce.)

Beaminster is an old-world Dorset town, little known, maybe, to many of us, but with a many coloured, curiously interesting history of its own that has at last found an exhaustive and very admirable narrator in Mr. Richard Hine. It has memories that go back to the days of the Romans—"the hills around furnish us with ample evidence of Roman occupation, and also of the Ancient Britons who dwelt there ages before the invader drove them from their homes." In an opening chapter, Mr. Hine deals fully with this dim, fascinating period of its story, and traces its emergence into clearer and more definite life down through the Norman era, through Elizabethan times, to its development in recent years. Subsequent chapters amplify the record in setting forth the annals of the town's various institutions. There are excellent chapters on Beaminster Church; on the influence that Nonconformity has exercised in the town; on Beaminster "Charities"; its Manor Houses, Inns and Taverns, Schools, Public Works, Volunteers, and Industries. Mr. A. M. Broadley contributes a dissertation on "Beaminster and its Worthiness"—one of the most interesting sections of a book that is full of interest for all who are drawn to the romance that lies behind even the

commonplace lives and places of to-day. We have always held that every town of any age has a history worth telling, if only the right student will delve into its dusty, half-forgotten memorials, and this handsome volume of Mr. Hine's entirely confirms us in that conviction.

BRUGES.

A Record and an Impression. By MARY STRATTON. With Illustrations by CHARLES WADE. 5s. net. (B. T. Batsford.)

Six months ago this charming book with its words and pictures showing us the beauty and history of the old Flemish town might have been looked upon with the calm, pleasurable interest one bestows upon a new photograph of an old friend. To-day, however, we look upon it with a quickened, anxious interest added to our pleasure of recognition, as one might look upon the face of a friend in danger. Its chapters, its illustrations, its very end-papers—a "Sketch Plan of Bruges"—are seen with new eyes. Its

pages tell us of the prosperity, importance, vicissitudes and beauty of Bruges in the past, and unconsciously remind us that Bruges's history, is by no means finished; that danger is still within her gates; and that her beauty may be devastated before the winter snow has fallen upon her belfry and towers. The illustrations, models, of care and taste revealing the true quaintness of her archways and squares, bridges and convents, impress on us the fact that domineering soldiers are now clattering through the streets we are feasting our eyes upon, and that a bursting shell may at any moment shatter these treasures of architecture. The "Sketch Plan of Bruges" has value added to it quite apart from that it would have possessed six months ago, it shows us the shape



From Bruges
(Batsford).

THE BOTERHUIS AND THE GHISTELHOF.

of the old city, and suggests its use strategically. Mrs. Stratton's book has this double value impressed upon it. It is an informing record from an able and understanding mind, and it is a picture of an old friend it is possible we may never see in quite the same beauty again. Both author and artist have done good work in this volume, quiet and appreciative and admirable in every way.

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS.

By JOSEPH KNOWLES. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

This is one of the few modern books likely to become a classic. Unlike all other high things in recent literature, it owes absolutely nothing to the art with which it is written. It is merely an artless, rambling description of an extraordinary adventure. Since the days of Rousseau many men have talked about the return to nature and the reversion to the simple life, but Mr. Joseph Knowles is the first man to throw off completely all the weapons

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914



From The Life of Sir
John Lubbock
(Macmillan)

LORD AVEBURY.

and habits of civilisation, and revert to the ways of life of primitive man. In the summer of last year, he stripped off his clothes and went with empty hands into the forest of Maine, with the rain streaming on his bare body. His intention was to see if he could live alone in the wilderness, without firearms, matches, clothing, shelter, or even a knife, as men had done at the beginning of the Stone Age. He carried out the experiment for two months. At the end of that time a wild Robinson Crusoe figure issued from the Canadian side of the forest. He was clad in a bearskin, armed with a rough bow and arrows and a knife made from the horn of a deer, and he carried a basket woven from the fibre of the cedar tree. It was Joseph Knowles, triumphant, but hungry for intercourse with his fellow creatures. The story of his achievement is wonderfully romantic, and as it was undertaken with the help of some men of science at Harvard University it is also of great practical interest.



From The Memoirs
of Admiral
Lord Charles
Beresford
(Methuen).

CRISTINA, WIFE OF 4TH
MARQUESS OF WATER-
FORD, MOTHER OF LORD
CHARLES BERESFORD.

THE STORY OF YONE NOGUCHI.

Told by HIMSELF. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, made a great many friends when he visited London last spring—as the article from his pen, which appears on another page of this number of THE BOOKMAN, abundantly proves—and explains. For the charm of that article is exactly his own, a charm far profounder than that of oddity or quaintness; it is the charm, not of something eccentric, but of something especially sane, a beautiful unspoiled simplicity. And this book of his, "The Story of Yone Noguchi," a series of unattached autobiographical chapters, helps us to understand how that pure honesty of mind and of heart was preserved. It seems certain that he was protected, by his ignorance of western languages, as by an invisible veil, until his developing genius had fairly set; for he crossed to America when but a boy and for a long time whilst he lived and dreamed there, he was divided from the people about him by his contented inability to converse—he drifted among them almost like one who was born dumb.



From The Memoirs
of Admiral
Lord Charles
Beresford
(Macmillan).

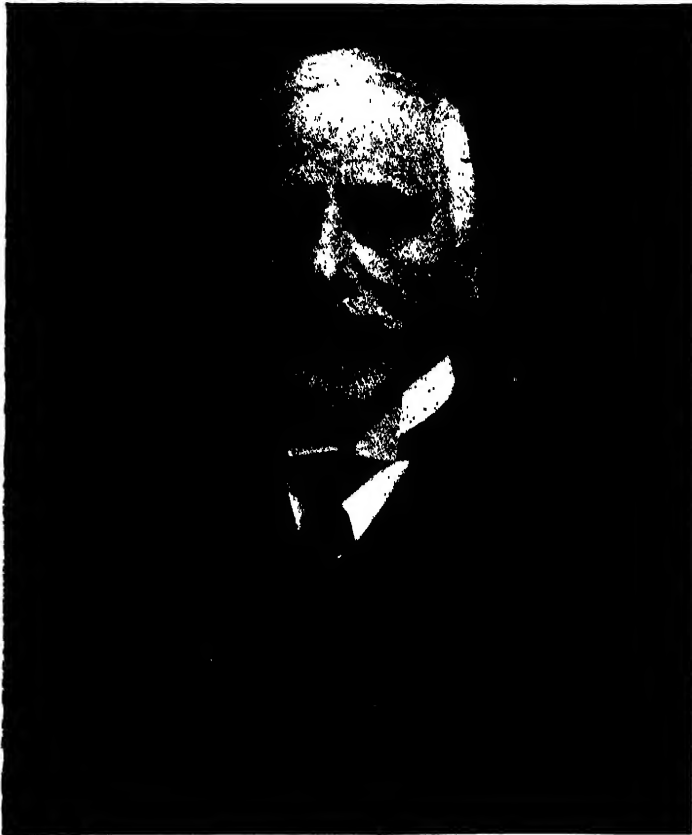
SIR JOHN DE LA POER
BERESFORD, 4TH MAR-
QUESS OF WATERFORD,
FATHER OF LORD
CHARLES BERESFORD.

"I used to carry paper and pencil, when I had to go out on some business, and write down what I wanted to say. I was often taken for a deaf mute." He himself is diffidently aware of the privilege of this charmed time. "If I had but stayed as such," he says, a little wistfully, "all the years of my western life, with my thought in the golden silence whose other name is meditation, I might have become ten times wiser." It is quite possible—but even as it is he is ten times as wise as more precocious folk, who lisp in logic and are men of the world when at school. He escaped the dreadful civilised scourge of premature sophistication. He grew up, but remained humble. And wisely humble he still delicately remains. These memories of his are very delightful, strewn with clear comments, and occasionally flashing an unconscious criticism that startles us by the unintended cruelty of its truth, like the discomfiting sight of an unexpected mirror. It is written in that naïf English of his which is not so much broken as crinkled, and it has the advantage of the companionship of half-a-dozen coloured sketches by his friend and fellow-countryman, Mr. Yoshio Markino. Of these, the frontispiece portrait of Mr. Noguchi is the best.

ITALY'S FOREIGN AND COLONIAL POLICY.

Selections from the Speeches of Senator Tommaso Tittoni. Translated by BERNARDO DI SAN SEVERINO. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

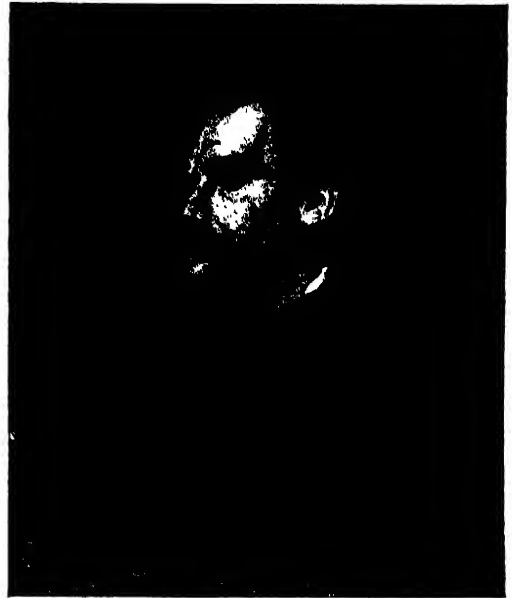
"We remain faithful to the Triple Alliance which has shown itself an efficient instrument for peace. This same Triple Alliance has not prevented us, as was feared, from keeping up our traditional friendship with England, nor from coming to a rapprochement with France." These words of Senator Tittoni, spoken, of course, before the war, have all the sound of belonging to another epoch. Yet in examining the drift of Italy's foreign policy during the last ten years or so, and comparing it with the policy of to-day, we see that it has been eminently consistent. A certain caution and a certain hesitating attitude might stand for the characteristic features of Italy's policy. Her position as the most artificial partner of the Triplice has



From Italy's Foreign Policy
(Smith Elder).

SENATOR TOMASSO TITTONI.

made her foreign policy a most delicate thing to handle. Situated close to the most explosive part of Europe, and allied to a race with whom her union has been more diplomatic than natural, it has been only by the use of the subtlest and most masterly statesmanship that Italy has come stoutly and triumphantly through all the diplomatic perils of the last decade. Italy in its colonial policy has followed largely the lead of England, notably in the use of the Chartered Company system, which since the earliest days has been successfully employed by us. She has made good use, too, of the lessons to be learned from the mistakes of Germany's colonial policy. Points on which Senator Tittoni touches are the institution of emigration attachés, the problems of Albania and Tripoli, the slavery question in the Benadir, irredentism and commercial enterprise in Eritrea.



From The Kasidah
(Heinemann).

SIR RICHARD BURTON.
(From the painting by Lord Leighton.)

THE PRINCESS MATHILDE BONAPARTE.

By PHILIP W. SERGEANT. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 16 other Illustrations. (Stanley Paul.)

The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte has a considerable place in nineteenth-century French history, a place that she owes largely to the influence of her personal beauty. She had other and less perishable gifts, but it was by the fascination of her beauty, as Mr. Sergeant says, that she "turned her friends into adorers and made of her home a Court which revolutions were powerless to destroy." A remarkable woman, she had a remarkable history. Mr. Sergeant has made a special study and written much on the period to which she belongs, and he has unfolded her story not only with an intimate knowledge of the Princess and her times, but with gifts of narration and in the portrayal of character that make this brilliant study of his a valuable and eminently readable book. The illustrations are well selected and admirably reproduced.



SIGNOR FERRERO.
At the of "Between the Old World
and the New."
(Putnam's).

SOME OLD SCOTS JUDGES.

By W. FORBES GRAY. With Portraits. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

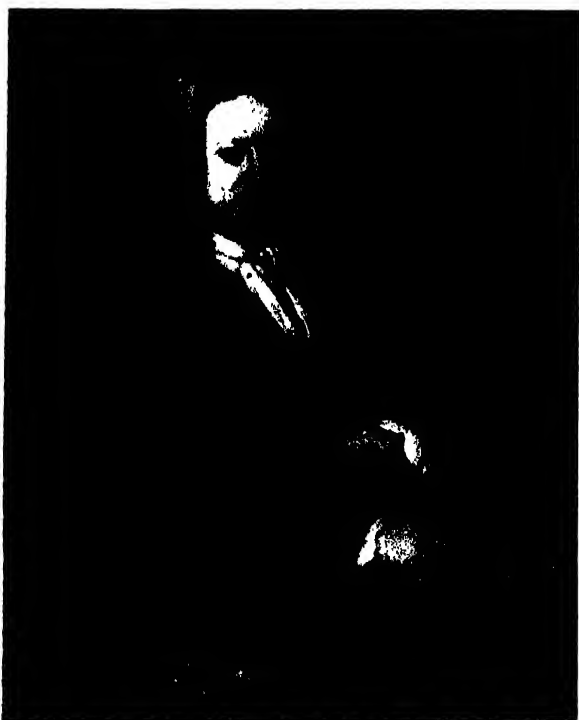
These anecdotes and impressions of Scots judges who flourished in the latter half of the eighteenth century make capital reading. No one will dispute Mr. Gray's dictum that by comparison with some of them the Scots judge of to-day is a sedate and irreproachable specimen of senatorial propriety. The gallery opens with the lively Lord Karnes, who united culture with vulgarity. Two chapters are devoted to the brusque and abstemious Monboddo. Then follow in turn the whimsical Gardenstone; the unspeakable Braxfield (Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston"); the



MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR.
Author of "I Myself."
(Putnam's).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

prim and dispassionate old Etonian Hailes; the droll and irrelevant Eskgrove; the passionate and boisterous Balmuto; the hard-drinking, but able Newton; the bacchanalian Hermand; the book-loving Eldin; the upright Jeffrey, whom Carlyle called the "Scotch Voltaire"; and, lastly, the cheery and popular Cockburn. If the Bench has lost in strong personality since those days, at least it has gained in point of justice. As Mr. Gray remarks, "the conduct of Braxfield, Eskgrove, and some of the other judges was for the most part wholly indefensible; their behaviour was, in fact, nothing short of a negation of the elementary ideas of justice." Perhaps the oddest character in the book is Gardenstone, who combined study of Shakespeare with a partiality for pigs. One followed him wherever he went, and even shared his bed. A visitor calling on a dark winter morning before his lordship had risen, stumbled over something in his bedroom which gave a loud grunt, whereupon Gardenstone blandly remarked: "It is just a bit sow, poor beast, and I laid my breeches on it to keep it warm all night." Braxfield, paying his addresses to a lady, affords another example of the standards of the period. The illiterate, swearing,



From The Miscellaneous Works
of Joseph Addison
(Bell).

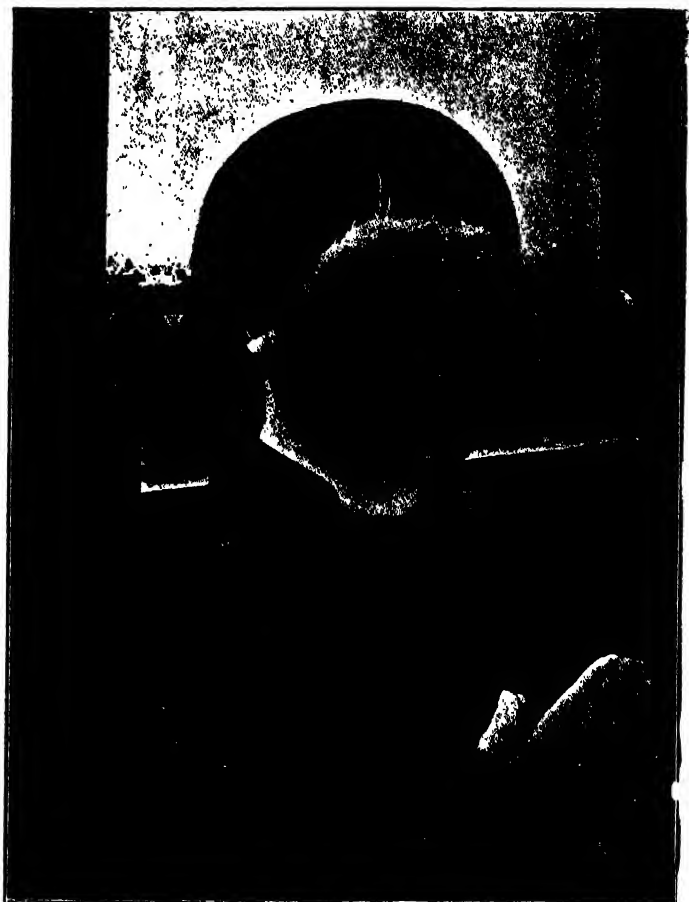
JOSEPH ADDISON.

"hanging judge" went straight to the point. "Lizzie, I am looking for a wife, and I thought you just the person that would suit me. Let me have your answer, off or on, the morn, and nae mair about it." Audacity won.

ROMANCES OF THE PEERAGE.

By THORNTON HALL, F.S.A., with Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.
(Holden & Hardingham.)

The author of such a volume as this has obviously an ample field of choice, and the success of his enterprise must largely depend on the variety which he is able to impart to his selection. Mr. Thornton Hall has given us no niggardly entertainment, and his thirty-five narratives afford an astonishing view of human nature, ranging from the heights of romance, down through eccentricity to the depths of decadence. A few of his chapters cover fairly familiar ground, such as the adventures of Barbara Villiers, or of Lady Mary Montagu, or of Mrs. Fitzherbert. But even the better-known stories in the volume are re-told with admirable vigour and conciseness, and with a keen eye for effective detail. We must say at once, however, that the surprising feature of the volume is the wealth of new material that Mr. Hall has been able to glean, where

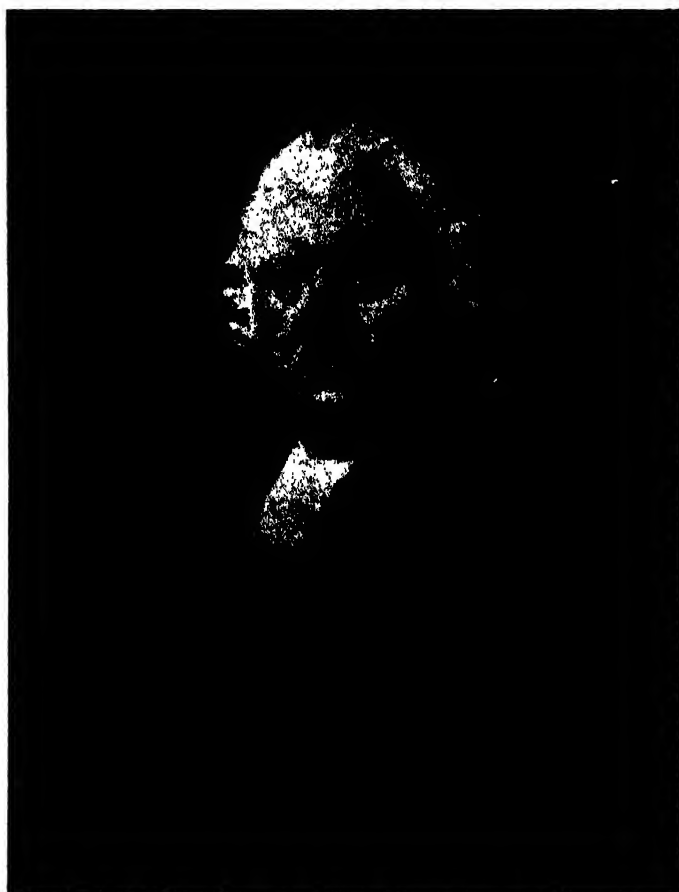


From Belgium; Her Kings,
Kingdom and People
(Long)

WILLIAM MOREEL, BOURGMESTRE
OF BRUGES.

From the painting by Memling.

so many have gone before him. The story of Medmenham Abbey, such diverse tragedies as that of Sir Thomas



From Some Old Scots Judges

LORD NEWTON.
(After the painting by Raeburn,
Scottish National Gallery.)

Overbury and of Lord George Bentinck, the romance of two Countesses of Kellie, the astonishing life-story of the beautiful Lady Ellenborough, who lived to be the wife of a Bedouin sheik, and the nineteenth-century romance of the Sobieski Stuarts—these are but a few samples picked at random from the entertaining biographical farrago. This volume, excellently illustrated with sixteen portraits, is distinguished among its kind by its competence, its unfailing interest and its absolute avoidance of mere scandal-mongering.

TREITSCHKE, HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

Translated into English for the first time. 10s. 6d. net. (Jarrold, Allen & Unwin.)

In times of national indignation, Englishmen must always have a whipping-boy. The present trouble has given us a choice of several. The Kaiser is perhaps a shade too farcical, too provocative of slightly amused contempt, to be taken quite seriously, so we had to choose between Bernhardi, Nietzsche and Treitschke. Bernhardi, as a soldier, was naturally to be allowed some range of truculence, and we were therefore cut down to Nietzsche and Treitschke. The alternative was really not happy, for people generally chose Nietzsche, as they had at least heard his name. Yet, of all the wrongs that Nietzsche has suffered, the choice of him as prophet of Prussia was the worst, for, from his first essays against David Strauss to the last confessions of "Ecce Homo," Nietzsche did little else than "guy" the swelled-headed Prussians unmercifully for their vulgar Philistinism, their national incapacity to understand even the meaning of culture. Not in them, but among the defeated French, he told them bluntly, was intellectual salvation to be found. So, in the end of all, we were left with Treitschke, and, as the game says, here we were getting warm. The only objection to quoting Treitschke in our conversation was that we knew nothing about him, and were not even sure about his name. The publishers have



THE ROMANCES OF THE PEERAGE
(Holden).

BARBARA VILLIERS.

now come to our rescue, and, in the present instance, have given us a useful volume that might easily have been made much better. It has been translated by someone whose command of English is rather precarious, who allows St. Bernard of Clairvaux and Arnold of Brescia to masquerade as Prussian heroes, under the style of "Bernhard von Clairvaux" and "Arnold von Brescia," and leaves us floundering among sentences of which this is one of the most intelligible:

"When returning from Spain, which his friends had considered particularly dangerous, he, loudly laughing, entered their wine-bar, and before having taken off his coat he started to relate: 'Well, now, these Spaniards!'"

The first half of the book contains a sketch of Treitschke's life by a German colleague, a feature which should have been of great use to English readers, but which is heavily discounted in value through being so lengthily particular about the petty politics and pettier academics of a petty state like Baden. Striking glimpses of the man are to be caught here and there; but for English use something less intimately German than this sketch would have been preferable.

Who, then, was Treitschke? The great Prussian apologist was not a Prussian at all, but a Saxon of Slav origin. In 1863 he was appointed professor of political science at the University of Freiburg in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and soon became notorious for his political views and the ruthless vigour with which he expressed them. Those were days one should remember, before there was any united Germany. Baden was a small state. Treitschke disbelieved violently in small states, and loudly advocated the Prussian idea of a big single German kingdom. His patriotism was of the right Chauvinistic order. He declaimed with special scorn against the traces of French influence left in South Germany by Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine and took personal offence at the presence of Frenchmen in German spas. He became so unpopular among



From Life of Catharine the Great of Russia
(Methuen)

CATHERINE II.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

the South Germans who, as an older people, despised his beloved Prussians, that he resigned during the excitement of the Austro-Prussian war in 1866. Soon after, he was appointed to a chair at Heidelberg. He entered the Reichstag in 1871 and in 1874 was given a professorship at Berlin. He died in 1896. The translation to Berlin was to be expected. Bismarck, who believed as strongly in tuning the University chairs as Laud in tuning the pulpits, had long had his eye on Treitschke. Here was an historian who was more Prussian than the Prussians themselves. Prussianised Germany had no past, and, like a vulgar plutocrat, was eager to be equipped with a history and great traditions. Treitschke was the very man to voice

the aspirations of this newest of states which desired to cut a figure in the world. He was violent in his opinions and truculent in his manner; moreover he could not be answered, as he was totally deaf. The present biographer, who seems a singularly naïve person, gives us some glimpses of Treitschke's manner:

"Quite good-naturedly, without wishing to offend anybody, he compared the looks of a lady-student to a squashed bug."

He seemed surprised that the description was not relished!

"He was unique in that on the one hand he was the best educated, refined gentleman, with exquisite manners, yet when aroused he discharged a volley of invective hardly to be expected from such aristocratic lips."

Perhaps, after all, it is as well that this biographical essay comes from an intimate friend and admirer!

*From The Conquest of Mount Cook
(Allen).*

Treitschke's views caught the ear of the Prussian youth. When some attempt was being made after the war to save the Catholic and French spirit of the schools of Alsace, Treitschke voiced the prevailing sentiment by exclaiming, "We have the intention to Germanise this newly-acquired German province; we have the intention and will carry it out." To a World-state colonies were of course a necessity; but the gradual acquisition of them was not to his mind: "Cameroons? What are we to do with that sand-box? Let us take Holland; then we shall have colonies." He believed in slavery, advocated the suppression of Socialism by force, and taught that the State should forcibly compel labour to work in the cheapest market. England

received special attention in his speeches. We have space only for one or two illustrative sentences.

"The lack of chivalry in the English character, which presents so striking a contrast with the naive loyalty of the Germans, has some connection with the English habit of seeking physical exercise in boxing, swimming and rowing, rather than in the use of noble arms." "It lies in the nature of things that the new Great Power of Central Europe must come to an understanding with the other Great Powers . . . our last reckoning, that with England, will probably be the most tedious and the most difficult."

Then he goes on to denounce England for its aggressiveness, its hard selfishness, its barbarism and its disregard of international treaties! The reader will find these views set out at length in the eight lectures or speeches that conclude the volume — striking examples of gross and blatant Chauvinism of the Chair. The fruits of his teaching may be found in the ruins of innocent Belgium.

G. SAMPSON.

CAN GERMANY WIN?

By AN AMERICAN.
(CAN. IS NOT.
(Pearson.)

The author of this book is an American business man who has spent much of his life in Germany, and has an intimate knowledge of the resources, aspirations and characteristics of its people. On the other hand, he is well acquainted with our own country and our own people. He sets himself here to study the causes of the War, to comment on its conduct, and to show that though we have a harder task ahead of us than we are even yet

aware of, in the end Great Britain and her Allies will prove victorious. He plays the part of the candid friend, and utters frankly some truths that are not flattering to our national self-esteem; and these utterances are the more forcible since it is clear that he is in full sympathy with us and with our ideals. In some things he is mistaken; he does not understand how our men can crowd to the Colours singing "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," and thinks it indicates that they are enlisting eagerly enough, but without knowing why. If he had been amongst the men of the new Army, as some of us have, he would realise that they know why well enough, and have joined just because they do know. It is wonderful how many have joined

*From The Conquest of Mount Cook
(Allen).*

not because they want to, or because they have any taste for adventure even, but from a stern, deep sense of duty that should make some of us feel ashamed. They have given up good prospects, they have nothing to win by our victory, anyhow, but are actuated by the highest spirit of patriotism. Of these there are not a few, and of others who go simply because they know what defeat would mean for us and are determined that we shall not be defeated there are even more. The men who do not know why they are fighting are very few. As a rule, however, this American author is shrewdly in the right, both when he blames us and when he points out the terrible strength and the fatal weaknesses of our enemy. This is one of the most interesting of the many studies of the War, and the peoples involved in it; there is much in its pages that should chasten the thoughtful reader, but more in them to hearten than to dishearten him.

THE FIGHTING RETREAT TO PARIS.

By ROGER INGPEN. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In this newest volume of the *Daily Telegraph* War Books, Mr. Roger Ingpen has told the great story of the fighting retreat from Mons to the walls of Paris of our small British Army. It is a story that will live for ever among the most glorious annals of our race, and Mr. Ingpen has related it graphically and in the fullest possible detail, consulting all reports and available official documents, and sparing no pains to make his narrative as reliable as it is impressive. Whatever great deeds the War may give rise to, it can scarcely bring forth any that shall exceed in daring, in indomitable courage and endurance the wonderful record of this triumphant retreat.

SAXIFRAGES.

By WALTER IRVING and REGINALD A. MALBY, F.R.P.S. Illustrated in Colour and Half-tone. 2s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

Messrs. Irving and Malby are to be congratulated on the production of this comprehensive guide to the best varieties of Saxifrages or Rockfoils, and to the art of cultivating them successfully. We know of no other book that supplies the expert information concerning these plants which they have gathered into their pages, and all garden lovers have reason to be grateful to them for doing so thoroughly a task that was waiting to be done. The illustrations are, in their kind, perfect.

ROBERT SPENCE WATSON.

A Biography. By his Nephew, PERCY CORDER. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

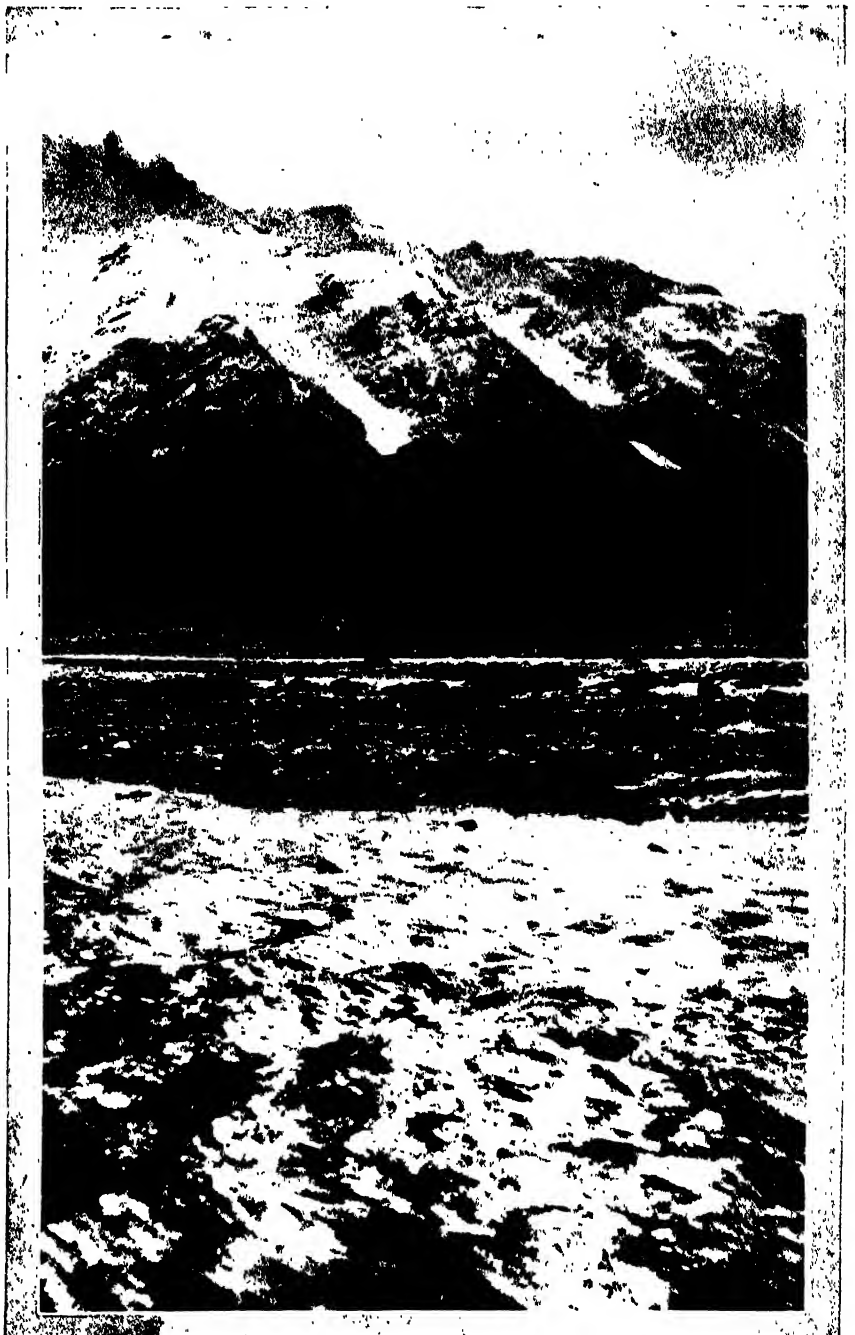
For over thirty years Robert Spence Watson was a prominent worker in the Liberal party—he was one of the foremost unofficial political leaders in Newcastle, and President of the National Liberal Federation. A great educationalist, an able writer, a public speaker, as well as an ardent politician, Mr. Watson's many-sided personality offered an excellent subject for the biographer, and Mr.

Percy Corder has written a sympathetic and intensely interesting account of his uncle's varied and useful career, not the least interesting part of it being the selections from his correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, Lord Morley, Lord Grey, and other men of importance in the social and political circles of his time.

AN OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

By the HON. MAURICE BARING. 1s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

In view of Germany's clamorous insistence upon her



From The Conquest of Mount Cook
(Allen).

THE SOUTHERN ALPS

own culture and the state of barbarism that exists in Russia, it is interesting to compare the literatures of the two countries. Mr. Maurice Baring does not do that, but his brilliant, well-informed monograph on Russian Literature suggests the comparison, and it is not so much in Germany's favour as, to justify her abnormal self-esteem, it ought to be. This serviceable, admirably-written handbook is one of the newest additions to Messrs. Williams & Norgate's "Home University Library." Other new volumes in the series are "Wars between England and America," by Professor T. C. Smith, and "A History of Scotland," by Professor R. S. Rait.

THE CHARM OF THE HILLS.

By SETON GORDON,
F.Z.S. 10s. 6d. net.
(Cassell.)

This is in every way a fascinating volume. It is an account of the author's wanderings along the Dee, in the Cairngorms and among other of the wilder Highland passes, in search of material for the naturalist of bird-life. There is really no one to rival Dr. Gordon in the sympathetic knowledge of the wild birds of those islands, unless it be Mr. Hudson. Like Mr. Hudson, Dr. Gordon is not only the detached scientific observer. He brings to an extensive and exact study of the habits of birds, those qualities of insight, curiosity, intimacy and humanity, which alone can breathe life into the tabulation of facts. The book is partly for naturalists and partly for lovers of nature, but the one aspect supplements and illumines the other. For us, the most interesting part of the book is that

which throws into relief the social, domestic, yes and psychological life of the Highland birds. Ptarmigan, kestrels; the red grouse, the osprey, almost extinct in Britain and slaughtered to make fashionable ladies' holidays; the dotterel, also so persecuted as to be driven for refuge to the more remote and solitary peaks; the peregrine falcon, dying out, thanks to the vendettas of the keepers against them; the snow bunting; the golden plover; the curlew; the tawny owl; the red kite, the oyster-catcher; the capercaillie and sovereign of all, the golden eagle—these are a few of the birds, whose hunting, family and defensive activities Dr. Gordon examines with patient and vivid fidelity. He pays honourable tribute to the golden eagle, which owing to a



From *The Charm of the Hills*
(Cassell).

THE HOME OF THE EAGLE.

peculiar tenacity of affection and strength of character, pairs with its mate for a span of life which is usually longer even than abnormal human longevity. The photographs are plentiful, and admirably reproduced.

acquitted and is still acquitting himself in that onerous post we all know. Nevertheless, we know little, far too little, of the personality and the career of this victorious soldier, and Mr. Cecil Chisholm's biography appears to make good that deficiency at the right time. "If I don't end my days as a Field Marshal it will not be for want of trying," Sir John said many years ago in the mess room of the 10th Hussars, "and—well, I'm jolly well going to do it!" And he has done it. Mr. Chisholm tells

SIR JOHN FRENCH.

An Authentic
Biography.

By CECIL CHISHOLM,
M.A. 1s. net.
(Herbert Jenkins).

Sir John French, like Kitchener and Roberts, is another of those great men who "do not advertise," but quietly go on with their work and emerge into popularity and fame incidentally. After the Boer War he passed out of the limelight; we heard of him from time to time, unobtrusively and efficiently pursuing the duties of his profession, and now again, when the Empire is in danger, he comes inevitably before the public as the Commander of our Expeditionary Force in France, and how splendidly he has

us of his boyhood, his entry into the Army, his years of hard working and waiting for opportunities, and the masterful way he used them when the opportunities came. It is a stirring, deeply interesting study of a remarkable soldier and a brilliant, triumphant career.



From *The History of Beaminster*
(Barnicott).

FORE PLACE, 1870. LOOKING EAST.

THE LONDON MUSEUM.

By P. J. HARVEY DARTON. 2s. 6d. net. [(Wells, Gardner.)

This is one of the books of "The Treasure House" series, and contains an account of the founding of the now famous London Museum at Lancaster House, together with a description of its contents. It is far more than a mere annotated catalogue. The work has been done with thoroughness and sympathy. Thus the chapter dealing with the Palæolithic Room gives occasion for an interesting account of Pre-Roman London, and every relic dealt with is invested with interest by explanatory comments. This applies generally to the book throughout, which moreover contains many illustrations (by Mr. L. Russell



From The Story of
Bethlehem Hospital
(Fisher Unwin)

HOUSE OF SIR P. PINDAR,
BISHOPSGATE.



From The London Museum
(Wells Gardner).

THE GEORGIAN TOY SHOP.



From The Correspondence of
Jonathan Swift
(Bell).

ST. PATRICK'S DEANERY.

Conway), of the more important relics. Concise yet with much historical and anecdotal allusion, the author in the course of some 250 pages contrives to cover the story of London and its leading worthies by reference to the items in the great reliquary of which the museum consisted. It is of course very far from exhaustive even in its description of the curios displayed in Lancaster House. We would have liked to have a fuller description of the pictures exhibited there. But as an illustrated guide to the London Museum it leaves little to be desired, and even to those lovers of London who are not able to pay our newest museum a visit it will be full of interest. The London of our forefathers and all that belonged to it is year by year passing out of sight, and it is no small boon that so much of it as is curious, interesting, historically valuable should be preserved for us both in the museum itself and in this pleasant book about it.

CHRISTMAS 1914

ETON IN THE EIGHTIES.

By ERIC PARKER. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Eric Parker has some of the happiest memories of his life at Eton, and has gathered them into one of the pleasantest, most interesting books of reminiscences that even Eton has inspired. He writes of "Chamber" customs and traditions; the laws and practices relating to fags and fagging; in one long and very delightful chapter he recalls all he has known of the river and the playing fields; in another he tells of the Eton Rifle Volunteer; and in another, that makes a special appeal to us, writes of the various school magazines and their principal contributors. There is a capital chapter, too, on "Masters," through which, as throughout the book, are scattered a lot of good and amusing anecdotes. Mr. Parker writes of Eton and all that pertains to it with the pride and affection natural in an Old Boy, and gives the fullest and most vivid series of pictures of every phase of the life that is lived there. It is a book that will be read with great interest by all Etonians, and by all who enjoy similar memories of other of our great Public Schools.

HOME LIFE IN CHINA.

By ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Professor Headland is a very distinguished American scholar who for many years held an academic position of distinction in China. He knows that country as few Europeans know it, and his description of the home life of the Chinese is one of the best informed and most intimate that has yet been written. After a description



*in doubt
Whether to play his best
trump - or friere!*

From Eton in the Eighties
(Smith, Elder).

MATHEMATICS.
REV. E. HALE.



From Home Life in China
(Methuen).

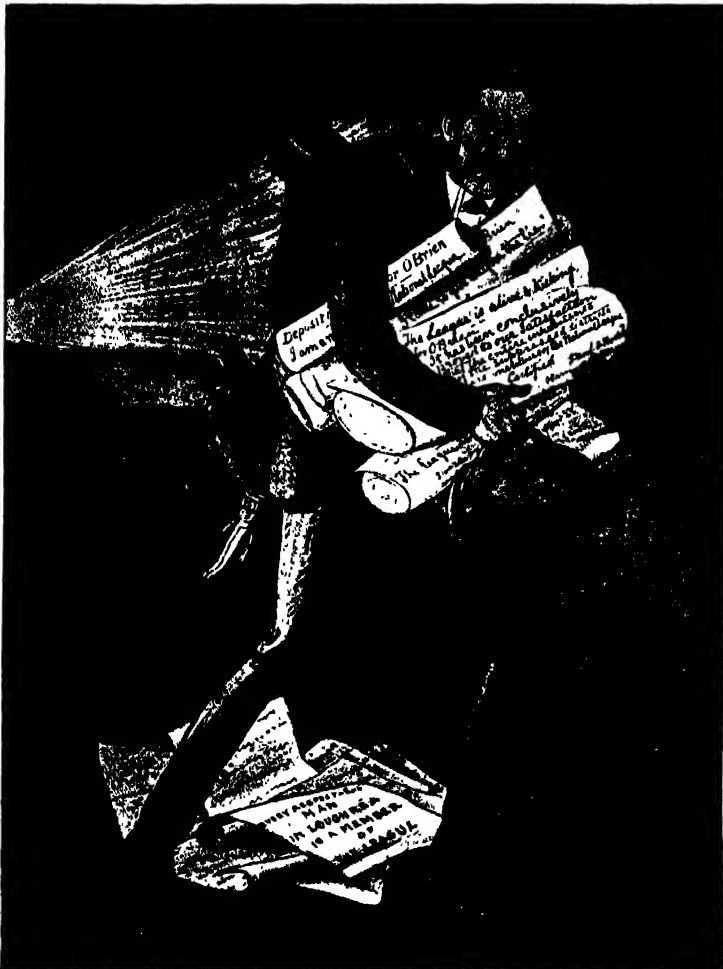
A CHINESE SINGING GIRL.

of a Chinese home, he gives us a remarkable account of the life of a Chinese child. The yellow infant is even more fortunate than his white brother and sister in the possession of nursery rhymes. The author collected more than six hundred of these ditties, and it would seem from the specimens he gives that the same notions appeal to children all the world over. There is one rhyme which is an exact parody of "Old Mother Hubbard," and another for the finger game which corresponds to our "Little Pig went to Market." At school the child begins with what is known as the Trimetrical Primer, the first sentence of which states "Men one and all in infancy are virtuous at heart, their moral tendencies the same, their practice wide apart"—a great truth quite beyond the comprehension of a child. One very interesting chapter is devoted to a translation of what the Chinese girl is expected to learn. As the author points out, this academic classic shows that a girl's trials are mostly the result of the communistic character of Chinese family life—the effort to live in peace and harmony with all her sisters-in-law. Before leaving this deeply interesting book which everybody should read, it is worth while repeating a remark of the author's, that it is a great mistake to imagine as most people do that Chinese life is as solemn as a funeral. One of the best chapters in the book is devoted to Chinese humour, which flatly contradicts this impression; it is queer, dry, quaint, but the fun and whimsicality of it are the real thing. A word of special praise must be given to the illustrations, which add appreciably to the interest of the volume.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IRISH JUDGE.

By M. McD. BODKIN, K.C. 16s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Judge Bodkin's recollections are the result of a full, active and varied life, and make very interesting reading. The gossip is of a kind so agreeable, and is told with such engaging naturalness, that it was with reluctance that we closed the book. A large part of it deals, it is true, with men and matters connected with the Law, and on this account may appeal more to those who are intimately associated with the legal profession than to the general reader. The remainder of the volume, however, contains recollections of many well-known and distinguished personalities with whom the author came in contact, not only in Parliament, of which he was a member, but in the Press and in the Dramatic Profession. The chapters on Gladstone, Parnell and Justin McCarthy are particularly enjoyable; and his knowledge and opinions of plays and actors, past and present, should give pleasure to all those to whom the Stage makes appeal. Of the many good stories in the book, the following is an example. Mr. McDonagh, K.C., was giving advice to a solicitor's clerk who was too eager to go into the box as a witness. "Never," said the K.C., "never swear in a Court of Justice to anything that can be proved to be false by a document in the possession of your opponent, *for that would be a lie.*" The photographs of well-known Irishmen and Englishmen add a charm to an admirable book; a caricature of Mr. Balfour in the days of his Chief Secretaryship serves as a vivid reminder of a state of things that is passing.



*From Recollections of an Irish Judge
(Hurst & Blackett).*



*From Eton in the Eighties
(Smith, Elder).*

**REV. E. HALE CELEBRATES
A VICTORY.**

THE KAISER'S MOTHER.

23. net. (Nisbet.)

This is a cheap popular edition of the memoir of "The Empress Frederick": the English mother of our arch-enemy the Kaiser. Though it had years of happiness, hers was not altogether a happy life. She suffered much, by reason of her English birth, from the jealousy, dislike, hatred even of the German Court, especially after the death of her consort, the Emperor Frederick even her son, the Kaiser, openly treating her with disrespect and unkindness, in order that he might not be suspected of English sympathies and so lose the favour of his people. Somewhat inclined to be autocratic, the Empress was nevertheless a person of engaging manners and generous impulses, a woman of intellect and strength of will, and this story of her life is well done and makes deeply interesting reading.

AN ARTIST IN SPAIN.

Written and Illustrated by A. C. MICHAEL. net.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. A. C. Michael, the well-known artist, has been on a pilgrimage through Spain, visiting all its beautiful and famous towns and cities, and not overlooking its picturesque villages, nor the fascinations of its lowland and mountain scenery by the way. He has written his own story of these wanderings—a very gossipy, entertaining narrative that is nearly as pleasant to read as his paintings are to look at. Nearly— but, after all, the paintings are the thing. They are steeped in the golden sunlight and the magic shadows of Spain— they reflect the restful, romantic genius of the place with a most sensitive delicacy and skill, and the studies of certain types of the Spanish people are admirably realised.



From *The World of Life*
(Chapman & Hall).

FOREST IN KELANTAN.

THE WORLD OF LIFE.

By DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall).

Very welcome is the new and cheaper edition which has just appeared of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's great

work, "*The World of Life*," a work which may well be held to be one of the most striking manifestations recently made of that movement towards a return to God, with which so many of our greater men of science have now for many years been associated. The very sub-title of the book, wherein the author claims that the universe is "*A Manifestation of Creative Power, Directive Mind, and Ultimate Purpose*," would have made it suspect in orthodox evolutionist circles two decades ago; to-day, save among the cruder devotees of materialism and free-thought, it passes unchallenged. "I endeavour," says Dr. Wallace, speaking of one line of argument only, "to show, by a careful consideration of the structure of the bird's feather, of the marvellous transformations of the higher insects, and more especially of the highly elaborated wing-scales of the Lepidoptera, the absolute necessity for an organising and directive Life Principle in order to account for the very possibility of these complex outgrowths." Dr. Wallace, indeed, prosecutes his enquiry along the routes of biology, geology, and physiology, and the chapter which he devotes to an examination of the causes and uses of pain still remains one of the most penetrating and suggestive discourses that have been written on the subject.

A WOMAN IN CHINA.

By MARY GAUNT. 15s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Miss Gaunt is an experienced and alert traveller, and her former book "*Alone in West Africa*," was a monument of unprejudiced candour, good sense and accurate observation. The present record of her wanderings in China is a little less interesting, partly because a large part of them are confined to Rebnin and its neighbourhood, and partly because it needs a sojourn of years to penetrate the significance of the vast and mysterious Chinese civilisation. Miss Gaunt is wise to talk for the most part of places of interest and not to dwell too much on Chinese psychology. Her one excursion of considerable length took her from Rebnin to the border mountains and over the Great Wall into Inner Mongolia, as far as Jehol, the ancient Hunting Lodge of the Manchus. She returned to Rebnin in a boat along the river Lan. As a result, she has written a vivid, fresh and spontaneous account of what she saw. In her last chapter, she is rather severe upon the prospects and conditions of the Chinese, and hopes for a future civilisation on the Western model. Remembering the folly of

Japan in that particular, and that the example of the West is not quite so beneficial as its advocates declare, let us hope that China, for all her sins, will evolve herself on her own and on nobody else's lines. There are many excellent photographs.

FIRST LESSONS IN WAR.

By SPENSER WILKINSON. 1s. net. (Methuen.)

An uncommonly useful handbook for officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the new armies by an expert in the arts of War.



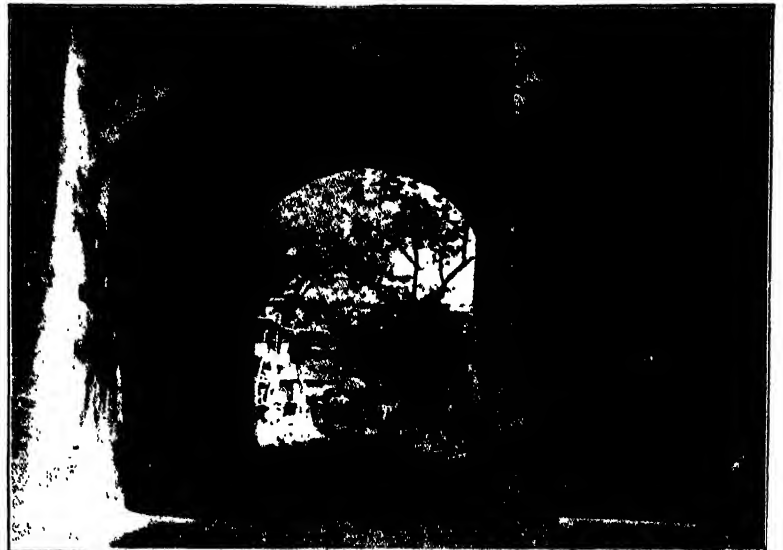
From *Rambles in Home Counties*
(Blackie).

RUSTIC FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE
CRANE, FULWELL PARK.

THROUGH UNKNOWN NIGERIA.

By JOHN R. RAPHAEL. 15s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Raphael was formerly travel-editor of *The African World*, and, in the capacity of special correspondent to that periodical, he paid a lengthy visit to Nigeria. The story of that visit is told in this book, and Mr. Raphael's observations should be of considerable value to all who contemplate a journey to West Africa, and of similar interest to those who seek information concerning British administration in that region. Cost of transport and living, climatic conditions, law and police, social customs, and habits of Hausa and Pagan tribes, trade and commerce, railways, and the military training of the native regiments, are amongst the subjects dealt with by the author, to whom every facility seems to have been given by the British residents for a fair and honest understanding of the state of affairs. A large number of photographs are a helpful addition to the letterpress.



From *A Woman in China*
(Laurie).

GATE OF A WALLED CITY.

IN A CUMBERLAND DALE.

By PERCY WITHERS. net. (Grant Richards)

This book is the expression of enthusiasm for the Lake Country, and is fitted to tempt others to seek those haunts ;



From *In a Cumberland Dale*
(Grant Richards).

ABBOT'S BAY.

But, and this is its highest merit, it will be best appreciated by those who know the lakes well. The book treats only of Derwent Water ; many of those who haunt the lakes confine themselves almost entirely to their favourite water, for while all the lakes have much in common, every one has its special features. Mr. Withers is not the mere tourist, or holiday maker, he has been fortunate enough to know Derwent Water at all periods of the year, and like all true nature lovers he knows the pleasures of the different seasons, and can describe with enthusiasm the beauty of wind and rain, and can even talk of the magnificence of the mist. He goes to no extremes, and will take books out with him on his wanderings, and when he comes home to his cottage appreciates the comforts of civilisation. The book is divided into short chapters descriptive of different aspects of nature and humanity, the brief accounts of Dalethwaite and Skelthorn will be recognised as true by all those who have talked with their neighbours when living in the lakes. Naturalists will enjoy his descriptions of the birds and beasts. Mr. Withers' style is very pleasant, and the quotations with which the volume is enriched show a sound and individual literary taste.

THE PLEA OF PAN.

By HENRY W. NEVINSON. 2s. 6d. net. (Juckworth & Co.)

"The Plea of Pan" was published in 1901 and reappears in the handy get-up of the "Roadmender" Series. As a sustained effort in consciously stylish writing it is something of an achievement, though we prefer Mr. Nevinson when he is more confessedly a journalist, describing things seen in a direct and telling manner. We get a pleasant but too brief glimpse of that aspect of him in the few lines of description of a battlefield at the beginning of the chapter called "The Fire of Prometheus." That is far more convincing than the sort of description of "things seen" which reads like a rechauffe of the visions of Arnold's "Strayed Reveller." The introductory essay on the unlamented territory of the soul where Goatshanks reigns is pleasant and short enough not to weary by its preciousity ; but Pan himself, when he comes on the scene, is intolerably prolix, and though he insists often enough on his simple and even rude nature, he talks like the most bookish of books. For instance :

"I sit beside the fisher all night, far out at sea in his lonely boat. He is rough and heavy, twisted with wet and cold ; he smells of nets and fishes' scales ; to me he is more beautiful than the great marble Poseidon of Melos. I stand with the hunter, waiting in the snow till the furry creatures pass. I know their swift pains and his joys, both. Gizzled



From *Through Unknown Nigeria*
(Laurie).

No. 1, KANO.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

and dried like leather, in his old blue coat and bits of skins, he is fairer to me than naked Artemis. I am with the miner, hewing in his gallery under the earth, when the roof falls in, I hold his battered head. His mates say 'He wasn't a bad sort of man; now he must be buried.' His wife and children cry, and I cry with them, more than for dead Zeus or an assassinated King. I hold the ploughshare with the ploughman, rejoicing in the damp earth and in the man who is so like it, no perfumed Dionysius smells so sweet. . . ."

And so on; for all the world as though the god had been reading Oscar Wilde, as very likely he had. He admits to being a little old-fashioned. He is especially fond of the inversion trick: *e.g.*, "In cold and damp and misery they lived." Sometimes the god suddenly drops to comedy and, missing his foothold, sprawls into bathos. "He (Prometheus) taught them (men) the more difficult art of calculating probabilities by the shape and colour of the insides of sacrificed animals, and by the general appearance of a sirloin at dinner." Food inspires another missed effect. "The joints of behemoth were their food, and with pails of foaming milk they washed down the slices of leviathan." We admit that Mr. Nevinson does not want us to take his Pan too seriously; but, unfortunately, we cannot believe in him at all. And this is the greater pity because among his stilted and clumsy phrases there are many good ideas which we should like to see worked out by Mr. Nevinson himself without the aid of a sawdust intermediary.



From *Women under Polygamy*
(Holden).

EGYPTIAN GIRLS AT THEBES.
(Photo Underwood & Underwood.)

WOMEN UNDER POLYGAMY.

By WALTER M. GALLICHAN. 15s. net. (Holden and Hardingham.)

Polygamy is an institution under which the larger proportion of women in the world live, and Mr. Gallichan's exhaustive enquiry into the matter is one which no student of sociology can afford to neglect. As the author says in his preface, polygamy, like monogamy, must be judged by its fruits, and in his masterly treatment of the subject he has been content, for the most part, to lay the facts before his readers and to allow them to draw their own conclusion. He has two excellent chapters on the origin of the harem and a description of the ancient harem, and he tells us with minute care how the system works in India, in Burma, in Turkey, in Egypt, Arabia, North Africa, Persia, China,

and Japan, and finally in the Western World. No one who reads this book can lightly dismiss the practice of polygamy as "abominable and indecent." Opinions differ widely as to the freedom and position of women under the system. Mrs. Garnet, for example, declares that Turkish women possess all the legal personal and proprietary rights necessary to give them a social position equal, if not superior, to that of European women generally, while Sir Edwin Pears, on the other hand, states that the position of women in Moslem is lower than in Christian countries. Mr. Gallichan's able and exhaustive investigation of the subject will enable readers to judge for themselves.



From *My Somali Book*
(Sampson Low).

'THE KING.'

By G. E. MITTON. Illustrated by G. A. S. FORREST. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

Mr. Mitton has made a cinematographic kind of book in which he brings all the colour and strangeness of half the countries of the world together for the benefit of youthful and curious readers. His is a chatty, jovial kind of narrative, and should be just the thing for the boy whose mind is set on travel. Such a youth may cross the sea in Mr. Mitton's company, and gaze in imagination upon the loveliest, the most exciting and the most extraordinary cities and monuments of the modern world. He may travel in Egypt in a caravan of camels "those strange looking beasts mincing along like gigantic peacocks," as the author picturesquely puts it, or he may gaze respectfully or more probably disrespectfully upon the Pyramids, the Sphinx at Gizeh, or he may take a walk with his guide about Jerusalem, and marvel at the Jews gathered at their wailing places. Thence to Suez, the gateway of the east, and on to the Indian ocean, right into the lands of mystery and magic. Ceylon and India are brought before the reader, and in the author's familiar but vivid prose the land of temples and bonzes gleams before our eyes. Voyages in cargo boats and in princely liners are taken, and all kinds of theatres, booths, boxing-shows, dancers, voyages and adventures of every kind are described. For a boy with a dash of imagination and the old travel-longing of our race, here are some happy hours



From *Round the Wonderful World* (Jack).

SEATED FIGURES AT ABU SIMBEL
Coloured illustration

A HANDBOOK TO THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

By RALPH DURAND. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is easy to be superior about such things as concordances and handbooks to poets, but if some admiring contemporary had done for Chaucer or Shakespeare what has now been done for Rudyard Kipling, how grateful we should be to him. Generations unborn may well call Mr. Durand blessed. But his work is of almost equal value on the day of its publication as it will be in the remotest future. No poet needs annotation more than Kipling. He is full of slang and technicalities and allusions. One has been

used to take much in him for granted, rather than spoil the pleasure of continuous reading by hunting for his exact meaning in dictionaries. But with all his obscurities explained in one convenient volume, it is easy to master him once for all, and forever after enjoy him to the full. Mr. Durand's handsome book, which is uniform with the same publisher's edition of the poems, is crammed with information. He certainly errs, if anything, on the side of giving too much than too little. Few people will need to be told what a bulkhead or a haversack is, or who was the Widow.

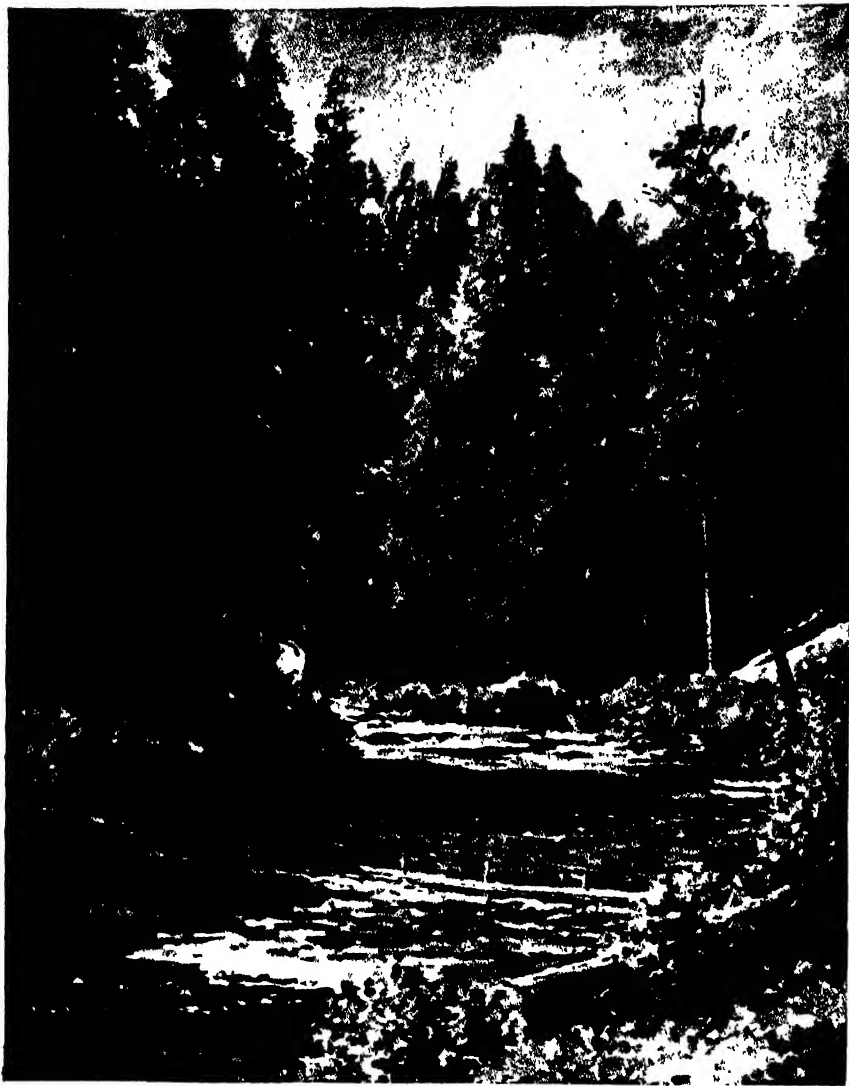
But he confesses the fault himself, and puts up a reasonable excuse for it. It is a good fault. There is nothing more irritating than to draw blank in a book of reference. Of that there is no fear in this case, though it is surely an unnecessary modesty which makes him reticent of the full meaning of Her-maphrodite. And if there are some things which we nearly all know, how many more are there that most of us don't? Who, for instance, could say offhand the meaning of "hokee mut"? or what is the "kowhai"? or who was Damajee or Sayyid Burgash or Bhowani? An examination in the works of some celebrated author used to be a favourite form of competition in magazines with literary leanings. For such purposes Kipling is no longer available. There is too perfect a crambook accessible. Moreover, it is a very entertaining cram-book, and not the

less so by reason of its author's perfect gravity. Commencing, for instance, on the line "For the wine was old, and the night is cold," he tells us without a smile that "the effect of cold fresh air on a man who has been drinking incautiously in a warm room is often disastrous. Immediately he comes into the open he is liable to be overcome by liquor, the effect of which he has, till then, hardly felt." If the highest humour is to conceal humour, Mr. Durand is indeed a humourist of the first rank.

ETCHING.

By EARL H. REED. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)

This is a valuable practical treatise on an art in which Mr. Reed is a master. It is admirably illustrated by himself.



From California
(Black).

MCCLELLAND RIVER, UPPER SACRAMENTO VALLEY.
From coloured illustration by Sutton Palmer.

CALIFORNIA.

Painted by SUTTON PALMER, described by MARY AUSTIN
18s. net. (A. & C. Black)

This is an agreeable book, meant to give an idea of the beauty and charm of California. The land "lies like a many coloured dancer's scarf . . . There's a strip of aquamarine turning to chrysoprase, that's for the sea; amber then for the hollow cliffs of La Jolla and San Juan, smugglers' cliffs eaten well under the shore, a strip of scarlet, spangled with vivid diamond dew, that for the mesembryanthemums crowding the foreshore; pale green of the lupins with a white thread through it of the highway, green again for the chamisal, and blue of the mountains' unasailable sea thought." This is a little precious perhaps, a little forcing

the impression, not very distinguished in manner, but in a "colour book" you want colour, and for that California is hard to beat. There is rather a scanty text to support the thirty-two plates, which range from one end of the peninsula to the other, mountain, woodland, sea, lake and city. They make the volume one well in line with the publisher's well-known series, and are worth looking through to catch a hint of the glow and glory of one of the loveliest of lands. The still beauty of Mirror Lake, bosomed deep in woody hills, the Yosemite Falls, the well-named Blue Lake, Golden Gate, the Santa Cruz Mountains, Mount Shasta, provide excellent subjects, and there is a pretty view of Monterey, where deep in the beach beyond the anchorage is the ancient teakwood hull of the "Natala," the ship that carried Napoleon to Elba.

THE BRITISH NAVY FROM WITHIN.

By "EX-ROYAL NAVY." 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton).

Lord Charles Beresford laid it down some years ago that no matter what sized ships we had and however well they were armed, "it is the human element, and only the human element, that wins battles." This book deals with the Navy as a whole, types of ships and guns and armour, but it devotes itself especially to "the human element" in the fleet—pictures the men and the manner of life they live aboard; describes the discipline and training; sets forth the pay and privileges and all the details concerning that human element with the familiar intimacy of knowledge that comes only to one who has spent much of his own life on one of our warships. It is literally what it is described

as being—the story of the British Navy as seen from within. A useful book for reference, and a capital book for general reading.



From Antarctic Adventure
(Fisher Unwin).

LOOKING NORTH FROM CAPE ADARE.



From Highways and Byways
in Lincolnshire
(Macmillan).

TATTERSHALL CHURCH
AND THE BAIN.

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

By A. VINE HALL. 18. 6d (F. Maskew Miller, Cape Town.)

THROUGH EYES OF YOUTH.

By CECIL ROBERTS. 2s. 6d. net. (James Clarke.)

Mr. A. Vine Hall has recently given up a secure £500 a year "for the privilege of joining the little band of fools who are endeavouring to remove the reproach that 'South Africa has no literature.' " It is pleasant to learn that the endeavour has been, so far, successful. The unpretentious little book which reaches us in a modest dress of green paper is now in its seventh edition, and has attained to the dignity of a special separate issue bound in leather, with coloured illustrations by the author. Turning to the contents, we find that Mr. Vine's muse is not ungrateful for the sacrifice he has made in her honour. "Table Mountain" is one of those little books of verse which can be read with genuine enjoyment even by a reviewer. Written in the old-fashioned heroic couplet of Pope, it freshens that threadbare form with a Nature-worship as sincere as Wordsworth's, if less lofty in its results. The verse runs with delightful smoothness, avoiding entanglement in any of those verbal or metaphysical mazes which make "hard reading" to the

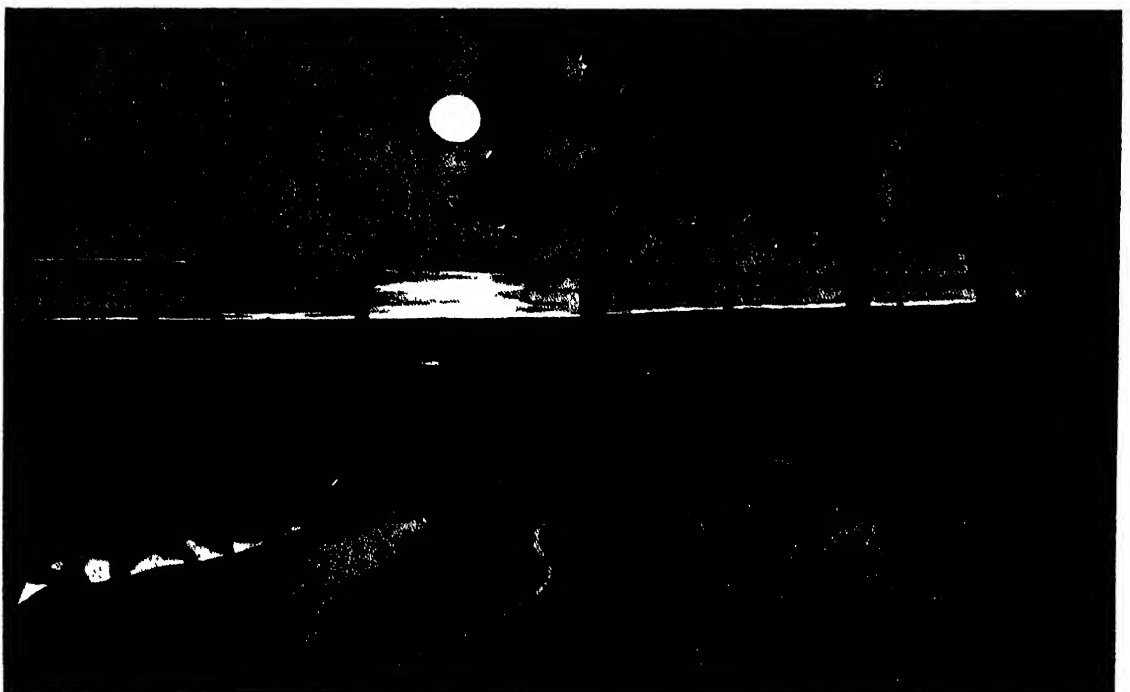
intellectually idle or jaded. It was a wise instinct which led the author to vary his form with occasional lyrics, but these are certainly less successful than the main body of the poem. We select the following lines as typical of those distinctively South African in colour and atmosphere :

The sweetest thieves,
Half bird, half butterfly, sip nectar up
From many a great Protea's painted cup ;
'Tis here the lovely *Amaryllis* dwell ;
The sighing zephyrs know the pathway well !

Here the great *Disas*, hovering o'er the springs,
Gaze with delight upon their crimson wings ;
Their little sisters, in their bonnets blue,
Green aisle and grassy cloister wander through.
Veined with hot lava seems the *krantz*, ablaze
With *Crassula* ; around trembles a haze
Of softer colour.

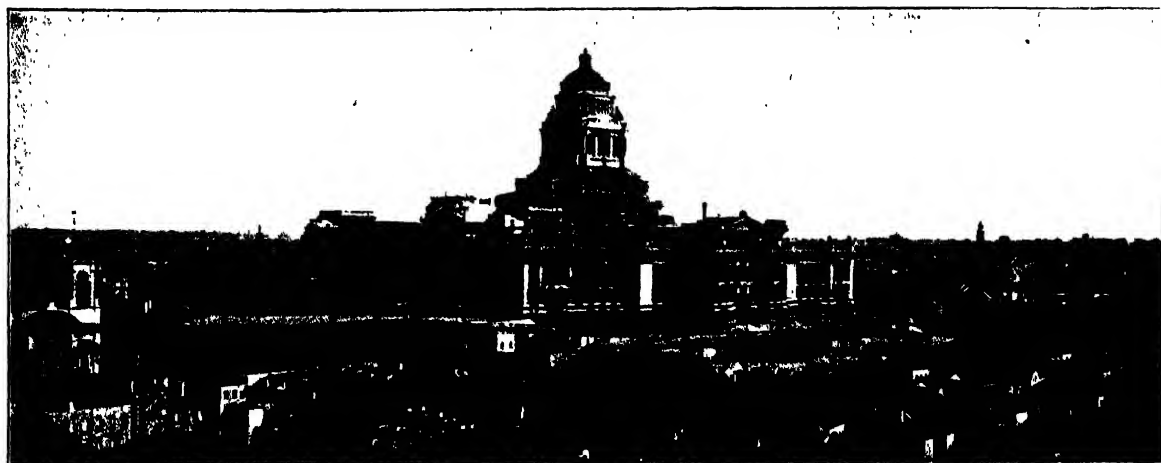
If Mr. Vine Hall can forget that he ever read Pope, and simultaneously remember Mrs. Browning's dictum that "a tree's mere firewood unless humanised," he may achieve his ambition to give a voice to South Africa.

Mr. Cecil Roberts is already well known to certain sections of the verse-reading public. Not only through his two previous volumes, but through the *Poetry Review* and *British Review* (in both of which some of his longest and most ambitious poems have appeared), he has been steadily advancing his position for some time. "Through Eyes of Youth" is another long step forward, though we think he was mistaken to begin it with the Dedication written on his twenty-first birthday ; a poem not sufficiently indicative of the power of some of its successors—"Strayed Hylas," for instance, and "Clifton Church," which, though it owes something to Gray, is not unmindful or unworthy of its obligation. Many of the verses have a limpid sweetness, a sober twilight charm, adequately harmonising with their model, as with their subject—though it is quite likely that verses so unforced in feeling were consciously modelled on no poetic ancestor. There is power in the poem which echoes the cry of the unborn for life ; and the time-worn theme of the Greek myth is re-coloured and re-vitalised in the song of Hylas and Heracles. But the poem most popular with the general public will certainly be "The Strike," a trenchant and tragic study of modern industrial conditions appropriately dedicated to Mr. Patrick MacGill. We quote a picture



From The Kentish Coast
(Chapman & Hall).

ROMNEY MARSHES.



From Belgium; Her Kings, Kingdom and People
(Long).

PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS.

of the working woman nobly true to life, as all who know her in her native haunts will testify :

Let famine with its blasting breath mow down
The hoarded masses of the starving town,
No home but that a heroine shall show
What woman sacrifices to endow
The necessary things for those she loves :
No struggling time but where a woman proves
That she is strongest in the hour of need,
And hers the mind that plans the saving deed,
The child unweaned may suck a mother's blood,
And drink her very life in place of food.

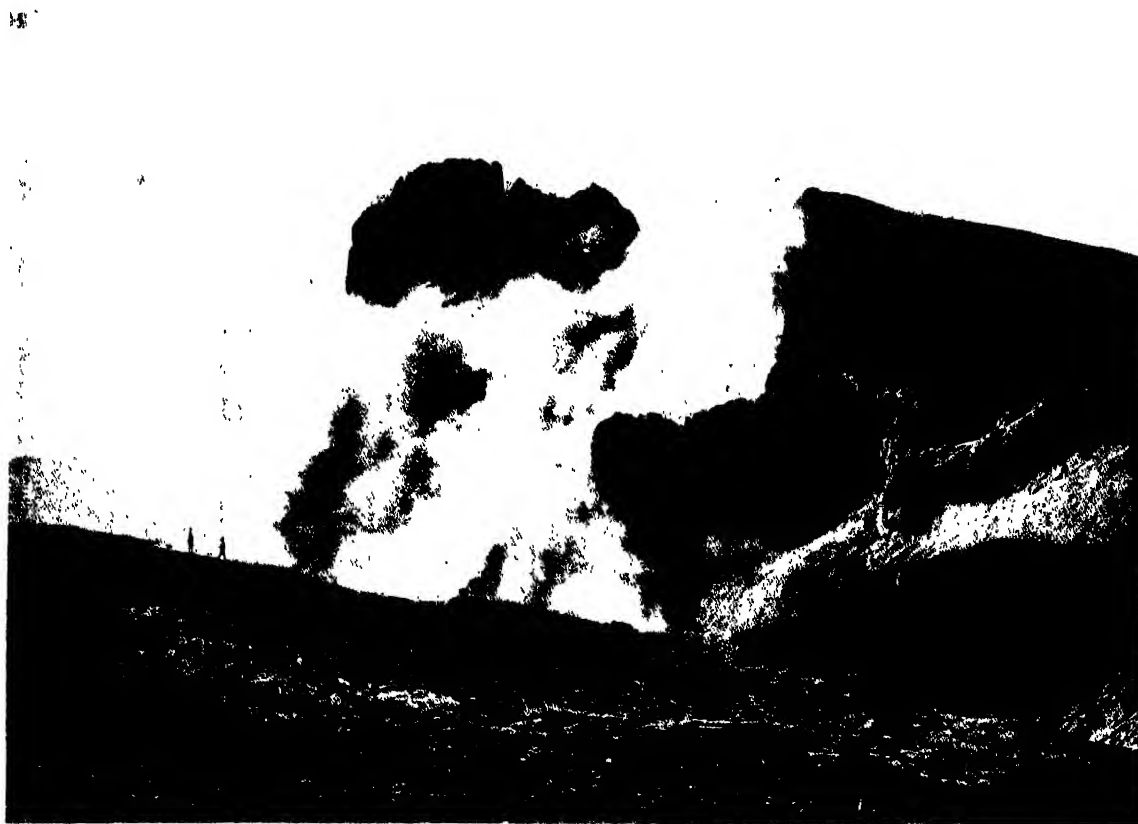
There are finer lines in the poem, but none of a finer spirit.
S. GERTRUDE FORD.

PEAKS AND PRECIPICES.

Scrambles in the Dolomites and Savoy. By GUIDO REY.
Translated by J. E. C. EATON. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin)

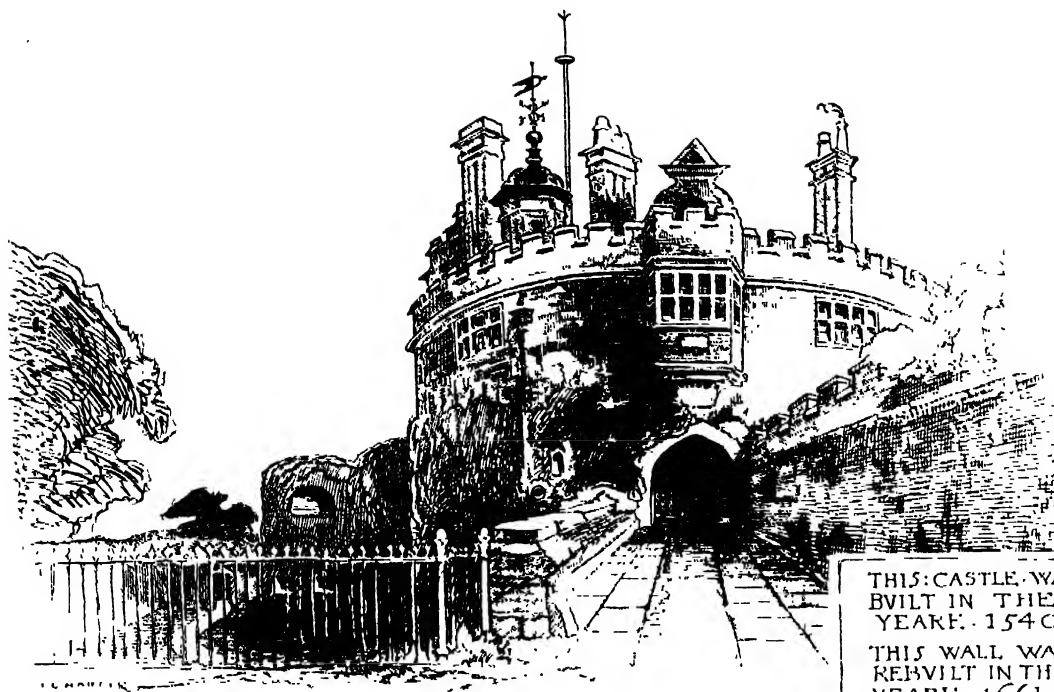
All who know anything of the literature of the mountains know Guido Rey's great book on the Matterhorn. Here in this finely illustrated quarto is a companion

volume even more generally interesting than its predecessor. Some perhaps feel that a whole big tome about a single mountain is too much of a good thing ; but they will have no complaint against the present volume, which ranges from the Mont Blanc aiguilles to the fantastic Dolomites. Charminglly written, with the appealing " subjectivity " which the older school of writers felt too diffident or too self-conscious to infuse into their work, it will interest those who stay in the valleys almost as much as those who scale the heights. It is not too professional or technical. Its pleasant narrative flows easily without any failure of continuity--there are no *bergschruns* in Guido Rey's style. Further, more blessed than many foreign writers, he has found an ideal translator in Mr. Eaton, who deserves more than the small type allotted to him on the title-page. The book belongs to the literature of the newer mountaineering. The old climber was never happy off the snow ; the new is never happy off the rocks, and his ideal of a happy day is not one of the big peaks, but the Dent du Requin or the Mummery crack on the Grépon. Here, then, are thrilling rocks in plenty, from the Dru in the west to the Vajolet Towers in the east. A capital book.



From Peaks and Precipices
(Fisher Unwin).

CIMÓN DELLA PALA FROM THE ROSETTA.



From The Kentish Coast
(Chapman & Hall).

THIS CASTLE WAS
BUILT IN THE
YEARE 1540
THIS WALL WAS
REBUILT IN THE
YEARE 1661

WALMER CASTLE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECHES.

Edited by CHARLES BOYD. With an Introduction by THE
RIGHT HON. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. 2 vols. 15s. (Con-
stable).

Mr. Chamberlain's speeches are of the few that are as good to read as to hear, and this large and catholic collection of them, carefully and well edited by Mr. Charles Boyd, will meet with a welcome from a very wide circle of his friends and opponents, who will be glad to have so many fine examples of his oratorical genius thus fittingly preserved to them. We hope to deal fully with the volumes in our next issue.

ATKINS AT WAR.

By JAMES A. KILPATRICK. 1s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

No reports that have come from the front give us so full and intimate an idea of what is happening there—the

hum document of the most poignant and interesting kind. You may form a better idea from these pages of the events of the war, the conditions in which it is being waged, and the quality and characters of the fighting men, than from a wilderness of official reports. The silhouette figure of a Tommy Atkins drawn by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell makes a very effective cover design.

OUR GLORIOUS HERITAGE.

An Anthology of Patriotic Verse
for Boys and Girls.

Edited by C. S. EVANS. 1s. net. (Heinemann.)

No literature is richer than our own in poems of patriotism, and Mr. C. S. Evans has made an excellent selection admirably suited to the younger readers he has in view, and well arranged in four sections, the titles of which sufficiently explain themselves. They are "Songs of the Motherland"; "The Pageant of British History"; "Songs and Ballads of the Sea," and "The Mother and the Sons"—these last having, of course, special concern with the Britains over-seas. There is a capital introduction by the Rev. H. C. Beeching.



From England of My Heart
(Dent).

THE DOWNS.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

NAPOLEON'S RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1812.

By EDWARD FOORD. With
32 full-page plates and 15
maps and plans. 16s. net.
(Hutchinson.)

In the last few years the Historical Section of the French War Office has published an enormous number of new documents that throw light on Napoleon's Russian campaign, from the French standpoint, and a certain amount of fresh material dealing with it from the Russian point of view has been put forth by the Petrograd War Office. Of all this important data and of other such matter that has recently appeared in personal Memoirs and unofficial records Mr. Foord has fully and conscientiously availed himself, with the result that this history of his makes the amplest and most authoritative account of Napoleon's disastrous Russian adventure that has yet been compiled. He has been less concerned with the technical aspects of the great expedition than with the series of episodes that fill up the story of it. After a discussion of circumstances that preceded the campaign, he gives two chapters to an admirable analysis of Napoleon's Army and its Generals, and the Russian Army and its Generals; and then unfolds the fascinating tale of "the last and greatest of Napoleon's efforts to impose his dominion upon Continental Europe." No imagined romances are more picturesque or more intensely interesting than are the true records of Napoleon's amazing career; and none of those records hold the reader more powerfully or are more alive with dramatic situations than is this of his invasion of Russia and the terrible retreat. The value of Mr. Foord's work is that it is at once careful, unimpeachable history for the student, and so written that its wonderful story will appeal also to those who read for pleasure only. The illustrations are excellent.

A THEOLOGIAN'S WORK-SHOP, TOOLS, AND METHODS

By JOSEPH
AGAR BEET,
D.D. 2s. 6d.
(Hodder &
Stoughton.)

Dr. Agar
Beet built up
his reputation



From ROBERT SPENCE WATSON
(Headley).

as a theologian upon exact grammatical study of the New Testament, and he writes this book in order to recommend his own example and methods to the younger generation. The result is that the bulk of its pages are devoted to the linguistic interpretation of the New Testament. Of the thirteen chapters no fewer than six discuss exegetical questions. It is all to the good, if theological students at the present day are recalled to the need for a careful, historical investigation of the documents of their religion, and Dr. Beet has sound precepts to enforce along this line. But since he did his work, methods have changed, even in this department. The range of study has been widened, and the approach to the text of the New Testament is no longer so simple and isolated as it was once thought to be. Again, the older methods were in danger of becoming too verbal. Plato, it has been said, seems to have thought that when he fathomed the meaning of a word he had fathomed the idea which it conveyed, and Christian theologians who are not Platos have shared the same notion. However, Dr. Beet's spirit is sound. He urges that "everyone, as he approaches ordination, should map out for himself a course of study extending over several years. Doubtless his programme will, through unforeseen causes, be from time to time modified, and, we may hope, improved. But this is much better than mere desultory reading, which is always unsatisfactory." It is certainly much better than frittering time and strength upon the reading of promiscuous transcendental literature. Beginners will do well to lay Dr. Beet's counsel to heart.

On some details, the author commits himself to state-

ments which need to be amplified or modified. It is scarcely accurate, for example, to say that in Gen. xv. 5, we have "definite, inward religious experience" for the first time in the Old Testament (p. 120). The chapter on inflexions and prepositions requires to be read in the light of some researches in Hellenistic Greek, and there is an absence of emphasis upon the importance of



From Napoleon's Russian Campaign
(Hutchinson).

ROUND THE CAMP FIRE.
After a painting by Verestchagin.
(By permission of the Berlin Photographische Co.

rabbinic sources for a knowledge of the New Testament world. On p. 225 Dr. Beet recommends the theological student to study "some works of Plato, and especially the 'Nikomachean Ethics' of Aristotle; and on a lower plane the philosophical writings of Cicero." On a lower plane, decidedly. Cicero's philosophical treatises are much less useful for the illustrating of "the last Gentile Christian thought current in the days of the apostles," than Epictetus.

ÆSCP IN POLITICS.

By IAN D. COLVIN. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

The fact that you do not share Mr. Colvin's political views will not prevent you from enjoying the wit and humour of his verses in this very entertaining volume.



From Memories of Forty Years
(Cassell).

BISMARCK.

His satire is incisive without being bitter; there is so much of geniality in his whimsical humour that you cannot but laugh with him even when you most entirely disagree with him. We were tickled with these fables when we first read them in the pages of the *Morning Post*, and we have read them again with undiminished pleasure. A brilliant little book, the right simplicity of Æsop being cleverly maintained both in the tales and in their morals.



From Women all the World Over
(Hutchinson).

CHINESE WOMEN AS SOLDIERS.
(By permission of the "Daily Mirror.")



From The Building of the Empire
(Jarrold).

THE SUBALTERN STOOD HIS
GROUND.

MY BOHEMIAN DAYS IN LONDON.

By JULIUS M. PRICE. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Bohemia—the very word is like a bell to toll certain folks together with a lively and hopeful inquisitiveness. They hope for flightiness, spiciness, adventures especially with pretty, rowdy ladies, and a general atmosphere of frisk and frivol. Well, Mr. Price's "Bohemia" was geographically centred in St. John's Wood, and the historical era was in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties . . .

so there you are. As an artist Mr. Price worked and moved among interesting people, of whom we have some pleasant glimpses. Leighton was very kind and friendly; his work on the *Illustrated London News* brought him into friendly and jolly relationships with the special artists of the journalistic world. There are entertaining and instructive records of what St. John's Wood was in its palmy, disrespectful days, and innumerable anecdotes of studio life and ways, as well

BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

as of the colony of the *demi-monde* in various strata that were the backbone of the quarter. It is perhaps regrettable that Mr. Price should devote so much of his book to recounting his adventures with his models, and how they posed to him for the figure; indeed, there is just a little over-emphasis of the nude throughout the book, and without sufficient real justification. Mr. Price could probably have found many things to tell that would have been very interesting, and left no unpleasant impression behind. This kind of book is becoming exceedingly common, and is only justified when done exceedingly well, and with consummate literary art. Even the illustrations are a little emphatic of the nudity so prevalent in the text, but Mr. Price explains that, "as a Bohemian of the Paris school," he is "constrained to confess" that "the life of an ascetic . . . is not at all in my line." Really, one is almost constrained to wonder why he should have made this not very interesting confession.

A CAMERA ACTRESS IN THE WILDS OF TOGOLAND.

By Miss M. GEHRTS.
12s. 6d. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.).

Since Miss Gehrts went out to Togoland to play the "White Woman's part" in cinematograph dramas with a true African background, there has been a dramatic change



From *My Bohemian Days*
in London
(Laurie)

I GOT A FLOWER GIRL TO
COME TO THE STUDIO.

not hitherto been described. As befits a volume that had its genesis in cinematography, the book is liberally and well illustrated, with views, pictures of native life, and "bits" from the filmed dramas in which the author took part.

in Togoland itself. By a sudden *coup* it ceased to be a German Colony, so that had the cinematograph actress been there some months later, she might have appeared in the filming of historical events. The change, however, has not lessened, perhaps it may prove to have stimulated interest in the particular part of West Africa that is described in this volume, which, therefore, makes a timely appearance. Miss Gehrts writes brightly and freshly both of her personal experiences in up-country places, where no white woman had before been seen, and of the many natives with whom she and her two companions -- Major Schomburgk, F.R.G.S., organiser of the expedition, and Mr. Hodgson the "operator"

came in contact during their wanderings after local colour to be brought back for those who sit at home at ease. The book is, however, something more than a thoroughly readable record of personal adventures, for Miss Gehrts studied the ways of the strange peoples among whom she strangely lived and her work has a real ethnographical value as dealing with the tribes of a tract of country that had



From *A Camera Actress in the Wilds of Togoland*
(Seeley Service).

THE AUTHORESS ACTING IN THE WILDS.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF JAPAN.

By T. FUJIMOTO. 7s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a book on various social habits and customs of the Japanese, written by one of themselves. The author urges that "many books have been written on Japan by the Europeans, but, as everything was observed with their European eyes, the true features of the country of the 'Rising Sun' could not be satisfactorily exhibited by them." We have the further assurance that, "although the subjects treated in the book are often trifling matters and belong to things not very important, yet it is sure the reader will find neither fallacies nor misunderstandings, into which foreigners are liable often to fall." One thing seems clear from a careful reading of this vivid account of night-life in Japan that the civilisation of that land is in essentials a vastly different thing from the civilisation of Christendom. Prostitution to the Japanese (and Mr. Fujimoto has, naturally, a good deal to say on courtesans, geisha and dancing girls in this remarkable and quite unusual book) is shown as a feature of social and civil life, accepted without shame or regret or any sense of demoralisation; and at once we strike a fundamental difference of outlook. Theatres, variety halls, hotels, lodging-houses, restaurants, gardens, public bath-houses, all come under survey by Mr. Fujimoto, who writes English in his own way; and there are forty illustrations by Japanese artists.

FORTY YEARS ON THE STAGE.

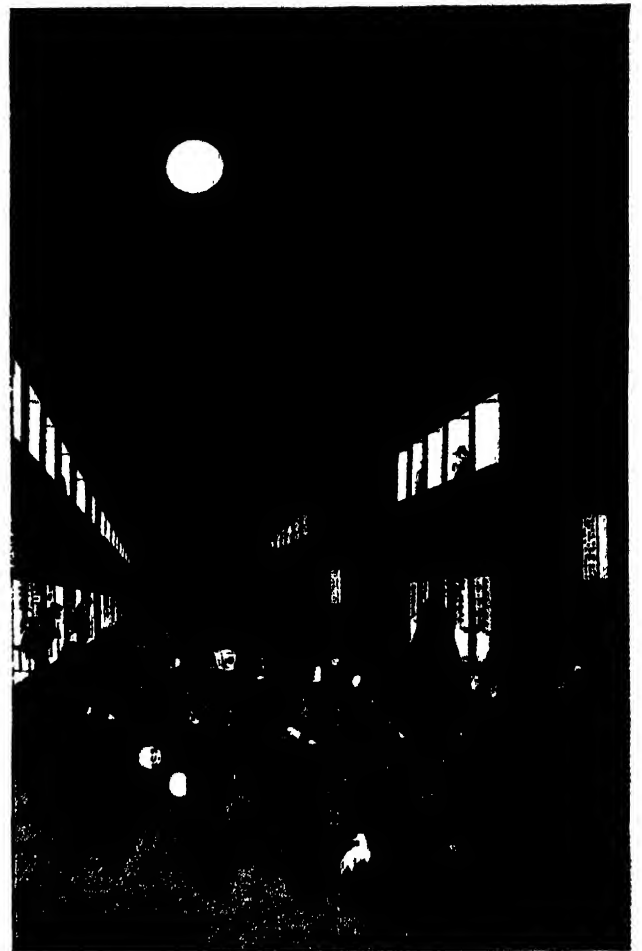
By J. H. BARNES. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall)

Twenty years ago a well-known leading man, and to-day



From *Forty Years on the Stage*
(Chapman & Hall).

SIR J. FORBES ROBERTSON AND
J. H. BARNES IN *HAMLET*.



From *The Night Side of Japan*
(Laurie).

THEATRE STREET IN THE
AGE OF EDO.

famous as a comedian and as a character-actor, Mr. J. H. Barnes can speak with authority about the stars, male and female, whom he has known and "supported." From the times of Samuel Phelps to those of Forbes Robertson, he has been associated with most of the great players of his day, and now, having reached the mature age of sixty-five, he has brought out an autobiography choke full of good matter "Forty Years on the Stage: Others (Principally) and Myself," in order to tell the public what he thinks about them. The result is an entertaining volume as remarkable for its sound criticism as for its good stories. Whether, indeed, Mr. Barnes is telling racy anecdotes of Charles Mathews, of Adelaide Neilson, of Harry Montague, of John Coleman, relating how he had to try, try, try again in order to persuade Mr. Hawtrey to produce "A Message from Mars," or pointing out the histrionic limitations of Henry Irving, of W. H. Kendal, of Beerholm Tree, of Ellen Terry, he writes with such geniality and with such obvious fair-mindedness as to carry his readers with him. Even as *laudator temporis acti*, he is amusing in the very *naïveté* of his prejudices. He furiously dislikes the problem play, he does not think much of the modern actor, and, though he was connected with the Vedrenne-Barker management of the Court, he cannot wax enthusiastic over its productions. But all the time he is so genuinely honest in the expression of his dislike and in the suppression of his admiration that his intolerances rouse merely a smiling antagonism. It is as well to put on record the fact that this veteran and accomplished player regards as the greatest examples of acting he has seen, Madame Ristori's Elizabeth, in the play of that name, and Phelps's Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, in "The Man of the World." The book is well illustrated with photographs of famous actors and scenes from the plays in which they made their reputations.

CHRISTMAS 1914

GEOLOGY OF TO-DAY.

By J. W. GREGORY, F.R.S., D.Sc. Illustrated.
5s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

The Professor of Geology at Glasgow University was a happy choice for the writing of a popular introduction in simple language to this subject. In explaining the birth of the earth, Dr. Gregory favours the theory that it originated from a swarm of solid meteorites or meteoric dust, rather than from a cloud of white-hot gas. On the age of the world, he quotes Cowper :

"Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn
That He who made it, and reveal'd its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age,"

but suggests that many recent estimates which have assigned a limited antiquity to this venerable earth are wrong. Kelvin's final estimate placed the age of the crust at from twenty to forty million years. Dr. Gregory goes a long way further. Kelvin assumed the heat would be conducted through the materials in the interior of the earth at about the same rate as through the rocks of the crust, "whereas the overwhelming balance of the evidence now available is in favour of the view that the materials in the centre of the earth would conduct heat far more readily than the rocks of the crust." Though the age of the world cannot be definitely fixed, Dr. Gregory says the period covered by geological evidence must be many hundreds, and may be many thousands, of millions of years. His handling of the geological history of man is marked by an admission that the materials are deplorably scanty.

BRITAIN'S RECORD.

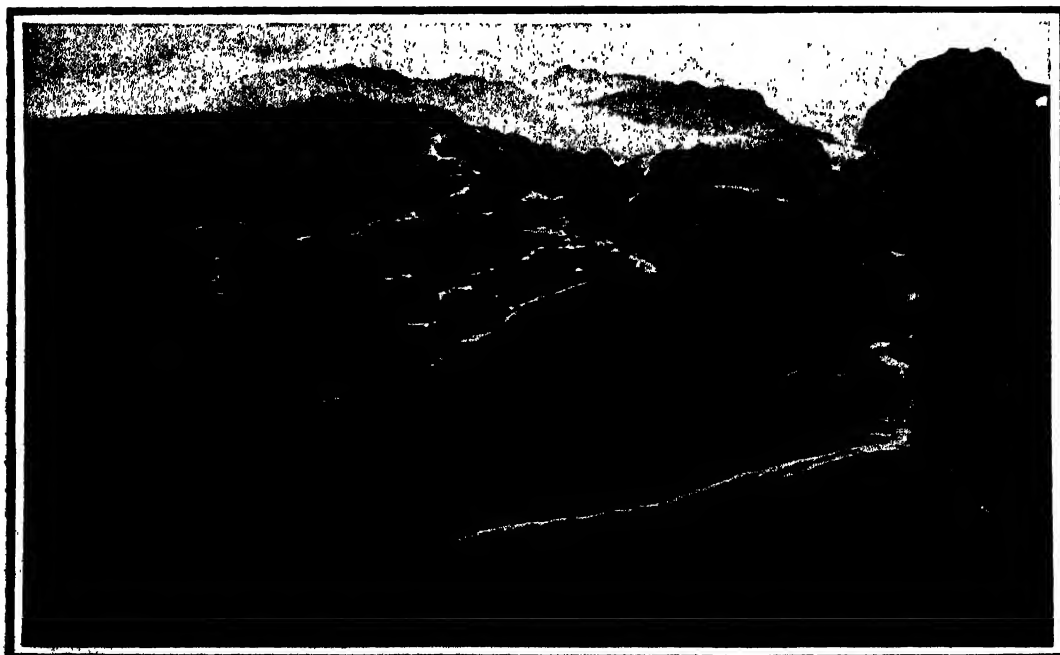
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From *Through Siberia, the Land
of the Future*
(Heinemann).

FRIDTJOF NANSEN ON THE BRIDGE.



From *Geology of To-day*
(Seeley Service).

HILLS IN THE VOLCANIC REGION OF JAVA.

timely and reasonable protest. The facts speak for themselves, and Mr. Chatterton wisely sets them down and leaves them to do so.

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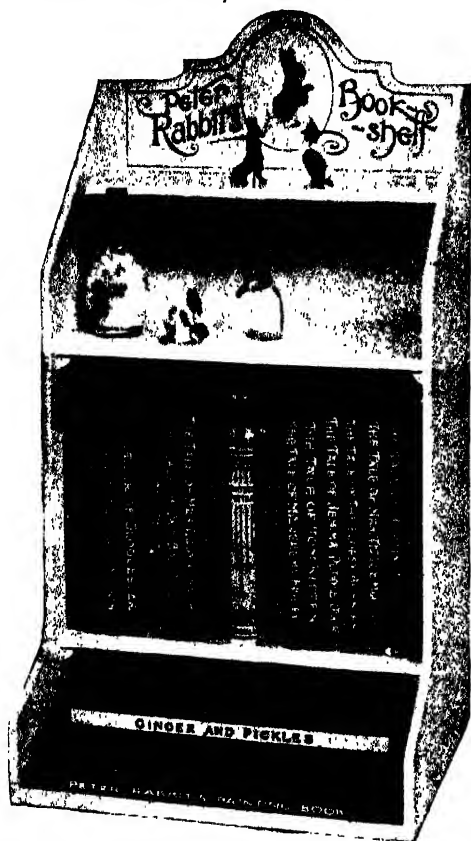
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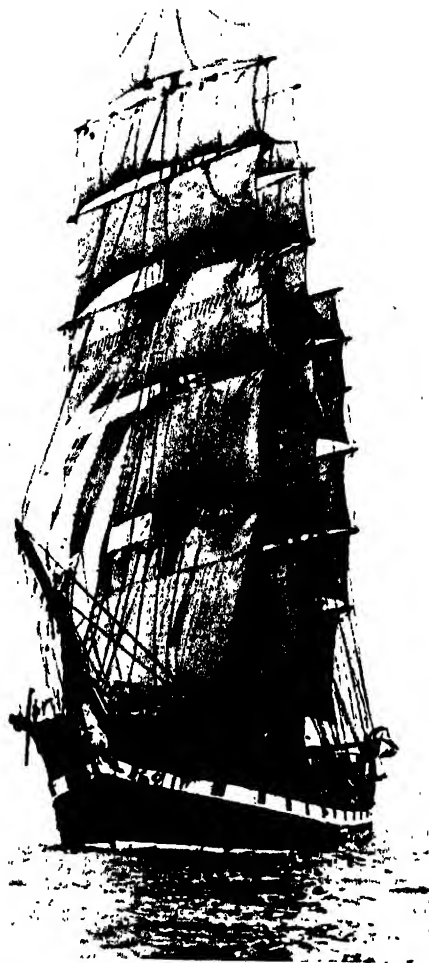
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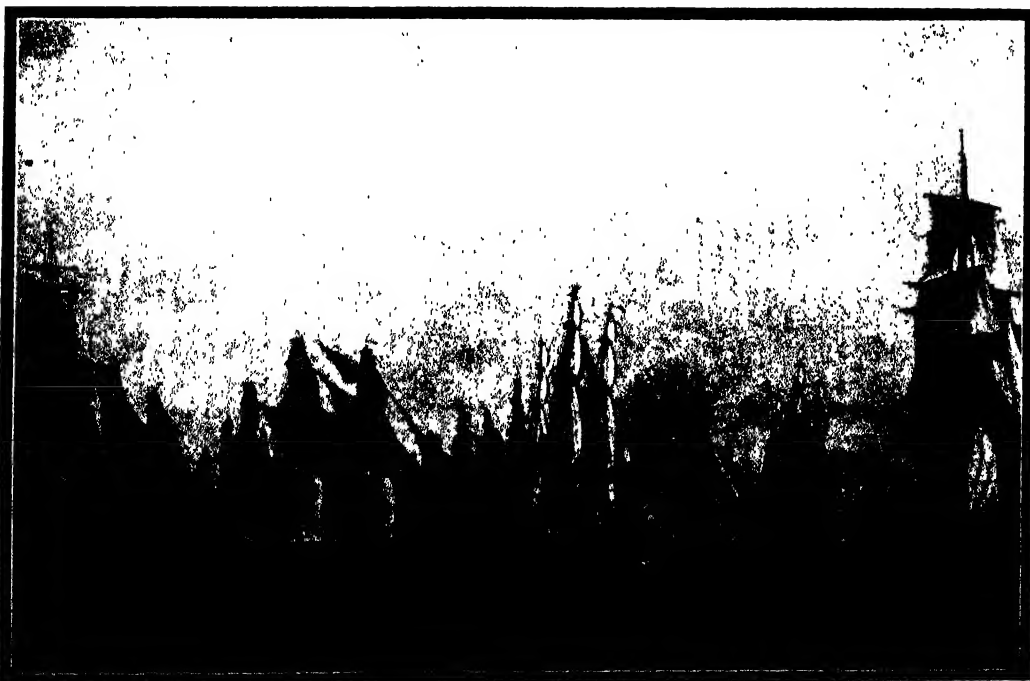
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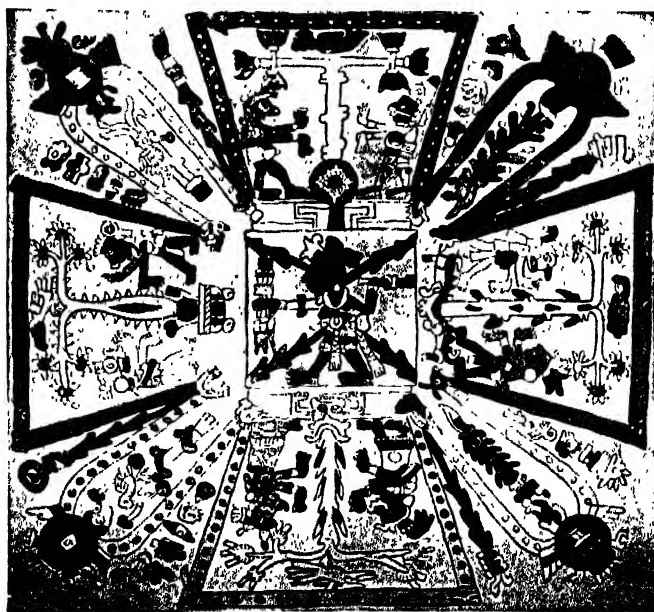
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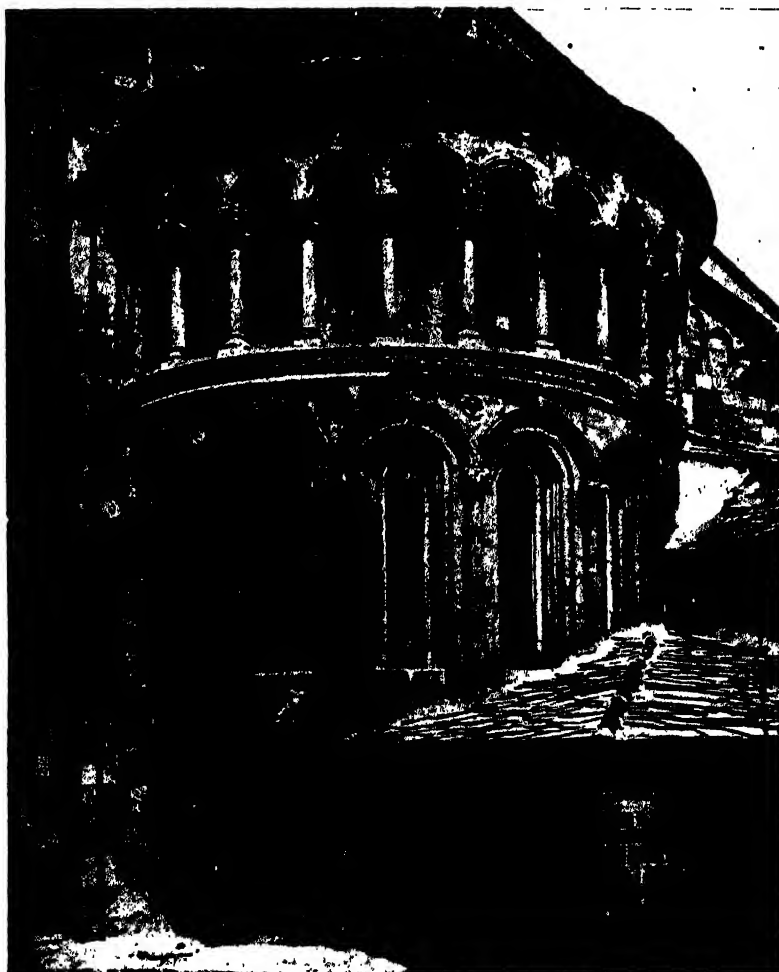
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6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Back to the days of powder and patches, sedan chairs, coaches, and highwaymen; back to the days of Richardson and Swift, Fielding, Wesley, and Handel, and many another famous personage; and here we are introduced to Molly Granville, riding in a coach along green country lanes towards Oxford, accompanying her parents and little sister, and a few faithful servants, into their enforced exile from London Town. Moll is fifteen when we first meet her, but she is "already sweet with the spirit and charm that were to make her famous in later

life." She is, indeed, as delightful a young woman as one could wish, and from the first we can see that she has obviously captivated Mrs. Katharine Tynan's heart, just as she captivated the hearts of the many famous folk she met in her day; and so surely will each reader of her story be caught and held by the fascination of Moll. She is a wonderful woman, pure and sweet, and with great charm about her. Mrs. Tynan tells the story in her usual engaging style, picturing vividly the manners and customs of the time. There are many quotations from the diary and letters of Moll, which testify to her good sense, her wit, and her sympathy, and her ability as a writer. Moll's great remedy against sorrow, "the vapours," or any such ill, is "occupation," and so many and varied are the occupations that she devises for herself throughout her life that we are kept engrossed in her story till the last page is read.



From 1914 Illustrated
(Headley).

1914.

"We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many perhaps too selfish. And the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation, the great peaks of honour, duty and patriotism, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven."—RT. HON. D. LLOYD GEORGE, September 19th, 1914.
Painted specially for "1914 Illustrated" by Harold Copping.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914



*From A Tale of Old Japan,
By Alfred Noyes.
(Blackwood.)*

of France, from Calais to Belfort, and from the Loire to the Vosges. It gives Mr. Bashford occasion for a deal of pleasant landscape writing, and for the use of a descriptive faculty in which he excels, especially in the happy-go-lucky holiday spirit. For appearance's sake, he winds things up with a happy ending and a happy marriage, together with the throwing over of Salvesen, the other suitor and the undesired one. He follows suit by pairing off on his own account, so everyone is satisfied, especially the reader—and the present reviewer.

THE WITCH

By MARY JOHNSTON. 6s. (Constable.)

Lovers of that wonderful book "The Golden Bough," in which the whole history of religious inspiration is set down, will remember how far back in the story of the human race the belief in witchcraft and devil-worship is embedded. When man became a civilised being it still survived. It withstood the healthy Rabekaisian laughter of Horace, and in the Middle Ages, when men's minds were more apt to be turned in upon themselves, it grew in intensity. The burning of Joan of Arc as a witch is always referred to as an indelible blot on the English race, but according to the times it was the ordinary, traditional procedure. Up till 1736—not two hundred years ago—the penal laws against witchcraft were enforced in all their brutality in this country, and one authority states that over thirty thousand persons were judicially murdered on this charge in England in the course of two hundred years. The last execution took place in 1716, when Mrs. Hicks and her daughter were hanged at Huntingdon. The daughter was aged only nine. It is with this theme, with its terrible dramatic possibilities, that Miss Mary Johnston deals in her remarkable novel. She has chosen her period with excellent judgment. The Reformation and the Renaissance have spent their force—Queen Elizabeth is dying—the world is falling under the spell of the Puritan reaction, with all its glories and all its harshness. Into this

CUPID IN THE CAR.

By LINDSAY
BASHFORD. 6s.
(Chapman & Hall.)

The title makes the reader a present of the plot before the story so much as starts. Nor is there much in this gratis presentation after all, for of plot in the ordinary sense the book has none. A batch of very amiable people use France as an exercise-ground for motoring, and automobilisation, if we may be pardoned the expression, is as much a reality with the personages here as mobilisation is with the real France outside it. Candidly, the book is a record of pleasant days spent along the roads

atmosphere of strife, when Episcopalian and Puritan only suspend their mutual feuds to turn and rend those who will not conform to either of their dogmas, the authoress introduces the figure of her hero, Gilbert Aderhold—a young physician, a gentle learned scholar, who has about him many of the mental characteristics that distinguish the Friar in Romeo and Juliet. How the charge of witchcraft is gradually fastened upon him and upon Joan Heron, the girl he loves, the authoress explains with really marvellous skill. In essence the book is an indictment of the spirit of dogma—a sermon preached from the text of Stevenson's statement that some men "are good haters for the love of Christ." It is a brilliant piece of work, but one cannot help wishing that Miss Mary Johnston had thought fit to keep her hero and heroine alive after their numerous trials and numerous escapes.

1914 ILLUSTRATED.

2s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

Messrs. Headley's annual record of the events of the current year is more interesting even than usual since it tells and illustrates the story of the Great War, so far as it has gone. The special articles by Sir Edward Cook, H. G. Wells, Harold Begbie, Ramsay MacDonald, and other well known writers unfold the social, political and general history of the year that will soon be past, with knowledge and with authority. The illustrations are excellent.



*From The Decoy
(Erskine Macdonald).*

From coloured frontispiece by H. J. Ford.



From *New Tales of Old Times*
(Nelson).

COLUMBA.

settled down. There are some clever, genially satirical sketches of "Men who Succeed," a series on "Winter Sports," another on "Other People's Houses"—all written in the lightest spirit of light comedy, and with an art in the easy, careless, shrewd sketching of character that is a very delightful thing. For dulness and low spirits "Once a Week" is an infallible tonic—there is not a page in it that does not tickle you to the best of quiet laughter.

NEW TALES OF OLD TIME.

By W. E. SPARKES. Illustrations and Decorations by NORMAN AULT. (Nelson & Sons.)

The tales in this book are based upon the legends that have enveloped the lives of four of the early Christian saints—Patrick, Columba, Aidan and Cuthbert. There is room for a book of this kind for young people, and the author has taken care to bring into relief the saintly virtues of these men, whose purity of soul accomplished so much for the early Church when the world was dark, and when the task of imbuing mankind with Christian principle was difficult indeed. Gentleness, charity, humility and piety endowed each and all of these men with the invisible halo which all of us associate with the saints of old. The first and longest story is that of St. Patrick, and although it seems somewhat diffuse and a trifle overlaid with descriptions of scenery, on the whole it is a pen picture of Ireland's patron saint which children should enjoy. The author might be careful, however, in his choice of phrases here and there. A phrase such as "other inimical eyes blazed in anger at the sight," is apt to place too great a strain upon a child's intelligence. The story of Columba, the supposed cause of the gory battle of Culdrenhue, and that of Aidan, the founder of the Northumbrian Church, are both well done; while the story of Cuthbert, the last in the book, and certainly the best, is told in a style of sweet simplicity. The illustrations and decorations are by Mr. Norman Ault, and are very artistic.

BELLAMY.

By ELINOR MORDAUNT. 6s. (Methuen.)

Miss Elinor Mordaunt's latest novel is more than a character study—though it is chiefly that; it is a study of real life: life in a grey town of the Midlands; life in a silk factory; life in London; life with its squalor and poverty and with its glittering wealth; life from the standpoint of Walter Bellamy, a very natural, selfish, ambitious man. It is a book that grips because of its realism; the whole story is dominated entirely by the strong personality of its hero; a personality that is the great factor in making him successful in whatever he undertakes. Smart and eager to get on, though an unscrupulous scamp, his difficulties and failures are things of the moment and easily put behind him, and he goes to every new scheme with fresh zest and enthusiasm, confident in his own powers, and openly delighted with his own cleverness. The author's intimate knowledge of human nature, her incisive and powerful style, and her lively sense of humour make this a novel of quite unusual strength—one that undoubtedly ranks as the best of her books so far, which is to give it very high praise indeed.

ONCE A WEEK.

By A. A. MILNE. 6s. (Methuen.)

One is more grateful than usual in such sombre days as these for the wit and gaiety and good humour that are the happy gifts of Mr. A. A. Milne. How is one to explain exactly what "Once a Week" is all about? Mr. Milne takes some airy nothing, starts one or two persons—usually a man and a woman—talking inconsequently, and keeps you interested and amused whilst he unfolds the merest ghost of a story. Ronald is going to marry Celia, and there are four delightfully sparkling little chapters concerned with the preliminary arrangements; followed by some half-dozen as fresh and as whimsical, dealing with the small every-day matters of home life after they are married and



From *Macbeth*: Novels from
Shakespeare Series
(Paul).

GLAMIS HATH MURDERED SLEEP
AND THEREFORE CAWDOR SHALL
SLEEP NO MORE.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

MISS BILLY.

By ELEANOR H. PORTER. 6s.
(Stanley Paul)

If you have not yet met Miss Billy you should seek an introduction without delay. She is a delightfully refreshing character, and her adventures, and her joys and sorrows, make an uncommonly interesting story. At the age of eighteen, Miss Billy Neilson is left alone in the world, without a single relation. True, she is not left penniless by any means—but what is money and property without "any one—not any one who cares." Miss Billy writes to a Mr. William Henshaw, her father's boyhood chum (after whom she is named "Billy.") Her letter creates great consternation in the Henshaw household, especially as she asks to be allowed to come and live with them, and: "Oh, by the way," she writes, "you don't mind my bringing Spunk, do you? I hope you don't for I couldn't live without Spunk, and he couldn't live without me." Who on earth is Spunk, they wonder, and dread his arrival. The upheaval that Billy, and Spunk, bring about in the Henshaw's house, and the outcome of it all, is told in an easy entertaining way that makes delightful reading. Billy, impetuous and sunny; William Henshaw, the big hearted, easy-going collector of old tea-pots, miniatures, spiders and things; Cyril, the musician; and the gaw, irrepressible Bertram, the artist, everlastingly painting his "Face of a Girl"; these, together with the rest of the skilfully portrayed characters in the tale, combine to make the book a decided success.

RAMONA.

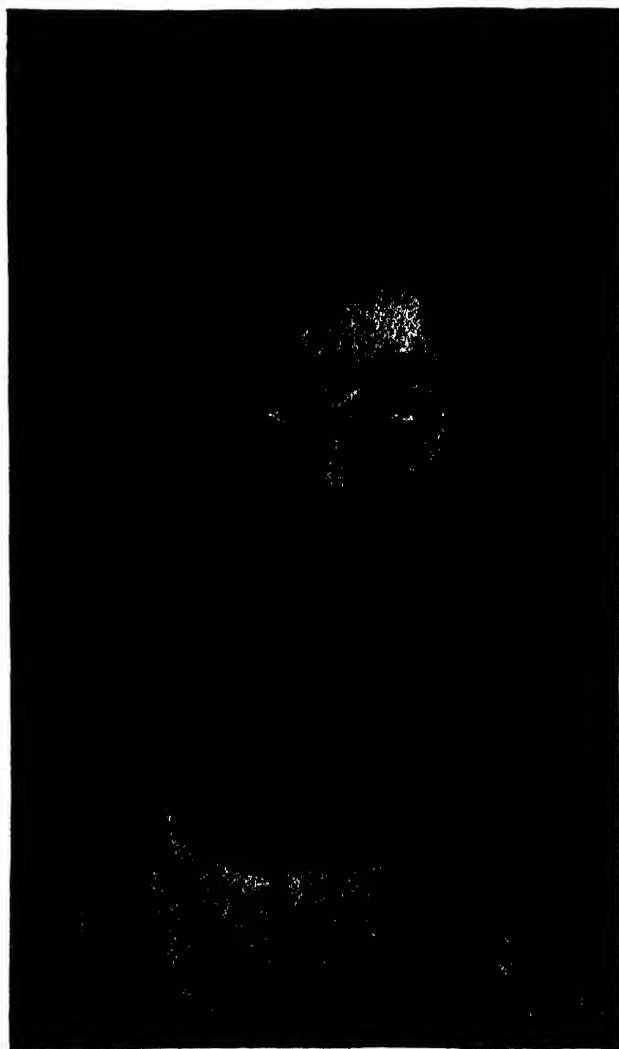
By HELEN HUNT JACKSON.
6s. (Sampson, Low & Co.)

Although "Ramona" does not fulfil the extravagant claim—made for it by an enthusiastic American critic—of being the "'Lorna Doone' of America," it is nevertheless a novel of surpassing charm and merit. The scenes are laid in one of earth's most picturesque spots, sun-bathed California, just after its seizure by the United States, with its crumbling missions and declining Catholic power, and



From Miss Billy
(Stanley Paul.)

FROM COVER.



From Ramona
(Sampson Low).

the driving out of the Spanish and Indian nobility before the influx of American rascaldom and get-rich-quick adventurers. Señora Moreno on her vast sheep ranch holds true to the old regime. A stern, masterful woman, she hates the invaders and their ways, and rules everyone about her with skilled diplomacy. At Señora Moreno's, life is indolent, hospitable, courteous and generous. The household consists of Felipe and Ramona, the latter the adopted daughter of the Señora's dead sister, a devout, beautiful girl, half Indian. The action centres round Ramona and her Indian lover, Alessandro. Their love story, which is told with delicate artistry, is one of singular beauty, great and passionate tenderness, deep pathos, and tragic circumstances. Unusual in many respects this is a book to remember and talk about.

YORKSHIRE FOLK AT HOME.

By ARTHUR HOBSON. 6s.
(Dugby, Long.)

A series of brightly-written letters addressed by one Horace to his sister Barbara, descriptive of the writer's experiences of the dalesfolk and of how he found a Yorkshire wife. There is a considerable deal of dialect, with a certain amount of reference to religious matters that will probably provoke discussion. On the whole a very entertaining volume, which leaves one's prejudices in favour of Yorkshire hospitality and grit enhanced rather than otherwise.

THE HEROINES OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

With 20 miniatures in colour.
By HERBERT BEDFORD.
5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

No novelist has drawn such a wonderfully true and living gallery of women characters as Meredith, and these clever studies of twenty of them, with a beautifully reproduced miniature of each, will be a valuable addition to every Meredithian's library.

THE WOMAN IN THE BAZAAR.

By ALICE PERRIN.
3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The Anglo-Indian novel with a happy ending—or, at least, without tragedy—is a very rare bird indeed; and the title of Mrs. Perrin's new novel gave us no hope that on this occasion she was to break with convention. From the moment that Captain Coventry falls in love at first sight with Rafella Forte, the vicar's beautiful daughter, whose innocence shuddered at the thought of cigarettes, drink and cards, we somehow divined a tragic ending when fortune removed her to Simla and matrimony. Innocent Rafella occasioned some scandal by her ministrations as mother-confessor to the subalterns of the district; and the groundless suspicions of her selfish and tactless husband drove her to disaster, when the inevitable *roué* appeared upon the scene. Captain Coventry was slow to learn, and his second essay in matrimony seemed destined to end in a precisely similar disaster. At a critical time he awoke both to understanding and sympathy, but the lesson came to him in the horrible knowledge of the full tragedy of Rafella. So the story has a happy ending after all, though to one of the two most concerned there lives a terrible memory in the background. Mrs. Perrin, it is superfluous to say, inspires her readers with a pleasant sense of conviction. Her canvas on this occasion is a small one, but her little scenes are touched in with admirable skill and fidelity, and her readers, as usual, have the enjoyment of a practised style. Mrs. Perrin is a little ruthless; she points no moral, but stands absolutely aside while her characters evolve their poor little destiny. Stated in its briefest form, the plot must inevitably be called melodramatic, but the author has accepted this difficulty only to overcome it.

THE WOMAN WHO LOOKED BACK.

By M. HAMILTON.
6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Oliver Moore, heir to a baronet's title, suffered from two heavy handicaps. One was a rash marriage at nineteen with a soubrette in France; and it



From *The Laughing Cavalier*
(Hodder).

COVER, AFTER
FRANZ HALS.

children help in the same direction. Ultimately Oliver obtains a divorce and his settles a similar problem in the dreadful solution which Meredith's "One of Our Conquerors." We beg Meredith's pardon for the parallel, and hasten to say that there are no lofty complexities in Miss Hamilton's style. The worst of her story is that the entanglement demands a bolder treatment than her notions allow, and she drops the soldier lover like a hot potato when he has served his turn. But she knows her women characters, and makes them think and feel as well as live.



From *The Woman in the Bazaar*
(Cassell).

COVENTRY GUESSED THAT
THIS WAS THE WOMAN.

is part of the afflictions of the present war that the supply of the staple commodity for novels is sadly imperilled. The other handicap was the possession of a bunch of ultra-proper relatives. Things might have gone well enough with Sara, whom he married in the full belief that the first Mrs. Moore was dead; but an interfering aunt (no international hostilities are ever likely to curtail her) digs up the fact that the soubrette is still alive. Then comes the chance for the heroine to look back and fulfil the function allotted to her in the title. She yearns after an old love, Captain Charlecote, and when Oliver's relations force the husband and wife apart, it looks for a time like an inglorious win for the army. Luckily Sara's heart beats true to the duty of a British heroine, and perhaps two blameless and flawless

HERBERT STRANG'S BOOK OF ADVENTURE STORIES.

With 12 Photogravure
Plates and other illustrations.
5s. net. (Frowde
and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is a very remarkable collection of true stories—stories, collected from various sources, of recent adventure in all parts of the world, many of them exact and thrilling records of real incidents told by those who took a personal part in them. They show that the dauntless, gallant spirit of our old British heroes is still alive in the midst of us, and should help to foster the same great spirit to-day in the youth of the nation that cannot but find them most absorbing and stimulating reading.

BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

THE PATROL OF THE SUN DANCE TRAIL.

By RALPH CONNOR. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Another stirring romance of Western Canada, from Ralph Connor. No one who has travelled in Canada towards the Rockies will forget the members of the North-West Mounted Police, if he had the good fortune to meet any of that splendid force. They resemble our navy men, lithe, capable, open-air fellows, with heavy responsibilities, and a quiet, light spirit. Mr Connor describes how they played their part in the rising of the half-breeds and Indians, which Reid helps to organise. It was a wild and dangerous hour for Saskatchewan. Only the first, firm rule of the Government, and the ability of the Police pulled things right, and the hero of this story, Cameron,



From The Patrol of the
Sun Dance Trail

REPRODUCTION OF COVER.

had much to do with the success of the operations. Cameron had married and left the force, but the emergency recalled him to the ranks. He and his wife and his sister are the main figures in the story. There are love complications as well as fighting. Also, there are Scotchmen, who fight as well as love. Mr. Connor can handle these materials deftly. He can also convey the sense of the open air and the prairies as few Canadian novelists can, and this novel is one of his best. He takes us back to the good old days, when Indians played a royal part in romances of the West, and also to the bracing, manly temper, which is so great an asset of the Canadian North-West. The book has its touches of pathos and tragedy, but the pulse of courage and adventure beats through its pages, and Mr. Connor has once more succeeded in lighting upon a plot which does justice to his singular power as a novelist of the healthy, stirring school.

KEEP SMILING.

More News by Liarless for German Homes. By WALTER EMANUEL and JOHN HASSALL. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The actual German reports of the panic and disorganisation that have overwhelmed us in England, since the commencement of the War, are in themselves so amusing that Mr. Walter Emanuel would seem to have set himself a difficult task when he sat down to compile something that should be as funny or funnier. Nevertheless he has succeeded triumphantly; his reports of what is happening in our midst are in the true German style but have just the added touch of burlesque that tickles you to laugh at their absurdity—their very absurdity lying in the fact that they are so faithfully modelled on the real thing. And Mr. Hassall illustrates the text in the same joyous, irresponsible spirit. His drawings of the one British soldier whom the Germans wish they had spared so that he might have carried home convincing news of the total destruction of our contemptible little Expeditionary Force; of the out-of-work actors paraded through London disguised as German prisoners; his spirited revelation of Sir Edward Grey engaged in disposing of Lord Morley; of the householder taking refuge in his coal-cellar from Zeppelin risks, are among the most delightfully farcical things in this little book of whimsical nonsense. It is as well to keep smiling even in such times as these and under the influence of Messrs. Emanuel and Hassall you can do it easily, for sixpence.

THE WAY OF SINNERS.

By MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON. 6s. (Ward Lock & Co.)

"The Way of Sinners," Mrs. Marie Connor Leighton's latest book, is a dramatic novel with a good plot and plenty of thrilling situations. It tells how a beautiful young girl, with all the luxuries and comforts of life, nobly renounces them all to join an enthusiastic young man and an elderly woman in a religious campaign, and to live a life of self-sacrifice. The wonderful personality of Brian Hardy has inspired her with an indifference to worldly things and a desire to do good, and though he is reluctant to let her give up so much, because he loves her, nothing can deter her. Her experiences in the splendid work into which she puts her heart and soul make only a portion of a plot which is packed full of incident, and, in spite of its many complications, skilfully worked out. The author's powers at story-telling are well known, and for a really exciting novel, that will hold the reader's attention throughout, one could not easily better "The Way of Sinners."

THE ISLAND OF LOVE AND DEATH.

By W. E. BAILEY. 6s. (Nash.)

The boyhood of David Drase, born in Singapore of English parents, has been spent in an atmosphere of squalor and brutality. Morally and physically he is stunted, and he has reached the low-water mark of his fortunes when he becomes cook upon an American tramp steamer trading in the Indian Ocean. The ship carries two passengers—an invalid Englishman, and his honourable, upright, and genuinely attractive wife. When it is wrecked upon an unknown and desert island these three only survive—to play out a tense little drama in primitive conditions. Mr. W. E. Bailey—whose "Led into the Wilderness" showed very similar characteristics—has a keen sense of colour and atmosphere, and the tropical setting of his novel is drawn boldly and surely. The theme of "The Island of Love and Death" is not an easy one, but it is handled with a tact and ability that will encourage the reader to believe in its author's future, while its characters are natural and sympathetic. It is a novel of considerable promise, and one that well deserves reading.

THE BLIND SIDE OF THE HEART.

By F. E. CRICHTON. 6s. (Maunsel.)

This is a story of Irish "life"—in the main a love-story, as one might have guessed from its title and one of the most fragrant and charming modern romances that has come even out of Ireland. Its sketches of Irish life are full of vivacity and humour; and its heroine, Betty, is so fascinating a young person, and the author so makes you feel her fascination, that you do not wonder when Dick, reporting of all his mistakes, wants nothing at last but to give his life to her and ask her to make it and him better. It is a very human story; its many and various characters are delightfully natural men and women, and it is their very naturalness and the naturalness of what they say and do that is at least half the secret of the story's interest. It is a distinctly good piece of work—an ably-written and entirely enjoyable novel.

THE GARDEN UNDER GLASS.

By WILLIAM F. ROWLES. With numerous Illustrations. 6s. net. (Grant Richards)

This book is entirely practical being intended for anybody who makes a serious attempt to grow flowers, fruits or vegetables under glass. It is fully illustrated with pictures and diagrams, the latter of which are particularly useful. Some of the pictures are good, though a few are rather inferior to those to be found in the catalogues of horticulturalists; they must all be judged not as works of art but from the strictly utilitarian standpoint. The book is divided into six parts. Part I. is the most useful,



From *Night Watches*
By W. W. Jacobs.
(Hodder).

I'D PRETTY WELL SWEAR
HE AIN'T THE SAME DOG.

and will meet with very general agreement from all who know anything of the subject. It deals with the construction of glass-houses and frames. Part II. concerns popular greenhouse plants, here the author has quite wisely allowed a certain play to his personal fancies which makes the volume more interesting, though he has been careful not to neglect the popular tastes. Part III., dealing with fruits, treats of vines, peaches, nectarines, strawberries, tomatoes, and melons. Part IV., which concerns vegetables is very short, but severely practical. Part V. on greenhouse work is more scientific, but will interest all who take their hobby intelligently. Part VI., miscellanea, gives in detail many matters which cannot easily be fitted into the general scheme of the volume. The glossary aims at explaining words which "though familiar and common-place enough to gardeners, are quite unintelligible to outsiders." The book should prove welcome to every amateur, and even professional gardeners will find a good many things in it that are worth attention.



From *Hero Tales and Legends*
of the Serbians
(Lippert).

"O, BEAUTEUS GREEN LAKE!"
Frontispiece by Wm. Sewell.

COME OUT TO PLAY.

By M. E. F. IRWIN. 6s. (Constable.)

Miss Irwin's second novel goes far to fulfil the promise of her first, "How Many Miles to Babylon." It is nothing more than the life-story of a young man-about-town, sympathetically treated, and written with rare skill and insight. Truffles is a pleasant young fellow, of an intelligence a good deal above the average, and with opportunities sufficient to turn him into a useful member of society. Somehow, though, he never manages to make good—principally because he is accustomed to take life as a joke. In the tragic ending he finds that "he had played at living. It had never been worth while to count the cost, to think of anything beyond the moment. . . . Nothing had been worth while taking seriously." He knew now that it was "worth while." Although he is a useless creature, Truffles is likeable—the reader, indeed, will probably like him quite as well as did his friends. According to his lights he played the game, and he can hardly be blamed for playing it unsuccessfully. There is much good material in Miss Irwin's book, which can be cordially recommended to every novel reader.

THE 'BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

THE BRITISH ARMY BOOK.

By PAUL DANBY and
LIEUT.-COL. CYRIL
FIELD, R.M.L.I.
3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

This is a new edition of the Red Army Book which was for many years a standard and popular work on the British Army. But it is more than this. The former book has been used as a basis for the present work, and several new and very important chapters have been added. For these additions and for the revision Lieutenant-Colonel Field is responsible. At the present moment the book will make an appeal to everybody. It contains within its stout covers everything that one wants to know about our forces who are fighting at the front. The chapter entitled "The Fourth Arm or the Flying Corps" is of particular interest, giving as it does, for example, details of how bombs are dropped from aeroplanes, which we have not seen explained before. There is an excellent chapter too, on the Territorials, describing their origin, telling the story of some of the most famous corps like the H. A. C. and relating exactly the part they play in the campaign. The story of the native Indian Army is also told, and the chapter entitled "The Lion's Whelps" gives an admirable account of all the colonial regiments. The book indeed, is a popular compendium of all things relating to the British Army and war in general. The illustrations, of



From The British Army Book
(Blackie).

AN AERIAL SCOUT DROPPING BOMBS

which there are thirty-four in all, are exceedingly good and admirably explained in the text. Some of them are actual photographs from the seat of

TRAINING.

By HARRY ANDREWS.
2s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)

One gathers from the preface that while Mr. Harry Andrews supplied all the material for this excellent treatise, it was Mr. Elliot Stock—who put it into writing. As all interested in athletics know, Mr. Harry Andrews is one of the most famous trainers in the country, acting in that capacity to the Amateur Athletic Association, to many of the chief Army regiments, and being responsible to a large extent for the feats performed by such men as Shrubbs, Holbein and Morton. Mr. Andrews like so many modern trainers, is a great believer in massage, as an aid to training. He reckons it indeed as the most important item in an athlete's striving after fitness. Next in order of importance he advises skipping, walk-

ing and gardening. His advice refers solely to the track, field and road, and though he does touch upon that branch of physical culture which is so important to the boxer, he concerns himself mostly with the runner and the cyclist. He is inclined to be contemptuous with regard to open-air bathing in the winter, declaring that the man who

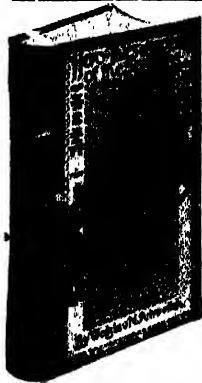
indulges in such spartan work is an object for the onlookers pity. This view, however, can be combated. There are many old men who, up to the age of eighty, indulge in an open-air dip throughout the year with demonstrably beneficial results. The chapter on medicine and general hints is perhaps the most sound and sensible that has ever been published, and every man, whether he is anxious to win athletic honours or not, should read it. There is a good appendix to this really useful book which sets out the rules of the Amateur Athletic Association, and provides a series of weight and time charts for the use of the self-trained athlete.



From Training for the Track
(Stanley Paul).

THE FIRST HURDLE.

FROM HARRAP'S LIST OF BOOKS BEAUTIFUL 1914



HERO-TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE SERBIANS

By WOISLAV M. PETROVITCH, Attaché to the Royal Serbian Legation to the Court of St. James.

With a Preface by CHEDO MIYATOVICH, formerly Serbian Minister in London.
With 32 Illustrations in Colour by WILLIAM SEWELL and GILBERT JAMES.

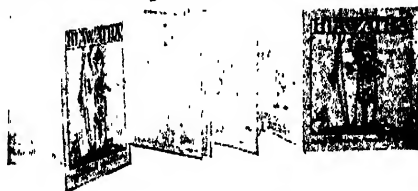
Size 6½ x 9½ ins. 400 pages letterpress, bound in cloth extra, gilt top, with design by WILLY POGÁNY. Price 10/6 net. Bound in full leather, boxed, price 15/- net.

This book contains much that will be new to English readers. The first chapter provides a brief historical resumé; chapter two deals with the customs and characteristics of the Serbians, and is absorbingly interesting; following chapters reproduce the ancient ballads still sung by the bards to the peasantry, also attractive examples of the national folk-lore, etc. Mr. Petrovitch has been successful in retaining the quaint and rugged flavour of his originals, and he transports his English readers into a world of new ideas and emotions.

JUST READY FOR THE NURSERY WILLY POGÁNY CHILDREN

An Important New Series of Toy-Books in a New Shape
Price One Shilling net

Each book consists of a strip of untearable paper which, when opened out, exhibits a series of coloured pictures much like a panorama. On the reverse is printed a story. In its normal state the strip is folded into 30 pages; as the child turns the leaves of the book the pictures only appear on the one side, and each page bears also a descriptive verse. When the book is turned over, the letterpress only is seen as the leaves are opened. Thus there is the appearance of two books in one. Each volume, size 6 x 5 ins.



FIRST FIVE VOLUMES

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. ROBINSON CRUSOE | 4. THE THREE BEARS |
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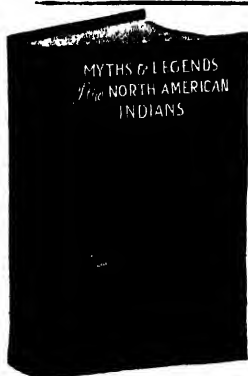
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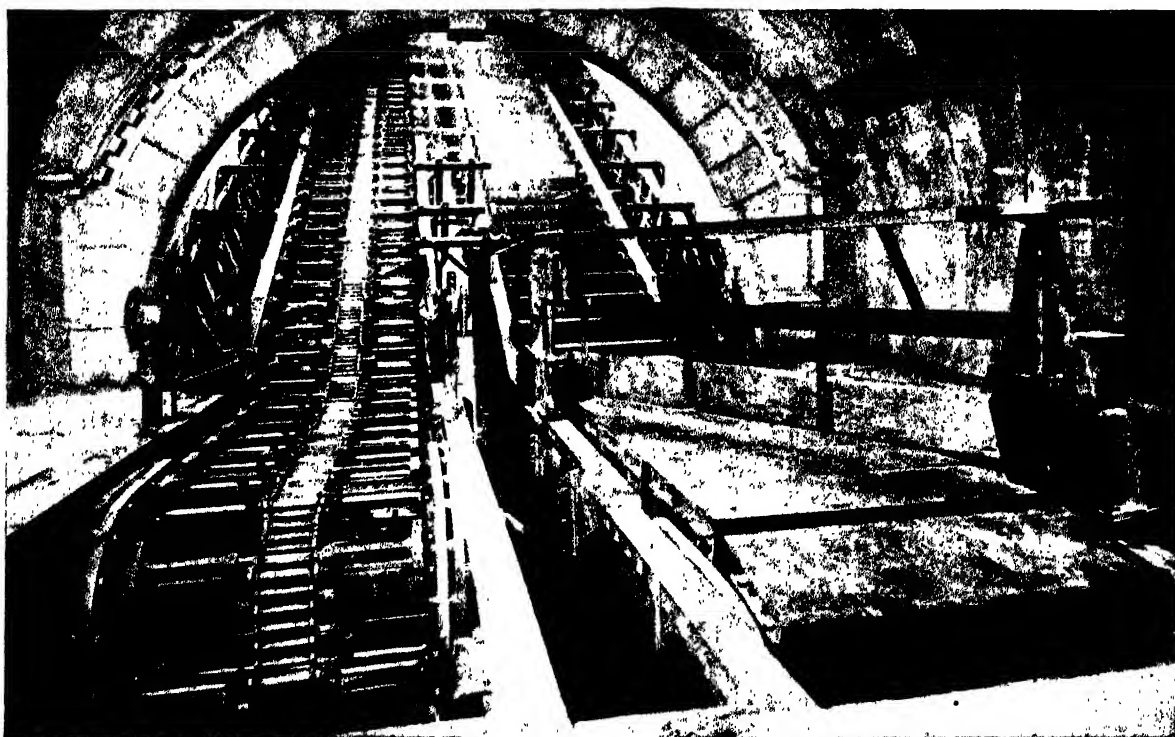
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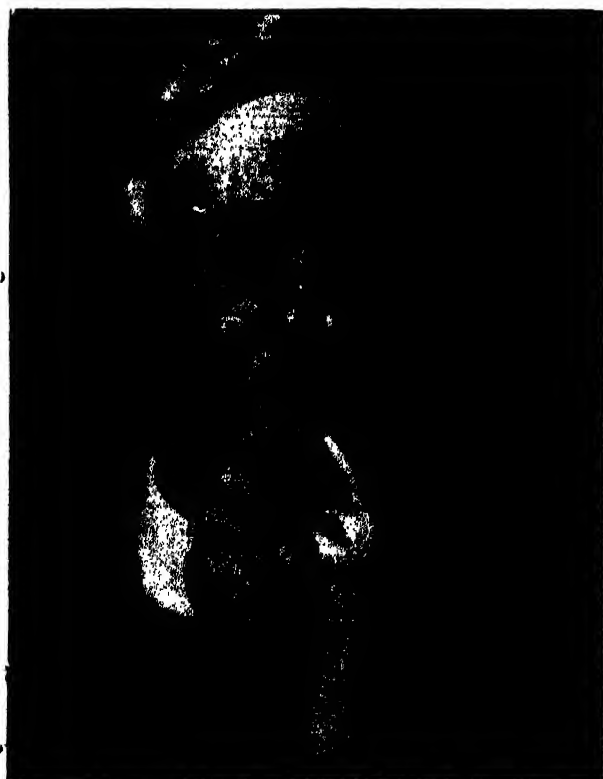
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There is full measure of mystery, with plot and counter-plot, in Mr. J. S. Fletcher's latest novel. At the very beginning of the story the reader is brought right up against a diabolical scheme for the overthrow of the young Baronet, who properly speaking, is not the rightful holder of the title at all, and only at the very end is the real villain unmasked and the problem solved. We are bound to say that, though we never believed in the guilt of Mr. Philip Thornthwaite, the kindly hunchback, with "a face which mediæval painters would have longed to paint as a St. John or the youthful Timothy," we never guessed that the culprit was the vicar's brother. The case looked black against Octavius for a time, and we suspected Dr. Mara Gilverthorpe of having a hand in the evil work. As for the vicar, no one could be sure what he would be up to after the heroine slapped his face. The hero, "fresh from the roar of London," and being "naturally companionable and fond of life," played the man, and was rewarded. To him, and to the lady who slapped the vicar's face, we are indebted for the powerful love-interest without which no popular novel is complete.

THE HAPPY GOLFER.

By HENRY LEACH. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

GOLF FOR WOMEN.

By GEORGE DUNCAN. 3s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

If you have succumbed to the fascination of the royal and ancient game and delight to probe into its mysteries

and pore over its venerable traditions and historic battlefields—in short, if you have "got" golf, Mr. Henry Leach's new book should prove a most companionable and profitable volume. It will convince you that your enthusiasm is wholly sane and justifiable, that golf is indeed the most wonderful and widespread game in the world, and that more courage is required to face a two-foot putt than to approach the fiercest of tigers. Mr. Leach describes the subject-matter of his book as "being some experiences, reflections, and a few deductions of a wandering player."

His experiences, hints, and anecdotes are drawn from the courses and clubhouses of many countries; from Canada, from the United States—he gives a dramatic record of Mr. Ouimet's memorable victory last year at Brooklin—from France and Spain and Italy. To Persia he allots the unenviable distinction of being the world's one golfless country. Heroes and hero-worship have their due place in Mr. Leach's interesting reminiscences, and the merits and charms and architectural qualities of many famous courses are discussed and compared with the skill and affection of a connoisseur.

The most promising of the newer professionals, according to Mr. Leach, is George Duncan, whom he regards as "the greatest genius of golf that has come up since Harry Vardon rose to fame," so that Mr. Duncan's "Golf for Women" should have a big vogue among lady players who want—and what player of either sex does not?—sound and up-to-date advice from an unimpeachable source. With its concise, business-like method of dealing with the subject, its valuable illustrations, and practical hints, "Golf for Women" offers a helping

hand which no woman golfer, whatever her handicap, should neglect to seize. Let her seize it then, if only to demonstrate the fallacy of the author's contention that by reason of her slighter physique the average woman must necessarily be inferior at golf to the average man.

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By WILLIAM J. CLAXTON. With Frontispiece in Colour, and Black-and-White Illustrations. 1s. net. (Blackie.)

In a dozen brightly written, interesting chapters, Mr. Claxton enquires into the causes of the various kinds of weather, and explains how certain types of it may be foretold. He instructs you in the art of constructing rain-gauges, wind-meters, barometers, thermometers, and other meteorological instruments, and tells how to make observations of the temperature, amount of sunshine, wind velocity, length of shadow, and so forth, and illustrates it all with diagrams, charts, and other sketches. Everybody is concerned about the weather; everybody talks about it; and a study of this capital little handbook will enable you to talk about it in future with understanding. It is a useful addition to Messrs. Blackie's charming "Rambler Nature" series.



From Kingsley's *Hypatia*
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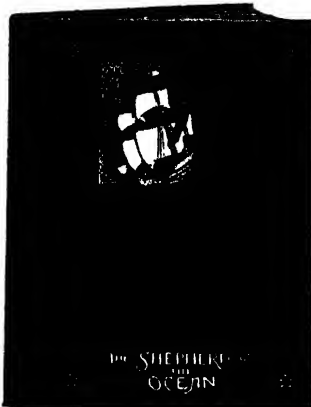
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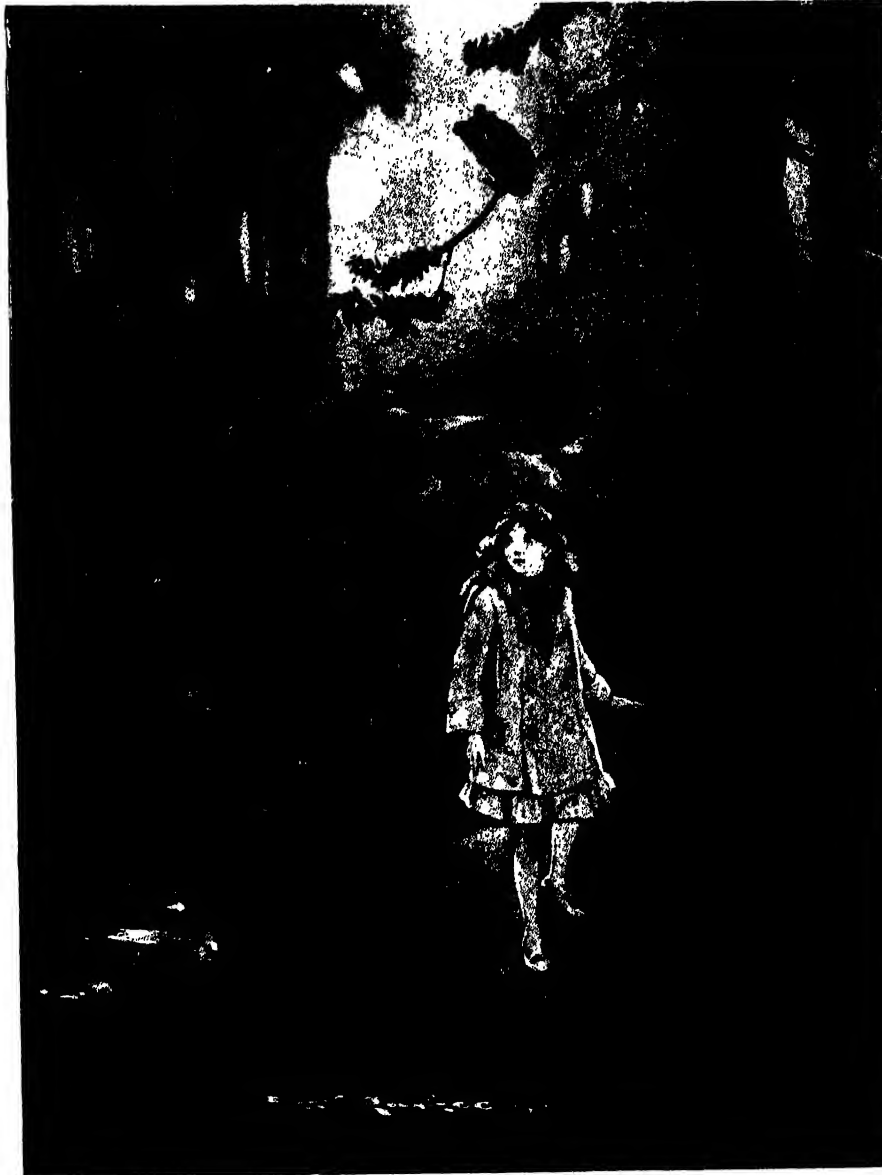
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"Cecily's Highwayman" is a thoroughly healthy, inspiring tale of adventure in the days of Queen Anne. Cecily's loyalty and courage will undoubtedly gain the admiration of every girl and boy who is fortunate enough to read the book. The Highwayman is a man of mystery, known by the nickname of "the Cat," on account of his ability to crouch and spring great distances, in the manner of a cat. He can, for instance, spring from the ground into an open window ten feet above; or he can leap from a balcony across a twelve-foot width of street, on to the balcony of the house opposite, and this at a height of three stories from the ground! With such a man as this in it, a story should not fail to be full of exciting incidents, and, indeed, it does not fail; it is packed with vigorous, thrilling events, in which the Highwayman and Cecily each play a prominent part. This wonderful Highwayman (who turns out to be no other than—but it would not be fair to spoil the story) befriends Cecily on her journey to London with her little cousin Kitty; he introduces the two children to a weird old woman who lives in a lonely house up on the Wiltshire Downs, and who is reputed to be a witch; she has an enormous number of cats, and these cats play a terrible but useful part in defending their mistress towards the end of the book in an incident which leads to the culminating adventure of the Highwayman. The book is illustrated with five dainty colour pictures by John Campbell.



From *Liddle Tickle*.
(Nelson).

THE MOON BEGAN SLOWLY TO APPEAR.

POPPYLAND.

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. Illustrated by LEIGHTON PEARCE. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

Four stories for younger readers make up Mr. de Vere Stacpoole's delightful Christmas volume, "Poppyland." As you might guess from the book's title, all four stories are such stuff as dreams are made of—imaginative, fantastic, full of grace and happy fancies, and told with that delicate, captivating art in which Mr. Stacpoole is a past master. The scenes of the longest tale, "The Little Prince," are in

Italy; those of "Pierette" are in Sweden; and of "Abdul and Hafiz" and "Feyshad" in the wonderful country of the Arabian Nights. There is a mysterious garden in "Pierette" that will give thrills of joy and excitement to whomsoever reads about it, and an immense green dragon which is not to be balked of its prey. The spirit of fantasy and the spirit of adventure play through the book and move its boys and girls and men and women and strange animals to the queerest, gayest, weirdest and most delightfully interesting doings, and the places they live in, the things they see and do are illustrated picturesquely and imaginatively in Mr. Leighton Pearce's admirable colour drawings. "Poppyland" is one of the most entertaining and will be one of the most welcome of Christmas gift

books among the youthful readers for whose pleasure it is specially designed.

THE GIRL FROM THE BACK-BLOCKS.

By LILIAN TURNER. With Illustrations. 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

The girl from the Back-Blocks, aged fourteen, was absolutely certain that she was "a lady to me finger-tips," and had no need of further education or polish. Her family thought otherwise; and in spite of her tears, arguments, anger, and even plotting to miss the train upon the very day fixed for her departure from the Australian country for the Australian town,

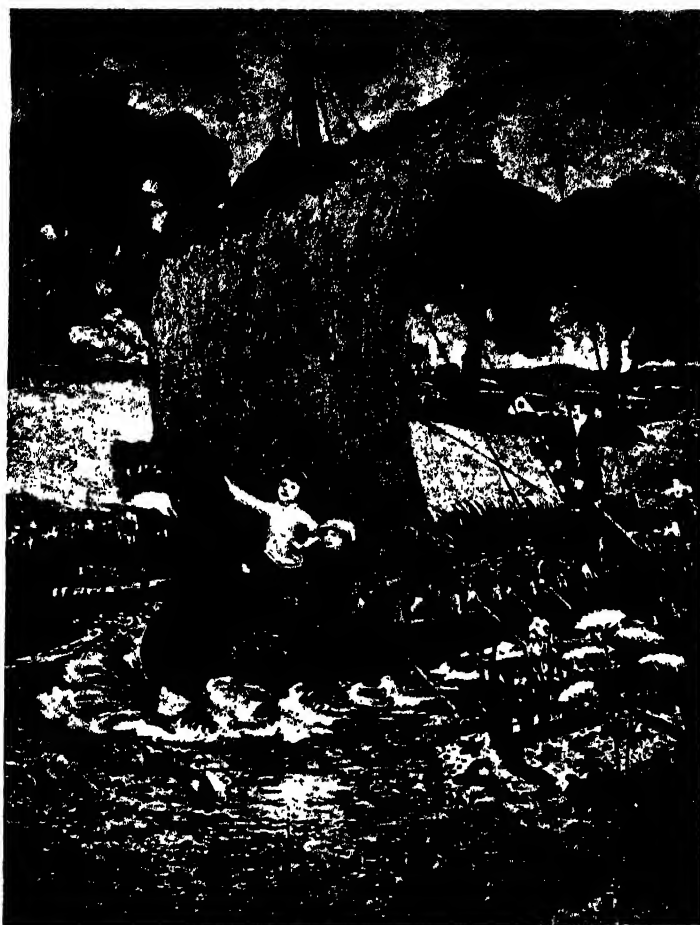
she was hurried off by her father, dishevelled as she was, and left, lonely and home-sick, in the midst of civilisation and modern school-life. Joan Darcy from the Back-Blocks cut an amusing figure among the town-bred girls, and she was quite a "little outsider" for some time. But Miss Turner, who can tell a girl's story better than most persons, alters all that in the most natural manner and pairs up the rough little country girl with the loveliest, most fashionable girl in the school. It is all done with humour at the pen point, too. The girls are living girls, and their talk makes even a grown-up laugh heartily, and we find no unnatural conversion of the Back-Block child into an angelic and polished "Miss." It is an entertaining story, simply told, and lucky is the girl who finds it among her gifts on Christmas Day. It is a noble half-crown's worth.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

THE GOLDEN AGE.

By KENNETH GRAHAME.
Illustrated by R. J. E.
MOONY. 10s. 6d. net.
(John Lane.)

Every year now seems to bring us a new edition of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's inimitable little masterpiece, "The Golden Age"—and it would be hard for the years to bring us any other book of its kind that the happy dwellers in the Golden Age would be so sure to welcome. New books for children are issued by the hundred; they are read eagerly by delighted audiences, and pass out of knowledge, but "The Golden Age" remains with us, along with "Alice in Wonderland," and a few other such tales, that never lose the freshness of their charm and never get lost in the multitude of newer books. There is no need to praise it and its exquisite sketches of child-life; it keeps its sure place in the hearts of all who have read it, and they grow up to give it to their own children because of the joy it gave to themselves. Mr. Moony interprets the poetic fantasy and the quaintness of the stories very cleverly and with the nicest feeling—his landscapes are landscapes of dreamland, but the children that play or move adventurously through them are real children, and it is just this blending of fancy and reality that keeps his drawings in such cunning harmony with the stories that Mr. Grahame unfolds. An altogether delectable edition of one of the most delectable of children's books.



From The Golden Age
(Lane).

WE PUT THE ARGO'S
HEAD UP STREAM.
Reduction of coloured illustration.

delighted our grandparents when they were children; for we have lost the art of writing nursery rhymes, and shall never have any new ones that are so good as the old. Here you have all of them that the present reviewer can remember, and many he had forgotten, and some that he has no recollection of reading before—a large and a first-rate collection; and the pictures are all Miss Tarrant's own. If you are acquainted with her work, you will not need to be told that her charming drawings add freshness and a new edge of meaning to many of the rhymes she illustrates, and that if it were for the sake of the pictures only, this is a book that children will take to their hearts with enjoyment and love. "Old Mother Hubbard," "Jack and Jill," "Simple Simon," "Old King Cole," "I Saw Three Ships"—what is the use of making a list of them? They are all here, printed and illustrated ideally. Messrs. Ward, Lock's "Rainbow Books" are always welcome, and none will be welcomer than this.

NURSERY RHYMES.

By MARGARET W. TARRANT. With 48 Coloured Plates.
3s. 6d. net. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Miss Tarrant has been wisely contented to select her nursery rhymes from that great storehouse of them that

EVERY BOY'S BOOK OF HEROES.

By ERIC WOOD. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

There are many names to be added to the glorious list of heroes in these days, but we should not forget those of the past. To these heroes belongs the honour of setting that high standard of ethics which, in Mr. Lloyd George's sublime phrase, declares that sacrifice is the surest road to redemption. Mr. Wood has wisely not limited his stories of heroes to the Army and Navy. He tells of railway heroes, of heroes of everyday life, of men who in all the varied occupations of their kind have shown that courage of sacrifice which counts. All the great stories are here, too—that of the *Birkenhead*, of Gordon, of the Mutiny, and last, but not least, the story of the heroes of the Victoria Cross. The book, which should make a particular appeal to boys, is illustrated with four colour plates and twelve full-page black-and-white illustrations.



From The Book of Fairy Tales
(Varne).

Title page illustration by H. M. Brock.

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

By MARGARET L.
WOODS. Illustrated by
J. HANCOCK. 6s.
(John Lane.)

In a foreword Mrs. Margaret L. Woods regrets that there are not nearly so many fairies in England now as there were in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It is true, as she remarks, that hardly any living people have seen a fairy, and a good many say "there never were any, and call Fairies Nonsense and Rubbish." Very well, only, as Mrs. Woods adds, "should such people chance to come to one of those spots in England which fairies still haunt, they may find out their mistake -to their sorrow. This was what happened to the Craistors." Then you turn to Chapter I. and begin to read about Lady Craistor and her little boy Darwin, and go on reading in order that you may know what did happen to them and why it was to their sorrow that they found out their

mistake about fairies. It is a capital introduction to a capital story, and we are not going to spoil it by saying what it is all about. There is an imaginary creature whom Darwin feels that he has got to obey; its name is Jaw-Bobo, and its very name and the first mysterious reference to it are enough to make any youngster determine to know all that is to be known of it. There are many other fairies in the book, and some ghosts, and the queerest insects and animals, and the story about them all is told just in the right simple, forceful, amusing way, and the illustrations are a separate and special joy in themselves. This is emphatically a book to be bought when you are buying Christmas presents for any young friends.



From Come Unto These Yellow Sands
(Lane).

SIR GORT'S DUCKING.

probes deep into the reasons for their shapes and habits, and smiles a smile which is a blend of amusement and humanity at those shapes and habits themselves. No animal failed to interest him; and no detail of any animal failed to be worth his study. He wrote about their feet and hands, their tails, their ears; he wrote about their methods and their table-manners; he wrote about the India in which so many of his animal friends lived; and in all he was, as his friend says, "an accurate and amusing writer." This is undoubtedly a volume charming with the charm of sincerity, knowledge and humour. And the illustrations very cleverly suggest the gaiety and the truthfulness of the author's mind.

CONCERNING ANIMALS AND OTHER MATTERS.

By E. H. AITKEN.
With Illustrations by
J. A. SHEPHERD, and
a Portrait. 6s. net.
(John Murray.)

It is more than a pleasure, it is a boon, to find genuine scientific knowledge linked with humour and style in one volume. These things we find in Mr. Aitken's delightful writings. From the memoir of the author, which his friend Surgeon-General Bannerman, has written, we learn much of the sincerity and charm of "Eha" (the pen-name of Edward Hamilton Aitken). It is a memoir written with thought, ability and affection. But from the chapters which follow we learn even more. There is not an animal or insect, from the rhinoceros to the mosquito, that he does not criticise, it seems to us reading his essays, with keen brain and kindly heart. He



From Concerning Animals
(Murray).

HERE THE COMPETITION HAS BEEN
VERY KEEN INDEED.



From Perez, the Mouse
(Lane).

PEREZ, THE MOUSE, STOPPED
AT SOME CROSSWAY.
From coloured illustration.

PEREZ, THE MOUSE.

Adapted from the Spanish of PADRE LUIS COLOMA. By LADY MORETON. With Illustrations by GEORGE HOWARD VYSE. 1s. net. (John Lane.)

Here is the book for all persons who have not yet shed their first tooth. In Spain when a little child sheds the first tooth he (or she, of course) writes a charming and polite letter to Perez, the Mouse, enclosing it, with the

tooth in an envelope, and placing the envelope under the pillow that night. Then, when the child is asleep, comes Perez, the Mouse, takes the letter, reads it, and leaves a gift in its place. This dainty little book tells of the little King Bubi and his first loose tooth,



From Half-Holiday Pastimes
for Children
(Jack).

SIGNALLING WITH
FLAGS.

and of his adventures with Perez the Mouse. It is a really charming little story put into a charming little book, which stands out as being unlike other books. It is the size and shape of the "Peter Rabbit Books," of Miss Beatrix Potter, and its seventeen exquisite little coloured plates are reminiscent of those old favourites. There are spirit and humour, humanity and style in the simple story, and we prophesy that even those persons who have long, long ago lost their first tooth will be borrowing the story of "Perez, The Mouse" from the nursery and forgetting to return it.

HALF-HOLIDAY PASTIMES FOR CHILDREN.

By GLADYS BEATTIE CROZIER. 5s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

A few years ago Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Lucas produced a very helpful games book happily entitled "What shall we do Next?" If we are reminded of that much-thumbed volume by Miss Beattie Crozier's new work it is because games and pastimes not unexpectedly overlap. The author of this book has however brought photography very liberally to her assistance, and some young people may well find pastime for several half holidays in its company, in looking at the pictures and balancing the merits of the keeping of pets with the maintaining of a garden, the establishment of a "Home Museum" with the running of a schoolroom magazine, or the taking of photographs with flag-signalling. Certainly that boy or girl would be difficult to please who could not find in these chapters a hint for the taking up of a hobby that should prove perennially attractive though only "half holidays" are specially devoted to it. Many of the pastimes, by the way, are not such as could be limited to half holidays,—the keeping of pets for example—but such a title must not be taken too literally. The cultivation of a hobby adds a new joy to life and in Miss Beattie Crozier's pages children will find simple and practical advice that should help them to find that joy.



From The Golden Dog
(Gay).

THE BOY'S BOOK OF PETS.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Grant Richards publishes what must surely be one of the most interesting series of books for boys. He has already issued the "Boy's Book of Modern Marvels," the "Boy's Book of Aeroplanes," the "Boy's Book of Warships," and so on, exhausting all the subjects in which a boy is interested. And now he has put out another volume of equal interest in this admirable series. There are nearly a hundred and twenty illustrations in the book, together with a coloured frontispiece descriptive of a collection of some favourite pets. The animals dealt with include dogs, butterflies, cats, pigeons, lizards, silk worms, canaries and moths. In fact there is not a pet which a boy would like to keep to which a complete reference is not made. The author tells how they should be kept, gives details about diet, and, indeed, exhausts the subject in every case.



From The Boy's Book of Pets.
(Grant Richards).

FIRST AID.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By CHARLES DICKENS. 2s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)

A Dickens-lover of our acquaintance makes it a rule every Christmas to read those of the master's novels which deal with Yule-tide. He maintains that it is an infallible method of suffusing his mind with that "Christmas atmosphere," the loss of which is a common matter of lament in these prosy and practical days. There are probably many others who find that the magic of Dickens is similarly potent for them, and the present Christmas will especially call for such a source of refreshment for the spirit. A welcome may, therefore, be extended to

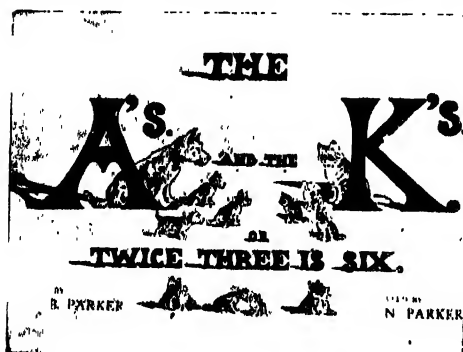


From Dickens' Christmas Carol
(Chambers).

this new edition of "A Christmas Carol," with its fine bold type and coloured illustrations (by A. J. Keller). "A Christmas Carol" will always have an abiding place in the affections of the general reader. It is not merely that the characters are life-like, but that, as someone has aptly said of Dickens, "he is a portrayer of living souls rather than of living men." It is here that the secret of the great novelist is found. To read "A Christmas Carol" with a

responsive mind is to be brought into rapport with the essential spirit of humanity and to be awakened to the true meaning of fellowship with the world, especially the struggling, heroic and kindly portion of it. The present

volume should make an acceptable and appropriate Christmas gift to all but those crabbed souls (if in these days there are any left) who think it an article of literary dignity to abjure Dickens and all his works.



REPRODUCTION OF COVER.
(Chambers).

THE A's AND THE K's.

By B. PARKER. Illustrated by ANN PARKER. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

This is an amusing story told in verse of the adventures of three Aberdeen puppies and three kittens. It will afford endless enjoyment in the nursery, for it is written with just that feeling of incongruity that children understand, and the adventures of the three A's and the three K's are ones with which all children are familiar. The double-page illustrations in colour—there are a dozen of them—and the marginal sketches in black-and-white, are admirable, with no attempt to make the dogs like anything else but dogs, or the kittens like anything else but kittens, and, in spite of this, the artist has succeeded in making her illustrations immensely amusing and lifelike.

TEDDYKINS.

By GRACE G. DRAYTON. (Chambers.)

Teddykins is a small bear, and these are the exciting and amusing adventures of himself and an equally small companion. Children will rejoice to read of mamma bear



From The Littlest One.
By Marion St. John Adcock
(Harrop).

ALL BY MYSELF I AM
OUT IN THE RAIN
From full page illustration
in colour by Margaret Tarrant.

and these two little adventurers and all their doings; and the quaint pictures will add greatly to the reader's enjoyment. What will add to it too is that the very book, large and broad, is cut to the shape of the grown-up bear.

JACK AND JILL.

By CECIL ALDIN and MAY BYRON.
(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

No artist can equal Mr. Cecil Aldin in getting character and humour into sketches of animals; his dogs are the quaintest, most delightful, and at the same time most natural dogs that ever wagged a tail, and we do not remember that he ever drew a more amusing and attractive dog than Jack. Jill is a cat, and these two—Jack alone at first, and afterwards the two in company, went through some entertaining, and unexpected adventures that Mrs. May Byron has related with all the art in entertaining children that she knows so well how to exercise. A handsomely produced and original Christmas book, both in its tale and its pictures.

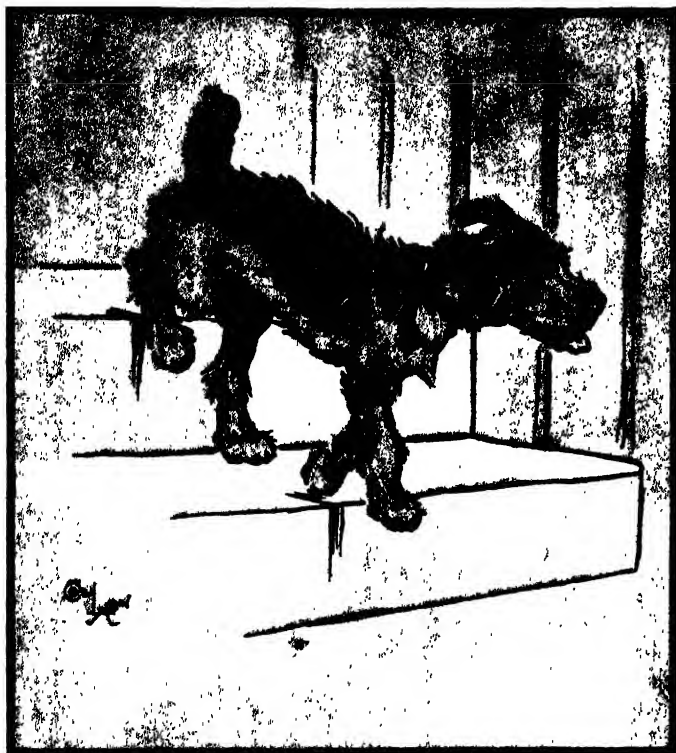


REPRODUCTION OF
COVER
(Chambers).



From The Boys' Book of Pets
(Grant Richards).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914



From *Jack and Jill* Coloured Illustration by Cecil Aldin.
(Frowde & Hodder & Stoughton).

MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR CHILDREN.

(Henry Frowde, and Hodder & Stoughton)

A veritable treasure trove for the little ones is "Mrs. Strang's Annual," containing all sorts of stories and poetry and any number of charming pictures. Fairies and pixies flit through the pages, and animals, flowers, toys, birds, and all those things which are dear to the hearts of children, play their parts in amusing and entertaining them. Mrs. May Byron, Miss Jessie Pope and many other well-known writers are among the long list of contributors; practically



From *Mrs. Strang's Annual* TWO-TWIS-AND-A-SILVER-BUTTON
(Frowde & Hodder & Stoughton) AND THE DRESSMAKER'S CAT.

everything has been thought of that can interest and please juvenile readers, and the result is a book that will be coveted and prized by every one of them. The tales are told in simple language and printed in bold, black type that is easy to read; the verses are very quaint and pretty, whilst the pictures, especially the many coloured plates, give the volume a most artistic and pleasing appearance. A better annual for children has never been published, and it fully deserves the eager welcome it is sure to receive from every fortunate little girl or boy whose possession it becomes this Christmas-time.

BLACKIE'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

(Blackie.)

Christmas would seem incomplete to many children without the new volume of "Blackie's Annual," and it comes this year with a budget of stories and pleasant verses by well-known writers, such as Mrs. George Wemyss, Theodora



From *Blackie's Children's Annual*

Wilson Wilson, Jessie Pope, Agnes Herbertson, Sheila Braine; and is illustrated by many well-known artists, such as H. M. Brock, Gordon Browne, H. R. Millar, Frank Hart. The hosts of beautiful pictures and so much and such varied and such capital reading will thoroughly maintain the place of this, one of the best and most popular of Children's Annuals.

THE JOLLY BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

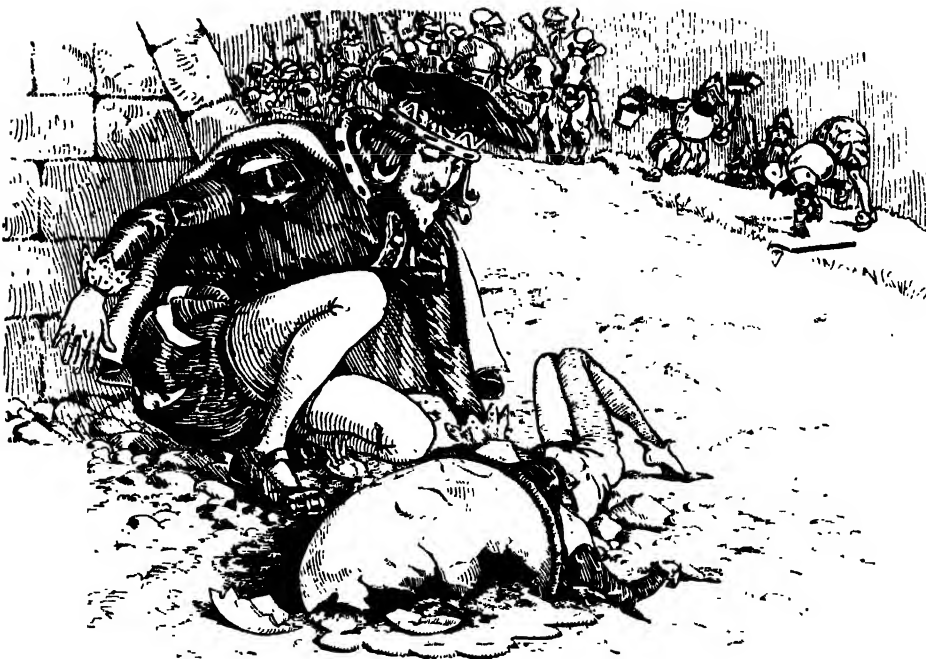
2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

There is a little note above the list of contents that every youthful possessor of "The Jolly Book" will read with satisfaction. "There are so many pictures and stories in this book," it says, "that it is quite impossible to give you a list of them all"; and the best of it is that this is the simple, literal truth. The number and variety of these contents almost bewilders a mere reviewer, but every child who loves tales and pictures will rejoice in them all. The keynote of the volume is humour, as it ought to be—a light, fantastic, jolly humour that gets into the illustrations as well as into the reading, and keeps you thoroughly amused. There are some more serious stories and verses, and some of the coloured and black-and-white sketches are sentimental, or wildly exciting, but the contrast is welcome and helps to make "The Jolly Book" a really jolly book in every respect.

THE COMPLETE TALE OF HUMPTY DUMPTY.

By DOROTHEA CORBOULD.
Illustrated in Colour by
WALTON CORBOULD. 1s. net.
(Warne.)

There has always been something unsatisfying in the brief and rather vague history of Humpty Dumpty as it has been handed down to us. The one incident that was related to us was so evidently not the whole of his story; and Miss Corbould has had the happy idea to tell us what has hitherto been left untold concerning him, and has carried it out with the happiest results, part of them being the clever and amusing series of colour pictures in which Mr. Walton Corbould depicts the familiar events in Humpty's career as well as these that are now for the first time disclosed to us. A lively and entertaining book for very small children.



From *The Complete Tale of Humpty-Dumpty*
(Warne).

Illustration by Walton Corbould.

all own it) will be keenly interested in reading about what happened to him thereafter. The story itself is one joy, and the illustrations are another, and both together are the height of happiness for whomsoever gets the book.

THE HAVEN OF DESIRE.

By CAPTAIN FRANK H. SHAW. 6s. (Cassell.)

Captain Shaw can write about the sea as well as Clark Russell, and he can tell a tale in a straightforward, interesting manner. The description of the tramp steamer, loaded below the safety line and battling with a fierce gale in the Bay of Biscay, is as fine as anything by the older



From *The Indian Story Book*
(Macmillan).

THE COCKYOLLY BIRD.

By MABEL DEARMER. Illustrated in Colour. 7s. 6d. net.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Kit, the hero of this ingenious and amusing story for children, was a boy who had two cross nurses; nevertheless, he got a great deal of pleasure and excitement out of his life, mainly through his acquaintance with the Cockyolly Bird. This bird is not to be described in a mere review. You must go to the book and get the full mystery and wonder of it. Amazing things always happen to anybody who hears the Cockyolly Song, and the song is in the book for all to read. If you hear it sung, you say Cockyolly backwards, and then wait to see what occurs, and you are not kept waiting long. Kit heard it, and the world changed for him, and children, and even grown-ups (though they won't



From *The Cockyolly Bird*
(Hodder).

CAWK ! CAWK !
From coloured illustration by
Mrs. Percy Dearmer.



From *Emancipation*
(Cassell).

WOULD NOTHING EVER HAPPEN
From coloured illustration.

novelist. There are also a couple of good fights between a bully and a mate which are very exciting, and several shipwrecks and a submarine earthquake keep the lives of the two heroes from growing dull. Interwoven with these scenes of sea-life is a series of studies of feminine character and literary adventures. A handsome coquette steals the affections of an honest sailor and leaves his true sweetheart forlorn, and then induces him to forsake the sea and become a pot-boiling novelist. But when publishers refuse to take any more of his books, she runs away with a soldier. This part of the story is not so interesting as the fine, wild sea scenes, but it is sufficiently well done to keep the reader's attention. Captain Shaw's character drawing is of the plain, direct sort, and quite effective of its kind. He does not aim at the imaginative-ness and piercing subtlety of a Joseph Conrad; he has an admirable gift of narration and a large knowledge of modern sea-life, and well maintains the traditions of the sound, old British school of yarn-spinners.

ANIMALS ALL.

By ELLEN VELVIN. With numerous Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

Miss Velvin is well known as an accomplished student in natural history, and in this fascinating volume, she has given as a collection of stories about animals adapted to young readers. There is a capital tale about the kidnapping of a lion; and others as good about "Billy, the Chimpanzee"; "The Tiger and the Leaves," and "The Adventures of a Hyena." Where there are so many, and all so good it is not easy to single out the best, but we imagine that first favourites with most children will be "The Lion Who Would Not be Caught," and "How an Elephant Put Out a Fire." It is an excellent book for the youngsters, excellently illustrated.

IN NELSON'S DAY.

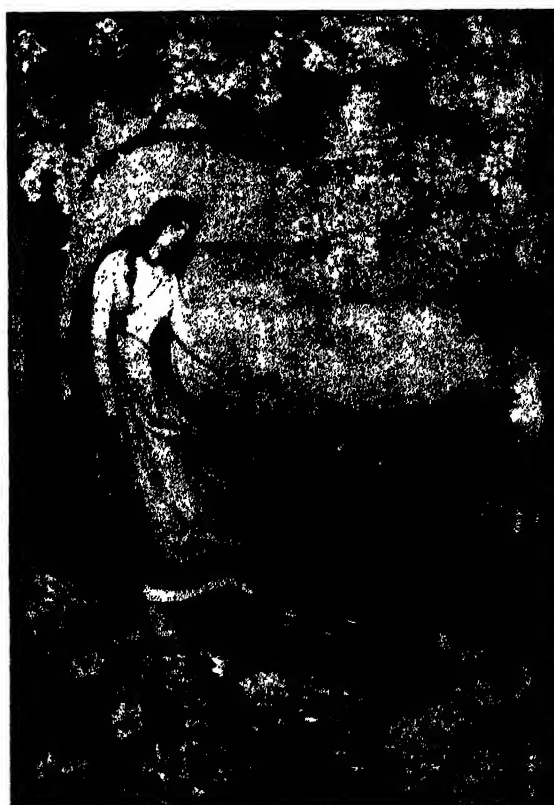
A Story of the Nile and Trafalgar. By ROBERT H. GOODSALL. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

A story full of the brighter side of sea-life in Nelson's day. It goes with the right swing, and boys with a love for the salt water will revel in it. There are 320 pages of fairly close print, something to keep a lad safe and quiet during many a long winter evening. And there are passages in which girls will delight also. At the present time the book should be certain of wide popularity with young folk.

EMANCIPATION,

By DOROTHY A. BECKETT TERRELL. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

This is the story of Betty Fenwick—of how, when her school days are finished, she sets her mind upon making a career for herself, and endowed with noble thoughts of self-sacrifice, decides to enter a London hospital, and to train to be a nurse; how her kind-hearted step-mother persuades her to live in London for a while, to get used to her surroundings and to make quite sure that she is doing the best and wisest thing. And so it develops with the story, which is of Betty's life in London, where she resides in Wordsworth Mansions "a rabbit-warren of little flats . . . and the population is largely feminine. Here are writers, painters, journalists—but not the successful ones . . . Here also are typists—typists by the score. This, in short, is a backwater where some of the flotsam and jetsam—the floating population of London—comes together." It is a story of unusual power. Miss Dorothy A. Beckett Terrell's writing is full of vitality and humour with an undercurrent of sympathy that lends the book a very human touch. This is a book girls will thoroughly enjoy and benefit by reading.



From *The Indian Story Book*
(Macmillan).

A CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

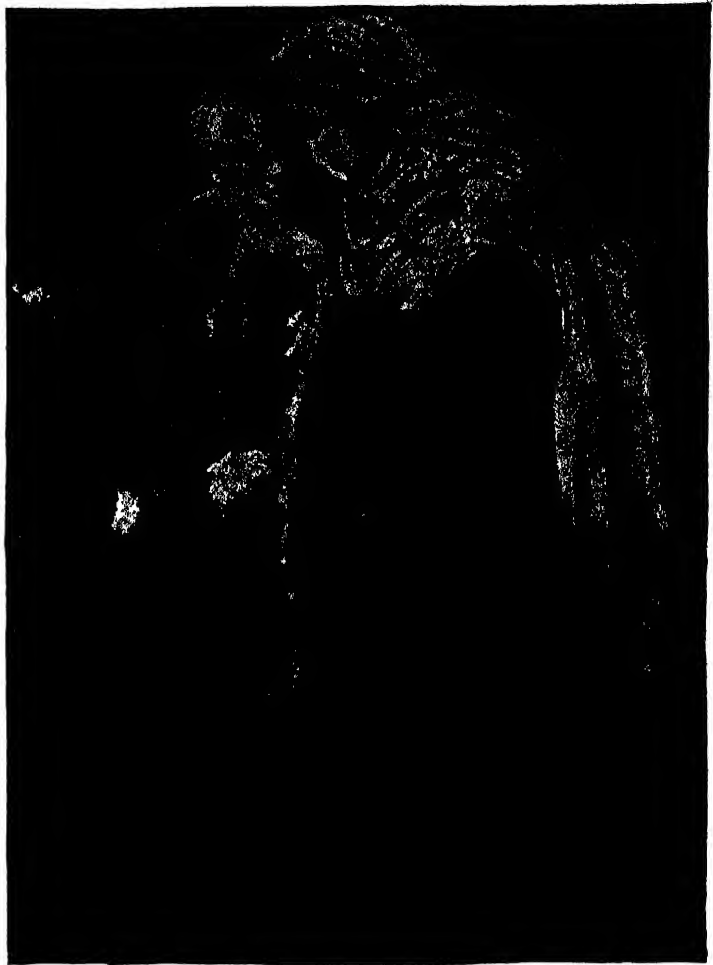
By MABEL DEARMER. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Dearmer first published this "Child's Life of Christ" eight years ago. Since then it has been re-issued twice in a cheaper edition and the demand for it is likely to continue. It is not an easy thing to write a life of Christ for a child and yet Mrs. Dearmer has succeeded admirably. Nothing is omitted, and yet the sacred narrative is so handled that it is well within the comprehension of the smallest child. Parents who wish to give elementary religious instruction to their children are often faced with the difficulty of how to begin. One mother started with the story of the Crucifixion, and so shocked and terrified her son that all religious instruction of any kind had to be abandoned for many months. It is just such a book as this which parents will welcome, for it is so written and so constructed as to grip and hold the child's attention. The volume is enriched by the eight fine illustrations in colour by Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale.

CANDLE AND CRIB.

By K. F. PURDON. Illustrated by BEATRICE ELVERY. (Maunsel.)

If you have read "The Folk of Furry Farm" you will not need to be advised to read this new story by the same author. "Candle and Crib" is a real Christmas story; it is steeped in the tender, mystic spirit of Christmas, and written with the delicate fancy, the kindliness of heart, the spontaneous sympathy with the dreams and hopes and sorrows of ordinary human beings that are in closest harmony with that spirit. It is not a story to be told here in outline—it is too slight and sweet and fragile a thing for that, and its charm lies in the telling. It is a little poem in prose, and it is that because it is not written in poetical prose, but in a simple, homely fashion that carries its tale straight to the reader's



From A Child's Life of Christ
(Methuen).

THE QUIET CHILDHOOD.

heart. Give it to any young reader and you will find that this is so. Miss Elvery's illustrations in colour are well worthy of the book—and that is saying much.

STORIES TOLD TO CHILDREN.

By MICHAEL FAIRLESS. With Illustrations by FLORA WHITE. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

These four charming fairy stories were first published as part of the volume of "The Grey Brethren." They have now been taken thence and given a book to themselves, and they fully deserve that distinction, for "The Story of the Dreadful Griffin," "The Discontented Daffodils," "The Fairy Fluffkins," and "The Story of the Tinkle-Tinkle" are four of the most delightful of modern tales for children—they have the right simplicity, the right graceful fancy, and the right quiet and delicate humour. And the great merit of Miss White's beautiful colour illustrations is that the same essential qualities are so perfectly expressed in them also. If you are hesitating in your choice of a Christmas book for some member of the smaller public, a glance at "Stories Told to Children" will put an end to your hesitation.

THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF.

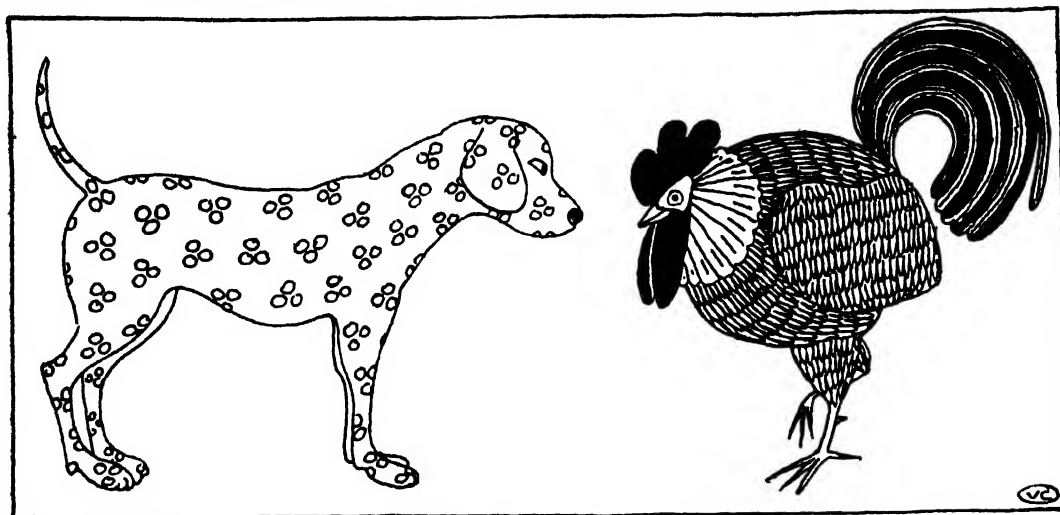
By E. EVERETT GREEN. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

A splendid story for children is Miss E. Everett Green's latest book, "The House on the Cliff." Told by a little girl of ten years old, the eldest of four, it relates the adventures of this happy family on a visit to their grandmother at the seaside. They are natural, lovable children, full of originality, and their many exciting experiences will keep the reader enthralled until the end of the book. The author knows what will appeal to children, and tells the tale in a simple, easy, unaffected manner, with many flashes of real humour, and an evident sympathy with all the pleasures and griefs of childhood.



From Candle and Crib
(Maunsel).

THE OX'S STALL.



From *More Russian Picture Tales*
(Blackwell.)

THE DOG AND THE COCK.

until the haymakers have given her some hay, and the hay-makers won't give any hay until the oven has given some loaves, and the oven won't give any loaves until the wood-cutters have given some wood, and the wood-cutters won't give any wood until the smith has given them an axe, and the smith won't lend his axe until he has received some charcoal, which, when the old woman has burned, everything is made easy and the life of the cock is saved. The illustrations of the book are delightful.

MORE RUSSIAN PICTURE TALES.

By VALERY CARRICK. Translated by NEVILL FORD.
(Blackwell.)

There is really only one way of testing the value of a book written for children, and that is to give it to the children themselves to read. We have submitted this little volume to three critics, at ages ranging from five to nine, and their verdict is unanimous. They consider it the best collection of stories they have heard for many a day. And what better verdict can there be than that? For pure charm they rival the best of Grimm, and they are as humorous and inconsequential as any of our famous nursery stories. There seems to be a strain of humour peculiar to the nursery literature of all countries. You know the story of the House that Jack Built, and the Pig who would not get over the stile which depends for its charm upon the repetition of certain facts. The Russian children have very much the same story. A cock ate a bean and choked himself, and his mistress, finding him in this condition, asked him what was the matter. "I've choked myself with a bean," he answered. "Go and ask the cow for some butter." The cow won't give any butter

DOT AND THE KANGAROO.

By ETHEL C. PEDLEY. With Illustrations by FRANK P. MAHONEY. 2s. 6d. net. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson. London: Humphrey Milford.)

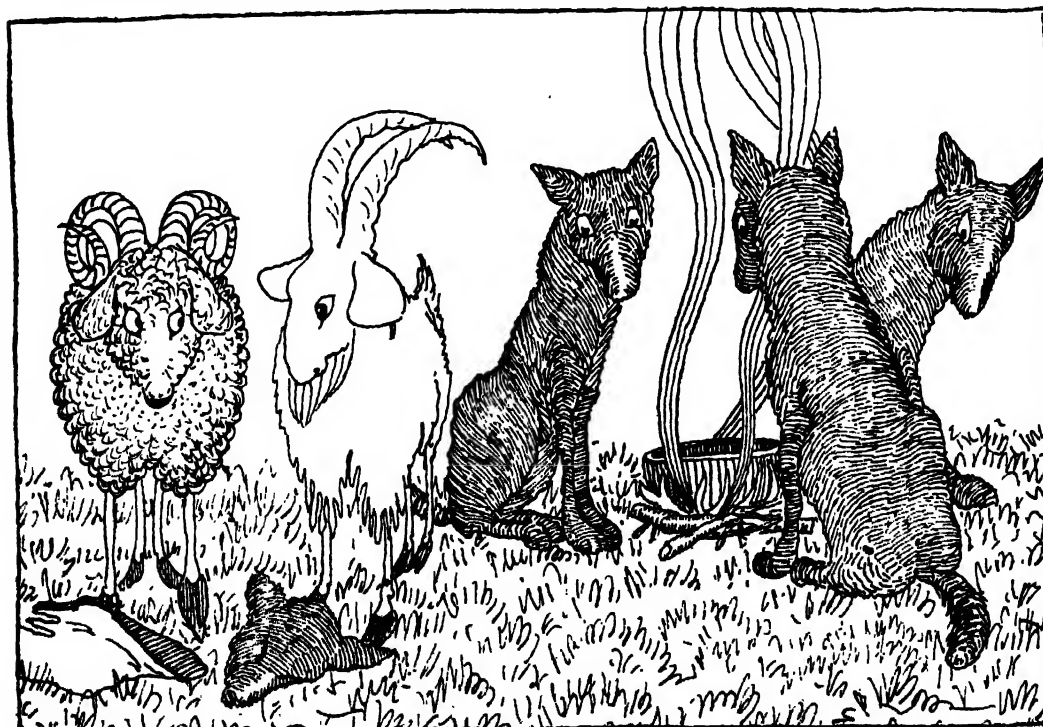
Miss Pedley has written a story about a little Australian child for other Australian children to read; but children of all countries will be the better for reading it because it teaches sympathy and care for wild animals. Dot, the small heroine of this story, is lost in the immense Australian bush, and when she is in the depth of her child-despair, she sees a big grey kangaroo sitting before her. In the story the kangaroo gives Dot some berries to eat, and these berries enable her to understand animal language. The kangaroo has lost its own baby and is very sad and lonely, and it takes Dot into its empty pouch and carries her through many adventures. These adventures introduce her to many another animal and bird, and she learns of the dangers and sufferings which all wild creatures meet with at the hands of the slaying, hunting humans. Miss Pedley gives a vivid picture of the lonely land, and makes her animal heroes very much alive. In the end a double joy

is waiting for the reader, for Dot finds again her home and her loving father and mother, and the faithful kangaroo finds its lost baby. Quite the right ending for Christmas-tide.

SOME PEKING- ESE PETS.

Sketched and Described by M. N. DANIEL. 2s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Daniel does not pretend to have written a hand-book on Pekingese; his aim has been to give character sketches of that breed of pet dogs, and to supplement the sketches with a history of the animals, and hints on their care and management. Dog lovers will find his little book both useful and interesting.



From *More Russian Picture Tales*
(Blackwell.)

THE GOAT AND THE RAM.

HOW I TAMED MY WILD SQUIRRELS.

By ELEANOR TYRRELL. 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

It hardly seems possible that an account of how a lady caught and tamed a few wild squirrels could be made the matter for a book, or, if it were attempted, could be of any interest to a reader. And yet the authoress of this little volume has unquestionably achieved this seeming impossibility. It would be difficult to say in what the fascination of this book lies—whether it is the simplicity and tenderness of the narrator, or the really close study of a certain phase of animal life—but it is unquestionably a most attractive book. It would seem that squirrels are being destroyed wholesale as a pest—they are supposed to damage young trees—and the authoress declares that the Highland Squirrel Club has exterminated forty-six thousand up to 1912, and that the Board of Agriculture has issued a mandate authorising their destruction wherever and whenever possible. To many people this announcement will come as something of a shock, for the squirrel is one of the prettiest and most attractive of the denizens left to our woods. After reading this book everybody will feel inclined to join in a protest against the edict of death. The volume is very charmingly illustrated with coloured plates and marginal sketches.



From *How I Tamed Wild Squirrels*
(Nelson).

TELL ME A TRUE STORY.

By MARY STEWART. 3s. 6d. net. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

"All capable teachers agree," says Mr. A. F. Schaffler in his introduction to Miss Stewart's excellent book, "that the rising generation knows all too little of the grand stories of the Old Book, and that no other book or books in the world can match the Bible for pictorial presentation of such truths as attract and fascinate the child's mind, while at the same time they arouse enthusiasm and lead the child to right action." In an entertaining, conversational way, Miss Stewart tells the most interesting tales from the Bible, from the beginning of the world to the last story of Jesus. Children will enjoy reading Bible-history in this delightful story-book form, and it will live in their memories the longer because everything

is made plain and clear and long words and confusing complications are carefully avoided. For bed-time tales, or for reading aloud to the little ones on Sunday afternoon, nothing better could be found.

THE SEA CAPTAIN.

By H. C. BAILEY. 6s. (Methuen.)

'Tis a spirited tale this of the famous Captain Rymington, and of his many adventures before that he settled

down to high prosperity. He was cunning was this hero, so cunning that even when he served as shepherd in the hulk country of Berkshire his betters were foiled by taking him for a fool. By the same token this mad shepherd brought Sir Ralph, the wicked rector of the parish—a black-gowned priest—with "pious features," of the days "when Mary who burnt the heretics was Queen"—to a violent, but well-deserved death. Then Diccon, the silly shepherd, met Nicholas Doricot, who followed the sea in the brave old piratical fashion when Elizabeth was Queen and the Papists were hanged at Tyburn. And all goes well while Doricot lives. For he was a bonny lad was Nicholas, and his mastery of the Bristol alderman, and his tremendous fight on the Moorish galleys, are great business. But Doricot

PRESENTLY I SPIED THE TEMPER
DELICATELY SKIPPING FROM BRANCH
TO BRANCH.

dies after his rescue from the prison in Alexandria, and Dick Rymington, as cunning and as courageous as ever, is not such good company as the man who taught him seamanship. Fortune, it is true, went with Dick, and from the troubles that beset him invariably brought deliverance. We knew that Barbarossa, the infidel, would be floored by the erstwhile Berkshire shepherd, and that the mighty power of Spain could not compass our hero's death. As for those "dear lads," Arthur Gower and Lord Branscombe, they were bound to be discomfited. Dick behaved well to women, and was properly rewarded. His marriage, by all accounts, was a success. It would have been an ill-world otherwise.

BUSHLAND STORIES.

By AMY ELEANOR MACK. 3s. 6d. net. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson. London: Humphrey Milford.)

This illustrated volume comprises a very fresh and charming collection of stories for children, written by



*From Beauty and the Beast
(Warne).*

an Australian author who is an enthusiastic nature-lover, and thoroughly conversant with the haunts and denizens of her beloved bushland. Birds, beasts, fishes, plants are the things that matter in these little stories, which frequently take the form of whimsical fables. The moral is always unobtrusive, yet sound, as in the story of the leaf that longed to be red, or of the white heron whose beautiful plumes make it ever a prey to woman's vanity. In such a book there is, of course, much simple and instructive nature-lore. The author writes in a bright, happy vein, and of the many stories which will delight the children of these islands we may mention in particular that of the birds' concert, which tells of the efforts of the conceited Lyre Bird to imitate the laughing Kookaburra.

THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL.

(Jas. Clarke & Co.)

Whoever compiles the "Rosebud Annual" is to be congratulated on his evident knowledge of children and what interests and amuses them. This splendid new miscellany of stories, verses, music and pictures will add another laurel to the reputation of the "Rosebud Annual" and confirm it in its place as a first favourite among the dwellers in the nursery.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

By LEWIS CARROLL. 2s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

Messrs. Bell & Sons have just issued another edition of a book that will never grow old, and it is certain that now,

as ever, Alice will find an eager welcome awaiting her wherever she goes. It is charmingly illustrated in colour by Miss Alice B. Woodward, who, we are glad to note, has kept as closely as possible to the familiar conception of the different characters, so that it is the same quaint little Alice again, in her short skirts and apron and ankle-band slippers, who figures in her pictures. In spite of the able attempts of many present-day artists, the real Alice cannot be modernised or improved upon. Miss Woodward has obtained some lovely colour effects; her graceful and humorous drawings lend an additional charm to the book and will go far to make this always popular story even more popular among children this Christmas.



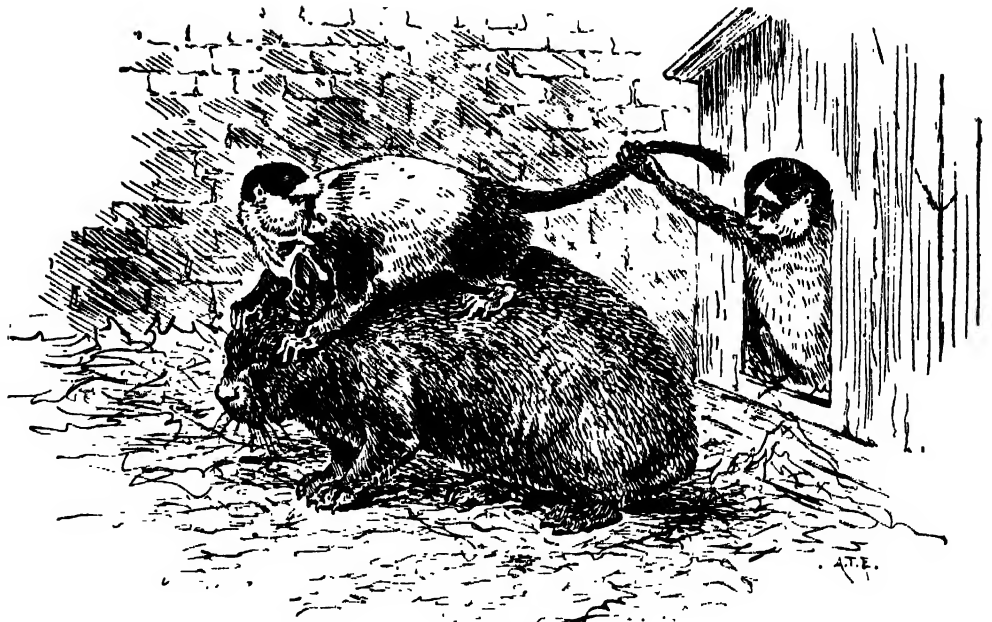
*From The Rosebud Annual
(Clarke).*

BEDTIME.

RODBOROUGH SCHOOL.

By W. F. CULE.
3s. 6d. (Pilgrim Press.)

If it is true that there are some classics which are boys' books—"Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" are examples—it is equally true that there are some boys' books that are classics. One's memory returns to them automatically as standards by which all the other literature of boyhood should be judged. "Treasure Island" and "The Fifth Form of St. Dominic's" may be used as a touchstone for excellence according to the style of book upon which one has to pass judgment. In "Rodborough School" Mr. Cule has come reasonably near the latter school-boy classic. His characters are real boys, with that recklessness and lack of reverence peculiar to the male thing between fifteen and eighteen. The stories make admirable reading—there are fifteen in all—and they all have that healthy spirit which a boy's literature should have. There is nothing here of that morbid strain which characterised Farrar's famous "Eric, or Little by Little." They are just a jolly string of adventures, set in a perfectly natural school atmosphere, in which a perfectly natural set of boys take part.



From The Rosebud Annual
(Clarke).

UP TO MISCHIEF.

any particular tale without wishing to go on and mention all the rest, for they all have a certain newness and fascination. The book would make an excellent gift book for any girl or boy. The several illustrations by Miss May Gibbs, including a frontispiece in colour, add considerably to its attractive appearance.

HELEN'S BABIES.

By JOHN HABBERTON.
6s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

A new edition of this delightfully humorous book will be welcomed by everyone. "Helen's Babies" has had many imitations, but no successor, and is still as thoroughly amusing as it was thirty odd years ago in the youth of its popularity. It is full of freshness and spontaneity, and can be read and re-read any number of times, without losing any of its first charm. There are profuse illustrations both in line and colour by Miss Carrie Solomon. It is a very attractive production, a delectable Christmas gift for any man, woman or child who possesses a sense of humour and who is able to appreciate the rollicking fun of this well-known, well-loved story that has sent laughter echoing all down the years since the day of its creation.

SCRIBBLING SUE.

By AMY ELEANOR MACK. 3s. 6d. net.
(Sydney: Angus & Robertson, Ltd.;
London: Humphrey Milford.)

A delightful collection of short stories for children are these charming and original Australian tales by Miss Amy Eleanor Mack. Told in a simple but thoroughly entertaining style, they are full of quaint fancies and are just the sort of thing that will appeal to the heart and imagination of every real child. There is a freshness about them, and a delicious humour; as in "The Story of a Clothes Peg," which tells of a clothes peg that grew conceited and wanted to travel, because a little boy carved a face on it; and in "The Best of Friends," relating to a disappointing tea-party, the cow and the horse attempted to give to the birds. But it is impossible to mention



From Helen's Babies
(Hutchinson).

IT WAS TOO PITIFUL.



*From Belgian Playmates
(Gay & Hancock).*

QUICK-MARCH!

BELGIAN PLAYMATES.

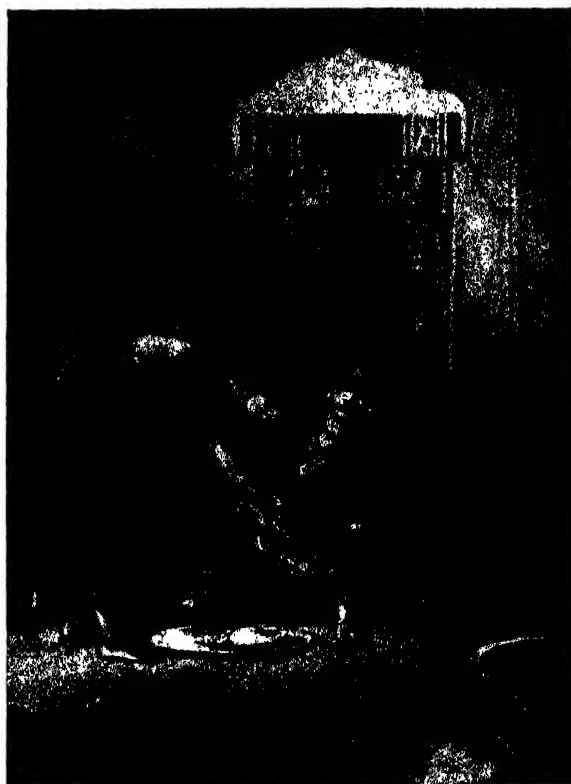
By NELLIE POLLOCK. Illustrated by CHARLES FOLKARD.
1s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

This is a capital little story of the present war that will not only entertain juvenile readers with its narrative of the two heroes who went out with the Expeditionary Force—one to return covered with glory, the other to lay down his life for his country—but will serve to give them a real and vivid idea of the great happenings of the day. To this there is added an interesting and amusing account of the doings of certain English children and their small Belgian playmates in the home circle from which the two heroes went to the front, and to which news of them comes from time to time to thrill their quiet lives with excitement. It is simply and attractively written and should prove a popular Christmas gift with children.

COMPLETE VERSION OF YE THREE BLIND MICE.

By JOHN W. IVIMEY. Illustrated by WALTON CORBOULD.
1s. net. (Warne.)

A very amusing little book for youngsters is the "Complete Version of ye Three Blind Mice," with pictures on



*From Deccan Nursery Tales
(Macmillan).*

**AND FILL HER LAP WITH
WHEAT CAKES.**

every page, most of them in colour. The tale is told in verse of the familiar metre, and will please children immensely, for it shows how the mice set out to look for adventure, how they blinded themselves and had their tails cut off by the immortal farmer's wife, and how in the



*From Half-Holiday Pastimes
for Children
(Jack).*

**HOME PICTURE
FRAMING.**



*From "Alice in Wonderland"
(Bell).*

**THE EXECUTIONER CAME BACK
WITH THE DUCHESS.**

end they got their sight back and rubbed a lotion called "Never Too Late to Mend" on their tails until they grew again. To know of this happier conclusion will be a great relief to sensitive young minds that have bemoaned the miserable fate of the mice, as related in that unsatisfactory nursery rhyme, and Mr. Ivimey has worked out the history very skilfully and funnily.

ANIMAL TALES FROM AFRICA.

By J. H. MACNAIR. Illustrated by HARRY ROUNTREE.
1s. 6d. (Wells, Gardner.)

These quaint and charming animal tales are adapted from "Hausa Folk-Lore," by Mr. R. Sutherland Rattray, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I., and, as Mr. J. H. Macnair says in his preface, his aim has been to render a storehouse of delightful tales accessible to children. He has certainly been wholly successful, and has compiled a most interesting and entertaining little volume that is bound to please every child who comes in contact with it. "The Hausas, who inhabit the Central and Western Sudan," the author explains, "are a curiously interesting race of mixed Negro and Arab blood. They alone of tropical African tribes possess a written language and a considerable literature, and they are far and away more civilised and intelligent than any of their neighbours." As he says, also, the stories do not in any way suffer in comparison with the folk-tales of Western nations, "though their charm lies in the complete difference of custom and colour from all European collections of folk-tales we know." Mr. Harry Rountree was the ideal artist for illustrating these fascinating little tales, which make something quite new in children's books and should enjoy great popularity this Christmas.



From Animal Tales
from Africa
(Wells Gardner.)

BUNSURU TOOK THEM ALL
OVER TO HIS NEW HOUSE.

MURRAY FINDS A CHUM.

By MAY WYNNE. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 8 other Illustrations. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Miss May Wynne can always be relied upon to tell a good story—usually it is a story full of the stir and sensation and romantic glamour of the past; but in "Murray Finds a Chum" she tells an unsensational tale of our own day, and one, moreover, that is for the juvenile reader. It is a story all about children as well as for children, and the adventures of the sturdy youngster, Murray, and his small cousin, Ruth, are very simply, brightly and entertainingly unfolded. They are very natural and very lovable children, and it will give all youngsters who are lucky enough to get the book much joy to read about them.



From Murray Finds a Chum
(Stanley Paul.)

GIRLS OF THE HAMLET CLUB.

By ELSIE OXENHAM. Illustrated in Colours by HAROLD C. EARNSHAW. 3s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)

When Cicely Hobart decided to do the thing she disliked, and leave the pleasant, cheerful home-circle in which she had lived during her father's absence in Ceylon—leave the school, too, where she was so happy and had so many friends and ambitions, and give up so many cherished plans, she little thought how full of interest the new life would be. To please her father, and to be near her unknown grandparents in case they should overcome their dread of seeing the little granddaughter who had cost their beloved daughter her life and send for her, Cicely goes to live with Mrs. Ramage in her cottage in Whitelead village, near her mother's old home, and attends a large school at Wycombe. Here, from the very beginning, she is plunged into the midst of girl-rivalries, girl-friendships, girl-intrigues, and girl-plans and amusements. At the Wycombeschool there was a set which prided itself on its



From Lady Ann's Fairy Tales
Reduction of one of the coloured illustrations by Maud Tindal Atkinson.
(Grant Richards.)



From The Girls of the
Hamlet Club
(Chambers). •

THE FIVE ORIGINAL
MEMBERS OF THE
CLUB.



From A Girl of High Adventure
(Chambers).

"AND THOU WILT SEE THY
NINON WHO WEEPS OUTSIDE?"

exclusiveness, its social side, its clubs, and its superiority; and there was another set which could not afford the club subscriptions, which resented the impolite behaviour of the club members, and endured the uncomfortable position of being "outsiders." The exclusive girls were called "Townies," the others were called "Hamlets," and into this life Cicely plunged unsuspectingly, and bravely took her stand for right against snobbishness. Miss Oxenham undoubtedly knows a good deal about the inside of school life; she also knows the charm of an English country-side, and her story will fascinate girls of all ages by its spirited style and its truth to life.



From Dragon Osmund
(Nelson).

SO SHE UNTIED THE
GOLDEN STRING.

A GIRL OF HIGH ADVENTURE.

By L. T. MEADE. (W. & R. Chambers.)

Mrs. L. T. Meade's stories are always sure of pleasing the girl-public for whom they are written, and it is safe to say that this one will be no exception to the rule. It is the tale of an unusual child who seeks adventures for herself by going on a trip to Ireland to visit the unknown relations of her dead mother. Wherever she goes little Marguerite wins love and popularity, and through her unconventional holiday many strange things happen and she has some surprising and exciting experiences, of which the author tells in that easy, unaffected style which has endeared her writings to such a vast number of girls for so many years past. From beginning to end the book holds the reader's attention, and little Marguerite's quaint, outspoken ways and old-fashioned mannerisms are wholly delightful and extremely entertaining; whilst her pluck and determination in carrying out her daring schemes are bound to win unstinted admiration for the dauntless spirit of so young an adventuress.

DRAGON OSMUND.

By CHARLES W. WHISTLER. 3s 6d. (Nelson.)

We have not had the luck to come across Mr. Whistler's other stories, but judging from this volume he is a first-rate teller of Tales for Boys. This book reminds one of Charles Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake," and the less known but in some ways better book "The Camp of Refuge." It tells of the glory of fighting, a very different thing from the glory of war, which under modern conditions has well nigh passed away. The plot moves steadily on to its end, it is told in a well-sustained antique style, which, when successfully carried out forms a most appropriate atmosphere for such a chronicle. The story is very largely historical, founded in the chronicles of William of Malmesbury, and the Records attributed to Ingulph. Several of the actual incidents are definitely historic. It



From Dick's Love
(Simpkin, Marshall).

HE WOULD SELL HIS LIFE DEARLY
BEFORE HE GAVE UP HIS PRIZE.

brings the period very vividly before one, and so has much of the value of actual history, and it is so exciting that one reads to the end at a single sitting without a moment's weariness. The book is, of course, intended for boys' reading, who will note that the hero is always kept well in the forefront, will enjoy the occasional presence of noble, brave and beautiful women, and will unravel the machinations of Edgar the Villain, who is never mean but throughout remains partly heroic, and therefore sympathetic to the reader. Finally, the book is to be commended because it has just that dignity of style which can be appreciated by the young.



From Gildersley Tenderfoot
(Pearson).

STANDING THERE SHE CALLED
OUT THREE SEPARATE TIMES,



From The Rising of the Red Man
(Jarvold).

DOUGLAS HAD MADE
SURE OF HIM.



From *Black Tales for White Children*
(Constable).

SHANUI AND TABAK.

DICK'S LOVE.

By M. HARDING KELLY. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

A thrilling tale of adventure in love and war is Mr. M. Harding Kelly's "Dick's Love." It is a story that both girls and boys will thoroughly enjoy, for it lacks neither excitement nor romance. Dick Havelock's experiences in poverty-stricken boyhood, in school-life, in the Indian Mutiny, and in his love for Betty Waller are well and vividly told, and the staunch, upright characters of both the hero and heroine will quickly win the reader's sympathy and admiration. Betty is a splendid girl in every way, even as a child high-spirited and proud, refusing to be domineered over by a stern, narrow-minded governess and with a strong reverence for anything courageous and honourable. Little wonder that stalwart Dick should appeal to her from the very beginning, seeing that he makes her acquaintance by risking his life for hers, though his own misfortunes prevent him uttering his love for her and he does not guess until the end that what he so heroically renounces is his already. It is an excellent plot, and the interest is stimulated throughout by stirring incidents and dramatic situations.

GILDERSLEY'S TENDERFOOT.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

This is "a thrilling tale of Redskin and Prairie," a rattling good story of adventure in the wild west, that boys will thoroughly enjoy. Harvey Denham, the "tenderfoot," a homeless waif of London and an immigrant to Canada, is adopted by Joe Gildersley and his wife Amelia, and sent out to join them on their lonely ranch. But his adventures commence whilst he is still on the way there, and he faces death many times and in many forms before he reaches them at last—and then only reaches them by a stray twist of fortune. As the French Canadian, Pierre Adieu, who is his companion in most of his exciting experiences, says: "'E shoot de lynx, find 'ow to mek fire without any match, save la belle White Plume when she

drown in creek, follow ver' well on forest trail, escape the Hindian, fight many hours de blizzard, and kill 'is grizzly bear. . . ." Perhaps his narrow escape from the Redskins will grip the reader most, though the whole book simply bristles with thrilling incidents, and the author's ingenuity at working out a first-rate plot is too well known to need comment. Mr. Leighton writes admirably and with a real feeling for literary expression; moreover, he knows just the kind of book boys revel in, and knows, too, how to give it to them.

BLACK TALES FOR WHITE CHILDREN.

By CAPT. and MRS. C. H. SEIGAND. Illustrated by JOHN HARGRAVE. 5s. net. (Constable.)

On the East coast of Africa there is a people called the Swahili, who are a mixture between native Africans and Arab traders. The stories that they tell are derived partly from the source that produced the "Thousand and One Nights", and the simple folk lore of the original primitive race. One knows from the hold that Grimm has upon the childish imagination how popular folk lore is with children, and it was an admirable idea of the authors to compile this charming collection of black tales. Every race has its own particular set of animals round which it builds its domestic stories. In Greenland, where the choice is limited, such stories are devoted to seals, worms, and oddest of all, lice. Among the Swahili the elephant is the most terrible of animals, the hyena the good-natured fool, and the hare, like our fox, the most astute and cunning of all animals. There are nearly thirty tales in the book, every one of which will delight a child and the black-and-white drawings are wholly successful.

DECCAN NURSERY TALES.

By C. A. KINCAID, C.V.D. 4s. 6d. net (Macmillan & Co.)

There is something very fresh and entertaining about these Indian nursery stories, translated as literally as possible from the original Marathi. English children will find the strange names and curious customs extremely interesting and amusing, and the tales that have been handed down for centuries and told from generation to generation to the little boys and girls in the East, may be sure of a ready and appreciative audience here in the West also. Beautifully-illustrated in colour by M. V. Dhurandhar, it makes a book any child would be happy to possess, whilst the author's brief explanatory preface concerning the Indian gods is at once both interesting and instructive.



From *The Divine Brethren*
(Macmillan).

GOLDEN TALES FROM GRIMM.

Edited by EDITH ROBERTS. 18. 6d.
net. (Wells Gardner.)

No fairy tales can hope to compete with Grimm's, nor will children ever weary of them. Miss Edith Roberts has compiled a little volume of the "golden" tales, eleven in all—such as "The Golden Bird," "The Giant with the Three Golden Hairs," and "The Golden Pool," which children will love to read again in this varied order. There are several pictures, some in colour, and the dainty binding and clear type add considerably to the attractions of these favourite stories.



THE BOOK OF FAIRY TALES.

Illustrated in Colour and Black and
White by H. M. BROCK. (Warne.)

From *Golden Tales from Grimm*
(Wells Gardner).

Printed in bold, clear type on handsome large pages, here are four of the old fairy tales that will never grow old enough to die—"Puss-in-Boots," "Jack-and-the-Beanstalk," "Hop-o'-my-Thumb" and "Beauty-and-the Beast." With Mr. H. M. Brock's charming illustrations, the old tales look as attractive as they are, and in this new setting will be a prized possession of all children who are fortunate enough to find the book among their Christmas presents.

young men of resource, and much excitement is aroused in the description of their efforts to escape. The climax of the tale deals with the war and the book ends with the blowing up of Heligoland. Let us hope that Mr. Westerman is a good prophet.

AWAY THEY WENT OVER
HEDGES AND DITCHES.

THE SEA GIRT FORTRESS.

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

• Here is a tale that all boys will love, and though Mr. Westerman would appear to have written the book before the outbreak of the present war, and to have gone somewhat astray, perhaps, with his handling of the naval struggle between Germany, on the one side, and Great Britain and America on the other, there will not be found very many of his eager readers so captious as to protest. The story deals with Heligoland. By sheer ill-luck two yachtsmen, Jack Hamerton, an English naval officer, and Oswald Detroit, his American friend, fall into the clutches of the Germans. Suspected of being spies, they are clapped into this island fortress. Of course, they are

A FIGHT FOR FORTUNE.

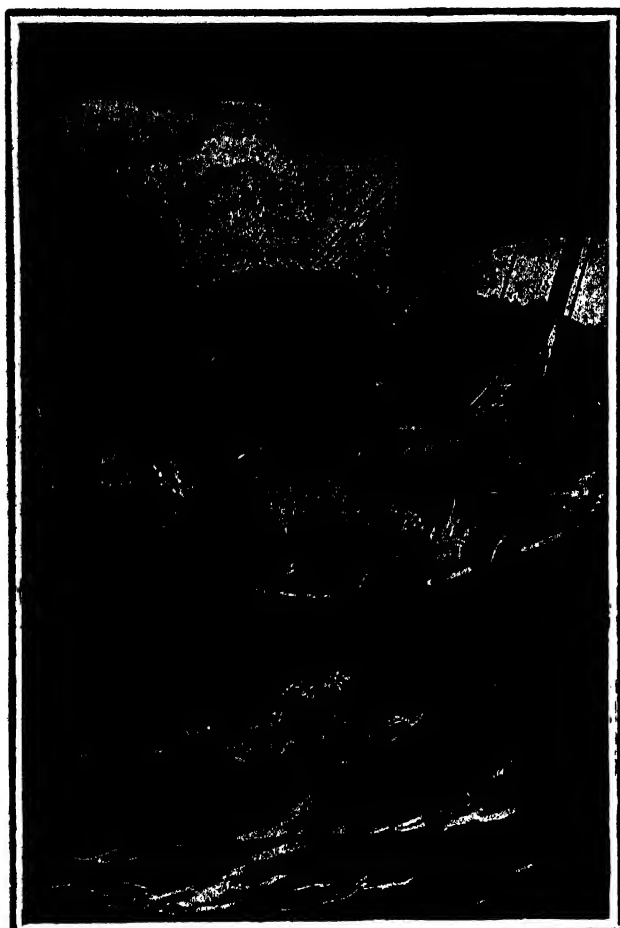
By T. C. BRIDGES. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet)

A splendid tale of adventure, told in vigorous, entertaining style, is "A Fight for Fortune" by Mr. T. C. Bridges, showing how two boys join an expedition to the China Seas in quest of pearls, and the perils they encounter and the many thrilling experiences they have.



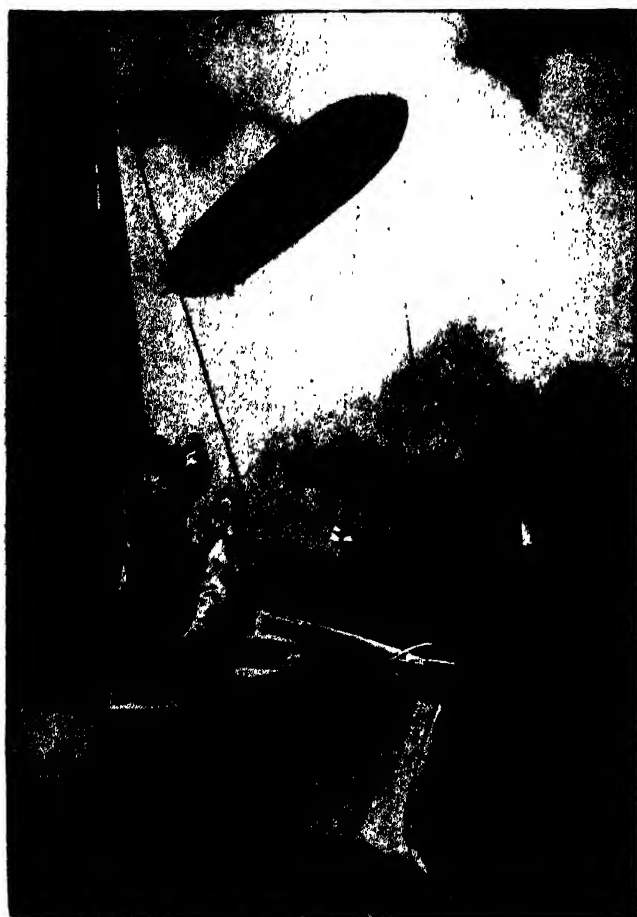
From *Hop-o'-My-Thumb*
(Warne).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914



From *The Romance of Piracy*
(Seeley, Service).

THE VIKING'S FUNERAL



From *A Sea-Girt Fortress*
(Blackie).

"GREAT SCOT!" HE EXCLAIMED.
"IT'S HAMERTON."

It is full of excitement and "go" from start to finish; the chapters are crowded with stirring incidents, and the calm heroism of the boys in the face of death and worse than death will win the reader's enthusiastic admiration. Battles at sea, fights with terrible sea-monsters are items in the tale; the plot swings along without a break, one daring deed or danger treading on the heels of another, so that it is difficult to put the book down until one has seen the heroes safely through them all. There is no doubt about it that Mr. T. C. Bridges knows the type of story a boy loves. There is a high moral tone and something very manly and healthy about his narrative that will instinctively appeal to the boy's finer feelings and his inherent regard for all that is brave, noble and unselfish.



From *A Fight for Fortune*
(Nisbet).

THE BIG FISH HITS BACK.

JACK, THE FIRE-DOG.

By AUNT LILLY. 3s. 6d. (H. R. Allenson.)

Stories about animals are always popular with many readers, both old and young, and therefore to give a book a title such as that of "Jack the Fire-Dog," is to ensure it ready consideration. The author of this particular story has, however, only sought to interest youthful readers, as her pen-name sufficiently indicates. Jack is a particularly cute animal attached to a certain fire-station ("engine-house" it is here termed) and on one occasion he is instrumental in the saving of a poor blind boy from a burning house. It is the story of this poor waif that is followed, as he is befriended first by three poor children, then by the firemen—then by the wonderful Mr. Ledwell and his grandson Sam, who seem to spend their lives in doing

kindly acts for others. Billy, the blind boy, has got separated from his mother, who has fallen ill in the street and been removed to a hospital, and her discovery is followed by his gaining his sight after an operation. The talking of dogs, pigeons, sparrows, and other creatures forms a feature of the story, which is told in a simple, unpretentious manner.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DACRES.

By the REV. E. CRAKE B.S. 6d. (Allenson)

Mr. E. E. Crake is the rector of Jevington, and a fellow of the Royal Historical Society, and he has been moved to clear the name of Lord Dacre of Hurstmonceaux Castle, who fell a victim to the rough justice of King Henry VIII. The story of Lord Dacre has long been the subject of historical discussion. Some maintain that his execution was inevitable if the king were to uphold the principle that



From Jack the Fire-Dog
(Allenson).

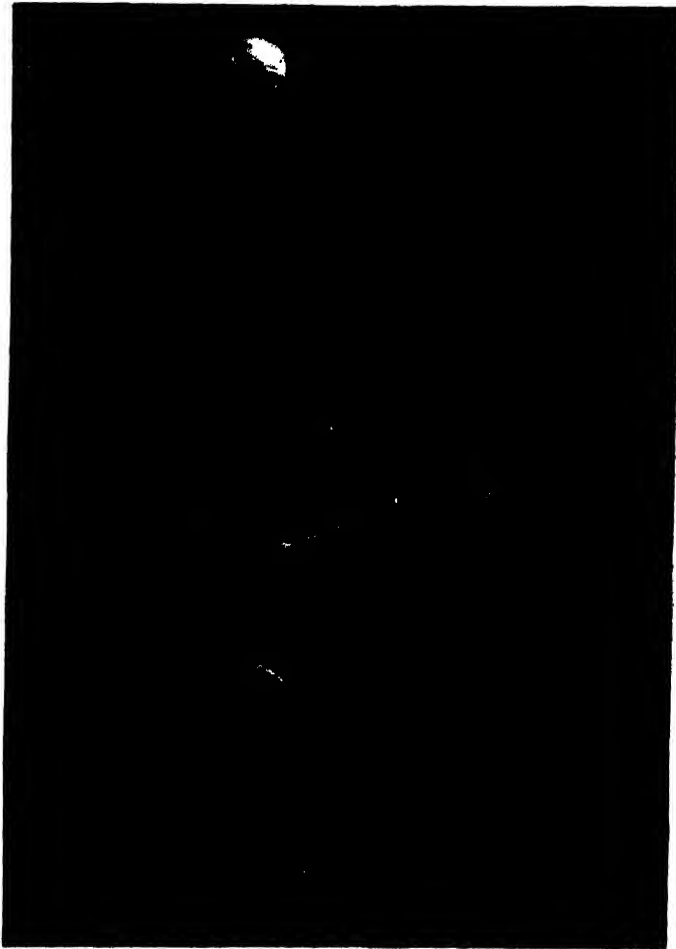
OLD JIM LEAVING THE
ENGINE HOUSE.

the law is the same for the rich as for the poor. Others think that he was the victim of a court intrigue; others, again, that the king's implacability, his Tudor weakness for holding to a resolve once made, was the cause. The author gives the full story of the Dacre family, selecting the novel form in which to present it, and the reader, after perusing these pages, can judge for himself whether or no the execution was a miscarriage of justice. According to Mr. Crake, a party of guests at Hurstmonceaux Castle, after dining well, conceived the idea of a moonlight hunt in the deer park of an unpopular neighbour. Lord Dacre only heard of their intention after they had set out, and, riding after them to stop them, he came upon a fight with the keepers. He himself was attacked, and, in defending himself, killed his man. Was he guilty or not? The author, while giving all the historical facts and details, has very cleverly revived the atmosphere of the period.



From A Hero of Liège
(Froude)

THE FIGHT IN THE AIR.
By Herbert Strang.



From The Tragedy of
the Dacres
(Allenson).

THE FIGHT IN THE FOREST.



From Tommy Tregennis
(Constable).

TOWARDS EVENING MRS. TREGENNIS
GREW RESTLESS AND UNEASY.
From coloured illustration.

TOMMY TREGENNIS.

By MARY E. PHILLIPS. Edited by M. E. WHEELHOUSE.
5s. (Constable)

A simple little story about a boy of five, the son of fisher folk. It tells, with much descriptive ability and not a little quiet humour the tale of his doings through a long summer in a Cornish fishing village. The author is somewhat trammelled by the limitations of her subject. It is never easy to make a child a hero; but even with these limitations she displays such descriptive ability in her portrayal of one side of the life of a fishing village, that the reader cannot help regretting that she is not dealing with a larger canvas. Tommy, however, is a charming little boy—the true son of his father and mother. Mrs. Tregennis is sketched admirably, and the little gallery of portraits from Miss Lavinia, the schoolmistress, downwards in the social scale is exceedingly well done. The scene when the "Light of Home," with Tommy's father on board, is lost—to be fortunately found again—is an emotional sketch which it would be hard to better. The illustrations to the book considerably enhance its charm.

BIRDS AND THEIR WAYS.

By R. CADWALADR SMITH. Illustrated in Colour and in Black-and-White. 1s. net. (Blackie.)

Mr. Cadwaladr Smith has written a very pleasant and instructive book about birds that the nature student would do well to put in his pocket when he is on a holiday tramp in the country. It shows an intimate acquaintance with bird-life and habits. "Each part of a bird's body tells us something of its possessor's habits." The beak will indicate the kind of food it eats; the wings, how that food is obtained; the feet and legs show whether the bird swims, runs, climbs, perches, scratches the ground for food, lives among weeds or shallow water, or clutches its prey. This is exemplified by descriptions of the kestrel, the sparrow-hawk, and various other kinds of birds, and in similar simple, practical fashion is the whole economy of

bird-life revealed to us. A suggestive serviceable little volume, well and helpfully illustrated.

STORIES FROM NORTHERN MYTHS.

By EMILIE KIP BAKER. Illustrated. 5s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

After a preliminary chapter on "How All Things Began," in which the author tells of the traditional origin of certain of the gods and of their creation of dwarfs, and gnomes, and fairies and suchlike earth-people, we pass to the great stories of the Northern myths—to those of "Odin's Search for Wisdom," the famous tales of the doings of Thor; of Balder; of Siegmund; the Vengeance of the Volsungs; the Valkyrie; of Brunhilde and Siegfried; and so at last to the story of the twilight of the Gods and the destruction of Asgard. They are some of the finest romances of gods and men that are to be found in any literature, and Miss Baker has retold them vividly, sympathetically, and with considerable narrative ability. The book is beautifully illustrated.

ANCIENT ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CAROLS. 1400-1700.

Collected and arranged by EDITH RICKERT.
3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Their wide popularity has induced the publishers to re-issue Miss Rickert's excellent collection of old Christmas Carols in a new and cheap edition. It is the amplest collection of such carols that we have seen, and in this new form should appeal to a larger public than ever.



From Mother Molly
(Bell).

"IS ANYTHING THE MATTER,
MADEMOISELLE?"

THE STORY OF JOSEPH THE DREAMER.

By EDWARD LEIGH PELL.
1s. net. (Fleming H. Revell
Co.)

THE STORY OF DAVID.

By EDWARD LEIGH PELL.
1s. net. (Fleming H. Revell
Co.)

In a novel and interesting style Mr. Edward Leigh Pell has re-told for children the familiar, ever-fascinating story of Joseph, making the Dreamer himself the narrator, and writing the tale in a simple, straightforward way that is very easy to follow. Children will enjoy reading it in this guise and will be able to understand it more clearly than in the more difficult Biblical language, and to remember each detail with greater vividness. The beautiful coloured illustrations by Mr James J. Tissot will please them immensely. In a similar way and in the same series, the author has written the "Story of David." Small girls and boys could not learn the Old Testament stories in a pleasanter manner than by reading these charming little books.

EDRIC THE OUTLAW.

By ESCOTT LYNN. With Coloured Illustrations by W. A. CUTHBERTSON. 5s. (W. & R. Chambers.)

There are many boys who find Saxon history dull and confusing, but if they are happy enough to get "Edric The Outlaw" for their Christmas-holiday reading that trouble will be over, or at any rate, they will have no further trouble in understanding and enjoying that bit of Saxon history which deals with the coming of Egbert. This tale of dangers and adventures seems to hold the very clash of swords in its pages; and from the day when Edric of Dursingham slays the bullying Thane, Guthred, and releases the bound Viking, Thorgrim, in the market-place of Bere Regis in Dorsetshire, to the day when Egbert marries Edric's sister and begins his making of the kingdom of England, these three brave men, Egbert, Edric and Thorgrim, know very little of quiet or of safety. Mr. Lynn knows how to tell a thrilling story, and there is none of the dryness of antiquity about either his matter or his manner. He has reconstructed a bit of history; but his narrative is as vivid as if he were recounting first-hand incidents of modern life. He tells of days when a man's hand was quick to be at his sword-hilt, and the uncertainty of life was an everyday fact; and with a fine theme he has made a fine story.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF ASTRONOMY.

By ELLISON HAWKS. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Hawks informs us that when he "was a boy," he "devoted a considerable part of his dinner-hour each day to scanning the solar disc—in fact, more time went in solar observations than in the actual process of dining!" The enthusiasm here indicated has not only borne fruit in achievement of service to science, it has assisted our author to retain a keen insight into the methods of imparting information which will prove most attractive to young readers; and to suggest a thousand ingenious and



From The Story of Joseph the Dreamer
(Revell).

THIS DREAM MADE ME MORE
FOOLISH THAN EVER.

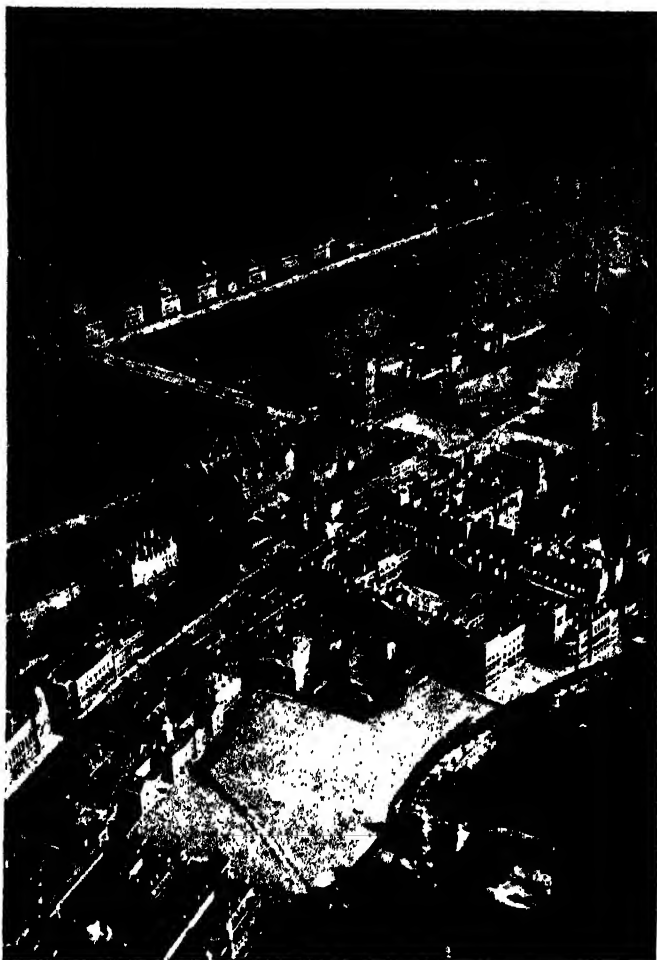
practical contrivances by which boys themselves may become intelligent observers, and even recorders, of useful phenomena. This "book of astronomy" contains further a very judicious admixture of history, anecdote, and description. The most remarkable facts are graphically narrated in plain language, and emphasised by such comparisons as that between one planet which was "seen several times before it was discovered," and another which was "found theoretically before it was ever seen." He does not disdain an allusion to the man—and "the



From Edric the Outlaw
(Chambers).

"HOLD, NO MURDER SHALL
BE DONE HERE."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914



From **A Child's Guide to London**
(Methuen).

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND SURROUNDINGS.

lady" - in the moon, he measures distances and speed by such simple devices as that "even if King Charles II. had taken a ticket for the sun he would not have arrived there yet!" Nevertheless, the facts are here, clearly and systematically presented; the advice to would-be astronomers is practical and dignified; the serious issues are not shirked. In one word, the work is a perfect model for the aim set down and most generously illustrated.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By CHARLES DICKENS. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by HONOR C. APPLETON. 5s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Every Christmas brings us a new edition of at least one of Dickens's immortal Christmas stories. We are not prepared to say off-hand how many different artists have interpreted "The Christmas Carol" since John Leech illustrated it on its first appearance, but we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Appleton's eight paintings are worthy to rank beside the best of those illustrations by her many predecessors. She is not much concerned with the humour, the grotesquerie of the story, but we doubt if the poetry, the grace, the tenderness and fantasy of Dickens were ever more delicately or more sympathetically depicted than they are in her drawings. Her Scrooge should have been a little grimmer, a little harder of feature, perhaps; but her Tiny Tim and Bob Cratchit and the rest of his family are delightfully natural and human. She is very successful, too, in dealing with the eerie, ghostly elements of the narrative; her wintry nights have the hue and atmosphere of winter, and the spirits that haunt them are veritable things of mist and bodiless. We congratulate both artist and publishers on this beautifully illustrated and tastefully produced edition of the best and most popular of Dickens's Christmas Books.

NATIONAL HUMOUR.

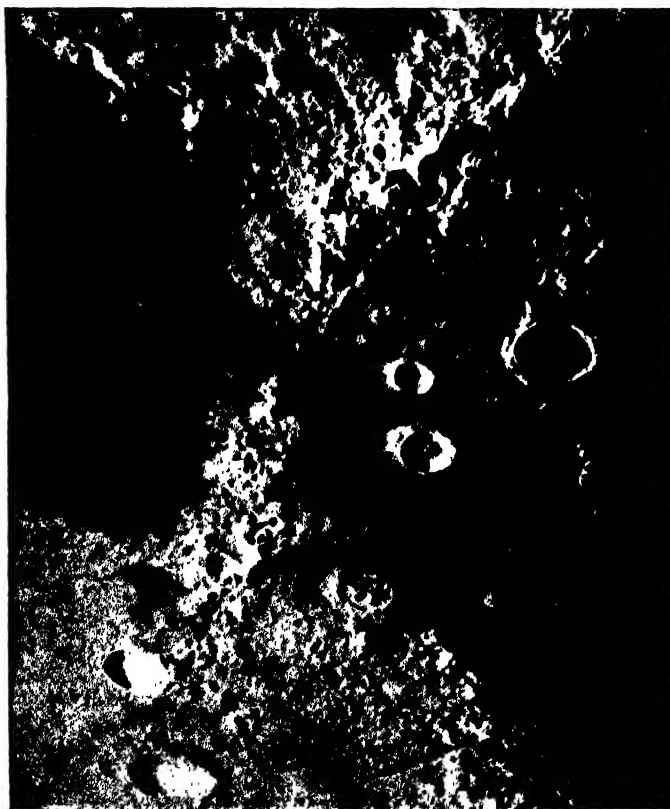
By REV. DAVID MACRAE. With Illustrations by JOHN DUNCAN. 5s. net. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

It is natural that the author should start by giving us a dissertation on Scottish humour; it is natural that he should consider it "second to none"; but, what is more to the point, he makes good his claim in the anecdotes and verses with which he illustrates his contention. Nor does any national partiality prevent him from doing equal justice to English humour, and, in a separate chapter, he shows a notable appreciation of the humour of the Cockney. There are equally good and entertaining sections devoted to Welsh, Irish and American humour. It is a first-rate book to steal from; it simply bristles with witty and humorous stories and anecdotes—more than enough of them to set up a busy after dinner speaker for the rest of his life, and enough of them to keep less obtrusive folk laughing pleasantly by the fireside through half the evenings of a winter's month. A thoroughly enjoyable volume, genially written and well illustrated in colour.

THE RED PATROL.

By ROBERT LEIGHTON. 2s. 6d. (Jarrold & Sons.)

This is a first-rate story for boys, telling how Roger Wingrove, son of a soldier who has been turned out of the army for acting the coward, goes to Canada and determines to retrieve the family honour by courageous deeds and heroic self-sacrifice. He plunges at once into the most exciting adventures, coming into contact with Sergeant Silk, "the bravest man in the force," whose cool daring awakens the boy's intense admiration, and makes him vow that he will never be satisfied until the Sergeant has shaken him by the hand and congratulated him on his own bravery. Of his thrilling experiences, his many narrow escapes from death and his noble deeds that culminate in his saving Silk's life and winning from him the coveted praise at last, Mr. Leighton writes vividly and with imaginative power. The book is crammed full of incident and action, and keeps the reader on tenter hooks till the end is reached and Roger Wingrove is recognised, not as a coward's son, but as a hero, and the son of a hero. It is a sequel to "Gildersley's Tenderfoot," introducing several familiar characters who figure in the other story also, and is throughout just the sort of yarn boys love to read.



From **The Boys' Book of Astronomy**
(Grant Richards).

MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.

THE STORY OF
CAPTAIN SCOTT.

By MARY MACGREGOR. With
Coloured and Black-and-White Illus-
trations by F. M. B. BLAIRKIP
1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack)

That man or woman does a fine deed who teaches children the value and the beauty of heroism; and Miss Macgregor is to be congratulated on her work in this pretty book. The boys and girls who are fortunate enough to possess the volume will love it for its vivid interest, its adventurous story, its dangers, its escapes, and its revealing pictures. But older readers will realise, in addition to these virtues, the able manner in which the writer has carried out a difficult task. True it is that Captain Scott and his men are heroes about whom it is a pleasure to write; but the very greatness of their work makes the task of selection harder for the author who undertakes to write of their deeds. Most admirably has Miss Macgregor woven the numerous details into a fascinating narrative. "It is a sad story of a brave adventure," she writes. It is a sad story which every boy and girl, man and woman ought to know; and the bravery in it will overcome the sadness. Four full-page plates in colour bring the Arctic regions very plainly before our eyes, and numerous illustrations in the text bring the everyday life of that great expedition clearly to our minds. Many quotations are made from Captain Scott's own diary, and these help to make the hero stand out as a living man. The volume is one of the "Stories We Love" series, and surely no story deserves better to be loved than this of Scott and his brave men.



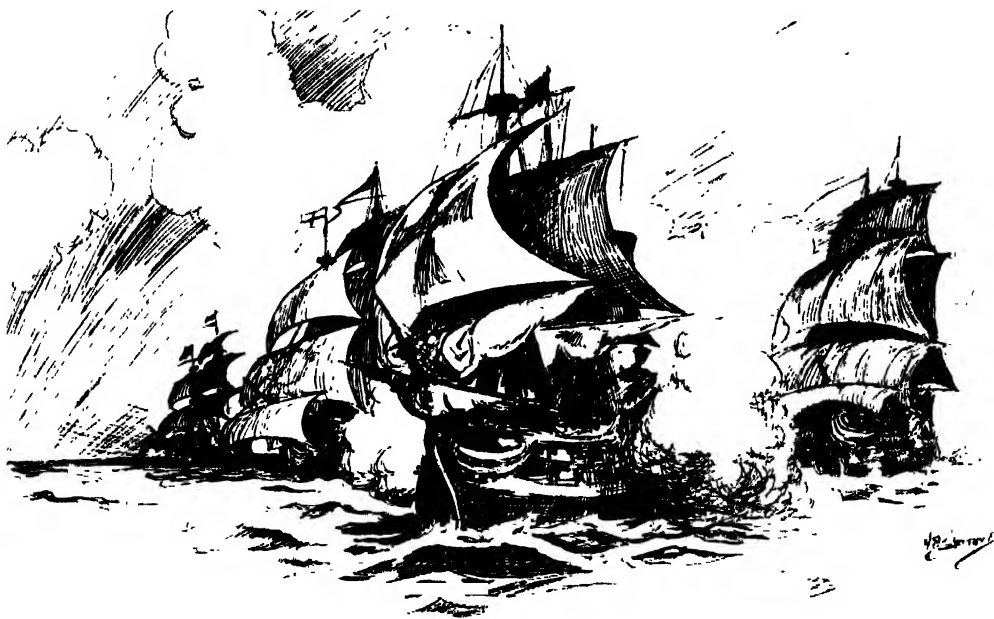
From The Story of Captain Scott
(Jack).

THE DOGS WERE TAKEN OUT AND
HARNESSED TO A SLEDGE.

THE
BLUE BOOK
OF BRITISH
NAVAL
BATTLES.

Edited by HERBERT
STRANG. (Frowde,
and Hodder &
Stoughton)

Here Mr. Strang tells again those tales which will never die—the stories of the great fights which England has waged at sea from earliest times to the days of Trafalgar. He begins with Alfred's sea-fight with the Danes, and leads us gradually up through the centuries to that golden age when Frobisher and Hawkins and Raleigh roamed the ocean, and Drake spread his sails on his adventure of singeing the Spanish



From The Blue Book of British Naval Battles
(Frowde).

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1914

king's beard. He uses Sir Walter Raleigh's account of the last fight of the *Revenge*—which it would be hard to better, relates how Van Tromp and his broom were swept from the Channel by Drake, describes the capture of Gibraltar, tells us of Howe's battle on the glorious first of June, and Southey's account of the battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson. Mr. Strang's part in the book is limited to the editing: the accounts themselves are taken from various sources. There are eight full-page coloured plates in the book, and some dozen black-and-white illustrations, and all of them are of a very high standard of merit.

A GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS.

By HERBERT STRANG. 5s (Frowde and Hodder Stoughton.)

Mr. Strang is one of the best tellers of boys adventure stories that we have writing to-day, and "A Gentleman-at-Arms" is one of his best. It is a rollicking series of tales dealing with the Elizabethan period, taking us in turn to most of the cherished spots on the map of romance. It is supposed to be a transcript of a manuscript in the possession of the Rudd family, being certain passages in the life of Sir Christopher Rudd, Knight, related by himself in the year of our Lord 1641, and written down by his grandson, Stephen. The first story begins when the hero is only sixteen, in the year before the Great Armada swept up the channel to its doom. This tale deals with a mysterious treasure hidden on board a ship that has become land-locked by an earthquake. It is full of fights and deeds of daring—a mixture of



From *Belgian Playmates*
(Gay & Hancock).

"I'M GOING TO ENLIST, AND I
WONT GO ALONE NEITHER."



From *A Gentleman-at-Arms*
(Frowde & Hodder & Stoughton)

THE SWIFTNESS OF OUR ONSET
TOOK THE SPANIARDS ALL ABACK.

"Treasure Island" and "Westward Ho!" The second story centres round Henry of Navarre, and the last story, the fifth, takes us to Ireland where Sir Christopher Rudd wins his wife. These tales are linked together by what the author calls interims, which describe briefly Rudd's doings between the various episodes and explain for the reader the historical references. Mr. Strang adopts a semi-archaic style of writing which is the traditional form for books of this kind, but he does not strain the style in any way. I cannot think of any better book for a boy's present at Christmas.

HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL.

6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Christmas has brought with it—or sent before it—no handsomer or more interesting annual for boys than this splendid new volume of Mr. Herbert Strang's. As usual it is full of good things; there is a rattling good story of school life by Gunby Hadath, a first-rate cowboy yarn by Sydney Horler, and an inspiring account of Waterloo by John Aston; stirring war stories, adventure stories, and articles on almost every subject a boy cares about; while the names of Captain Gilson, Claude Graham White, and many other such, familiar and favourite, figure on the contents page. The book has the added attraction of numerous coloured and black-and-white pictures by some of our leading artists. What more need be said of it than that the annual maintains its usual high standard, and is as thoroughly interesting and topical as ever. No better Christmas gift could be found for boys who like reading, for they cannot fail to find in the entertaining miscellany that enriches its pages something to absorb or amuse them however diverse and exacting their tastes may be.



From Herbert Strang's Annual
(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

**LIFE OF BENJAMIN
DISRAELI.
EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.**

By the late W. F. MONYPENNY and GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE. Vol. III. 1846-1855. With portraits and illustrations. 12s. net. (John Murray).

One of the most important publications of the autumn is this third volume of the "Life of Disraeli." The continuation of the work, so ably begun by the late Mr. Monypenny, has been entrusted to Mr. Earle Buckle, the former editor of *The Times*, who was not only a personal friend of Mr. Monypenny's, but had been consulted by him at every stage in the writing of the biography. We postpone our consideration of the book until next month.

**AFRICAN
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By J. ALDEN LORING. 6s. net. (Allen & Unwin).

Mr. Alden Loring was naturalist to the Roosevelt African Expedition, and saw much of big-game hunting in the ex-President's company. He relates his own experiences here, and those of other famous hunters in Africa, in a series of well-told and exciting stories. An interesting introduction has been written for the book by Mr. Roosevelt.

**THE PEEK-A-BOOS'
DESERT ISLAND.**

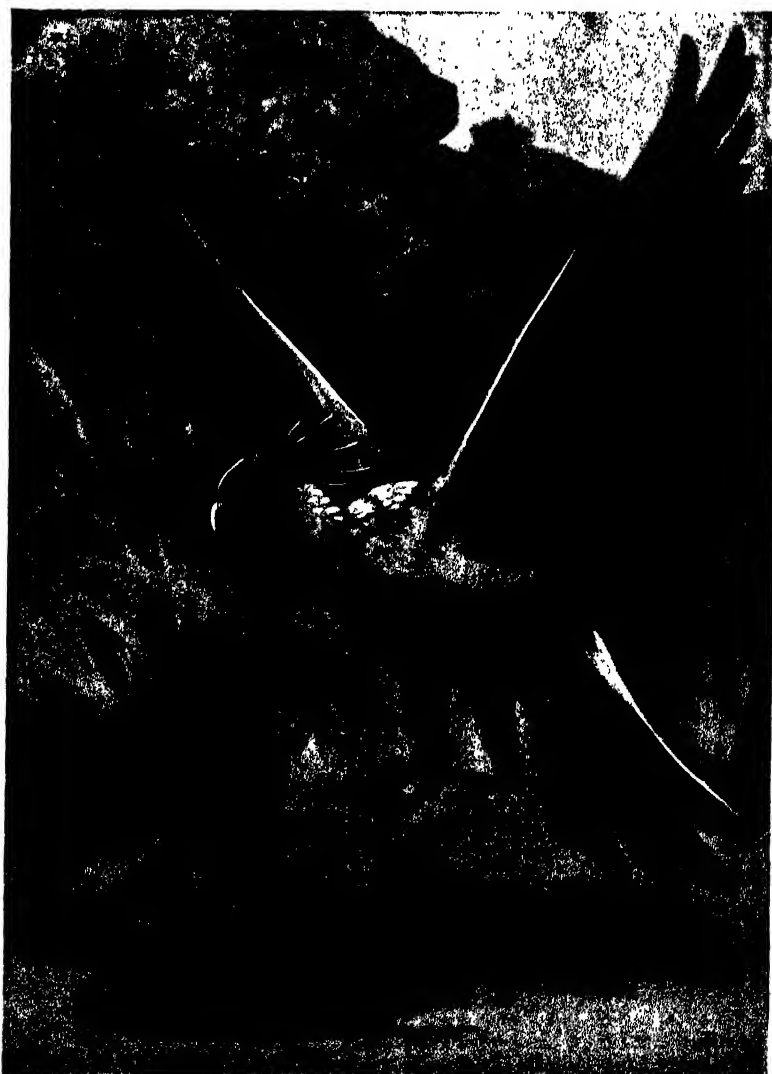
Drawn by CHLOE PRESTON. Told by ZOE HOYLE 5s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Another volume about those delightfully quaint little people, the Peek-a-Boos, brings its own welcome with it. This time you have them all, including the black baby and the teddy bear, wrecked on a desert island and meeting with adventures that are as amusing as they are unusual. Just a tale of the happiest laughter for very small children—even if they are too small to be able to read they will laugh joyously at the pictures. An irresistibly funny book for the littlest ones; no nursery ought to be without it.

**THE GRANDCHILDREN
OF THE GHETTO.**

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. 1s. net. Wayfarer's Library." (Dent.)

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From Animals All
(Ward Lock).

THE SECRETARY BIRD.



From *The Duke of Wellington*
(Nelson)

MAJOR GEN. ROBT. CRAWFORD.
LEADER OF THE LIGHT DIVISION

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By JAMES WALTER BUCHAN. 3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

The Iron Duke -- "that long-nosed lord who licks the parley-vous," hated pretence; hated humbug, could not tolerate fools. It is scarcely surprising that, however much feared and respected, he never secured much love from the men he regarded as "the scum of the earth. . . . English soldiers are fellows who have enlisted for drink-- that is the plain fact; they have all enlisted for drink." Yet he took great care of the "one small army" which was all Britain could afford; and "few generals were equally anxious for the well-being and the comfort of the troops during service." To him always war was "a grim business, and a victory only less terrible than a defeat." Studying the casualty list, he "wept tears over his lost soldiers." Yet, like Napoleon, he could sleep everywhere -- even on battlefields: "during the lull in the fight at Talavera," "while the French were walking into the trap" at Salamanca. Mr. Buchan has told us the stories of India, of Copenhagen, of the Peninsular Campaigns and of Waterloo. At the present moment, particularly, no narrative could be more inspiring or more full of interest.

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By G. J. WILKINSON. 6s. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.).

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By HERBERT STRANG. Illustrated by CYRUS CUNEO. 3s. 6d. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton)

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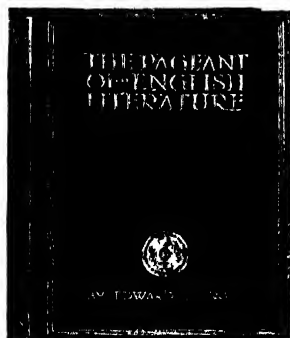
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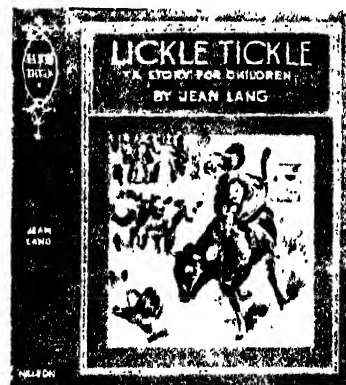
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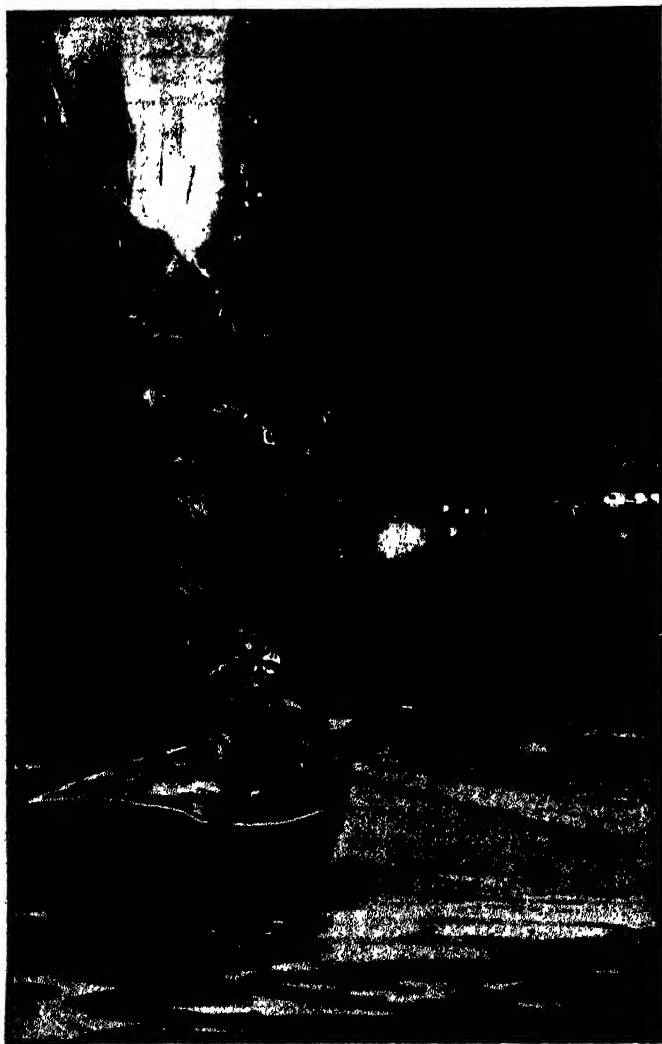
a dream, or a memory, into the vast darkness. They stood for a space catching the lingering notes of it, and then it was gathered into the night, and became part of the sea, and the wind, and the soft song of the rustling heath, and so was gone." The book is generously illustrated in colour by Allan Stewart.

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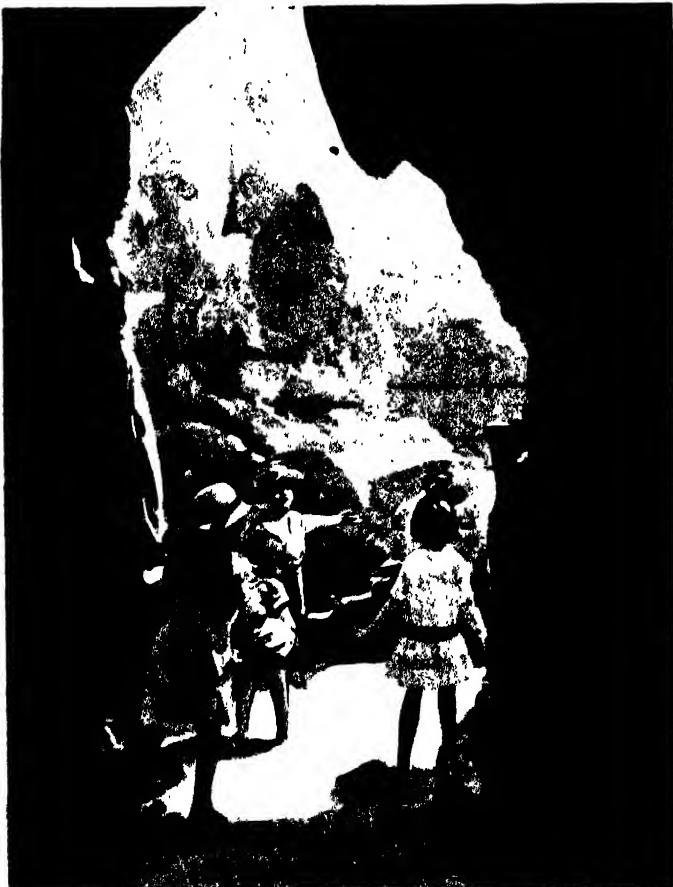
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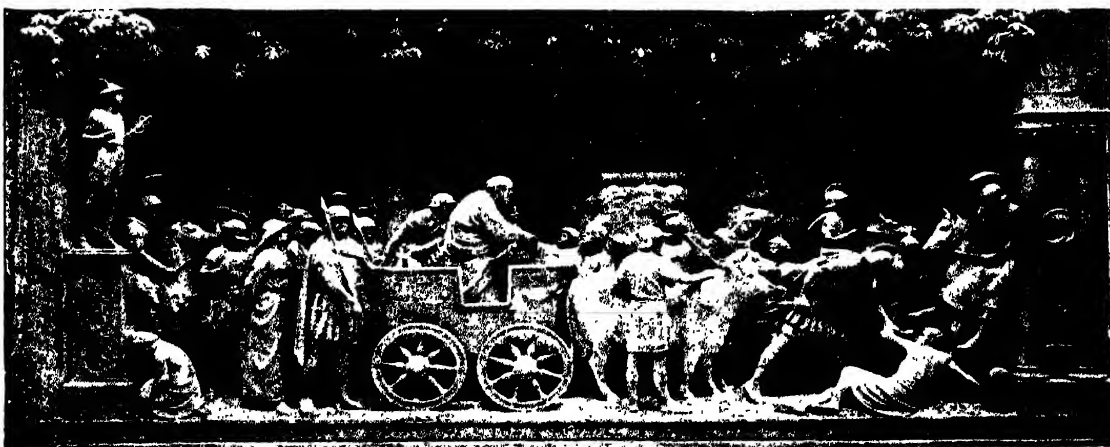
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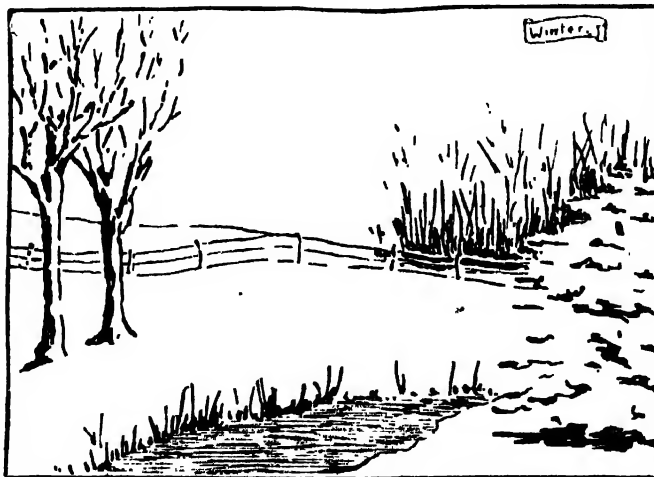
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